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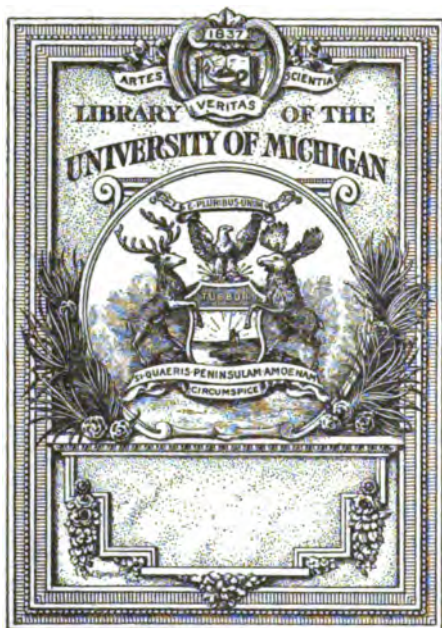
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Here, then, the conference drew toward a close, But a Wadham man, who was one of the ambassadors, interposed.

"Stop a minute, said he, 'Mr. Hardie, I have not the honor to be acquainted with you, and I am not here to annoy you, nor to be affronted by you But the University has a stake in this race, and the University as postulates through us; through me if you like."

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"Total, I have given the university the benefit of my brains: and the university, not having brains enough to see what it gains by the exchange, turns again and rends me, like an animal frequently mentioned in Scripture; but, nota bene, never once with approbation."

And the afflicted Rhetorician attempted a diabolical grin, but failed signally; and growled instead.

"Is this your answer to the university, sir?"

At this query, delivered in a somewhat threatening tone, the invalid sat up all in a moment, like a poked lion.

"Oh, if Badham of Wadham thinks to crush me and torturate and set to his university, Badham of Wadham may just tell the whole junior cook at Skrimmery Hall, with my compliments."

"Ill-conditioned brute!" muttered Badham of Wadham. "Serve you right if the university were to chuck you into the Thames."

And with this comment they left him to his ill-temper. One retreated, sat quietly down a little way off, struck a sweetly aromatic tincture, and blew a noisome cloud; but the only one which benefited him was calm.

As for Hardie he held his aching head over his knees, absorbed in

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dry land! That is such a painful thing to do: gives the other side the laugh as well as the race. I have heard a stretcher or two told, but I saw none broken. (Puff.) Their boat is the worst I ever saw, it dips every stroke (Puff.) Their strength lies in the crew. It was a good race and a fair one. Cambridge got a lead and kept it. (Puff.) They beat us a yard or two at rowing; but hang it all, don't let them beat us at telling the truth, not by an inch." (Puff.)

"All right, old fellow!" was now the cry. One observed, however, that Stroke did not take the matter so coolly as Six, for he had shed a tear getting out of the boat.

"Shed a fiddle-stick!" squeaked a little skeptic.

"No," said another, "he didn't quite shed it; his pride wouldn't let him."

"So he decanted it, and put it by for supper," suggested Edward, and puffed.

"None of your chaff, Six. He had a gulp or two, and swallowed the rest by main force."

"Don't you talk; you can swallow anything, it seems." (Puff.)

"Well, I believe it," said one of Hardie's own set. "Dodd doesn't know him as we do. Taff Hardie can't bear to be beat."

When they were gone, Mrs. Dodd observed, "Dear me! what if the young gentleman did cry a little, it was very excusable; after such great exertions it *was* disappointing, mortifying. I pity him for one, and wish he had his mother alive and here to dry them."

"Mamma, it is you for reading us," cried Edward, slapping his thigh. "Well, then, since you can feel for a fellow, Hardie *was* a good deal cut up. You know the university was in a manner beaten, and he took the blame. He never cried; that was a cracker of those fellows. But he did give one great sob, that was all, and hung his head on one side a moment. But then he fought out of it directly, like a man, and there was an end of it, or ought to have been. Hang chatterboxes!"

"And what did you say to console him, Edward?" inquired Julia, warmly.

"What, me? Console my senior and my Stroke? No, thank you."

At this thunder-bolt of etiquette both ladies kept their countenances—this was *their* muscular feat that day—and the racing for the sculls came on; six competitors—two Cambridge, three Oxford, one London. The three heats furnished but one good race, a sharp contest between a Cambridge man and Hardie, ending in favor of the latter; the Londoner walked away from his opponent. Sir Imperturbable's competitor was impetuous, and ran into him in the first hundred yards; Sir I consenting calmly. The umpire, appealed to on the spot, decided that it was a foul, Mr. Dodd being in his own water. He walked over the course, and explained the matter to his sister, who delivered her mind thus:

"Oh! if races are to be won by going slower than the other, w may shine yet; *only* I call it Cheating, not Racing."

He smiled unmoved; she gave her scarf the irony twist, and they all went to dinner. The business recommenced with a race between

* Oh, where, and oh, where, was her Lindley Murray gone?

a London boat, and the winner of yesterday's heat, Cambridge. Here the truth of Edward's remark appeared. The Cambridge boat was too light for the men, and kept burying her nose; the London craft, under a heavy crew, floated like a cork. The Londoners soon found out their advantage, and, overrating it, steered into their opponents' water prematurely, in spite of a warning voice from the bank. Cambridge saw, and cracked on for a foul; and for about a minute it was anybody's race. But the Londoners pulled gallantly, and just scraped clear ahead. This peril escaped, they kept their backs straight and a clear lead to the finish; Cambridge followed a few feet in their wake, pulling wonderfully fast to the end, but a trifle out of form, and much distressed.

At this both universities looked blue, their humble aspiration being, first to beat off all the external world, and then tackle each other for the prize.

Just before Edward left his friends for "the sculls," the final heat, a note was brought to him. He ran his eye over it, and threw it open into his sister's lap. The ladies read it. Its writer had won a prize poem, and so now is our time to get a hint for composition:

"DEAR SIR"—Oxford must win something. Suppose we go in for these sculls. You are a horse that can stay; Silcock is hot for the lead at starting, I hear; so I mean to work him out of wind; then you can wait on us, and pick up the race. My head is not well enough to-day to win, but I am good to pump the Cockney; he is quick, but a little stale.

Yours truly,

"ALFRED HARDIE."

Mrs. Dodd remarked that the language was sadly figurative; but she hoped Edward might be successful in spite of his correspondent's style.

Julia said she did not dare hope it. "The race is not always to the slowest and the dearest." This was in allusion to yesterday's "foul."

The skiffs started down at the island, and, as they were longer coming up than the eight-oars, she was in a fever for nearly ten minutes; at last, near the opposite bank, up came the two leading skiffs struggling, both men visibly exhausted; Silcock ahead, but his rudder overlapped by Hardie's bow, each in his own water.

"We are third," sighed Julia, and turned her head away from the river sorrowfully; but only for a moment, for she felt Mrs. Dodd start and press her arm; and lo! Edward's skiff was shooting swiftly across from their side of the river. He was pulling just within himself, in beautiful form, and with far more elasticity than the other two had got left. As he passed his mother and sister, his eye seemed to strike fire, and he laid out all his powers, and went at the leading skiffs hand over head. There was a yell of astonishment and delight from both sides of the Thames. He passed Hardie, who upon that relaxed his speed. In thirty seconds more he was on with Silcock; then came a keen struggle; but the new-comer, as "the horse that could stay," he drew steadily ahead, and the stern of his boat was in a line with Silcock's person when the gun boomed, and a fearful roar from the bridge, the river, and the banks,

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announced that the favorite university had picked up the sculls in the person of Dodd of Exeter.

In due course, he brought the little silver sculls, and pinned them on his mother.

While she and Julia were telling him how proud they were and how happy they should be, but for their fears that he would hurt himself, beating gentlemen ever so much older than himself, came two Exeter men with wild looks hunting for him: "Oh, Dodd! Hardie wants you directly."

"Don't you go, Edward," whispered Julia: "Why should you be at Mr. Hardie's beck and call? I never heard of such a thing. That youth *will* make me hate him."

"Oh I think I had better just go and see what it is about," replied Edward: "I shall be back directly." And on this understanding he went off with the men.

Half an hour passed: an hour; two hours; and he did not return. Mrs. Dodd and Julia sat wondering what had become of him, and were looking all around, and getting uneasy; when at last they did hear something about him, but indirectly, and from an unexpected quarter. A tall young man in a jersey and flannel trousers, and a little straw hat, with a purple rosette, came away from the bustle to the more secluded part where they sat, and made eagerly for the Thames as if he was a duck, and going in. But at the brink he flung himself into a sitting posture, and dipped his white handkerchief into the stream, then tied it viciously round his brow, doubled himself up with his head in his hands, and rocked himself like an old woman—minus the patience, of course.

Mrs. Dodd and Julia, sitting but a few paces behind him, interchanged a look of intelligence. The young gentleman was a stranger: but they had recognized a faithful old acquaintance at the bottom of his pantomime. They discovered, too, that the afflicted one was a personage; for he had not sat there long when quite a little band of men came after him. Observing his semicircularity and general condition, they hesitated a moment: and then one of them remonstrated eagerly. "For Heaven's sake come back to the boat! there is a crowd of all the colleges come round us; and they all say Oxford is being sold; we had a chance for the four-oared race, and you are throwing it away."

"What do I care what they all say?" was the answer, delivered with a kind of plaintive snarl.

"But we care."

"Care then! I pity you." And he turned his back fiercely on them; and then groaned by way of half apology. Another tried him. "Come, give us a civil answer, please."

"People that intrude upon a man's privacy, racked with pain, have no right to demand civility," replied the sufferer more gently, but sullenly enough.

"Do you call this privacy?"

"It was a minute ago. Do you think I left the boat, and came here, among the natives, for company? and noise? With my head splitting."

Here Julia gave Mrs. Dodd a soft pinch, to which Mrs. Dodd r

plied by a smile. And so they settled who this petulant young invalid must be.

"There, it is no use," observed one, sotto voice, "the bloke really has awful headaches, like a girl, and then he always shuts up this way. You will only rile him, and get the rough side of his tongue."

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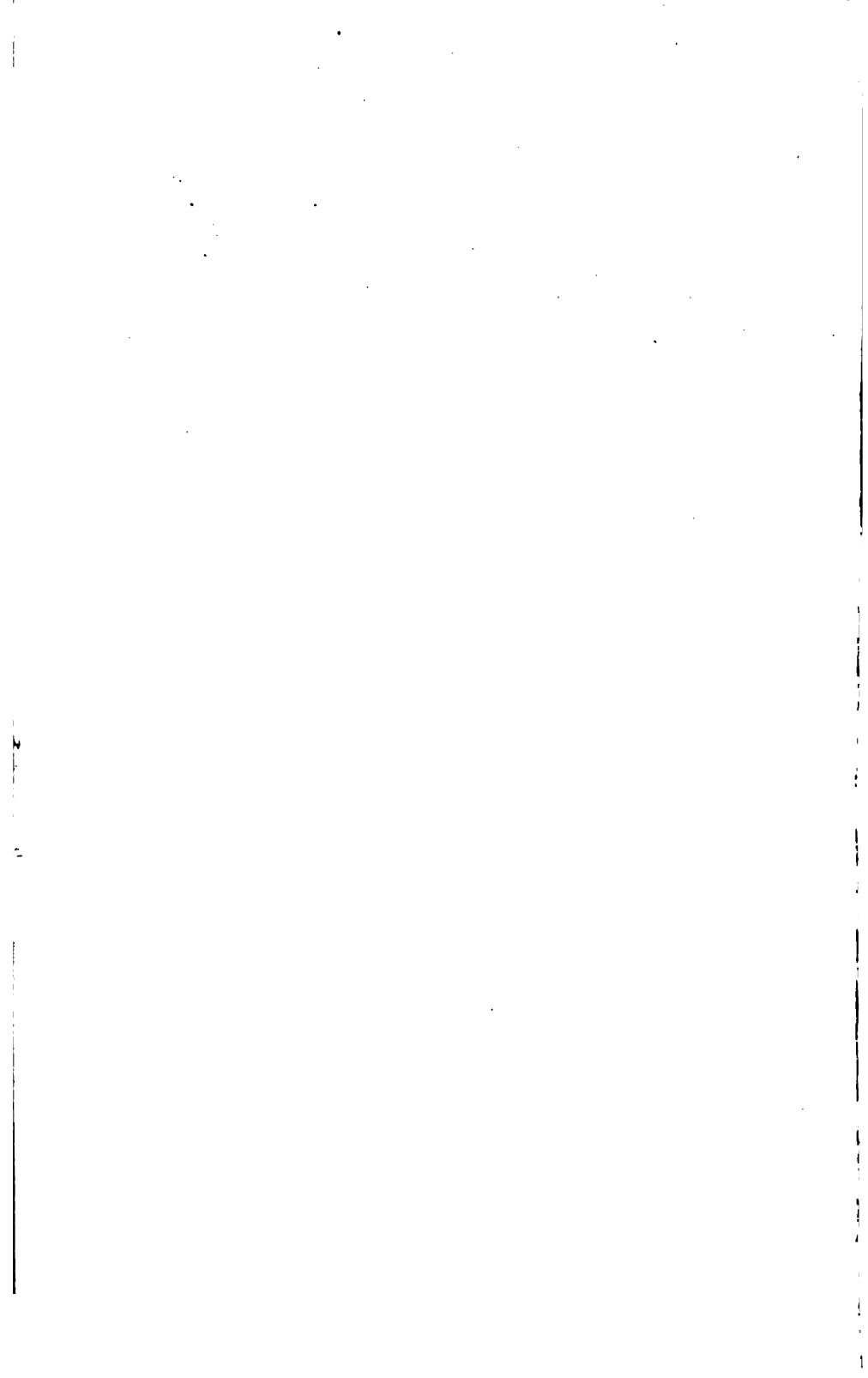
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VOL. CXVII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1875.



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GIANNETTO.

CHAPTER I.

IT was one very lovely evening in the early autumn that I first became acquainted with the little village of San Jacopo.

I was staying at Nice with my two daughters, the youngest of whom had been ordered abroad for her health; and occasionally, when wearied by the monotonous routine of our life, I used to amuse myself by making excursions of some days' length in the neighbourhood.

These journeys often brought me upon beautiful and secluded villages, unknown to the ordinary traveller, and passed by as merely far-off features of the surrounding landscape; but seldom have I beheld a more picturesque scene than that presented to me by my first sight of San Jacopo.

The village lies in a bay, huge rocks closing it in on every side except on the south, where the sea ripples to its feet, intensely, wondrously blue, as only the Mediterranean can be. The sole access to it is by steep paths, cut in zigzag lines down the cliffs, in some places

so steep that they become rugged steps, only to be trodden by man and the sure-footed mule. The main road of the Riviera runs some miles inland, and the fisher population live on from year to year undisturbed by visitors.

The sun had just gone down, and the after-glow of the warm south tinged every object with its golden light. The sea lay calm and still as a lake, scarcely ruffling itself into little glistening wreaths of foam, as it played with the base of the rocks. Myrtle and arbutus, and masses of emerald vegetation, grew down to the very water's edge.

It was growing late, but I could not resist the temptation of going down into the village; and I was well rewarded. Through quaint, narrow streets, overhung by the wide projecting roofs of the houses, I walked till a sudden turn brought me into the piazza of the village. It was large for so small a place. On one side the little church, with its tall slender belfry, and in the midst a large fountain—the clear

water dripping over the side out of the broken lips of four quaint old lions.

Two or three steps led up to this fountain, and on and about these a group of peasants was assembled; some sat, some leant over the edge; all were talking and gesticulating, and a look of gaiety animated the whole scene. It was, I remembered, a *festa*.

In one corner of the piazza sat an old woman selling medallions, images, rosaries, &c.; and now and then her shrill voice echoed through the crowd, "Buy, buy, Signori; for the love of heaven!"

Suddenly a side-door of the church, probably that of the sacristy, opened, and a loud deep voice called out, "Olà, Carola, come here!" A tidy-looking woman left her doorway and hurried across to the church—she appeared to say something which I could not hear; then the former voice exclaimed, "Certainly, certainly." The door was thrown open, and the village priest came forth and advanced towards me.

The *Curato* of San Jacopo was a tall angular man, with a mild and kindly expression of face. In any other than an Italian the large limbs and gaunt frame would have been awkward; but there was a certain grace in his movements, and even in the way in which the scanty and rather rusty cassock hung closely around him. The courtesy with which he removed the three-cornered hat from his tonsured head, and bowed low, would have rivalled the courtly welcome of the highest-born gentleman.

"Welcome, welcome, Signore!" he said, extending a long sinewy hand, with supple fingers; "without doubt you have heard of our picture, and would like to see it! Alas! it is becoming dark, and the morning light is best. But what

matter? one cannot always choose!" and beckoning me to follow, he led the way towards the principal door of the church.

The peasants stood aside as we passed, looking after me with smiling, good-humoured faces. One among them especially attracted my attention—a tall youth, standing on the steps of the fountain, and leaning over the side. He was dressed in a fashion rather superior to that of his companions, and looked somewhat above them in intelligence, if not in rank. Though all those who stood round him were chattering and laughing gaily, he neither moved nor spoke, but stood motionless as a statue, with his eyes fixed on the water.

"Would you tell me, Signore," I asked, "is that tall young fellow one of the village fishermen, like the others?"

"Who? where? Ah! it is Nencini you speak of. Yes, he is a fisherman; poor lad, he is sadly afflicted—dumb from his birth! Yonder is his mother, Carola—excellent woman! she is my house-keeper, and I have been able to give him something of an education; but he is a fisherman, without doubt. We are all fishermen here."

"Dumb from his birth"—poor fellow! I looked back at him as we entered the church, the priest courteously holding back the heavy leather curtain to let me pass. I was struck by the expression of the lad's face—it could not be called bad; but there was a dark look of bitterness on it which sadly marred its beauty. I need hardly say that I had never before heard of the picture I was supposed to have come to see; but I did not betray my ignorance, for it would have deeply mortified the excellent priest.

The church was very small, but elaborately decorated. The side-altar of its patron saint, San Jacopo,

was, above all, honoured—the altar, apse, and wall being quite covered with votive offerings,—little pictures of wrecks and storms, of miraculous draughts of fish, of broken boats, &c., with silver hearts of every size and weight, and, in front, a whole row of lamps burning, each in its little red glass.

Over the altar hung the famous picture, covered by a faded green curtain. After lighting two of the tall candles before it, the good priest drew aside the curtain, and allowed me to behold the treasure of San Jacopo.

It was a curious, very old specimen of Byzantine art—the Madonna and Child, almost black with age, and made more so by the huge flat crowns of beaten silver on the brows of the sacred figures. Something there was about it dignified and grand, as there often is even in the inferior specimens of that school.

The *Curato* was just beginning his explanations when a sound from without arrested his attention; shouts of laughter, and a curious sort of noise like the inarticulate roar of some enraged animal—then a shrill woman's voice, talking loudly.

"Allow me, allow me, Signore! a little moment," he exclaimed, hurriedly quitting the church. Presently I heard his voice loudly remonstrating, and the sounds ceased. For some time he did not return, and I sat down on a bench in front of the sacred picture. After about ten minutes I got tired of waiting, and went to the door, intending to go out; when, rather to my consternation, I found that it was locked. I could not help smiling, for it was very evident that the priest was so afraid of my escaping without hearing his story, that he had locked me in. There was nothing for it but patience, and I philosophically resigned myself to my fate.

The after-glow faded away; the short southern twilight was over, and the little church grew darker and darker.

After an absence of about three-quarters of an hour, the priest returned through the sacristy, followed by Gian-Battista Nencini, the dumb lad.

Gian-Battista—or Giannetto, as he was usually called—seated himself in a corner of the church, sullenly twisting his broad-brimmed hat between his knees; while, as if unconscious that a moment had elapsed since he left me, the good priest continued his discourse just where he had left off.

"Behold, Signore, what grace! what benevolence! how natural the attitude! The picture has not always been here. Heaven knows that San Jacopo might have been a great and flourishing town by this time had it always been with us. No, no! in the fourteenth century it was carried off by a certain Ceccolo degli Orsini, one of the Roman princes, they say, a great *condottiere* by sea and land. He carried it as a banner for years; but, by the intervention of the saints, it was preserved from spears and swords, and it won for him the battle of Turrina, in the Valdichiana, when he was in the service of the republic of Siena. Some eighty years ago it was sold in Rome (by whom, it is not known), but it was bought for a French convent, and sent off by sea from Civit  Vecchia. By the miraculous ordinance of heaven the ship went down, and the picture was washed ashore. It was found on the beach by the fishermen, and brought back once more into the church. Alas! some of the drapery was damaged, but it has been well restored by a young artist who passed through the town; and behold, the principal parts, the two faces, are intact. Since it has been

here, many are the good deeds it has done. Look at this picture"—pointing to one of the votive offerings—"see the raging sea, the sinking boat, the man swimming for his life! That man was Pietro Nencini, father of Giannetto yonder. At the moment he was sinking he called on the Santa Madonna of San Jacopo, and just as he called, he felt dry land! He lived to die in his bed, and leave his widow to be my housekeeper! Ah, it was a wonderful preservation! Many a time has poor Carola entreated the intervention of Madonna and San Jacopo to restore speech to her son; but—what will you?—'tis the will of Heaven."

The priest paused to take breath, and I asked him what had been the cause of his leaving me so abruptly. He bent down, and spoke low, that Giannetto should not hear.

"It was those lads," he said. "In their idle hours they are always laughing and mocking Giannetto; and when I am not there, they drive him half mad. Heaven help me! at such times he is a wild beast, and even I can scarcely calm him. Cruel! cruel! Why cannot they leave the poor boy alone?"

The priest turned angrily round, looking at Giannetto. He continued, with a sigh, "Sometimes I have thought that some doctor might cure him. I have heard that such things are not impossible; but I have not the means of paying one, and his mother still less."

Poor Giannetto sat still in the dark corner of the church, leaning back against the wall. The sullenness had faded out of his face now, leaving on it a look of depression which went to my heart. I felt the most profound pity for one so young, writhing under so grievous a burden, evidently chafing and rebelling against it, unable to resign himself, and growing more and more

embittered by his isolation. But for that look of bitterness he would have been very handsome. Slightly made and tall, his figure was muscular and active; and I learnt afterwards that he was one of the most skilful and successful fishermen on the coast.

The priest remained silent for a moment or so, and then, with a short sigh, he turned away, and began replacing the curtain over the sacred picture, saying, as he did so, "Vossignoria should visit us on our great day, the feast of San Jacopo. Ah! then he would see great things; for the pilgrims come from far and wide, and the flowers and garlands are many. Behold, that large silver heart was given by a lady from near Mentone—a great and rich lady. Her husband had been at sea, and she awaited his return; but for three weeks after his vessel was due at Marseilles it did not arrive, and Signora Francesca vowed a silver heart to every church dedicated to San Jacopo (his patron saint) within fifty miles, if he should return safely. At the end of forty days the ship came in; but the husband had lost one leg, so she naturally reduced the number of miles to twenty, and our church was happily within the distance."

The priest would have run on forever in this strain; but the gathering clouds warned me that I must not linger if I hoped to regain the little town where I had slept the previous night before total darkness.

I took out what money I had with me, and offered it to the priest for his poor. He took it in his hand, jingling it for a moment, and then, in a half-hesitating way, he said, "A thousand pardons, Signore; but if Vossignoria did not object, I have a little fund in hand which I am trying to raise to send Giannetto to a great doctor at Nice; and we

have not any really in need at this moment. San Jacopo be praised! the fish came asking to be caught this year. So if you do not object, might I?"

I was about to give a ready assent, when a sudden idea struck me, and I said, "Why should not Giannetto return with me to Nice, see the doctor, and hear whether anything can be done for him?" The priest caught at the offer with great eagerness, and I could see how much his good heart was set on the poor lad's cure.

While I was speaking, I had forgotten that we had moved towards the door of the church, close to the corner in which Giannetto sat, when suddenly I felt my hands seized and kissed with all the fervour of Italian gratitude; and looking round, I saw a pair of large dark eyes fixed upon me, changed in expression, mute and imploring, shining with the light of a new

hope, so intense and eager that they haunted me long after. Alas! at that moment it flashed across me what a cruel disappointment I might be preparing for these poor, simple folk. Could dumbness such as this be cured? I felt a strong conviction that it could not; and I was almost angry with myself for having suggested the idea. "But remember," I said, "do not hope too much. The most learned and cleverest of doctors can do no good if it be not the will of God."

The priest answered me very gravely, "True, true, Signore. And if this fail, Giannetto will know that it is God's will, and we will pray for patience for him."

Before an hour was over, Giannetto had taken leave of his mother, we had mounted the hill, and were on our road towards Nice—a large lamp-like moon turning the gentle sea into a sheet of silver.

CHAPTER II.

Nothing could be more attentive than Giannetto's manners to me during our three days' walk back to Nice. He seemed to think constantly of my comfort, sheltering me from the sun, insisting upon carrying my knapsack, and evidently most anxious to show that he was devoted to my service. We carried on a sort of conversation, he answering my questions either by signs or by writing on a slate; for, unlike most of his equals, he could both read and write well. I learnt in this way something of his former history.

Pietro, his father, died when he was a child but two years old, leaving him and his mother Carola dependent on the charity of the village. The good priest made her his housekeeper, paying her a very

moderate sum weekly for services which hitherto had been done for him voluntarily by the village women. Perhaps his little allowance of meat was curtailed in consequence, and it certainly was all that Carola could do to make the threadbare cassock hold out as long as possible while this weekly payment lasted; but, when Giannetto was still a very young boy, he began to earn something for himself; and at the age of sixteen he bought a share in a fishing-boat, and was able henceforth to support his mother by his own exertions.

Giannetto's partner in the ownership of the boat was a certain Pietro Zei, a man about ten years older than himself, and of him he spoke (or, I should rather say, wrote) with a hatred that almost

amounted to ferocity. Pietro was a clever fisherman, and was looked upon by his younger companions as a leader and wit among them. Unfortunately, all his tastes were those of a tyrant; he would laugh and torment Giannetto unceasingly, imitating the inarticulate sounds the poor fellow made, jeering and taunting him, till he worked him up into fury. The village lads were only too ready to follow his lead, and the consequence was, that Giannetto's temper, never very gentle, became more gloomy and morose every day, too often varied by fits of unbridled passion. In vain for many years had the priest striven to repress this spirit of cruel railery; although controlled in his presence, it broke out universally when he was not near. It is fair to say that I believe that Pietro and his fellow-tormentors little realised the pain they inflicted. They were cruel, partly from thoughtlessness, and a good deal from utter inability to understand the acute sensitiveness of the dumb boy, who, proud and disposed to be vindictive by nature, suffered from the humiliation of his infirmity to an unusual degree.

At the age of nineteen, three years before I first came across him, Giannetto had saved money enough to buy a boat, and release himself from his partnership with Pietro. He succeeded well in his trade, and his mother and the *Curato* had great hopes that he would settle down resigned to his fate, and live, if not in content, at least in submission to the decree of heaven; but, to their sorrow, it proved far otherwise. The good priest would often hold long conversations with him, telling him of the duty of resignation; but the truths of religion seemed to have no effect upon him—his heart was one wild rebellion, untamed and unruly; and it was in

this condition of mind that I first found him.

We reached Nice before the great heat of the day set in, on a Sunday morning; but it was already hot and very dusty, and I was not sorry to consign Giannetto to the care of my Italian servant Beppo, and retire to wash and change my clothes. My daughters, not expecting my return till the following day, had gone to church; and so, tired with my early start, and rendered drowsy by the increasing heat, I lay down on Helen's luxurious sofa and fell asleep.

I was awakened by the entrance of Beppo, who came to ask for orders. I told him I had none to give; but he still lingered, and at last said, "Does the Signor Conte know anything about the young country lad he has brought home?"

Knowing that Beppo was the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, I told him briefly the history of Giannetto. I saw that he was touched.

"Poor boy, poor fellow!" he kept repeating; "and I smiled at the queer noises he makes, beast that I am! And the Signore says that they mocked at him? *Diamine!* they deserve to have their tongues cut! If you will excuse me, I fly to see that they have not stinted him in his macaroni. They are misers in this hotel, veritable misers—and their wine of Asti no better than a *vin du pays*."

Beppo was darting off, when I stopped him, being anxious to know what Giannetto was doing with himself down-stairs. Beppo twisted his hands together—"It was for that I asked the Signore Conte if he knew who and what he was. He is strange! but very strange! First, he sits down, then he stands up, then he walks backwards and forwards thus"—and Beppo shambled about the room, till I could scarcely

forbear laughing; "then he sits again, till a new idea strikes him—he leans out of the window, he walks anew. *Corpo di Bacco!* what a restless individual it is! One or two have spoken to him. Misé Brown, the maid of the Signorine, said something to him—a compliment, a remark, who can tell?—but he made such a scowl at her, that she fled to me for protection, and has not ventured into the room since."

"Never mind, Beppo," I said; "you now know that it is all the restlessness of suspense. You see that he hopes that this may prove the turning-point of his whole life."

"But must he wait?" asked Beppo, with his usual energy. "Will not the Signor Conte write at once? There is the Doctor Bartolomei; to be sure he always goes into the country on Sundays. Then the Doctor Simon—he might come! But no, he is this day at Mentone—a consultation—an English Milord is there ill; and this morning he was sent for even out of his bed, and went off in a vetturino-carriage at full gallop. But how about the English doctor who attends our young lady? The Signor Conte has but to command—I speed to the English church; he will be there with his wife; I wait till he comes out; I bring him with me. Have I your permission?"

"Patience, patience, Beppo! the dinner! Man of energy, you forget the dinner!—*Chi va piano*——"

"*Va sano*; the Signor Conte is right—he is quite right; the poor lad must wait."

Early in the afternoon I wrote to the English doctor who was attending my daughter, briefly stating the case, and begging him to come as soon as possible. I received an answer that I might expect him after the afternoon service, which,

as the weather was hot, began at five o'clock.

About half-past four, Amy and I left our villa, intending to go to church; but as it was still too early, we lingered on our way, unwilling to arrive too soon. A curve in the road brought us in sight of Giannetto, leaning moodily against a tree, and I went up to speak to him. I could see by the expression of his face that the strain on his nerves was very great, and thought it kinder not to leave him quite to himself; so, telling Amy that we must give up the afternoon service, I asked her if she could think of anything we could take him to hear or see that would prevent his mind from dwelling too much on the subject of his anxieties. Amy thought for a moment, and then said, "I have heard that the famous Franciscan Fra Geronimo preaches at Santa Lucia this afternoon at four o'clock; the sermon must be going on now, and it is said that the effect he produces is wonderful. Why not take him there?" I thought that at all events we might try it; so, desiring Giannetto to follow us, we took our way to Santa Lucia. The streets were crowded as we passed; all the happy-looking peasants from the country round seemed to have flocked together to enjoy the Sunday afternoon; they chattered gaily as they strolled along, interchanging merry greetings, delighting in their well-earned holiday. A little child, with his hands full of flowers, passed us with his mother, a comely peasant-woman: the child looked wistfully over his shoulder at Giannetto; something on his face gave him a wish to comfort him, for suddenly darting back, he thrust the flowers into his hands.

We reached Santa Lucia, and found it full of people, who had thronged from far and near to hear the celebrated Franciscan preach.

The sermon was apparently half over, but I would not for worlds have missed the part of it we heard. The theme was Patience; the text, "Wait ye upon the Lord."

The face of Fra Geronimo was refined, and thin to attenuation; the large eyes hollow and sunken, but gleaming as if the very soul looked through them upon this outer world; his thin, nervous hands gesticulated incessantly; his voice, powerful and somewhat harsh, now resounded through the church, now sank to a whisper so thrilling that it penetrated to the farthest corner.

"For what are we sent into the world?" he was saying as we entered—"for what are we here? To what end are we created? Some say, to eat and drink; some say, to make money; some say, to love. There are who say, for pleasure; there are who say, for sin! I say—to suffer. Yes, brethren; I see you turn away your heads! For what are we sent, but to suffer? Look at the infant wailing as he comes into the world; mark the career of that child. Suffering begins at once; he suffers as he grows, he suffers as he learns, he suffers as he loves; behold, he suffers as he lives, he suffers as he dies! What would you? By suffering, the world was redeemed; by suffering, heaven must be won! And wherefore rebel? I say to you, brethren, take suffering to your hearts; bid it welcome. It is the greatest blessing that can be sent to you; it will wean you from this world, and raise your thoughts, your hopes, your prayers to heaven. You are men now—suffer, and you may be saints! Look on St. Catherine, St. John, St. Peter—what were they but men and women like ourselves? Did not they, too, pass through the furnace of suffering? What are they now? Who can tell of the glory of

the Kingdom? Who can describe their robes of many colours, the jewels that adorn their brows? Behold," he cried, in a voice of thunder, bringing forward the large crucifix which stood in the pulpit—"behold, and see! Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow? Alas! the flesh is weak, and crying and wailing abound in the land—Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not. The dying wailing because they must die; the living weeping that they must live; the strong man laments that his strength endureth not, the weak that he has not known strength; the lame man bemoaneth that he cannot walk, the deaf that he cannot hear, the dumb that he cannot speak" (I felt Giannetto start and shiver). "I tell you, brethren, that for every pain endured here, a jewel is added to the crown, a joy to the heaven to come!"

The friar sank upon his knees, his face hidden in his hands. No mortal ear heard the prayer that was going up to God; but we knew that he was interceding for the multitude around him—"I pray, not that ye may be taken away, but that ye may endure unto the end."

Slowly, and in awed silence, the crowd dispersed; and out of the dark church, from the faint smell of flowers and incense, we passed into full sunshine again. I looked at Giannetto: the beads of perspiration stood on his brow; his hands were clenched with a force that must have given actual pain. I longed for the power of reading what was passing in his mind. Was it still rebellion that vexed his spirit, or had even a faint idea of the preacher's high and lofty meaning penetrated into the bitter, saddened heart? Amy was struggling with her tears.

Calm and lovely it all looked in the throbbing light, silent but for

the quiet, even splash of the sea; the air was heavy with odours from the gardens of violets and roses, and the warm scent of the sweet-bay rose up as we trod the branches which had been allowed to grow too luxuriantly, almost across the path.

Under the verandah, overhung with cool, shadowy vine-leaves, Helen's couch had been drawn out; and there she lay, basking in the warmth, and looking better and stronger this evening than I had seen her for many a long day. The doctor had just arrived, and, with a strange feeling of anxiety and excitement, I called Giannetto, and led the way indoors.

The interview was not long. As I had feared, he held out no hopes whatever. Dumb from his birth! who had ever heard of such being cured? The fact which seemed to debar all hope was, that the doctor found the organs of speech perfect, only the power of utterance absent. He added, "You had better deceive him at once—science is of no avail here; nothing but a miracle could impart a power denied by nature."

My conscience smote me when I heard the verdict. I could not help feeling that it might have been better to have left Giannetto undisturbed, vaguely hopeful, in his village-home, rather than thus to have crushed all hope for ever.

After the English doctor's departure, I told Giannetto, as gently as I could, what he had said, adding that he should see Dr. Simon on the morrow, so that he should have more than one opinion on the matter. He stood without moving while I was speaking, and then, with a gentle, subdued manner, that went to my heart and brought the tears to my eyes, he took my hand and kissed it.

When Beppo came up to put out the lights that night, I asked anxiously what Giannetto was doing down-stairs. "He sits like a statue," was the reply. "I spoke to him; I told him the English doctors knew nothing—were ignorants—bah! one must tell lies sometimes—and I tell him the Doctor Simon, whom he will see to-morrow, is a marvel—a wonder; and I think he still hopes."

Beppo's sympathetic eyes were almost overflowing; so I did not reproach him, as perhaps I ought to have done, for still holding out delusive hopes.

The next morning M. Simon, the French doctor, called and saw Giannetto, at an hour earlier than he had appointed, and unfortunately while I was out. When I returned home I was met by Beppo at the door, with a face full of consternation—Giannetto had disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

I was very much alarmed when the whole day passed, and I heard and saw nothing of Giannetto. I could only hope and trust that he had gone straight home again. Beppo told me that the French doctor had been very harsh and rough. "Why could he not wait till my return?" I asked; for I felt that my presence would certainly

have made things easier. "Ah, Signor *mio*, so I said; but he would not wait. I told him you would be in at once; but he would not wait. That doctor is a beast—a heart of stone—a horror! 'Morbleu!' he said, 'do you take me for a saint, that I can cure a man who is dumb from his birth? Or would you make a fool of me?' They are all alike,

these doctors; they think if a poor fellow is of the lower class they may be as insolent to him as they like."

"And Giannetto, how did he bear it?"

"Poor fellow, he ground his teeth and clenched his hands; he went off to the kitchen, took down his bundle, and walked off without so much as good-day to you! I called after him to bid him be in for dinner, for I was sure that the Signor Conte would wish to see him again; but he paid no attention, and walked straight on."

This was all I could learn from Beppo. I next went to see Dr. Simon, whom I found very much disposed to be impertinent. I could not help reproaching him strongly for his harsh treatment of Giannetto, and finally told him of his abrupt departure, and asked him what he would feel if he heard that he had committed suicide? He looked as much scared as I had hoped he would be, notwithstanding his "Ah, bah!" and I left him to digest the unpalatable idea.

I was met by Beppo in a sort of triumph, brandishing a broken piece of slate. Before leaving, Giannetto had written a few words on it, broken off the piece, and left it lying on the kitchen table. "Dear and noble Sir," were his words, "receive my thanks a thousand times; it grieves me not to see you again. I hasten home; for the heart will not bear to wish you good-bye.—GIOVAN-BATTISTA NENCINI."

There was nothing to be done. I determined to make another expedition to San Jacopo before finally leaving Nice, and meantime to do my best to forget the sad eyes that constantly haunted me.

The late autumn waned into winter, and it proved a bad, wet season. Helen caught fresh cold, and for some time we were very anxious

about her. We grew tired of bustling, dusty Nice—Amy especially hated it; the perpetual sameness of the tideless sea wearied and dispirited her. It was quite a relief when, one night, a frightful storm came up; the sea lashed itself into waves mountains high, which broke roaring on to the beach; the lightning played hissing over their foam-crowned tops; and a never-ceasing roll of thunder shook the purple pall-like sky. I stood out on the balcony, watching the sea, till the rain came on, suddenly, tremendously; it fell more like the breaking of a waterspout than mere rain—drenching, pitiless, tearing down shrubs and trees, turning the roads into running rivers, and the garden into a sheet of water.

I stood watching it for a long time, wondering whether it would do much harm, when it flashed across me that San Jacopo must be suffering severely, closed in as it was by rocks and sea. Before going to bed, I resolved to pay another visit to my friends there. But *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose*. It was more than a month before I was able to leave Nice and carry out my intention. As before, I walked there, knapsack on my back, spending about three nights on the way. The storm had done considerable damage to the main road, portions of which had been washed away, and only rudely mended to allow the diligences to run; some of the bridges appeared actually dangerous, torn and shaken as they had been by the fearful force of the swollen torrents. Seeing these signs of devastation, I became more uneasy than ever as I drew near San Jacopo.

It was on a bright sunny morning that I arrived, and at sight of me a general shout was raised by children of all sizes and ages, who went rushing off to tell the *Curato*

that the English Signore had come back.

I walked on through the streets, when I was suddenly met by Carola, running as fast as she could; she had heard from the children of my arrival. She caught hold of my hands, she kissed them, crying between sobs and laughter, "Thanks! thanks be to God, you are come again! And you bring me news? You have seen him? You know where he is? Did he return to you? Ah, answer! answer, Signore, for the love of heaven! my boy, is he with you?"

My very heart turned cold within me. What! had he never returned? Where was he, then? Just as I was about to speak, a gentle, firm hand was laid on Carola's shoulder, and the good *Curato*, parting the little crowd of children who were gaping round us, took me by the hand and drew me into the nearest house. Carola followed, repeating constantly, "Answer, Signore!—dear Signore, answer! where is he?"

I turned breathlessly to the priest, "And do you mean that he has never been home?"

"Yes, yes—he has been home; but he has gone again, and you then have not seen him lately?" "Alas! no"—and poor Carola sank down on a chair, sobbing as if her heart would break. Another woman, the owner of the house, whom I had not noticed before, but who, I afterwards learnt, was Pietro's wife, Baldovinetta Zei, sat down by her, and, unable to offer any consolation, stroked her hand and cried also.

The *Curato* looked sadly changed, as if years had passed over his head in those few months. He glanced pityingly at the women, and then said, "Since Vossignoria has nothing to tell them, perhaps he will follow me. I should like to tell

him what has passed, and hear what he thinks of it."

I rose and followed him. As we left the house, I heard a little low cry from Carola. Alas! she saw in my departure the vanishing of another hope.

The streets were crowded with people, watching me curiously as I followed the priest, who led me straight through the piazza to his own house. We entered, and with a movement of his hand he bade me be seated.

It was a small square room, the walls washed with yellow paint, and adorned with a series of coloured prints of the stations of the Cross. Over the little stove hung a rudely-carved wooden crucifix. The only ornament in the room consisted of a little coloured wax figure of the infant Saviour asleep, lying under a glass case, and with two brass vases of gaudy artificial flowers on each side of it. The furniture, a square deal table and two wooden chairs, was of the roughest description.

The priest seated himself opposite to me, and leaning his arms on the table, fixed his eyes on my face, and said, very impressively, "Will Vossignoria tell me exactly what the doctors said?" I repeated their opinions as nearly, word for word, as I could recollect. The priest shuddered slightly, and repeated, to my surprise, "And Vossignoria assures me, on his sacred word of honour, that the doctors declared a cure to be impossible?" "It is too true," I answered; "they laughed at the very idea. They pronounced the dumbness to proceed from a defect, an incompleteness (if you may so call it), which no science can remedy—that it is impossible, in short, that he should obtain the power of speech now, or at any future time."

The priest was silent for a moment, evidently thinking deeply;

then he turned to me and said, "Vossignoria will be astonished at what I have to tell him, and perhaps he may be able to help me to understand it. He remembers, doubtless, that it was on the Monday morning that poor Giannetto left Nice: well, he must have walked night and day; for on Wednesday, after I had finished celebrating low mass, I found him crouched upon his knees in a corner of the church, having stolen in unobserved. He looked ill, but very ill, with a somewhat of despair in his face, which alarmed us all. For days he crept about his work like one in a dream. At that season the fish came in in shoals, and the village was very prosperous. I had at this time many talks with Pietro—I entreated, I implored him to let Giannetto alone, and I believe that he did; at least, he promised me he would do so: but, alas! youth is youth. I have reason to think that there was occasional ridicule at Giannetto's folly in having hoped to be cured, and that more than once he overheard it. On one occasion, for instance, a man came to the village who had been a singer in the chorus at the opera at Florence. He was a good-natured, merry fellow; he laughed, and joked, and sang incessantly. Alas! my poor Giannetto, he has a passionate love for music! He was never tired of listening; and when the singer sang, his face became quite softened and happy. The man only stayed two days, and then went away. The fishermen, I fear—I am sure—laughed at Giannetto a good deal about that; but they did not see him afterwards as I did, lying face downwards in the vineyard, weeping his very heart out. I was glad—yes, Signore, strange as you may think it, I was glad to see him weep, for I hoped that it would soften the hardness

of his despair. Alas! has Vossignoria ever seen a torrent burst its bed and tear down shrubs and trees in its headlong career? *Santi Apostoli!* such a torrent was the grief of my Giannetto. It left the rock more bare and hard than before, and swept away the small herbs and flowers, the little charities of life, till I scarcely knew him again. Alas! he was to me as a dear son, and I have borne with him in patience and in tears."

Much moved, I held out my hand to the priest, who pressed it gratefully, and resumed his story.

"Without doubt, Vossignoria saw something of the frightful storm we had; it is now a month ago. Alas! it has put an end to the prosperity of the place for a long time to come. Has the Signore observed more than half the olive-trees are gone? and we looked much to them for help when times were bad. Old Nicolo's cottage, that stood near the hill in its own little vineyard, was completely washed away. Has Vossignoria remarked a little thread of water which comes down the hill just above the town? Well, that stream became a raging river. By the mercy of God it did not burst the embankment behind the church, but it carried away Nicolo's cottage and many a shed, and destroyed the gardens, and, worst of all, drowned two of the poor mules; their bodies drifted out to the sea, and we saw them no more. The storm began about five o'clock in the evening, and at the first sign of its approach, the boats all came homewards swiftly as birds on the wing. I stood on the shore and counted them as they came in, one after another, and the women stood with me watching. The morning had been fine and clear, and many of the boats had gone far out to sea—much further than usual—

and we were very anxious. About seven o'clock the sea rose frightfully, and three or four of the boats were still missing—Masaniello's, our oldest fisherman, Pietro's, Andrea Castagno's, and Giannetto's. The wind was so high, that many a time we had to lie flat on the beach to avoid being blown off our feet; and the women wept and wailed incessantly. About half-past seven the broken timbers of a boat were washed ashore. Ah! if you had seen how the women flung themselves upon them, and almost fought as they strove to recognise the fragments. Alas! a fearful cry from poor Andrea's wife told that she knew only too well that she was now a widow. Andrea's boat had been old and crazy, and he was building a new one—poor fellow! He was not a good man, but she loved him, after the fashion of women. His body was washed up on the bank the next morning, about a mile from here along the coast. Later still, Masaniello came in; he had fought hard for his life, and was quite exhausted. We were now but three on the beach; and it was so dark, that but for the fitful glare of the lightning we could have seen nothing. The two women, Carola and Baldovinetta, clung to each other, and I stood by them. Santa Maria! it was a fearful night! All through those long hours we kept the church-bell ringing—I hoped it might be some help in guiding the boats. About twelve o'clock we heard a loud shout, which resounded even through the roar of the thunder, and a flash of lightning showed us a little boat, tossed like a nut-shell from wave to wave, but coming steadily onward. It was hard to bear the long pauses of complete darkness in that terrible suspense, and I could only help by kneeling and praying aloud. At last there came a crash

on the shingle, a cry of exultation, and Pietro and Baldovinetta were in each other's arms. Thanks be to God! thanks, thanks, O Madre Santissima, he was saved!"

The priest paused in his narrative, and I could scarcely control my impatience. To my surprise, he suddenly turned to me again, and said, "Vossignoria is quite certain about what the doctors said?—there can be no mistake?—other doctors would have said the same?" "Quite certain," I repeated—"I fear somewhat impatiently. "It was a fool's errand from the first; the case is absolutely an incurable one. But finish, I beg of you, finish your story."

The priest looked at me wistfully. "Alas!" he said, "there is, then, no doubt that it could not be cured! But pardon, a thousand pardons! you wish me to continue. Well, all night long Carola and I waited on the beach; she seated herself on the ground, clasping her hands round her knees, and watching in agony. About two o'clock the storm began to abate, and the clouds broke; a wild moon broke out, and shone fitfully on the boiling waves. The moon grew paler, and the first sign of dawn began to streak the heavens; the wind sank to a hollow moaning murmur, and we sat on, waiting and watching, Maria Santissima! it was fearful! As the light increased, I could see Carola's face—it was like that of the dead; she could scarcely speak—her voice sounded faint and far off.

"As the morning drew slowly on, it became bitterly cold; and, worn out and drenched as she was, I tried to persuade Carola to go indoors, but she would not; she sat rocking herself backwards and forwards, and moaning. At last—and how long it was it is difficult to tell—I heard a sound from the sea

as of singing, the strange wild singing of something that was rather a sound than a song! Carola shuddered violently and grasped my arm, 'What is that?' she cried; 'Santa Madonna! what can that be?' I know not why, but an indescribable horror seemed to seize on me also. 'It is nothing, Carola, nothing at all,' I kept saying. We, however, strained our eyes through the gloom, and, oh heaven! we saw a boat coming towards us, at one time riding on the waves, at another disappearing in the deep trough. Heaven help me, I cannot think of it now! It was washed in to our very feet; and Giannetto, our Giannetto, stood safe and in life before us! Signor Conte, Signore, you shall not say—you cannot say—it was incurable! His tongue was loosened. I repeat, it could not have been incurable—for he spake plain!"

The perspiration stood like beads on the brow of the priest, and he grasped my arm—"What do you think of it? Answer! say—will you not tell me what you think of it?"

What could I say? I never was so astonished in my life. I could only repeat, "Cured, you say? cured?"

"Yes, yes, cured—why not? I repeat, why not? Nobody can say a thing is incurable!"

"It is wonderful, marvellous! And Giannetto, he is happy? he is enraptured—grateful?"

"Alas!" answered the priest, loosening his hold on my arm, and sinking back in his chair, "a very strange and fearful change has come over Giannetto. The day after our wonderful deliverance, I held a thanksgiving service. I had services all day long. My parishioners flocked into the church—they knelt all day; all were there, from Masaniello down to Tonino, Pietro's youngest child. Giannetto alone

was missing. I went in search of him; I pointed out to him that, of all, he was the one from whom most thanks were due. He refused; he turned on his heel with a scornful gesture; nothing would induce him to enter the church. Not a word of thanksgiving has he offered since, nor would he listen to counsel from myself. The neighbours who had mocked him before now shunned and avoided him, and even Carola grew terrified. It is now a week that he has been gone; he kissed his mother coldly, as if all love for her was dead in his heart; he passed Pietro in the street with a low-breathed curse; and we have neither seen nor heard of him since. God forgive him! terrible fears haunt me at times that all is not with him as it should be—that God has for a while forgotten him, or given him over to the powers of evil. But, for pity's sake, do not repeat that the doctors said that it was incurable; it could not be that it was incurable. Giannetto, my son, my son! rather had I seen thee washed dead to my feet, than have lived to hear thee forswear the God that made thee!"

I was horrified by the strange words of the priest; the more I thought of it, the more it puzzled me.

"Then Giannetto gave no account of the manner in which he recovered his speech? no explanation whatever?"

"None. He absolutely refused to answer any questions; it was his own affair, he said. Poor Carola! At first her joy was very great, but it was soon dashed to the ground; for Giannetto was no longer the dutiful and tender son she had loved so well. I cannot, cannot understand it. I try not to think about it, for it makes me hard and bitter towards Pietro and his friends. I cannot help fearing that it is to a

great degree owing to their cruel taunts that he has been tempted into something wild and accursed."

It was indeed, a strange story, and left me with an uneasy feeling—a vain wish that my own part in

the tragedy had been left unplayed. I left money with the priest, who was very grateful, for times were no longer so prosperous at San Jacopo as they had been; and I returned to Nice sad and bewildered.

CHAPTER IV.

Five or six years passed in England of a busy life had almost effaced any recollection of Giannetto from my mind; or, I should perhaps say, had reduced the whole strange story to a sort of dream.

Amy was married; Helen had quite recovered her health; and nothing had occurred to cause our return to Nice, when we suddenly made up our minds to go to Italy for the winter, for the pleasure of the change. For a long time I hesitated between Rome and Florence, finally deciding in favour of the latter, as being the best for masters for Helen. We at first thought of going by the Riviera route, in order to revisit our old haunts; but, hearing that we were likely to be delayed by the badness of the roads, we changed our minds, and crossed Mont Cenis, taking our way straight to Florence. Some friends had already secured us a villa half-way up to Fiesole, and there we took up our abode.

Those who know Florence as it is now, can scarcely realise what it used to be before the innumerable changes and innovations, especially on the side of Fiesole. It is sad to miss those grand old walls, throwing their deep cool shadows over the houses; and your recollections are confounded by finding yourself wandering in streets and squares, where in former days the country, as it were, kissed the town.

Our villa was lovely. About half-way up the ascent to Fiesole you come upon a little village,

grouped picturesquely round its church, San Domenico by name. The road leading up to it is bordered by cypress hedges; and here, as one walks, one invariably finds a small flock of lean, bearded goats stretching their almost unnaturally long bodies to crop the uppermost shoots. Before reaching the church, you turn to the right down a rather steep lane, and about a quarter of a mile brings you to the gate of our villa.

The view over the Val d'Arno was a constant source of delight to us; for hours we sat on the terrace outside our windows sketching, impatient at the impossibility of transferring to paper those soft and delicate tints. I have heard some people complain of the sameness of Florentine colouring, and it is possible that it may be so; but the sameness is inexpressibly beautiful, the cool grey of the dusky olive-trees giving the tone to the whole country. Every evening the setting sun flooded the valley, till it seemed to float in lilac and crimson; and far away on the clear horizon, faintly shadowed out, you have the broken lines of the Carrara mountains. That was the hour for hopelessly throwing brush and easel aside, and drinking in the scene with an ecstasy one seldom knows out of Italy: it fades, it passes away, that wondrous glow; and far and near, from the great bells of the Duomo in the plain, to the faint tinkling sound from the convent high above us on the heights of Fiesole, comes the sum-

mons to prayer, and every peasant removes his hat, and lays down his tools, to cross himself and mutter an "Ave Maria."

We led a quiet, uneventful life that winter. Every morning Helen drove down into Florence to her lessons, or had masters at the villa; and we sometimes spent the rest of the day sight-seeing in the town, or wandering in the country round.

One day Beppo came into my room, flourishing a paper wildly in his hand. "Signor Conte, Signor Conte!" he shouted—"mad that I am, I forgot to show you this; and now it will be too late to take tickets. It was that cook; he has been worrying again with his eternal demands for more cognac for his puddings. Little enough of it goes into our dining-room, I tell him. And I forgot to show the Signor Conte this"—and he began reading in a loud voice, "'For two nights only. The famous *primo tenore*, Signor Giovanni.' And the Signore has never heard him! What a chance!—and thrown away owing to that *maledetto* cook!"

"What is it, Beppo? who is he?"

"Who is he? What! has not the Signore heard of the new tenor—the singer who has made such a *furor* in Russia, and who has now come to sing for the first time in Italy, though he is an Italian born and bred?"

"I have heard of him, papa," cried Helen, "and I should so much like to hear him! My master gave him some lessons two years ago, and he says that he is the most magnificent *tenore di forza* he ever heard in his life."

"True, it is quite true, Signorina. It is said that when you have heard him sing, you can listen to no one else. And he has studied both at the Scala and in Russia. But speak only, and I fly to see whether it is too late to

secure places. The Grand Duke himself is to be there."

I gave Beppo permission, and he darted off. Alas! it was too late; every seat was taken in the Pergola theatre. Helen was much disappointed; but she insisted upon my walking down on the chance of being able to get in, to stand at least for a quarter of an hour, and report whether the new tenor was really as great a singer as he was supposed to be. In vain I assured her that wherever we might go, these great singers were sure to appear in time, in all probability in London, the very next season. She insisted, and—prevailed.

It was such a fine, cold, frosty evening, that I enjoyed the walk down to Florence very much. I went rather late to the opera-house, and found, as I had expected, not a single vacant seat—some, indeed, had been doubly let for half the night to each person. Just, however, as I was turning away, the box-keeper called me back. "Look you, Signore," he said; "there is a little space—a *very* little space—within the door, where I have not yet put a chair. Would the Signore mind having a stool—a *very* little stool—put in there for him to sit on? He will not see very well; but, after all, one comes to hear these things, not to see." At this moment a burst of applause, loud and long, resounded through the house; and, my curiosity vividly excited, I accepted the offer of the box-keeper, and seated myself on the stool—the truly "*very* little stool"—he provided for me.

Every one knows how critical is a Florentine audience—how unforgiving if time and tune are not perfect—how chary of their applause, how lavish of their hisses; but to-night the whole house was carried away by its enthusiasm.

The piece was 'Lucrezia Borgia;'

and as I came in, Giovanni was singing "Di pescator ignobile." It was the most lovely voice I could have imagined—round, and full, and sweet—evidently having reached its full perfection; the style also was highly finished; there was no rawness, no want of study,—all that art, combined with the rarest natural gifts, could do, made the new tenor's singing the most beautiful thing I could have dreamt of.

The time passed only too quickly, and the first two acts were over before I began to look about me. At this moment the head of the box-keeper was suddenly thrust in at the door, and he broke in abruptly on my meditations.

"Signore, Signore Inglese! will he look at that box at the end?—no, not that one—the stage-box. Does he see a lady there—a young lady, with an old lady beside her? That is Signora Giovanni, the wife of the *primo tenore*. Beautiful, is she not? And that is her mother, Signora Celeste. They have taken that box for both nights—they say she always goes to hear her husband sing; and she waits in the carriage for him to come out when it is over."

"Is she an Italian?" I asked.

"Italian? Most certainly. She is Florentine; her father is an *impiegato*; he holds office under the Government—a man of position here, the Cavaliere Mattei; and it was thought a poor marriage for one of his daughters, when, two years ago, she took an opera-singer as her husband. But, *Cospetto!* she is likely to be the richest of the family."

The man withdrew his head as abruptly as it had been protruded; and, with enhanced curiosity, I raised my glass to look at the occupants of the stage-box.

Signora Celeste was what most Italian women become after a certain

age, singularly ugly and haggard, a perfect foil to her daughter who sat beside her. Signora Giovanni could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen at that time, but she looked older. The contour of her face was perfect, her eyes very large, and so dark, that they made the clear olive complexion yet paler by the contrast. She was dressed in black, and wore the heavy masses of her hair turned back from her brow, after the fashion of almost all Florentine women. But I was even more charmed by the extreme sweetness of her expression than by her beauty, which was very considerable.

Giovanni was ill supported on the stage. Binda, the bass, was a loud and rather rough singer; the *prima donna* sang well, though her voice was past its prime; and the contralto was mediocre: but the public had only eyes and ears for him, and good-naturedly ignored their shortcomings. Giovanni was a fine-looking man, and apparently made no use of the paints and artificial helps to good-looks generally supposed to be indispensable on the stage.

While I was looking at him, it suddenly occurred to me that somehow—somewhere—I had seen him before, and I could not get rid of the impression. So strong was it, that I determined to wait outside after the performance for the chance of seeing him in plain clothes, and satisfying my curiosity.

The piece ended, and the people flocked out. I stood in the lobby, idly watching them as they passed, and listening to their remarks. The crowd gave way a little, and Signora Celeste and her daughter passed through and entered their carriage, which drove off a little way, and then stopped (as the box-keeper had told me) to wait for Giovanni.

At last the whole audience had slowly dispersed, and I began to think myself a fool, and prepared to start homewards, when I heard voices behind me, and the *prima donna's* carriage was called for. She came sweeping forward, her scarlet *bournous* thrown over one shoulder. "Bravo, Signor Giovanni!" she said as she passed, glancing back at the rest of the singers who were following her.

Giovanni bowed gravely.

"*Corpo di Bacco*, what bitter cold!" muttered Binda, as he took Giovanni's arm and drew his cloak round him. The truth flashed across me, and suddenly, without thinking, I exclaimed aloud, "Giannetto!" The great tenor started violently and looked round at me. He made, however, no sign of recognition, but walked on down the street with his companions. I heard Binda's deep voice—"Good night, my friend," and Giovanni's short answer, "The same to you;" and then, concluding that I was mistaken, and had been deceived by a casual resemblance, I lit a cigar, and turned towards Fiesole.

I heard swift steps behind me, and felt my hands grasped suddenly. "Signore, Signor Conte! is it really you?"

"Then it is Giannetto!" I exclaimed; "will wonders never cease?"

"Hush, hush!" said the tenor, looking uneasily round him, and especially at the carriage, which still waited a little way down the street. "The Signore will understand—circumstances alter. There are times when it is best not to remember too much—he has understood!"

"I understand," I answered rather sadly. "But, Signor Giovanni, come and see me at home; I should like to see you again where we can converse more easily."

"Willingly, most willingly," he answered. I gave him my address; and, grasping my hand cordially, he left me. I watched his slight active figure as he went down the street, jumped into the carriage, and drove off; and, hardly believing that I could be in my right senses, I returned home.

The next morning I told Helen what had happened. She was astonished beyond measure. We tried once more to get seats in the opera-house for Giovanni's last performance, but did not succeed, much to her disappointment.

When three or four days had passed without my hearing or seeing anything of Giannetto, I began to think that he wished to avoid me. I heard of him everywhere in Florence, received and courted in society, and very popular. His wife went with him, and was in the habit of accompanying him on the pianoforte when he vouchsafed to sing in a private house—a favour but seldom conferred.

One day, however, towards the end of the week, a little open fly drove up to the door; and Beppo, in a slightly awe-struck voice, un-nounced Signor Giovanni.

I looked at Beppo, and saw that he felt very much puzzled. I fancied he had recognised Giannetto, and hastily sent Helen after him to warn him not to say a word to his fellow-servants till I had had time to speak to him.

I motioned to Giannetto to seat himself, which he did so much with the air of a gentleman and equal, that I was more and more astonished.

"I much apologise, Signor Conte," he began, "for not having sooner availed myself of your permission to call upon you; but you are doubtless aware that a man in my position has engagements he cannot escape from—and I study much still, for

I have had to combat with a certain inflexibility of voice, which at last begins to yield."

"Inflexibility!" I exclaimed, "surely——"

He smiled. "I am rejoiced that you did not remark it."

At the risk of being thought inquisitive, and possibly impertinent, I could not help saying, "Giannetto, ever since I first saw you, I have felt the deepest interest in your career; would it annoy you were I to ask how you attained your present position—in short, what your history has been since you left San Jacopo?"

"Signor Conte," he answered, "you have but to command—I will tell you."

"First," I began hesitatingly—"believe me, it is not idle curiosity that prompts my question—can you not tell me in what manner your voice was restored?"

He made a haughty and impatient movement, and the red blood mounted into his face, dyeing it to the very roots of his hair.

I saw I had gone too far. "I ask a thousand pardons," I began; but he cut me short. "It is unnecessary," he said. "The Signor Conte has a right to ask what he pleases. I must also reserve to myself the option of answering or remaining silent as I think necessary, and on this sole point I cannot satisfy him."

"When I left San Jacopo I had but a few *lire* in my pocket. They were, however, enough to enable me to get to Turin, walking all the way. I was at first almost starved; but I kept up heart, learnt one or two of the popular songs of the year, and sang them in the *cafés* of the poor people for a few *soldi* at a time. The Signor Conte has heard my voice—it was as good then as it is now, though, certainly, it was quite

uncultivated. It gained me a small reputation which spread rapidly.

"At last, one day I was sent for by an American gentleman, who had heard of me through his servants. Who or what he was I know not; he was a certain Smit of Boston. He made me sing to him, and then offered to pay for a musical education for me, at Milan, at Florence—in short, wherever I would—provided that I would bind myself ten years to pay him the half of all I should gain from the time when my education should be completed. I asked for time to consider his proposal, and consulted a certain Nicolini, a music-seller, with whom I had made a sort of acquaintance. He strongly advised me to refuse, which I did, though it was much against my own inclination.

"The American left Turin. I then offered myself at the opera as a chorus-singer, and in that way earned enough to get through the year. At last, to my astonishment, the manager of the theatre offered to pay for my education if I would undertake to sing in his theatre for three months a-year for five years, after I became singer.

"I again consulted Nicolini, who this time advised me to accept. I chose the Scala by his advice, and studied hard, supporting myself meanwhile as I best could. *Vossignoria* knows that I can write, thanks to the priest of San Jacopo; and I taught myself to copy music, and was much employed by musicians as a copyist. But it was difficult to support myself at that time.

"I used to copy music a good deal for the Cavaliere Mattei, a political agent of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Milan.

"The Cavaliere was a great *dilet tante*, passionately fond of music, and a violinist himself. When he found out how very poor I was, he helped me with both money and

good advice. Ah! he has a good heart, that Filippo Mattei! He allowed me also to consort with his family; his wife, Signora Celeste, was kindness itself, and many a word of encouragement she has spoken to me since I first made acquaintance with her. The children—there were four—became my friends. The eldest of them, Elvira, was then still a child; she was fourteen years old, but she was so good, so dear, that even then I began to hope that at some future time her father might give her to me. I never concealed my birth,” he continued, proudly; “they all know that I was but a poor fisherman. But more than that I have not told, and none can say that I have done an injustice. But patience! do I not weary the Signore? It is too good of him to be thus interested.”

“No, no; pray, Giannetto, go on.”

“Well, my education was completed—that is to say, the Scala pronounced it completed—within a year; and I returned to Turin, and sang there for the first time in public, with a certain success. The manager was generous; he allowed me a good half of the three months’ gains, and by his recommendations enabled me to obtain a first-rate engagement at the Court of St. Petersburg for two years. After I had been there awhile, I made much money—a real fortune; and I wrote to the manager asking him for what sum he would release me from my engagement. He named a very large one. But I paid it, every *soldo*, and rejoiced in feeling that I was once more my own master.

“Two years ago I came to Florence, having obtained a short holiday. I found the Mattei returned here. Elvira was not yet betrothed; she was seventeen, beautiful as an angel, and good as she was beautiful. I hardly dared ask Mattei, but he gave a free consent and my

Elvira accompanied me back to St. Petersburg as my wife. I am happy, Signor Conte; do you not look on me as the happiest and luckiest of men?”

He laughed a curious little grating laugh.

I looked at him hesitatingly, and then said, “And, Giannetto, can you tell me nothing of the mother—of Carola? She must be getting old now, and feeling lonely—a widow, bereaved also of her child.”

He answered hastily, “She is very well; I occasionally hear of her from the *Curato* of our village. She is a great lady now,” he added, smiling, “and need do no work but for her own pleasure; but I hear that she still lives in the little old house.”

“And the *Curato*, he also is well?”

“Yes, yes, quite well—that is, I believe so; but I have not been there myself, and he is the only man in the miserable little place that can read and write, and he is not a man to say much about himself.”

He spoke irritably, and I could well see that he disliked all allusion to his former condition.

Again I felt tempted to apologise, when a feeling of indignation cut me short. What right had he to feel like this towards his best and earliest friend! and, but for curiosity, I should hardly have prolonged the conversation. In spite of myself, there was a fascination about him, or rather in connection with his history, which I could not resist.

When he next spoke it was in a very different manner—“May I ask the Signor Conte if the young ladies are well? Are they settled in life, or still with you?” And on hearing that Helen was still with me, he said rather doubtfully, “I scarcely dare to ask it; but if you permitted it, might I present my wife to you and to the Signorina Helen? She would esteem it a

great honour, and dies already to kiss your hands, for I have told her that I lie under great obligations to you."

"Indeed," I interrupted hastily, "I must disclaim all gratitude from you. I have often regretted——" I stopped abruptly, for the dark flush once more rose almost painfully into Giannetto's face. He bowed gravely and said, "I must hope, Signor Conte, that my future career will give you no reason to regret having been the first to awaken my ambition. Will you consent to my request?"

I told him that Helen and I would call and pay our respects to his wife, and asked for his address.

"We are at present staying with the Mattei, No. 12 Borgo Pinti," he answered. "And the Signora Celeste will feel much gratified at the honour you will confer upon her, in visiting Elvira at her house. And now, Signore, I relieve you of my presence." He rose and took up his hat. "I have the honour to wish you good morning."

And bowing low, he took his leave in the same gentlemanlike manner with which he had entered.

CHAPTER V.

Helen and I called at the Palazzo where the Mattei family were living a very few days after Giannetto's visit.

Up a long, carpetless stair we climbed, and arrived at an iron grate on the third floor, where we pulled or rather shook, a dilapidated bell. For a long time no one came; then the face of a housemaid looked through the opposite door, and a shrill voice shouted the usual Italian question, "Chi è?"

"Is the Signora Mattei in the house?" inquired Beppo, in reply. "Of course she is, at this hour," answered the woman; and drawing a key out of her pocket, she proceeded slowly to open the grate.

Beppo gave her my card, and she hurried away with it, leaving us standing on the landing-place. After a few moments she returned, and saying, "Enter, enter, Signore!" she led the way through a large empty anteroom into what was evidently used as a music-room.

It was a large room, the centre occupied by a grand piano, on the extremity of which lay masses of music, songs, accompaniments, and what looked like manuscript violin-music. Round the room were long

red-covered seats or divans. The walls were painted a pale-buff colour, and the curtains matched them in hue. Two or three tables stood at one end of the room, and on these were carefully arranged various trifling ornaments, such as photographs in cases, Paris *bonbonnières*, bits of Florentine mosaic, &c. &c.

Bidding us be seated, the servant fidgeted about the room a little, and then said, "Vossignori are foreigners?" Much amused, I told her we were English. "Ah!" she said, "doubtless the Signori have come a long, long way. La Signora Mattei dearly loves the English. She once, years ago, knew an English lady, and stayed two days——" She broke off; for a shrill voice shouted from the inner room, "Violante, O Violante!" "I come, I come!" she cried; and making a sort of deprecating shrug at me, as much as to say, "You see we can have no more conversation just now," she hurried out of the room.

We again waited some moments; then a door on the opposite side of the room opened, and a gentle, venerable old gentleman came forward. "S'accommodino—be seated, I beg,"

he began; "these Signori do us too much honour to call on us—on my daughter, I should rather say. La Signora Mattei is a woman of much spirit; she is busy at this hour, but she will be here directly." He was a fine-looking old man, with long, silky, white hair, and a very sweet, courteous expression, particularly when he smiled. His hands were covered with brown cloth mittens; and occasionally he kept up the old custom of slowly fumbling in his pocket for a large tortoise-shell snuff-box, which he made use of with much zest.

"I hope," he continued, "that the Signorina diverts herself in Florence? There is much that is interesting if she has a love of art. Perhaps she is herself an amateur, and occasionally studies in our galleries?"

I told him that we were staying at Florence much for purposes of study, and then proceeded to make him my compliments on the reputation of his son-in-law.

He bowed, laying his hand on his heart. "The Signor Conte is too good. Without doubt, Giovanni has talent; he will be a great singer. I tell him he should go to England. I was there myself once—it is now twenty years—and I know London well. Yes, yes; it is there he would make a fortune. They know nothing of our language, those English,—the Signor Conte is *Scozzese*, he speaks like a native,—but they appreciate the talent, and they pay well. I myself heard the Pasta sing, and heard the English say, 'Beautiful, beautiful! but what did she sing!—was it not German, or was it French?' Still, not the less do they pay well."

"I hope Signor Giovanni will come to England," said Helen, rather timidly; "at least he will find better support there in the theatre, for all the best artists find their way to London."

"Ah, it is a wonderful place!" continued the Cavaliere Mattei. "Without doubt, Florence appears very small to you; and my son-in-law tells me that St. Petersburg——"

He was interrupted by the door flying open, and the abrupt entrance of Signora Celeste, followed by her daughter. It was as if a whirlwind had burst into the room. "Good morning, Signor Conte. Signorina Elena, I have the honour to salute you. I hope I see you in good health. It grieved me to hear from my son-in-law that you are not strong. Be seated. We have heard much of you from Giovanni. He tells me," she continued, without taking breath, "that he made acquaintance with you some years ago at Nice, and that he lies under obligations to you. We are grateful," she added; "you do us great honour in visiting us thus, and the opportunity of offering you our thanks we shall hold very dear."

I endeavoured to disclaim all thanks, but she did not pause.

"And the Signorina, does she divert herself in Florence? I fear but little goes on at this moment. She has without doubt visited the Cascine every Sunday afternoon? The Grand Duchess is almost always there, and it is very gay. Do the Signori contemplate being here for the Carnival? There are to be great doings this year; and certain Signori of the principal families are to have balls. The Signorina without doubt loves dancing? She is of an age to do so. Elvira loved it much formerly; but since she is married she is quite changed,—she thinks of nothing but her husband and child, and the music. Really, it is a trial of patience—a weariness—when she and her father and Giovanni begin with their everlasting music. Not a word can one get in. And what with the violin and the pianoforte, and now Binda, now La Caprera, coming in to practise with

Giovanni, life is a burden. The people in the streets come under the windows to listen, but I hope I may have put a stop to that; for when they are all listening, Violante and I are often obliged to throw water and vegetables out of the window. Can I help it?—bah! one must keep one's house clean!"

"Assuredly," said the Cavaliere, mildly. "But wherefore thus outrage their feelings? Poor souls! it is to them a great diversion."

She quietly ignored his words. "And the Signor Conte has taken the Villa Vacchini?" she continued. "La Signora Vacchini is one in a thousand! an excellent person; she is much my friend. Without doubt, it is her agent Signor Ettore Bonifazio who has arranged with these Signori? He is a good man; but, Santa Maria! what fat! he is a hill—a mountain! La Vacchini at one time had it in her mind to marry him; but I said to her, 'Lucia, my dear, beware; it is a sack—a mountain—you would marry. An agitation—a slight fright—he is seized with an apoplexy, and you are again a widow!' Had I not reason? And she is in good circumstances. She has a large hotel in the Piazza Nuova, which foreigners frequent much; and she has also the Villa Vacchini, and certain olive and vine yards in the hills near the Certosa. I hope," she continued, suddenly breaking off, "that you remain satisfied that she does well by you?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "All I have had to ask for has been done excellently by Signor Bonifazio."

"I rejoice to hear it; for if it had not been so, I would have said to her, 'Lucia, it is a shame, a wickedness, that you have not attended better to these foreigners that are so kind and so good.' My second daughter L'Adelaide is betrothed to her eldest son; he wanted Elvira, but even at that time, when Gio-

vanni was in Russia, I could see that her heart——"

"Mamma, for pity's sake," broke in the sweet voice of Giovanni's wife, the first words I had heard her speak. My attention had been fully occupied by the mother, while Helen had been equally busily engaged in extracting gentle monosyllables from Elvira.

The young wife looked very pretty and very shy, but there was somewhat of an air of sadness about her that troubled me. She had not that quiet look of repose which speaks of a heart at rest. Her large eyes looked anxious, and even careworn; and when she was not smiling, her face assumed a gravity unnatural in one so young. It brightened up prettily when Helen asked to see the baby, and she brought it into the room. It was a pretty, brown, Italian baby, with large soft eyes and abundance of dark hair; and Elvira evidently loved it with all the fervour of her southern nature.

"It is a little angel, a darling!" said the old Cavaliere, tenderly patting its little head. "And the Signor Conte, has he also little grandchildren? The English children are beautiful!"

I told him that my daughter Amy had two little ones—the youngest might be about the age of Elvira's. Elvira looked pleased and interested, and I heard her begin to question Helen in a low voice about the English children.

Signora Celeste turned to me again—"It is curious," she said, "but it is said that English children live upon milk. I suppose, then, that they are very small and thin, and have not much strength till they get older? Elvira would never have reared that child upon milk. But doubtless it is not true."

I answered her that it was quite true.

"Indeed!" she said; "would you

believe it! And you mean to say that you never give them wine at all? What support can they have?"

I could only repeat that the children were very healthy and blooming. She evidently looked on my saying so as the ignorant assertion of a man.

It was some time before we could get away—there was so much to be said on Signora Mattei's part. Altogether, for a first visit, it was an unusually long one.

"Well, Helen, and what do you think of Giannetto's pretty wife?" I asked, as soon as we were seated in the carriage, and fairly started on our way home.

"Very pretty, very fascinating, but not clever, I should think; and, papa, did you notice how very sad she looks? I hope he is kind to her."

"She does indeed look sad, poor little thing! I was especially charmed with the old Cavaliere. What a thorough gentleman of the old school he is, with his white hair and his gentle venerable face!"

Before very long our visit was returned by the ladies of the party. We were sitting out on the terrace, —Helen putting the finishing touches to a drawing she had been making of a great bunch of yellow *nespoli*, or medlars; I myself lazily smoking, and reading a very stupid Italian novel,—when Boppo announced them. More chairs were brought out, and we reseated ourselves.

After a few moments of general conversation, Signora Celeste leant forward and said in a very loud whisper, "Signor Conte, with your leave, will you do me the great honour of permitting me a little conversation with you in private?"

I could see Elvira colour violently, and give an imploring look to her mother; but that good lady was not to be suppressed by looks. I could not imagine what she could want,

but politeness compelled me to bow, and lead the way into the house. She followed, sweeping along in a silk gown, which I could not help thinking made more rustle than any gown I had ever seen, or rather heard, before. I had an uncomfortable feeling that she was very close at my heels—a feeling increased by the sharp way in which she shut the door behind her with a click, and established herself on a tall old-fashioned arm-chair in front of me.

She began the conversation herself. "And now, Signor Conte," she said, "I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will have the kindness to tell me what you know of the former habits and pursuits of my son-in-law. It is not merely from curiosity that I ask," she added, seeing my natural hesitation; "but if the Signor Conte is able to tell me, it concerns me to know."

"It is, I fear, but little that I can tell you, Signora Mattei," I answered. "My acquaintance with Signor Giovanni was very slight, and of short duration. You are, he tells me, aware that his birth is not equal——"

"Yes, yes, I know that," she exclaimed. "He was but a peasant, a fisherman; is it not so?"

"You are right; and it was through a conversation with the priest of his village that I first became interested in him. He was very handsome, and—and I am an admirer of beauty. I was enabled to do him some slight service, which he makes too much of by far; and there our acquaintance for the time came to an end. It is an unexpected honour," I resumed, at my wife's end what to say, "that I have renewed it so advantageously."

Signora Celeste appeared to be thinking deeply, and not to remark my little speech, which was meant to be complimentary. She spoke again, with an abruptness which made me feel as if I was being

snapped at. "And this *Curato*, was he a friend of Giovanni's?"

"He was very good to him," I answered. "The father was dead, and the priest not only helped his mother with money out of his own very small store, but he also gave him an education which made him superior to his fellows."

"And his voice? Did the priest also teach him to sing?"

"His voice, his voice," I stammered; "it developed late in life—unusually late. No; the priest had nothing to do with training that."

"Then he never sang in the choir?" she asked.

"Not to my knowledge," I replied, wishing her anywhere—at the bottom of the Red Sea.

"And is his mother alive?"

"She is—that is, I believe so; but it is so long since I have been at San Jacopo, that the Signora will comprehend that I can give no exact answer to her question."

Signora Celeste suddenly rose, drew her chair closer to mine, and folding her hands (clothed in black net mittens) together, she fixed her eyes upon me, and proceeded: "Signor Conte, I am afraid you have indeed but little to tell me: but I will explain to you the reason of my question; for, without doubt, you consider me indiscreet and impertinent—nay, it is but natural that I should so appear to you."

Of course I endeavoured to disavow the supposition; but she interrupted my attempted civilities ruthlessly. "Listen, Signor," she said—"listen. Giovanni has no doubt told you that he came first under my husband's notice as a copyist who was working out his musical education at Milan. At that time we resided much at Milan. My mother was alive, and a great invalid; so we spent months with her at a time. My

husband had not then obtained his present appointment at Florence. The Signor Conte knows that the Cavaliere is a great *dilettante*, has a veritable passion for music; and where there is a music-seller's shop, there he is to be found, at times, for hours in the day. Well, he had at that time a fanaticism for very ancient music, forgotten altogether at this present time, and much of this he had transposed for the violin. It is difficult, this old music, and has to be understood, or the transposing makes it often almost ludicrous. My husband found that Giovanni could do it well, and employed him constantly. The poor boy was at that time so destitute, that I could see that very often he had not enough to buy a good meal; so it ended in our taking him into the house.

"My mother, poor soul, took a great fancy for Giovanni, and would have it that he was to be one of the greatest singers of the day; and it is certain that his voice was of a beauty, a quality, that one does not meet with often.

"The only times he would never spend with us were his Sundays and his saints' days. On such days, when friends and neighbours meet, going and coming from the churches, he would never consent to be with our family party. At first, when I asked him, he would not say where he went, but latterly he walked into the country to see some old friend of his mother's, who was a Milanese; so I remained satisfied. The Signore knows, I presume, that he obtained an engagement of much distinction, and left us for Russia. By that time we had become so fond of him that it was a sorrow, a grief, to part from him; and it was to us like the return of a dear son when he came home and asked the Cavaliere for Elvira.

"Elvira was not without suitors—several times I could have established her well in life; but the poor child had a veritable little passion for Giovanni—and the Signor Conte can understand the feelings of a father. What could he do? He consented. The day for the wedding was fixed; but instead of looking happy, the bridegroom looked gloomier every day; and Elvira did nothing but cry. We could not imagine what was amiss. At last I compelled Elvira to tell me—Giovanni wished for a civil marriage without the blessing of the Church. Of course Elvira would not agree; and the Cavaliere was very angry, and wished at the eleventh hour to stop it all. They are all alike, these men, with their impatience! I told Elvira that I took it on myself. I sent for Giovanni. I asked him if he could give a clear and sufficient reason for his wish; and he had nothing to say except that he disliked the ceremony, and other such frivolous pretexts, worthy of no consideration. I told him so. I asked him to talk it over with some priest; but that he refused to do: and after a few more expostulations, he gave way. Signor Conte, there is something, I know not what, of mysterious about him. When the moment came that the wedding procession should enter the church, he became pale as a corpse, the perspiration stood on his brow, he seemed as if in a mortal agony, and so it continued during the ceremony; and when he had to speak, it seemed to us all that his voice was gone—he mumbled his answers as if he knew not what he said; and at last, when all was over, he had to be supported out of the church more like a dead than a living man. Ah! we were much frightened; but the outer air seemed to revive him, and he became himself again. It was strange, un-

accountable, was it not? I myself cannot understand it—for I never saw a malady at all resembling it; and, as a rule, his health is excellent—he knows not what it is to be ill.

"Now, alas!" she continued, "we find that Giovanni never enters the door of a church; he has never once confessed since his marriage, never says a prayer, and will not even use holy words, or sing songs addressed to divine personages. Alas! it is this that makes my poor child so unhappy. He is very kind, kindness itself to her, except on this one subject—and on this he will hear nothing; and she, poor child, has always been a good Christian—a saint, I may say, in all her ways. He cannot even endure the sight of her crucifix, her little images, and sacred pictures; so she grieves much. In short, where the holy faith is concerned, and there only, he is utterly unlike his better self.

"When the child was born, she had hoped to dedicate it to the blessed Mother, and call it Maria; but he would not have it so named, and had it baptised Felicità—a name of good omen, he said. There is a small saint of the name, a Santa Stravagante, without a fixed day in the calendar, which made us give our consent. But, Signore," she continued, rising, "I have trespassed long upon your time. I had hoped," she added, sadly, "that you would have been able to help us—to tell us something that would account for this strange evil in Giovanni; but I see that you can tell me no more than we know ourselves. A thousand thanks for the kind interest you have shown in what I have ventured to tell you; and I must beg many pardons for having thus taken up your time."

While this conversation was going on, Helen had been growing

much interested in her companion, whom she found more intelligent than she had expected.

Elvira told her a good deal about their life in Russia, and Russian ways and customs. She spoke of her husband's success with much pride, and detailed many of the compliments and favours showered on him at St. Petersburg. Helen was amused, and thought the time had passed only too quickly when Signora Mattei returned; and they took their leave with the usual compliments.

To myself, the time had not seemed so short. The whole conversation had been painful to me, from the consciousness of having something to conceal. I told Helen what had passed. She grieved for

the poor little wife. "I am sure she feels it dreadfully," she said. "She looks to me as if she had cried till she could cry no more—and no wonder! But it seems to me curious that she should not have thought of all this before she married him." "I thought so at first," I answered; "but consider, these Italian women know little or nothing of the men they are destined to marry, and are never by any chance allowed to hold conversation with them alone; so that I do not think it so wonderful. Besides, in this case the only thing she had had to startle her was his wish to have a civil marriage only; and that point, we know, he yielded." Helen sighed, "Poor little thing! poor Elvira!"

CHAPTER VI.

Giannetto and his wife called on us once more, when unfortunately we were out, leaving highly-glazed cards, after the Italian fashion, with P.P.C. in the corner. They went on to Venice, where he had accepted an engagement.

The Italian spring set in, and the cold weather passed away. Florence, as the year advanced, began to justify her beautiful flowery name: tall tulips, crimson and white and yellow, countless purple and scarlet anemones, turned the olive and vine yards into carpets of wonderful brilliancy; the scent of orange and lemon blossoms in the garden became almost overpowering; and large magnolias slowly unfolded their wax-like leaves.

We used to return from our long drives in the cool of the evening, the carriage laden with flowers; at one time with irises, tulips, and roses—at another with myrtle and sweet-bay, and long branches of the purple Judas-tree, and orange-flowering arbutus. Helen revelled in

them; and would turn our large cool drawing-room into a perfect bower, much to the disgust of Bepo and some other of the Italian servants, who, like all their countrymen, dread sweet-scented flowers indoors, believing that they produce fevers and all sorts of harm.

We grudged every week as it passed; and the heat increased, warning us that the season was at hand in which Italy chooses to be left in peace with her children, and the foreigner must fly.

One evening we accomplished an expedition we had had in view for a long time—a drive to the top of Fiesole, to visit the Franciscan monastery.

The glare of the day was quite over, for the heat was very great when we started, and the ascent was slow in consequence. Up we toiled along the broad white road on its zigzag course, meeting few people by the way—now passing a group of peasants with their large white-haired dog or sprightly spitz

now being passed by a carriage making a spurt up the hill, containing two or three Russian ladies and gentlemen, on their way probably to dine at Villa Mozzi; then, as we rose higher, the Fiesole women crowded round us, begging us to buy their straw-plait work, long rolls of it beautifully twisted—and queer straw cocks and hens with long tails. Helen was very weak-minded, and bought right and left.

We reached the old Etruscan town, with its lovely church-tower, and watched a line of seminarists in their long black cassocks pass us and descend the hill from their home, diminishing in size as the distance increased, till it appeared like the twisting of a small black serpent far below.

We had brought some large heavy packages of coffee, sugar, and snuff, as a present to the friars; and bidding Beppo follow with these, we took our way to the monastery.

We were received with a warm welcome by the Father Superior, who told us that it was a great treat to them to receive visitors, and was most attentive to us,—showed us the chapel, and the various points from which the magnificent view was best to be seen, and even allowed Helen to peep into the *clausura*—the inner cloister, where no woman may tread.

He told us that most of his friars were absent on their special missions, and at that time not more than twelve in all were at home. "One of them," he said, "has just returned from our mother home at Assisi. The cholera was at Perugia, and a great panic prevailed, especially as two of the brethren had died, and they sent for some from here, to bring fresh hands to the work. They asked for a good preacher, and I sent our best—Fra Geronimo, and a young brother, full of zeal, who had lately joined, Fra Martino. Alas! Fra Geronimo

returned alone; the young brother had finished his work, and obtained his crown of martyrdom. He is doubly blessed, having been buried near the shrine of the holy Francis himself; but he was very young."

"Fra Geronimo!" I repeated. "Was it he who was at Nice some five or six years ago, preaching in the church of Santa Lucia?"

"It is possible; I cannot tell," was the answer of the Superior. "Our friars go far and wide. Yes, assuredly he has been at Nice often; but when, I cannot tell. Perhaps the Vossignoria might like to ask him?"

"I should, very much," I replied eagerly.

The Superior beckoned to a lay brother, a pale, bowed-down-looking man—"Old, Gian-Maria, when the Padre Geronimo enters, pray him to come to me."

Meanwhile Helen had taken out her drawing-book, and was sketching rapidly, seated on a little rough step, a group of friars in their picturesque brown habit gathered round her, making their remarks aloud—"Look! look! there is old Pietro's cottage; how natural it is! What a wonderful talent! And there is old Mariuccio in her red apron! what a marvel! And a woman can do thus! Verily, who would believe it? Look! look! there is the black cat. Santa Maria! but it is wonderful!"

"The Signora is English?" asked one, rather timidly. "She is doubtless an artist?"

Helen told him that many English women sketched very well, entirely for their own pleasure.

"Indeed! truly it is wonderful! Who would have thought that women could thus?" they repeated, much to her amusement.

Here the Superior offered her a pinch of snuff; and knowing that a refusal would hurt the kindly feelings of the fathers, she took it,

and submitted to the frightful fit of sneezing which was the natural consequence—the friars all saluting her, and wishing her *buona salute* and *felicità*, as she did so, after their courteous, old-fashioned custom.

They then begged her acceptance of various little treasures made of wax, manufactured by themselves, chiefly long coils for lighting candles, twisted in all sorts of fantastic shapes. Helen professed great admiration for them, much to their delight; and she promised to take some home to her little nieces, her sister's children. On hearing this, one of the monks quickly retreated into the monastery, and returned with a little paper parcel. "See, Signora!" he cried, "I have brought you something for the little children—see!" and, with a flourish, he drew a wax bird from the paper, and triumphantly presented it. "See! it has eyes, black eyes, and can move its wings; but you will be very careful of it!"

Helen accepted the treasure with as much pleasure as it was given, and put it very carefully into her drawing-bag. Presently she rose and came up to show me her sketch. While doing so, she suddenly caught hold of me—"Look, look, papa! what a picture!"

What so much attracted her attention was the appearance of two Franciscan monks slowly mounting the hill, in the taller of whom I at once recognised the Fra Geronimo who had so much excited our admiration by his preaching at Nice.

They formed, as she said, a very picturesque group. Fra Geronimo walked with a long and firm step, his noble head erect, and the fine proportions of his tall attenuated figure undisguised by his rough brown habit. His companion was a much older man, but appeared to be bowed by infirmity and care even more than by the weight of years.

He walked with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his long grey beard reached down to the hempen cord which formed his girdle. Each carried a sack over his left shoulder, containing the gifts of charity that day received for the convent.

They parted at the foot of the chapel steps, the older Father going on to the cloister—the other, Fra Geronimo, obeying a sign from his Superior, and advancing to where we stood.

"Have you had good speed, brother Geronimo?" was the first question.

"We have walked far," he answered, "and Fra Pietro is very weary; few asked him to rest in their houses. There is little charity abroad."

The Superior looked rather wistfully at the sack, and did not answer. Fra Geronimo turned to me, and saluted me gravely.

There was a certain sternness and severity about the man. He gave me the impression of being uncompromising in everything—a face of singular power, of one who would grapple with sin in mid-career, and force shame and remorse on the most hardened sinner.

I asked him whether he recollected having been at Nice the year that we were there? He remembered it well; he had been there for some months, preaching a great deal. A sudden idea struck me. I would tell Giannetto's whole history to this man, and ask him what he thought of it. The tall friar was standing before me, calm and motionless, waiting for me to speak. Should I do harm in trusting him? I knew nothing of him. I raised my eyes, and scrutinised his face with care. As if conscious that much depended on that look, he bent his large hollow eyes on me for one moment; but in that moment all hesitation passed away, and I felt that the man who stood

before me was indeed a fit instrument for God's will—pure in single-mindedness, strong as steel; and I determined to trust him implicitly.

It was now growing late, and knowing that I should scarcely have time for my long story then, I begged Fra Geronimo (if it should be possible) to visit me at the villa within a few days, as I had occasion to ask his advice. He told me that he would do so; and, calling Helen, we took leave of our kind hosts, and started on our return home.

Merrily the horses trotted down, swinging the carriage round the zig-zag corners, the sharp drag making the seats vibrate as we went. A few fire-flies were dancing about (though it was still early in the year for them), and now and then a glimmering spark from the ground revealed a glow-worm, almost emerald in its green light. Helen had a fancy that the glow-worms were the wives of the fire-flies, and insisted that it was true, and that the fire-flies were ill-conditioned, wild gallants, who left their estimable wives to mope at home by themselves. The grasshoppers made such a noise that, at one time, we could not help fancying that one must have got into the carriage.

We seemed to reach home only too soon—too soon, indeed, in sad earnest; for on the table lay a packet of letters, sent by express—a summons home on important business. Alas! how the few business-like explanatory words of my correspondent brought us down from the world of fire-flies and romance to the dull routine of everyday life! Our happy holiday was at an end. Helen went up-stairs in a very disconsolate humour, and, some time after, confessed to me that she had cried herself to sleep.

During the few days that followed, we had so much to arrange and to think of, that I had almost forgotten my appointment with the

Franciscan. The letters arrived on Friday, and the following Tuesday was the day fixed upon for our departure. On Monday evening our arrangements were completed, and we had time to sit down and rest, and look ruefully round our dismantled rooms. All the purchases we had made at Florence, which had served to beautify our pleasant villa, had been removed that afternoon, to be packed in Florence and sent off to England. There were two or three fine old gilded *cassoni* or chests, carved chairs, large majolica pots, innumerable odds and ends, and, the greatest treasure of all, an exquisite little David, by Donatello, under a white marble baldacchino, standing about two feet high,—all were gone!—nothing but the original bare furniture remained. No wonder that we felt disconsolate.

It was beginning to grow rather late, when Beppo came in to say that a Franciscan wished to speak with me. I was very glad, having greatly feared that I should not see him again. He came in, and apologised for not having been able to come before.

"I have had much to do," he said. "Much preaching also has fallen to my lot; and, alas! the flesh is weak. After preaching, I am often unable to do more."

He seated himself, enveloping his hands in the loose sleeves of his habit, and bending his eyes to the ground. Helen had left the room, feeling that it might be easier for the friar to talk to me in her absence.

I began at once by telling him how and in what manner I had come across the village of San Jacopo, and had first been interested in the unhappy Giannetto. I told him of our coming to Nice together, and of the impression made on us all by his sermon on human suffering; of the verdict of the doctors,

—in short, all the whole strange story. He remembered the storm well, and had had much to do in helping and consoling the sufferers from the effects of it. When I told him of Giannetto's return, and the wonderful change wrought in him, he crossed himself repeatedly, and muttered something in Latin, too low for me to hear; and he could scarcely conceal his astonishment under the usual perfect calm of his demeanour when I told him that this young fisherman, whose history I had been telling him, was no other than the famous tenor Giovanni, who had lately been making such a sensation in Florence.

"And now, Father," I concluded, "tell me what you think of this strange story. Is there, can there be any unnatural, or rather unhal- lowed, cause which has driven Giannetto from Church and God?"

"I know not," replied the friar; "strange and unaccountable things sometimes occur in nature. Signor Conte"—he lowered his voice almost to a whisper—"sometimes desperate men have been known to sell their souls."

It was evident that his suspicions pointed in the same direction as my own.

"Anyhow," he exclaimed, "there is a soul to be saved for God. I will, God give me grace, do my part. For yours, pray for me. God will give me the power, if it be His sacred will."

His large eyes flashed with a feverish, enthusiastic fire; and as he rose to his feet, and drew the hempen girdle round his loins, he looked like some prophet about to go forth inspired on his way.

"You go?" I asked, somehow

feeling scarcely worthy to address him.

"I go to Venice. I follow him through the world. There is a soul to be saved for God."

Awe-struck, I stood aside to let him pass; and he went straight out, only pausing on the threshold and raising his hand in the act of blessing. I watched him till a turn in the road hid him from my sight, and then, lost in thought and bewildered, returned into the house.

The next morning dawned, the day of our departure. Helen came down to breakfast in her travelling dress, and we both felt very sad. The carriage was announced, and we went out to it. All our cottage-friends were assembled under the long, broad portico: Pippo, the gardener, with an enormous stiff bouquet for Helen; Adele, his wife; Colomba, the wife of the *contadino*, who managed the vines and *podere*, or farm; and all the children, also holding bouquets; Carola, Anna, and the old father, the patriarch of them all; and last, but not least, the villa watch-dogs, Giotto and Solferino.

It was a mingled scene of crying and kissing of hands, and shouts of "A pleasant journey, a most happy journey!" &c. We got away at last, and I thought our partings well over; but at the station, as I slipped a last *scudo* into the coachman's hand, to my dismay he clasped mine to his lips, and burst into tears.

We were seated in the carriage, the train began to move, when a shower of bouquets was thrown in at the window, and a shrill voice shouted a last *buon viaggio*. It was Signora Celeste herself, who stood gesticulating on the platform as we steamed out of the station.

(To be continued.)

IDAS; OR, ANTICHRISTUS BRITANNICUS,

Inter Pocula.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, BY JOHANNES BOUSTROPHEDONIDES,

Solutus Aratro.

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑποφρασθεῖς μεγάλη ὀπὶ νείκεσεν Ἴδας' κ. τ. λ.

—*Apoll. Rhod.*, i. 462 seq.

PROLEGOMENA.

In days gone by, the frogs, weary of the mild sovereignty under which they lived, petitioned Zeus that he would give them a King; and he flung them down an inaninate Log to be their new governor. They worshipped it for a time in distant reverence; but it was not long before they learned to condemn and mock at the impotence of the dull mass of matter,—and we all know the retribution that followed. Will the reign of Materialism, now apparently installed in the high places of thought, enjoy a longer tenure of observance, or escape a similar deposition? And are we not in danger of undergoing a corresponding chastisement through our growing impatience of legitimate control, and the sacrifices we are daily making of the most sacred bequests of the past to the devouring Moloch of change?

The predominant feature of thought in the present day is an almost fanatical Scepticism in Theology, Philosophy, Politics, and in some departments of Science, the tendency of which is to enthrone Matter, that is, brute force, as the regent, or rather the final cause, of creation, to the blotting out of God, and the rejection of Revelation. The broad line drawn by the wisest philosophers from Socrates to Bacon between the twin worlds of Law and Liberty, Sense and Spirit,

Nature and Miracle, Knowledge and Faith—each of these worlds existing independently of the other, while the conditions under which their respective truths become cognisable by man are radically distinct—has been utterly lost sight of; and thus it comes to pass that crude and indigested theories based upon data, belonging exclusively to one or the other of the two worlds in question, and almost invariably of the Materialistic type, are set forth to the popular apprehension as the key to the enigma of being by some of our ablest pioneers in science, in utter disregard of the inferences that must logically be drawn from such partial presentiments, and of the shock to religion and morality which invariably ensues under such conditions. No one can deny the genius of these men, or dispute the value of their discoveries in physics: their misfortune is, that they know not where to stop; and their fault, that, shutting their ears to the warnings of the great teachers above mentioned, they restrict existence to the sphere comprehended by their finite intelligence, and repudiate the World of Faith altogether, with all its independent yet congenial claims upon mankind. From that moment—and it is the experience of all ages and in every branch of human thought and activity—error sets in, with its disastrous consequences alike to

scientific inquiry and public morality: Spirit is subordinated to Sense, Deity to Humanity; one-eyed Doubt, the "wit oblique" of the poet, disturbs and blinds us to that "steady light" sent down from heaven by which we are enabled to contemplate Truth as she is: the sanctions of morality are thus subverted; and the body corporate of Society breaks up in rottenness, and crawls away limb by limb. Meanwhile the intellectual march of the champions of Materialism is like that of the Titan race of old,—

"Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas;
Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia;"

while their exemption from the "iracunda Jovis . . . fulmina" is best pleaded for in the words applied to the Jews by one wiser than Socrates—"They know not what they do." It is the depravation of social and political morals consequent upon the Materialistic theory, thus developed far beyond the contemplation of its modern sponsors—the wildest excesses springing generically from the confounding of things essentially distinct which that theory is grounded upon—that we have to deal with in the ensuing pages.

IDAS has himself sufficiently discriminated between the ultimate tendency of the doctrines he advocates and the unconscious agency of the men whom he boasts of as coadjutors in his work. He claims them, it will be observed, as dupes, while making use of them as tools. Accepting the imaginary IDAS as the incarnation of the pseudo-philosophy now once more in vogue, the claim must be regarded as just; and it therefore becomes the duty of Society not only in the first instance to denounce a system of teaching which tends to subvert

her very foundations, but, further, to warn her members against the influence of those who take the lead, many of them (I repeat) in blind unconsciousness, in what has become an avowed crusade against her.

Except from the basis of a sound and comprehensive philosophy, inclusive, like that of Socrates and of Bacon (as that great man contemplated it), of both worlds of thought and action, it is impossible to contend effectively against either Idealism or Materialism; and such a philosophy has been long out of date. Nor would such high argument touch the popular apprehension; and now that the schoolmaster is abroad, the masses are more than ever exposed to every breath of empty doctrine. The only really effective means, therefore, towards opening the eyes of the million, is to exhibit the tendencies of such theories as are now in question in their extreme issues; and for this good service the Muse has been the accredited agent in all ages, from the days of Aristophanes to those of Canning. A shower-bath of practical common-sense is the best prescription for clearing away cobwebs and expelling illusions from the popular brain, when blown up with vain conceits, and disinclined to walk in the old paths of sobriety, as at the present time. The world is—with only just such isolated exceptions as prove the rule—wiser than any one man, or any clique of men; and will not for ever tolerate doctrines which, however specious in the germ, lead directly towards the dissolution of those constitutional bonds which link man together with man, and mankind with God,—substituting, in effect, licence for order, and vice for virtue, as the law of our being. Experience is the great test of theory. Every

aberration from central and constitutional truth, originating in exclusive devotion either to the world of Sense or that of Spirit, has hitherto landed its votaries in the mire. The present will be no exception to the rule.

That irreparable mischief may be done to our national institutions by legislation under the pressure of mere numbers, always liable to delusion or passion, is most certain, and the evil has already made itself felt; but in regard to the broader interests of thought and of the human race as children of Heaven, I entertain no despondency. The Spirit of God that once moved upon the waters—the “*vis medicatrix naturæ*” in its highest sense—a force more potent than that either of Materialism or Idealism—promotive always of virtue and truth, and restorative of harmony when the sweet bells of humanity have been jangled out of tune—invariably intervenes to propel us back into the right path, after such extravagances as those now protested against have run their course.

A word or two may be added with reference to some obscure allusions in the following poem.

The IDAS of ancient song was a brother of Lynceus and son of Aphareus—characters, all of them, of mythology, not history. While Lynceus was the keenest-sighted of mortals, Idas was obtuse, voracious, dogged, and insolent—confident in himself, contemptuous of dignities and of the Gods. During the feast of the Argonauts on the shore below Iolcos, the evening before they started in quest of the Golden Fleece, Jason had fallen into thought, pondering anxiously on the responsibilities he had undertaken; when Idas broke out with reproachful words, taunting him with cowardice: “Fear not!” he

exclaimed; “by this spear I swear—which helps me far more than Zeus in battle—our adventure shall be successful, even though God himself strive against us!” Long afterwards, in the war with the Dioscuri, Castor and Polydeuces (or Pollux), sons of Zeus and “God’s Saviours,” Idas slew the mortal Castor with his spear, and stunned (but of course could not kill) the immortal Polydeuces by a vast stone, a pillar torn from his father’s tomb—whereupon Zeus terminated his intrepid career by striking him dead with a thunderbolt.

The God *Consus* was the ‘*Nep-tunus Equestris*’ of the Romans; whom the Stoics (more particularly) viewed as the Spirit or Breath of Intelligence shed abroad on the waters; while Maximus Tyrius extends his influence over the sea and earth alike, as regulating and maintaining their equilibrium. In a more limited sense the Romans qualified *Consus* as the God of Secret Counsels. His altar was situated in a sharp angle projecting beyond the *Pomœrium*, outside of *Roma Quadrata*, towards the *Vallis Murcia*, afterwards the *Circus Maximus*; or, according to others, lay near the goal of the *Circus*, and close under the *Palatine Hill*. It was kept covered with earth throughout the year, except at the festival of the *Consualia*. It was first disinterred, according to the Roman tradition, by *Romulus*. The writer has no authority for addressing him as God of Geese; but he came to the conclusion some time ago, from a variety of concurrent circumstances, that the goose was his symbol, and even that the sacred geese of the Capitol were originally kept there in his honour.

The bird alluded to as accompanying the ship *Argo* was a dove sent by *Athena* to conduct the Argonauts between the *Symple-*

grades,—vast rocks floating at the entrance from the Bosphorus into the Euxine, and which alternately clashed against each other and recoiled. Every vessel which had hitherto attempted to pass through during the period of recoil had been ground to powder. The dove was intrusted to Euphemus, one of the heroes, with orders to loose her at the proper moment and watch her flight; if she emerged from between the rocks, they should follow; if not, the adventure was not for them, and they should return. The bird passed safely through, although losing some feathers from her tail; and Argo passed with the like success, the clashing rocks merely depriving her of the top of her *ἀφλαστον*, an ornamental appendage to

her stern. The Symplegades remained henceforth fixed and harmless for ever.

The *Επιλόγου* is founded on the custom of the *γεφυρισμός*, or ‘chaffing’ showered upon the ‘*Εποπταί*,’ or newly initiated, on their return home, by those standing on the bridge over the Cephissus, which separated the sacred soil of Eleusis from the hardly less sacred soil of ‘Attica.’ The ‘chaff’ was liberally responded to by the ‘*Εποπταί*’—in the reaction to levity which constantly follows upon religious excitement—‘*εποπταί*,’ indeed, less tongue-tied than those of Idas.

I think I may now close these preliminary, perhaps superfluous, observations.

FLORENCE, November 1874.

PROLOGUE.

Hail, Consus, God of Geese! Not without warrant

Did the old Romans honour thee—thy march

Straight to the point, of all by-paths abhorrent

Right hand and left, through the triumphal arch

Of Purpose, to the Capitol—each torrent

Of popular impulse stemming; stubborn, starch,

Stupid, obstructive,—caring not a pin

So thou couldst stablish truth, and empire win.

What is thy lesson? Wisdom’s pathway lies

’Twixt Law and Liberty; the Constitution

Weds them, and bridles,—he that casts goat’s eyes

At one or t’other fathers Revolution:—

Order consists but in their compromise,—

Divorce them—’tis a crime past absolution!

’Tis but in following Consus, silly geese,

Like us, can ’scape the fell Symplegades.

There sits a little bird and sings aloft,

Perch’d on our British Argo’s central mast;

And they that will not heed that tender, soft,

Inspiring strain, will come to grief at last:—

That bird is Christ’s—he cares for us,—if, scoff’d,

The bird takes wing, then Britain’s hope is past:—

Idas may mock, but poor Jack loves his song,

And hates the miscreant who would do him wrong.

This Idas is the scoffer 'mongst our crew—
 A frog unclean, that croaks at all John Bull
 Holds sacred,—fire from heav'n his namesake slew;
 His own explosive windy belly-full
 Will for our batrach the like office do!
 Altars and thrones he fretteth to down-pull
 In hate like Cain's, obdurately persistent:—
 But what shall the Muse say to those whose distant

Orbits revolve round his! That they have miss'd,
 Like wand'ring stars, their courses! That they know
 The port they drive at! That they've loosely kiss'd—
 Sin, and enjoy the morsel! Nay, not so:—
 But rather, "You've mistaken chaff for grist,
 False Gods for true! Like parrots in a row,
 You've learnt the prate that Doubt is Wisdom's tooth,—
 Unlearn it!—and you yet may feed on Truth."

Now, gentle reader! do not, pray, suppose,
 Because I point "*ex sociis hominem*"
 At certain errant knights, whom by the nose
 Duessa leads, I charge her guilt on them!
 Solon in blinkers knows not where he goes:—
 'Tis wilful Error moves Thalia's phlegm.
Au reste—'tis Idas trots them out, not I, no!
 Hear him! mark, learn—there's "*veritas in vino*!"

ANTICHRISTUS, &c.

(*At the 'Pauperam tabernas.'*—*Αὐτοψία.*)

I'm IDAS! I'm the Iconoclast!
 Whom timorous fools the Atheist call;
 Before my nostrils' scathing blast
 Faiths, Charters, Constitutions fall!
 My gospel heralds a new world,
 A paradise for working men,—
 All powers from earth's high places hurl'd,
 And Saturn's Golden Age again.

I'm the ideal working man;
 I care for nought and nobody,—
 Model the world upon my plan,
 Or else you're not the lads for me!
 No judge, no priest, no lord, no king—
 Nations submissive to my nod—
 The lion's share in everything—
 On earth no law, in heaven no God.

My creed is simple. All proceeds
 From Matter and to Matter tends;

Man's appetite's a wolf ; our deeds
 Are worthy as they serve its ends :—
 Life's nothing if not gratified ;
 All stands by individual might ;
 The stronger shoves the weak aside,
 And what he wills and does is right.

Order and Peace are empty names,—
 Let each man fight for food and fire !
 Marriage sets up exclusive claims
 To common food for man's desire ;
 Schooling breeds up rebellious sons,
 Would wiser than their fathers be,—
 Better my boy should be a dunce,
 Or, better still, no son to me.

Let men and women herd at will,—
 'Twas so when we were apes of yore ;
 Superfluous brats 'twere well to kill,
 Or you may find their wants a bore,—
 They do't in China:—like the Turk,
 When worn out strangle their mammas ;
 And if they live and cannot work,
 Eat, like the Battas, your papas !

Down with the rich—we'll all be rich !
 Down with the noble—all are peers !
 Down with all false opinions, which
 Affront our pride, or wake our fears !
 Down with the weak, the privileg'd !
 To you, the young, the brute, the strong,
 My gospel promises are pledg'd,—
 To you life's sweets of right belong.

No capitalist henceforward save
 The Publican shall own a rap ;
 To brew for us our common slave,
 And make us cozy at the tap ;
 But all beyond the cost shall be
 Divided 'mong the master sex ;
 And woe betide the knave if he
 Draw it less strong than X X X !

One hireling, too, shall still survive—
 The Doctor ; casual wounds to dress,
 And check disease, that we may live
 Fearless of injury from excess.
 Grudge not *his* fee ! with bated breath
 Cap him i' the street,—tush ! 'tis folly
 To dream of . . . something after death !
 There's nothing.—Pass the jug—be jolly !

Credit not what the parsons preach;
 I know, I know there is no God;
 Our span of being doth not reach
 Beyond its starting-point, the clod:
 Or, grant there be a judgment-day,
 We are the sheep and they the goats;
 They're paid, poor beggars! Doubtless they
 Believe as we—*don't* cut their throats!

Fear not our rulers! They're a band
 Of cowards, impotent for war;
 One spark of pluck, the law's strong hand
 Would crush us, like the rats we are,—
 Ay, rats! there is no shrewder beast!
 But since the Whigs unseal'd our eyes,
 Shirking St. George's-in-the-East,
 We know their terrors, and despise.

There's an old Book the story tells
 Of One the so-call'd Devil withstood,
 Heal'd broken hearts, work'd miracles,
 And died to save us by His blood;
 But Pyrrho, Timon, and their crew
 Have disabus'd us of such stuff;
 Old things are perish'd, all things new—
 Eat, drink, and—*verbum sap.* 's enough!

It says the man that in his heart
 Saith there's no God is stamp'd a fool;
 That those who choose the better part,
 And serve with Christ, with Christ shall rule:—
 Vain hope! false tale! devis'd to blind
 Our sires and breed obedient youth,—
 Mine's the new Advent for mankind—
 I'm the Hierophant of Truth!

Ye are my chosen friends, who know
 My inmost soul; the mass of men,
 E'en British workmen, are not so,—
 As yet they're sucklings; but to train
 Their budding minds I've men of mould,
 Charter'd respectabilities,
 Who'd smile derisive were they told
 They're my poor cousins! and 'mong these,

First-rate decoy-ducks; some in Art,
 In Letters more, in Science most;
 Whose teaching's mine, if not their heart,—
 As Hylax, in himself a host;

Spurcua, my poet ; Herus too,
 My new Arcadia's Philip Sidney ;
 Strong-minded women not a few,
 And critics of the Zulu kidney.

* * * *

Mine too the Stentors hoarse that stun
 Our ears with fierce denunciation
 Of all who scout their scheme of Un-
 secta—no, Secular Education ;
 The old cant echoing, " Power resides
 In "—Wisdom ? nay, forsooth—" in Knowledge !"
 —Thanks to the maxim that provides
 Such touters for my Training College !

" Let God," they say, " His own look after,
 We after Cæsar's ! Adam Smith,
 Sic vult, sic jubet :"—Food for laughter
 To us, whose int'rests jump therewith !
 I smile, and cheer, and trump their text :—
 By metaphysic vivisection
 Spirit and Flesh they part,—what next ?
 'Tis ours betwixt to make election.

* * * *

I love to hear these sceptics talk,
 I love to see the pranks they play,
 To watch them stumbling as they walk
 Through deep'ning night in quest of day :—
 They grope, nor find,—they've flung aside
 Their early faith ; but, one by one,
 They'll see and shudder—me their guide—
 When Sense stalks naked in the sun !

Then follow, follow, follow me,
 Great Ignis Fatuus of the age,
 Prophet of unzon'd Liberty,
 Turner of Time's exhausted page !
 I lead you on a path sublime—
 My cry, my gathering-word is this,—
 Restraint alone is henceforth crime,
 And Lawlessness alone is bliss !

Hurrah ! the blood-red banner streams—
 The old sun sets, the new arises !
 All sanctions of the past are dreams—
 All rags of virtue mere disguises :—
 Hurrah for Vice, for Change, for Chance !
 There is no Hell—let life be free !
 —I've piped, and now, ye blackguards, dance !
 But kneel down first, and worship—ME !

EPILOGUE.

(*Ad Cephissi Pontem-Submarinum ; adhuc, inperpetuum sit ! in nubibus.*)

CHORUS OF GEPHYRISTÆ.

Through this tunnel— Fraternal funnel.
 For the good things transmitting
 Of England to France— The Epopts must advance ;
 And we, as of custom befitting,

Must assail them with battle Of banter and rattle ;
 For none may refuse his
 Due share of jobation After initiation
 In the shows of the British Eleusia.

EPOPTÆ (*approaching*).

Kk, kack, whack, quack, koāx, wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

We are French Communists, God-haters, humanists,
 Comtists, and what not ;
 And we own none as kin Whom the Father of Sin
 On the goddess of Reason's begot not.

So now for fraternity ! But, Time and Eternity !
 How they come tumble topsy
 And turvy along, With their Bacchanal song,
 From their happy and nappy Epopsy !

EPOPTÆ (*nearer*).

Hiccupedickupe, konxompax,
 Idas, sing Idas ; and stick like wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

Good evening, fair brothers ! Methinks it, your feathers
 Are woefully ruff'd ;
 And every man's eye— I should like to know why ?
 Is in bandages mournfully muff'd !

EPOPTÆ (*in presence*).

Brekekekex, koāx, koāx !
 Hiccupedickupe, konxompax !
 Idas, sing Idas ; and stick like wax !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

Come open your heart! You'll have much to impart—
 Though your rig's but a rum one!
 Of Satyric experience To us, your Hyperions
 Of the Cosmopolitan Commune!
 What deeper rascality— In potentiality—
 You've learnt from the teaching
 Of Citizen Idas,— No better guide as-
 es like you for suitably teaching!

EPOPTÆ.

Brekekekex, koäx, koäx!
 Hiccupedickupe, konxompax!
 Idas, sing Idas; and stick like wax!

GEPHYRISTÆ.

What, dumb every one of you? Each mother's son of you!
 Won't you be civil?
 Then, gobblers and guzzlers, Beer-barrel muzzlers,
 Go to pot, with your swine-herd, the Devil!
 But, *en passant*, just listen To my admonition;
 You've mistaken your trade!
 Who deals in deep potions Owns human emotions—
 Not of such is the Communist made!

EPOPTÆ.

Brekekekex, koäx, koäx!
 Hiccupedickupe, konxompax!
 Idas, sing Idas; and stick like wax!

GEPHYRISTÆ.

Not of soft paste; But sober, even chaste,
 Cold and hard as a Roman,
 Remorseless and cruel, Like me—he's the jewel
 For the brow of Our Lady, the Commune!
 Butchers and bakers! Dung your fat acres—
 Hatch eggs for your hens!
 Tailors and weavers! They're arrant deceivers,
 Would persuade you your calling is—men's!

EPOPTÆ.

Brekekekex, koäx, koäx!
 Hiccupedickupe, konxompax!
 Idas, sing Idas; and stick like wax!

GEPHYRISTÆ.

'Tis not for John Bull In the same boat to pull
 With the gay sons of France;
 Nor to flourish his legs Among heads—I mean, eggs—
 In the merry-go “Ça-ira” dance!

Such as you'll never dish up A martyr'd Archbishop
 At Antichrist's table!

Yours not the sluice is To purge from abuses
 Prescriptive the Angean stable!

· EPOPTÆ (*departing*).

Hiccupedickupe, konxompax!
 Idas, sing Idas; and stick like wax!

GEPHYRISTÆ.

Get along, get along With your pottle-pot song;
 We scout such assistance;
 Epopts, *sacristie*! You're but milksops of *mystæ*;
 So off with you, scornfully hiss'd hence!

Ciel! how they draggle, Waggle and straggle!
 Saw you e'er such a swab array?
 But they're out of hearing; The last's disappearing,—
 So now let's back to the *cabaret*!

EPOPTÆ (*in the distance*).

· Wax, koäx, quack, whack, kack, kk !

GEPHYRISTÆ.

(*Manet CORYPHEUS*).

I'm sorry for Idas,— I'm certain he's tried as
 Hard as man could
 To send us recruits; But—these English brutes!
 Not one of them but has a brood
 Of brats and a wife; And leads a better life
 Than any of us, even sober;
 Content to plod In the ways of God,
 And only getting drunk in October.

[*Exit.*

ENVOI.

(JOHANNES *moraliseth.*)

Not every son his own sire knows ;
 Not every sire his own by-blows,—
 And Words, seditious or schismatic,
 Got, glibly, in Thought's windy attic,
 By law unsanction'd or propriety,
 Are bastards loos'd upon Society,
 To gen'rate their own adder brood
 Of errors, pois'ning Nature's blood,
 And then return, with well-earn'd titles,
 To claim their dad, and gnaw his vitals.
 Oh that we all thought more of this,
 That Self is still Self's Nemesis ;
 That idle Thoughts are serious things,
 That reckless Words bear scorpion stings
 Which turn suicidal on their sire
 When Time rings round his guilt with fire !
 Our pleasant vices are the whips
 That scourge us ; and the fruit o' the lips
 Blisters them when we taste the wine
 We fondly laid up as divine,
 Press'd from the grape of sceptic licence,
 Not in God's vineyard grown, but Python's,—
 Stern Retribution crowns the cup,
 And bids us drink the vemon up.

Such Idas' fate ! I don't suppose
 He sees six inches 'fore his nose ;
 But crops grow fast while sowers sleep,
 And he that sows the wind must reap—
 Would the poor wretch had ne'er been born !—
 The whirlwind of the Muses' scorn.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART X.—CHAPTER LI.

It may perhaps be said, without any painful exaggeration, that throughout the whole course of this grand war, struggle of great captains, and heroic business everywhere, few things made a deeper, sadder, and more sinister impression than the sudden disappearance of those fifty thousand guineas. On the other hand, it must not be supposed that the disappearance of guineas was rare. Far otherwise—as many people still alive can testify; and some of them perhaps with gratitude for their reappearance in the right quarter. But these particular fifty thousand were looked out for in so many places, and had so long been the subject of hope, as a really solid instalment of a shilling in the pound for heroes, that the most philosophical of these latter were inclined to use a short strong word of distinctive nationality.

Poor Hilary felt that for this bad verb his own name must be the receptive case; and he vainly looked about for any remedy or rescue. Stiff as he was in the limbs, by reason of the straps of Don Alcides, and giddy of head from the staff of that most patriotic Spaniard, he found it for some time a little hard to reflect as calmly as he should have done. Indeed it was as much as he could do to mount his horse, who (unlike his master) had stuck to his post very steadfastly, and with sadness alike of soul and body to ride down to the fatal ford. Sergeant-major Bones and Corporal Nickles also remounted and followed the bewildered captain, keeping behind him

at a proper distance for quiet interchange of opinion.

"Corporal, now," said the serjeant-major, sliding his voice from behind one hand, "what may be your sentiments as consarns this very peccoliar and most misfortunate liaxident?"

"Sergeant, it would be misbehooving," replied Nickles, who was a west-country man, "as well as an onceremonious thing for me to spake first in the matter. To you it belongeth, being the one as foretold it like a book; likewise senior officer."

"Corporal, you are a credit to the army. Your discretion, at your age, is wonderful. There be so few young men as remember when a man has spoken right. I am the last man in the world to desire to be overpraised, or to take to myself any sense of it. And now I wants no credit for it. To me it seems to come natteral to discern things in a sort of way that I find in nobody else a'most."

"You doos, you doos," answered Corporal Nickles. "Many's the time as I've said to myself—'Whur can I goo, to find serjeant-major, in this here trick of the henemy!' And now, sergeant, what do 'ee think of this? No fear to tell truth in spaking 'long of me."

"Corporal, I have been thinking strongly, ever since us untied him. And I have been brought up in the world so much, that I means to think again of it."

"Why, sergeant, you never means to say——"

"Nickles, I means 'just what I means. I may be right, and yet again I may be altogether wrong; as is the way of every man. 'Let me alone' is all I say. But if I was sure as you could hold your tongue, I might have something to say to you. Not of any account, you know; but still, something."

"Now, sergeant, after all the thumps us has seen and been through together, you never would behave onhandsome to me."

"Corporal Nickles, if you put it upon that footing, I cannot deny you. And mind you, now, my opinion is that this is a very queer case indeed."

"Now, now, to think of that! Why, sergeant, you ought to be a general!"

"Nickles, no flattery; I am above it. Not but what I might have done so well as other people, if the will of the Lord had been so. Consarnin, however, of this to-do, and a precious rumpus it will be, my opinion is that we don't know half."

Speaking thus, the sergeant nodded to the corporal impressively, and jerked his thumb towards the captain in front, and winked, and then began again.

"You see, corporal, my place is to keep both eyes wide open. There was a many things as struck me up at the old Don's yonder. A carryin' on in corners, and a going to lamps to read things, and a winking out of young ladies' eyes, to my mind most unmilitary. But I might a' thought that was all young people, and a handsome young chap going on as they will, only for what one of they dirty devils as drives them mules have said to me."

"No, now, sergeant; never, now!"

"As true as I sit this here hoss, when us come back with the sun

getting up, what did that pagan say to me? You seed him, corporal, a-running up, and you might have saved me the trouble, only you was nodding forward. 'Senhor captain,' he said to me, and the whites of his eyes was full of truth, 'the young cavalier has been too soft.' That was how I made out his country gibberish; the stuff they poor beggars are born to."

"It gooeth again the grain of my skin," Corporal Nickles answered, "to hearken them fellows chattering. But, sergeant, what did he say next?"

"Well, they may chatter, or hold their tongues, to them as cannot understand them. Requireth a gift, which is a denial to most folk to understand them. And what he said, Corporal Nickles, was this—that he was coming up the river, while the carts was waiting, and afore the robbery, mind you; and he seed a young woman come on to the bridge—you knows how they goes, corporal, when they expects you to look after them."

"Sergeant, I should think so."

"Well, she come on the bridge for all the world like that. Us have seen it fifty times. And she had a white hankercher on her head, or an Ishmaelish mantle; and she were looking out for some young chap. And our young cap'en come after her. And who do you think she were? Why, one of the daughters of the old Don up yonner!"

"Good heart alaise, now, Sergeant Bones, I can't a'most belave it!"

"Nickles, I tell you what was told me—word for word; and I say no more. But knowing what the ways of the women is, as us dragoons is so forced to do, even after a marriage and family——"

"Ah, sergeant, sergeant! we tries in vain to keep inside the strick

line of dooty. I does whatever a man can do; and my father were a butcher."

"Corporal, it is one of the trials which the Lord has ordered. They do look up at one so, and they puts the middle of their lips up, and then with their bodics they turns away, as if there was nothing to look at. But, Nickles, they gives you no sort of a chance to come to the bottom of them. And this is what young cap'en will found out. The good females always is found out at last; the same as my poor wife was. But here us are. We have relaxed the bonds of discipline with conversation. Corporal, eyes right, and wait orders!"

While these two trusty and veteran fellows had been discussing a subject far too deep for a whole brigade of them, and still were full of tender recollections (dashed with good escape), poor Hilary had been vainly spurring, here and there, and all about, himself not come to his clear miud yet, only hoping to know where the money was gone. Hope, however, upon that point was disappointed, as usual. The track of the heavy carts was clear in the gravel of the river, and up the rocky bank, and on the old Roman road towards Merida. And then, at the distance of about a furlong from the Zujar, the rut of the wooden wheels turned sharply into an elbow of a mountain-road. Here, on the hump of a difficult rise, were marks, as if many kicks, and pricks, and even stabs, had been ministered to good mules labouring heavily. There was blood on the road, and the blue shine of friction where hard rock encountered hard iron, and the scraping of holes in gravelly spots, and the nicks of big stones laid behind wheels to ease the tugging and afford the short relief of panting. These traces were plain, and becoming plainer as the road grew worse, for nearly a mile

of the mountain-side, and then the track turned suddenly into a thicket of dark ilex, where, out of British sight and ken, the spoil had been divided.

The treasure-carts had been upset, and two of the sturdy mules, at last foundered with hard labour, lay in their blood, contented that their work was over, and that man (a greater brute than themselves) had taken all he wanted out of them. The rest had been driven or ridden on, being useful for further torment. And here on the ground were five stout coffers of good British iron; but, alas! the good British gold was flown.

At this sight, Hilary stared a little; and the five chests in the morning sun glanced back at him with such a ludicrously sad expression of emptiness, that, in spite of all his trouble, the poor young captain broke into a hearty laugh. Then his horse walked up, and sniffed at them, being reminded, perhaps, of his manger; and Hilary, dismounting, found a solitary guinea lying in the dust, the last of fifty thousand. The trail of coarse esparto bags, into which the gold had been poured from the coffers, for the sake of easier transport, was very distinct in the parts untrampled by horses, mules, or brigands. But of all the marks there was none more conspicuous than the impressions of some man's boots, larger and heavier than the rest, and appearing, over and over again, here, there, and everywhere. For a few yards up the rugged mountain, these and other footprints might be traced without much trouble, till suddenly they dispersed, grew fainter, and then wholly disappeared in trackless, hopeless, and (to a stranger) impenetrable forest.

"Thou honest 'guinea that would not be stolen!" cried poor Lorraine, as here turned and picked up the one remaining coin; "haply I shall

never own another honest guinea. Forty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine prefer the ownership of rogues. Last of guineas, we will not part till gold outlives humanity!"

"Now, sir, is there anything we can do?" cried Bones and Nickles, or one of them. "We has followed all the way up this here long hill, for want of better orders."

"No, my good fellows, there is nothing to be done. We cannot follow any further. I must go with all speed to report myself. Follow me, if you can keep up."

The sergeant nodded to the corporal—for, loyal and steadfast as they were, suspicion was at work with them; that ugly worm which, once set going, wriggles into the stoutest heart. Surely it was a queer thing of the captain not even to let them examine the spot; but order was order, and without a word they followed the young officer back to the highroad, and then, for some hours in the heat of the day, on the way towards Estremadura. At noontide they came to a bright, broad stream, known to them as the Guadalmez, a confluent of the Guadiana; and here they were challenged, to their great surprise, by a strong detachment of British hussars.

"What is your duty here?" asked Lorraine, as his uniform and face were acknowledged and saluted by sentries posted across the ford.

"To receive," cried an officer, riding through the river (for all of these people were wide awake), "Captain Lorraine and his Spanish convoy."

"I have no convoy," said Hilary, dropping his voice into very sad music. "All is lost. It is partly your fault. You were ordered to meet me at the Zujar ford."

"This is the Zujar ford," the cavalry major answered, sternly; and Hilary's heart fell from its last hope of recovering anything.

"We have been here these three days waiting for you," continued the major, with vehemence; "we have lost all our chance of a glorious brush; we sent you advice that we were waiting for you. And now you appear without your convoy! Captain Lorraine, what does all this mean?"

"Major, my explanation is due at headquarters, rather than to you."

"And a deuced hard job you'll have to give it, or my name's not *McRustie*," the senior officer muttered, with more terseness and truth than courtesy. "I'm blessed if I'd stand in your shoes before Old Beaky, for a trifle."

Poor Hilary tried in vain to look as if he took it lightly. Even his bright and buoyant nature could not lift head against the sea of troubles all in front of him.

"I have done no harm," he kept saying to himself, when, after the few words that duty demanded, he urged his stout horse forward; and the faithful sergeant and corporal, who had shunned all inquisitive hussars, spurred vigorously after him, feeling themselves (as a Briton loves to feel himself) pregnant with mighty evidence. "What harm have I done?" asked Hilary. "I saw to everything; I worked hard. I never quitted my post, except through duty towards a lady. Any gentleman must have done what I did. To be an officer is an adornment; to be a gentleman is a necessity."

"Have you felt altogether," said conscience to him, "the necessity of that necessity? Have you found it impossible to depart from a gentleman's first duty—good faith, to those who trust in him? When you found yourself bewitched with a foreign lady, did you even let your first love know it? For months you have been playing fast and loose, not caring what misery you caused. And now you are fast

in the trap of your looseness. What-ever happens serves you right."

"Whatever happens serves me right!" cried Hilary Lorraine, aloud, as he lifted his sword just a little way forth, for the last time to admire it, and into the sheath dropped a quick, hot tear. "I have done my duty as an officer badly; and

far worse as a gentleman. But, Mabel, if you could see me now, I think that you would grieve for me."

He felt his heart grow warm again with the thought of his own Mabel; and in the courage of that thought he stood before Lord Wellington.

CHAPTER LII.

The hero of a hundred fights (otherwise called "Old Beaky") had just scraped through a choking trouble on the score of money with the grasping Portuguese regency; and now, in the year 1813, he was busier than even he had ever found himself before. He had to combine, in most delicate manner and with exquisite nicety of time, the movements of columns whose number scarcely even to himself was clear; for the force of rivers unusually strong, and the doubt of bridges successively broken, and the hardship of the *Tras os Montes*, and the scattering of soldiers, who for want of money had to "subsist themselves"—which means to hunt far afield after cows, sheep, and hens—also the shifty and unpronounced tactics of the enemy, and a great many other disturbing elements, enough to make calculation sea-sick,—a senior wrangler, or even Herr Steinitz, the Wellington of the chess-board, each in his province, might go astray, and trust at last to luck itself to cut the tangled knot for him.

It was a very grand movement, and triumphantly successful; opening up as fine a march as can be found in history, sweeping onward in victory, and closing with conquest of the Frenchmen in their own France, and nothing left to stop the advance on Paris. "Was all this luck, or was it skill?" the

historian asks in wonder; and the answer, perhaps, may be found in the proverb—"luck has a mother's love for skill."

Be that as it may, it is quite certain that Hilary, though he had shown no skill, had some little luck in the present case. For the Commander-in-Chief was a great deal too busy, and had all his officers too hard at work, to order, without fatal loss of time, a general court-martial now. Moreover, he had his own reasons for keeping the matter as quiet as possible, for at least another fortnight. Every soldier by that time would be in march, and unable to turn his back on Brown Bess; whereas now there were some who might lawfully cast away the knapsack, if they knew that their bounty was again no better than a cloudy hope. And, again, there were some ugly pot-hooks of English questions to be dealt with.

All these things passed through the rapid mind of the General, as he reined his horse, and listened calmly to poor Lorraine's over-true report. And then he fixed his keen grey eyes upon Hilary, and said shortly—

"What were you doing upon that bridge?"

"That is a question," replied Lorraine, while marvelling at his own audacity, "which I am pledged by my honour, as a gentleman, not to answer."

"By your duty as an officer, in a place of special trust, you are bound to answer it."

"General, I cannot. My lord, as I rather must call you now, I wish I could answer; but I cannot."

"You have no suspicion who it was that stole the money, with such prearrangement?"

"I have a suspicion, but nothing more; and it makes me feel treacherous, to suspect it."

"Never mind that. We have rogues to deal with. What is your suspicion?"

"My lord, I am sorry to say that again I cannot, in honour, answer you."

"Captain Lorraine, I have no time to spare;" Lord Wellington had been more than once interrupted by despatches. "Once and for all, do you mean to give any, or no, explanation of your conduct, in losing £50,000?"

"General, all my life, and the honour of my family, depend upon what I do now."

"Then go and seek advice, Lorraine," the General answered kindly, for his heart was kind; and he had taken a liking for this young fellow, and knew a little of his family.

"I have no one to go to for advice, my lord. What is your advice to me?" With these words, Hilary looked so wretched and yet so proud from his well-bred face, and beautifully-shaped blue eyes, that his General stopped from his hurry to pity him. And then he looked gently at the poor young fellow.

"This is the most irregular state of things I have ever had to deal with. You have lost a month's pay of our army, and enough to last them half a year; and you seem to think that you have done great things, and refuse all explanation.

Is there any chance of recovering the money?"

"There might be, my lord, if we were not pushing so rapidly on for the Pyrenees."

"There might be, if we threw away our campaign! You have two courses before you; at least, if I choose to offer them. Will you take my advice, if I offer the choice?"

"I am only too glad to have any choice; and anything chosen for me by you."

"Then this is just how you stand, Lorraine—if we follow the alternative. You may demand a court-martial, or you may resign your commission. On the other hand, as you know, a court-martial may at once be called upon you. What answer are you prepared to make, when asked why you left your convoy?"

"I should be more stubborn to them than even your lordship has let me be to you."

"Then, Captain Lorraine, resign your commission. With my approval, it can be done."

"Resign my commission?" Lorraine exclaimed, reeling as if he had received a shot, and catching at the mane of the General's horse, without knowing what he was doing. "Oh no, I never could do that."

"Very well. I have given you my advice. You prefer your own decision; and I have other things to attend to. Captain Money will receive your sword. You are under arrest, till we can form a court."

"My lord, it would break my father's heart, if he were to hear of such a thing. I suppose I had better resign my commission, if I may."

"Put that in writing, and send it to me. I will forward it to the Horse Guards with a memorandum from myself. I am sorry to lose you, Captain Lorraine; you might

have done well, if you had only proved as vigilant as you are active and gallant. But one word more—what made you stop short at the ford of a little mountain-stream? I chose you as knowing the country well. You must have known that the Zujar ford was twenty miles further on your road."

"I know all that country too well, my lord. We halted at the real Zujar ford. General Hill's detachment stopped at the ford of the Guadalmez. It is wrongly called the Zujar there. The Zujar has taken a great sweep to the east and fallen into the Guadalmez and Guadalemar. Major M'Rustie must have been misled; and no doubt it was done on purpose. I have my information on the very best authority."

"May I ask, upon what authority? Are you pledged in honour to conceal even that?"

"No, I may tell that, I do believe," said Hilary, after one moment's thought, and with his old bright simple smile. "I had it, my lord, from the two young ladies—the daughters of the Count of Zamora."

"Aha!" cried Lord Wellington (being almost as fond of young ladies as they of him, and touched perhaps for the moment by the magic of a sweet young smile), "I begin to understand the bridge-affair. But I fear that young ladies can hardly be cited as authorities on geography. Otherwise, we might make out a case against the Spanish authorities for sending our escort to the wrong place. And the Spanish escort, as you say, took that for the proper place."

"Certainly, my lord, they did. And so did the Count, and everybody. Is there any hope now that I may be acquitted?"

At a moment's notice from hope that she would like to come back to her lodgings, Hilary opened his eyes

so wide, and his heart so wide, and every other place that hope is generally partial to, that the great commander (who trusted as little as possible of his work to hope) could not help smiling a quick, dry smile. And he felt some pain, as, word by word, he demolished hope in Hilary.

"The point of the thing is the money, Lorraine. And that we never could recover from the Spaniards, even if it was lost through them; for the very good reason that they have not got it. And even supposing the mistake to be theirs, and our escort to have been sent astray, you were a party to that mistake. And more than that; you were bound to see that the treasure did not cross the river, until our men were there. Did you do so?"

"Oh, if I only had done that, I should not be so miserable."

"Exactly so. You neglected your duty. Take more care of your own money than you have taken of ours, Lorraine. Do as I told you. And now, good-bye."

The General who had long been chafing at so much discourse just now, offered his hand to Lorraine, as one who was now a mere civilian.

"Is there no hope?" asked Hilary, dropping a tear into the mane of the restive horse. "Can I never be restored, my lord?"

"Never; unless the money is made good before we go into quarters again. A heavy price for a captain's commission!"

"If it is made good, my lord, will you restore me from this deep disgrace?"

"The question will be for his Royal Highness. But I think that in such an extraordinary case, you may rely—at any rate you may rely upon my good word, Lorraine."

"I thank you, my lord. The money shall be paid. Not for the sake of my commission, but for the honour of our family."

CHAPTER LIII.

The British army now set forth on its grand career of victory, with an entirely new set of breeches. Interception of convoys, and other adverse circumstances, had kept our heroes from having any money, although they had new pockets. And the British Government, with keen insight into British nature, had insisted upon it, in the last contract, that the pockets should be all four inches wide. With this the soldiers were delighted—for all the very bravest men are boys—and they put their knuckles into their pockets, and felt what a lot of money they would hold. And though the money did not come, there was the due preparation for it. It might come any day, for all they knew; and what fools they must have looked, if their pockets would not hold it! In short, these men laid on their legs to march with empty pockets; and march they did, as history shows, all the better for not having sixpence.

Though Hilary was so heartily liked, both in his own regiment and by the Staff, time (which had failed for his trial) also failed for pity of the issue. The General had desired that as little as possible should be said; and even if any one had wished to argue, the hurry and bustle would have stopped his mouth. Lorraine's old comrades were far in advance; and the Staff, like a shuttle, was darting about; and the hills and the valleys were clapping their hands to the happy accompaniment of the drum.

Casting by every outward sign that he ever had been a soldier, Hilary Lorraine set forth on his sad retreat from this fine advance; afoot, and bearing on his shoulder a canvas bag on a truncheon of olive. He would not accept any

knapsack, pouch, or soldier's usage of any kind. He had lost all right to that, being now but a shattered young gentleman on his way home.

However, in one way he showed good sense. By losing such a heap of the public money, he had learned to look a little better after his own; so he drew every farthing that he could get of his father's cash and his grandmother's, but scorned to accept the arrears of his pay; because he could not get them.

To a man of old, or of middle age, it has become (or it ought to become) a matter of very small account that he has thrown away his life. He has seen so many who have done the like (through indolence, pride, bad temper, reserve, timidity, or fool's confidence—into which the most timid men generally rush), that he knows himself now to be a fine example, instead of standing forth as a very unpleasant exception to the rule. And now, if he takes it all together, he finds many fellows who have done much worse, and seem all the better for it. Has he missed an appointment? They cut down the salary. Did he bang his back-door on a rising man? Well, the man, since he rose, has forgotten his hosts. Has he married a shrew? She looks after his kitchen. Remembering and reflecting thus, almost any good man must refuse to be called, in the long-run, a bigger fool than his neighbours.

But a young man is not yet late enough to know what human life is. He is sure that he sees by foresight all the things which, as they pass us, leave so little time for insight, and of which the only true view is the calm and pleasant retrospect. And then, like a high-stepping colt

brought suddenly on his knees, to a sense of Macadam, he flounders about in amazement so, that if the fatal damage is not done to him, he does it.

Lorraine was not one of those who cry, as the poets of all present ages do—"Let the world stand still, because I don't get on." Nevertheless he was greatly downcast, to find his own little world so early brought to a sudden stand-still. And it seems to be sadly true that the more of versatile quickness a man has in him, the less there remains to expect of him, in the way of pith and substance. But Hilary now was in no condition to go into any philosophies. He made up his mind to walk down to the sea, and take ship at some good seaport; and having been pleased at Malaga by the kind, quiet ways of the people, and knowing the port to be unobserved by French and American cruisers, he thought that he might as well try his luck once more in that direction.

Swift of foot as he was, and lightsome, when his heart was toward, he did not get along very fast on this penitential journey. So that it was the ninth day or the tenth, from his being turned out of the army, when he came once more to the "Bridge of Echoes," henceforth his "Bridge of Sighs" for ever. Here he stopped and ate his supper, for his appetite was good again; and then he looked up and down the Zujar, and said to himself what a fool he was. For lo! where Claudia had held him trembling over a fearful abyss of torrent (as it seemed by moonlight), there now was no more than nine inches of water, gliding along very pleasantly. These Spanish waters were out of his knowledge, as much as the Spanish ladies were; but though the springs might have been much

higher a fortnight ago than they were now, Hilary could not help thinking that Claudia, instead of fainting on the verge, might have jumped over, at any moment, without spraining her very neat ankles. And then he remembered that it was this same beautiful and romantic girl who had proved to the satisfaction of the Spanish colonel that this was the only Zujar ford, for that river merged its name where it joined the longer and larger Guadalmez. Upon this question there long had arisen a hopeful dilemma in Hilary's mind, which stated itself in this form. If this were the true Zujar ford, then surely the Spaniards, the natives of the country, were bound to apprise General Hill thereof. If this were not the Zujar ford, then the Spaniards were liable for the treasure beyond this place, and as far as the true one. The latter was of course the stronger horn of the dilemma; but unluckily there arose against it a mighty monster of fact, quite strong enough to take even the Minotaur by the horns. Suppose the brave Spaniards to owe the money, it was impossible to suppose that they could pay it.

This reflection gave Hilary such a pain in his side that he straightway dropped it. And beholding the vivid summer sky beginning to darken into deeper blue, and the juts of the mountainous places preparing to throw light and shadow lengthwise, and the simmering of the sun-heat sinking into white mists laid abroad, he made up his mind to put best foot foremost, and sleep at Monte Argento. For he felt quite sure of the goodwill and sympathy of that pure *hidalgo*, the noble Count of Zamora; and from the young *Donnas* he might learn something about his misadventure. He could not bring himself to be-

lieve that Claudia had been privy to the dastardly outrage upon himself. His nature was too frank and open to foster such mean ideas. Young ladies were the best and sweetest, the kindest and the largest-hearted, of created beings. So they were, and so they are; but all rules have exceptions.

Hilary, as he walked up the hill (down which he had ridden so gallantly scarcely more than a fortnight since), was touched with many thinkings. The fall of the sun (which falls and rises over us so magnanimously) had that power upon his body which it has on all things. The sun was going; he had done his work, and was tired of looking at people; mount as you might, the sun was sinking, and disdained all shadows and oblation of memorial.

Through the growth of darkness thus, and the urgency of forward trees (that could not fold their arms and go to sleep without some rustling), and all the many quiet sounds that nurse the repose of evening, Lorraine came to the heavy gates that had once secured the money. The porter knew him, and was glad to let in the young British officer, whose dollars leaping right and left had made him many household friends. But in the hall the old steward met him, and with many grave inclinations of his head and body, mourned that he could not receive the illustrious Senhor.

"There is in the castle no one now but my noble mistress the Donna Camilla. His Excellence the Count is away, far from home at the wars."

"And the young Lady Claudia, where is she? I beg your pardon, steward, if I ought not to ask the question."

For the ancient steward had turned away at the sound of Donna Claudia's name; and pretending to

be very deaf, began to trim a lamp or two.

"Will the Donna Camilla permit me to see her for one minute, or for two perhaps? Her father is from home; but you, Senhor steward, know what is correct, and thus will act."

Hilary had not been so frightened at his own temerity in the deadly breach of Badajos as now when he felt himself softly slipping a brace of humble English guineas into this lofty Spaniard's palm. The steward, without knowing what he was about, except that he was trimming a very stubborn lamp, felt with his thumb that there must be a brace, and with contemptuous indignation let them slide into his pocket.

"Senhor, I will do only what is right. I am of fifty years almost in this noble family. I am trusted, as I deserve. What I do is what the Count himself would do. But a very sad thing has happened. We are obliged now to be most careful. The Senhor knows what the ladies are?"

"Senhor steward, that is the very thing that I never do know. You know them well. But, alas! I do not."

"Alas! I do," said the steward, panting, and longing to pour forth experience; but he saw some women peeping down-stairs, and took the upper hand of them. "Senhor, it is not worth the knowing. Our affairs are loftier. Go back, all you women, and prepare for bed. Have you not had your supper? Now, Senhor, in here for a minute, if you please; patience passeth all things."

But Hilary's patience itself was passed, as he waited in this little ante-room, ere the steward returned with the Donna Camilla, and, with a low bow, showed her in, and posted himself in a corner. She was dressed in pure white, which

Hilary knew to be the mourning costume of the family.

The hand which the young Andalusian lady offered was cold and trembling, and her aspect and manner were timid and abashed.

"Begone!" she cried to the worthy steward, with a sudden indignation, which perhaps relieved her. "What now shall I do?" said the steward to himself, with one hand spread upon his silver beard; "is this one able to run away?"

"Begone!" said Camilla to him once more, looking so grand that he could only go; and then quietly bolting the old gentleman out. After which she returned to Hilary.

"Senhor captain, I am very sorry to offer you any scenes of force. You have had too many from our family."

"I do not understand you, Senhorita. From your family I have received nothing but kindness, hospitality, and love."

"Alas, Senhor! and heavy blows. Our proverb is, 'Love leads to blows;' and this was our return to you. But she is of our family no more."

"I am at a loss. It is my stupidity. I do not know at all what is meant."

"In sincerity, the cavalier has no suspicion who smote down and robbed him?"

"In sincerity, the cavalier knows not; although he would be very glad to know."

"Is it possible? Oh the dark treachery! It was my cousin who struck you down; my sister who betrayed you."

"Ah, well!" said Lorraine, in a moment seeing how she trembled for his words, and how terribly she felt the shame; "if it be so, I am still in her debt. She saved my life once, and she spared it again. Now, as you see, I am none the worse. The only loser is the Bri-

tish Government, which can well afford to pay."

"It is not so. The loss is ours, of honour, faith, and gratitude."

"I pray you not to take it so. Everybody knows that the fault was mine. And whatever has happened only served me right."

"It served you aright for trusting us! It is too true. It is a bitter saying. My father mourns, and I mourn. She never more will be his daughter, and never more my sister."

"I pray you," said Hilary, taking her hand, as she turned away to control herself—"I pray you, Donna Camilla, to look at this little matter sensibly. I now understand the whole of it. Your sister is of very warm and strong patriotic sentiments. She felt that this money would do more good as the property of the *partidas* than as the pay of the British troops. And so she exerted herself to get it. All good Spaniards would have thought the same."

"She exerted herself to disgrace herself, and to disgrace her family. The money is not among the *partidas*, but all in the bags of her cousin Alcides, whom she has married without dispensation, and with her father's sanction forged. Can you make the best of that, Senhor?"

Hilary certainly could not make anything very good out of this. And cheerful though his nature was, and tolerably magnanimous, he could not be expected to enjoy the treatment he had met with. To be knocked down and robbed was bad enough; to be disgraced was a great deal worse; but to be cut out by a rival, betrayed into his power, and made to pay for his wedding with trust-money belonging to poor soldiers,—all this was enough to embitter even the sweet and kind nature of young Lorraine. Therefore his face was unlike itself,

as he turned it away from the young Spanish lady, being much taken up with his own troubles, and not yet ready to make light of them.

"Will you not speak to me, Senhor? I am not in any way guilty of this. I would have surrendered the whole of my life——"

"I pray you to pardon me," Hilary answered. "I am not accustomed to this sort of thing. Where are they now? Can I follow them?"

"Even a Spaniard could not find them. My brothers would not attempt it. Alcides knows every in and out. He has hidden his prize in the mountains of the north."

"If that is so, I can only hasten to say farewell to the Spanish land."

"To go away, and to never come back! Is it possible that you could do that?"

"It may be a bitter thing; but I must try. I am now on my way to Malaga. Being discharged from the British army, I have only to find my own way home."

"It cannot be; it never can be! Our officers lose a mule's-load of money, or spend it at cards; and we keep them still, Senhor captain. You must have made some mistake. They never could discharge you."

"If there has been any mistake," said Hilary, regaining his sweet smile, with his sense of humour, "it is on their part, not on mine. Discharged I am; and the British army, as well as the Spanish cause, must do their best to get on without me."

"Saints of heaven! And you will go, and never come back any more?"

"With the help of the saints, that is my hope. What other hope is left to me?"

Camilla de Montalvan did not answer this question with her lips, but more than answered it with her

eyes. She fell back suddenly, as if with terror, into a great blue velvet chair, and her black tresses lay on her snowy arms, although her shapely neck reclined. Then with a gentle sigh, as if recovering from a troubled dream, she raised her eyes to Hilary's, and let them dwell there long enough to make him wonder where he was. And he saw that he had but to speak the word to become the owner of grace and beauty, wealth, and rank in the Spanish army, and (at least for a time) true love.

But, alas! a burned child dreads the fire. There still was a bump on Lorraine's head from the staff of Don Alcides; and Camilla's eyes were too like Claudia's to be trusted all at once. Moreover, Hilary thought of Mabel, of all her goodness, and proven trust; and Spanish ladies, though they might be queens, had no temptation for him now. And perhaps he thought—as quick men think of little things unpleasantly—"I do not want a wife whose eyes will always be deeper than my own." And so he resolved to be off as soon as it could be done politely.

Camilla, having been disappointed more than once of love's reply, clearly saw what was going on, and called her pride to the rescue. The cavalier should not say farewell to her; she would say it to the cavalier. Also, she would let him know one thing.

"If you must leave us, Captain Lorraine, and return to your native land, you will at least permit me to do what my father would have done if he were at home—to send you with escort to Malaga. The roads are dangerous. You must not go alone."

"I thank you. I am scarcely worth robbing now. I can sing in the presence of the bandit."

"You will grant me this last favour, I am sure, if I tell you one

thing. It was not that wicked Claudia, who drew the iron from your wound."

"It was not the Donna Claudia! To whom then do I owe my life?"

"Can you not, by any means, endeavour to conjecture?"

"How glad I am!" he answered, as he kissed her cold and trembling hand, "The lady to whom I owe my life is gentle, good, and truthful."

"There is no debt of life, Senhor. But would it have grieved you, now, if Claudia had done it? Then be assured that she did not do it. Her manner never was to do anything good to any one. And yet, how wonderful are things! Everybody loved her. It is no good to be good, I fear. Pedro, you are at the door then, are you? You have taken care to hear everything. Go order a repast for the cavalier of the best we have, and men and horses to conduct him to Malaga. Be quick, I say, and show no hesitation." At her urgent words the steward went, yet grumbling and reluctant, and glancing over his shoulder all the way along the passage. "How that old man amuses me!" she continued, to the wondering Hilary, who had never dreamed that she could speak sharply; "ever since my sister's disgrace he thinks that his duty is to watch me. Ah! what am I to be watched for?"

"Because," said Hilary, "there is no Spaniard who would not long to steal the beautiful young Donna."

"No Spaniard shall ever do that. But haste; you are in such hurry for the sunny land of Anglia."

"I do not understand the Senhorita. Why should I hurry to my great disgrace? I shall never hear the last of the money I have lost."

"'Tis all money, money, money, in the noble England. But the friends of the Captain need not mourn; for the money was not his nor theirs."

This grandly philosophical, and most truly Spanish, view of the case destroyed poor Hilary's last fond hope of any sense of a debt of honour on the part of the Montalvans. If the money lost had been Hilary's own, the Count of Zamora (all compact of chivalry and rectitude) might have discovered that he was bound to redeem his daughter's robbery. But as it stood, there was no such chance. Private honour is a mountain rill that does not always lead to any lake of public honesty. All Spaniards would bow to the will of the Lord that British guineas should slip into Spanish hands so providentially.

"We do not take such things just so," said young Lorraine, quite sadly. "I must go home and restore the money. Donna Camilla, I must say farewell."

"You will come again when you are restored? When you have proved that you did not take the money for yourself, Senhor, you will remember your Spanish friends?"

"I never shall forget my Spanish friends. To you I owe my life, and hold it (as long as I hold it) at your command."

"It is generously said, Senhor. Generosity always makes me weep. And so, farewell."

CHAPTER LIV.

In all the British army—then a walking wood of British oak, without a yard of sapling—there was no

bit of better stuff than the five feet and a quarter (allowing for his good game leg) of Major, by this time

Colonel Clumps. This officer knew what he had to do, and he made a point of doing it. Being short of imagination, he despised that foolish gift, and marvelled over and over again at others for laughing so at nothing. That whimsical tickling of the veins of thought, which some people give so and some receive (with equal delight on either side), humour, or wit, or whatever it is, to Colonel Clumps was a vicious thing. Everything must be either true or false. If it were true, who could laugh at the truth? If it were false, who should laugh at a falsehood?

Many a good man has reasoned thus, reducing laughter under law, and himself thenceforth abandoned by that lawless element. Colonel Clumps had always taken solid views of everything, and the longer he lived in the world the less he felt inclined to laugh at it. But, that laughter might not be robbed of all its dues and royalties, just nature had provided that, as the Colonel would not laugh at the world, the world should laugh at the Colonel. He had been the subject of more bad jokes, one-sided pleasantries, and heartless hoaxes, than any other man in the army; with the usual result that now he scarcely ever believed the truth, while he still retained for the pleasure of his friends a tempting stock of his native confidence in error. So that it came to pass that when Colonel Clumps (after the battle of Vittoria, in which he had shown conspicuous valour) was told of poor Hilary's sad disgrace, he was a great deal too clever and astute to believe a single word of it.

"It is ludicrous, perfectly ludicrous!" he said, that being the strongest adjective he knew to express pure impossibility. "A gallant young fellow to be cashiered without even a court-martial! How dare you tell me such a thing, sir?

I am not a man to be rough-ridden. Nobody ever has imposed upon me. And the boy is almost a sort of cousin of my own. The first family in the kingdom, sir."

The Colonel flew into so great a rage, twisting his white hair, and stamping his lame heel, that the officer who had brought the news, being one of his own subalterns, wisely retired into doubts about it, and hinted that nobody knew the reason, and therefore that it could not be true.

"If I mention that absurd report about young Lorraine," thought Colonel Clumps, when writing to Lady de Lampnor, "I may do harm, and I can do no good, but only get myself laughed at as the victim of a stupid hoax. So I will say no more about him, except that I have not seen him lately, being so far from headquarters, and knowing how Old Beaky is driving the Staff about." And before the brave Colonel found opportunity of taking the pen in hand again, he was heavily wounded in a skirmish with the French rear-guard, and ordered home, as hereafter will perhaps appear.

It also happened that Mr. Capper's friends, those two officers who had earned so little of Mabel's gratitude by news of Hilary, were harassed and knocked about too much to find any time for writing letters. And as the Gazette in those days neglected the smaller concerns of the army, and became so hurried by the march of events, and the rapid sequence of battles, that the doings of junior officers slipped through its fingers until long afterwards, the result was that neither Coombe Lorraine nor Old Applewood farm received for months any news of the young staff officer. Neither did he yet present himself at either of those homesteads. For, as the ancient saying runs, misfortunes never come alone. The ship in which Hilary

sailed for England from the port of Cadiz—for he found no transport at Malaga—The Flower of Kent, as she was called, which appeared to him an excellent omen, was nipped in the bud of her homeward voyage. She met with a nasty French privateer to the southward of Cape Finisterre. In vain she crowded sail, and tried every known resource of seamanship; the Frenchman had the heels of her, and laid her on board at sundown. Lorraine, and two or three old soldiers, battered and going to hospital, had no idea of striking, except in the British way of doing it. But the master and the mate knew better, and stopped the hopeless conflict. So the Frenchmen sacked and scuttled the ship in the most scientific manner, and, wanting no prisoners, landed the crew on a desolate strand of Galicia, without any money to save them.

This being their condition, it is the proper thing to leave them so; for nothing is more unwise than to ask, or rather to "institute inquiries," as to the doings of people who are much too likely to require a loan; therefore return we to the South Down hills.

The wet, ungenial, and stormy summer of 1813 was passing into a wetter, more cheerless, and most tempestuous autumn. On the northern slopes of the light-carthed hills the moss had come over the herbage, and the sweet nibble of the sheep was souring. The huddled trees (which here and there rise just to the level of the ridge, and then seem polled by the sweep of the wind-rush), the bushes also, and the gorse itself, stood, or rather stooped, beneath the burden of perpetual wet. The leaves hung down in a heavy drizzle, unable to detach themselves from the welting of the unripe stalks; the husk of the beech and the key of the ash were shrivelled for want

of kernels, and the clusters of the hazel-nut had no sun-varnish on them. The weakness of the summer sun (whether his face was spotted overmuch, or too immaculate) and the humour of clouds, and the tenor of winds, and even the tendency of the earth itself to devolve into eccentricity,—these, and a hundred other causes, for the present state of the weather were found, according to where they were looked for. On one point only there was no contradiction,—things were not as they ought to be.

Even the rector of West Lorraine, a man of most cheerful mind, and not to be put down by any one, laying to the will of the Lord his failures, and to his own merits all good success,—even the Rev. Struan Hales was scarcely a match for the weather. Sportsmen in those days did not walk in sevenfold armour, for fear of a thorn, or a shower, or a cow-dab; nor skulked they for two hours in a rick, awaiting the joy of one butchering minute. Fair play for man, and dog, and gun, and fur and feather, was then the rule; and a day of sport meant a day of work, and healthful change, and fine exercise. Therefore, Mr. Hales went forth with his long and heavily-loaded gun, to comfort himself and refresh his mind, whatever the weather might be about, upon six days out of every seven. The hounds had not begun to meet; the rivers were all in flood, of course; the air was so full of rheumatism, that no man could crook his arm to write a sermon, or work a concordance. Two sick old women had taken a fancy for pheasant boiled with artichoke;—willy-nilly, the parson found it a momentous duty now to shoot.

And who went with him? There is no such thing as consistence of the human mind; yet well as this glorious truth was known, and be-

moaned by every one for his neighbour's sake—not they, not all the parish, nor even we of the enlarged philosophy, could or can ever be brought to believe our own eyes that it was Bonny! But, in spite of all impossibility, it was; and the explanation requires relapse.

Is it within recollection that the rector once shot a boy in a hedge? The boy had clomb up into an ivied stump, for purposes of his own, combining review with criticism. All critics deserve to be shot if they dare to cross the grand aims of true enterprise. They pepper, and are peppered; but, they generally get the best of it. And so did this boy that was shot in the hedge. Being of a crafty order, he dropped, and howled and rolled so piteously, that poor Mr. Hales, although he had fired at a distance of more than fourscore yards from the latent vagabond, cast down his gun in the horror of having slain a fellow-creature. But when he ran up and turned him over to search for the fatal injury, the boy so vigorously kicked and roared, that the parson had great hopes of him. After some more rolling, a balance was struck; the boy had some blue spots under his skin, and a broad gold guinea to plaster them.

Now this boy was not our Bonny, nor fit in any way to compare with him. But uncivilised minds are very jealous; and next to our Bonny, this boy that was shot was the furthest from civilisation of all the boys of the neighbourhood. Therefore, of course, bitter jealousy raged betwixt him and the real outsider. Now the boy that was shot got a new pair of boots from the balance of his guinea, and a new pair of legs to his nether garments, under his mother's guidance. And to show what he was, and remove all doubts of the genuine expenditure, his father and mother combined and

pricked him, with a pin in a stick, to the Sunday-school. Here Madge Hales (the second and strongest daughter of the church) laid hold of him, and converted him into right views of theology, hanging upon sound pot-hooks.

But a far greater mind than Bill Harkles could own was watching this noble experiment. Bonny had always hankered kindly after a knowledge of "pictur-books." The gifts of nature were hatching inside him, and chipped at the shell of his chickenhood. He had thrashed Bill Harkles in two fair fights, without any aid from his donkey, and he felt that Bill's mind had no right whatever to be brought up to look down on him.

This boy, therefore, being sneered at by erudite Bill Harkles, knew that his fists would be no fair answer, and retired to his cave. Here he looked over his many pickings, and proudly confessing inferior learning, refreshed himself with superior wealth. And this meditation, having sound foundation, satisfied him till the next market-day—the market-day at Steyning. Bonny had not much business here, but he always liked to look at things; and sometimes he got a good pannier of victuals, and sometimes he got nothing. For the farmers of the better sort put off their dinner till two o'clock, when the prime of the market was over, and then sat down to boiled beef and carrots in the yard of the White Horse Inn, and often did their best in that way.

Of this great "ordinary"—great at any rate as regards consumption—Farmer Gates, the churchwarden, was by ancestral right the chairman; but for several market-days the vice-presidency had been vacant. A hot competition had raged, and all Steyning had thrilled with high commotion about the succession to the knife and fork at the bottom of

the table; until it was announced amid general applause that Bottler was elected. It was a proud day for this good pigman, and perhaps a still prouder one for Bonny, when the new vice-president was inducted into the Windsor chair at the foot of the long and ancient table; and it marked the turning-point in the life of more than one then present.

The vice-president's cart was in the shed close by, and on the front lade sat Bonny, sniffing the beauty of the "silver-side," and the luscious suggestions of the marrow-bone. Polly longed fiercely to be up there with him; but her mother's stern sense of decorum forbade; the pretty Miss Bottlers would be toasted after dinner,—and was one to be spied in a pig-cart? No sooner was the cloth removed, than the chairman proposed, in most feeling and eloquent language, the health of his new colleague. And now it was Bottler's reply which created a grand revolution in Steyning. With graceful modesty he ascribed his present proud position, the realisation of his fondest hopes, neither to his well-known integrity, industry, strict attention to business, nor even the quality of his bacon. All these things, of course, contributed; but "what was the grand element of his unparalleled success in life?" A cry of "white stockings!" from the Bramber pig-sticker was sternly suppressed, and the man kicked out. "The grand element of his success in life was his classical education!"

Nobody knowing what was meant by this, thunders of applause ensued; until it was whispered from cup to cup that Bottler, when he was six years old, had been three months at the Grammar School. He might have forgotten every word he had learned, but any one might see that it was dung dug in. So a dozen of the farmers resolved at once to have their children Latined; and

Bonny in his inmost heart aspired to some education. What was the first step to golden knowledge? He put this question to himself obscurely, as he rode home on his faithful Jack, with all the marrow-bones of the great feast rattling in a bag behind him. From the case of Bill Harkles he reasoned soundly, that the first thing to do was to go and get shot.

On the following day—the month being August, or something very near it, in the year 1812 (a year behind the time we got on to), Mr. Hales, to keep his hand in, took his favourite flint-gun down, and patted it, and reprimed it. He had finished his dinner, it had been a good one; and his partner in life had been lamenting the terrible price of butcher's meat. She did not see how it could end in anything short of a wicked rebellion, when the price of bread was put with it. And the rector had answered, with a wink to Cecil, "Order no meat for to-morrow, my dear, nor even for the next day. We shall see what we shall see." With this power of promise, he got on his legs, and stopped all who were fain to come after him. He knew every coney and coney's hole on the glebe, and on the clerk's land; and they all would now be out at grass, and must be treated gingerly. He was going to shoot for the pot, as sportsmen generally did in those days.

With visions of milky onions, about to be poured on a broad and well-boiled back, the rector (after sneaking through a furzy gate) peeped down a brown trench of the steep hillside; here he spied three little sandy juts of recent excavation, and on each of them sat a hunch-backed coney, proud of the labours of the day, and happily curling his whiskers. The rector, peering downward, saw the bulging over their large black eyes, and the prick of

their delicate ears, and their gentle chewing of the grass-blade. There was no chance of a running shot, for they would pop into earth in a moment; so he tried to get two of them into a line, and then he pulled his trigger. The nearest rabbit fell dead as a stone; but the rector could scarcely believe his eyes, when through the curls of the smoke he beheld, instead of the other rabbit, a ragged boy rolling, and kicking, and hollolaing!

"Am I never to shoot without shooting a boy?" cried the parson, rushing forward: "another guinea! A likely thing! I vow I will only pay a shilling this time. The sport would ruin a bishop!"

But Mr. Hales found to his great delight that the boy was not touched by a shot, nor even made pretence to be so. He had craftily crept through the bushes from below, and quietly lurked near the rabbits' hole, and after the shot, had darted forth, and thrown himself cleverly on the wounded rabbit, who otherwise must have got away to die a lingering death in his burrow. The quickness and skill of the boy, and the luck of thus bagging both rabbits, so pleased the rector that he gave him sixpence, and bade him follow to carry the game and to see more sport. Bonny had a natural turn for sport, which never could be beaten out of him, and to get it encouraged by the rector of the parish was indeed a godsend. And in his excitement at every shot, he poured forth his heart about rabbits, and hares, and wood-queists, and partridges, and even pheasants.

"Why, you know more than I do!" said the rector, kindly laying his hand on the shoulder of the boy, after loading for his tenth successful shot. "How ever have you picked up all these things? The very worst poacher of the coming age; or else the best gamekeeper."

"I looks about, or we does, me and Jack together," answered Bonny, with one of his broadest and most genuine grins; and the gleam of his teeth, and the twinkle of his eyes, enforced the explanation.

"Come to my house in the morning, Bonny," said the rector. And that was the making of him. For the boy that cleaned the knives and boots, had never conscientiously filled that sphere, though he was captain of the Bible-class. And now he had taken the measles so long, that they had put him to earth the celery. Here was an opening, and Bonny seized it; and though he made very queer work at first, his native ability carried him on, till he put a fine polish on everything. From eighteen-pence a week he rose to two and threepence, within nine months; and to this he soon added the empty bottles, and a commission upon the grease-pot!

Even now, all has not been told; for by bringing the cook good news of her sweetheart, and the parlour-maid dry sticks to light her fire, and by showing a tender interest in the chilblains of even the scullery-maid, he became such a favourite in the kitchen, that the captain of the Bible-class defied him to a battle in the wash-house. The battle was fought, and victory, though long doubtful, perched at last upon the banner of brave Bonny; and with mutual esteem, and four black eyes, the heroes parted.

After this, all ran smooth. The rector (who had enjoyed the conflict from his study-window, without looking off, more than he could help, from a sermon upon "Seek peace, and ensue it"), as soon as he had satisfied himself which of the two boys hit the straighter, went to an ancient wardrobe, and examined his bygone hunting-clothes. Here he found an old scarlet coat, made for him thirty years ago at Oxford, but now a

world too small; and he sighed that he had no son to inherit it. Also a pair of old buckskin breeches, fitter for his arms than his legs just now. The moths were in both; they were growing scurfy; sentiment must give way to sense. So Bonny got coat and breeches; and the maids with merry pinches, and screams of laughter, and consolatory kisses,

adapted them. He showed all this grandeur to his donkey Jack, and Jack was in two minds about snapping at it.

This matter being cleared, and the time brought up, here we are at West Lorraine in earnest, in the month of October 1813; long after Hilary's shocking disgrace, but before any of his own people knew it.

CHAPTER LV.

"What a lazy loon that Steenie Chapman is!" said the rector, for about the twentieth time, one fine October morning. "He knows what dreadful weather we get now, and yet he can't be here by nine o'clock! Too bad I call it; too bad a great deal. Send away the teapot, Caroline."

"But, my dear," answered Mrs. Hales, who always made the best of every one, "you forget how very bad the roads must be, after all the rain we have had. And I am sure he will want a cup of tea after riding through such flooded roads."

"Tea indeed!" the parson muttered, as he strode in and out of the room, with his shot-belt dancing on his velveteen shooting-coat, and snapped his powder-flask impatiently; "Steenie's tea comes from the case, not the caddy. And the first gleam of sunshine I've seen for a week, after that heavy gale last night. It will rain before twelve o'clock, for a guinea. Cecil, run and see if you can find that boy Bonny. I shall start by myself and send Bonny down the road with a message for Captain Chapman."

"The huntsman came out of the back-kitchen, Cecil, about two minutes ago," said Madge, who never missed a chance of a cut at Bonny, because he had thrashed her pet Bible-scholar; "he was routing about, with his red coat on, for

scraps of yellow soap and candle-ends."

"What a story!" cried Cecil, who was Bonny's champion, being his schoolmistress; "I wish your Dick was half as good a boy. He gets honest every day almost. I'll send him to you, papa, in two seconds. I suppose you'll speak to him at the side-door."

At a nod from her father, away she ran, while Madge followed slowly to help in the search: and finding that the boy had left the house, they took different paths in the garden to seek him, or overtake him on his homeward way. In a few moments Cecil, as she passed some laurels, held up her hand to recall her sister, and crossed the grass towards her very softly, with finger on lip and a mysterious look.

"Hush, and come here very quietly," she whispered; "I'll show you something as good as a play." Then the two girls peeped through the laurel bush, and watched with great interest what was going on.

In an alley of the kitchen-garden sat Bonny upon an old sea-kale pot, clad in his red coat and white breeches, and deeply meditating. Before him, upon an espalier tree, hung a tempting and beautiful apple, a scarlet pearmain, with its sleek sides glistening in the slant of the sunbeams.

"I'll lay you a shilling he steals

it," Madge whispered into the ear of her sister. "Done," replied Cecil, with her hand before her mouth. Meanwhile Bonny was giving them the benefit of his train of reasoning. His mouth was wide open and his eyes very bright, and his forehead a field of perplexity.

"They'se all agrabbing in the house," he reflected; "and they ain't been and offered me a bit to-day. There's ever so many more on the tree; and they locked up the scullery cupboard; and one on 'em called me a little warmint; and they tuck the key out of the beer-tap."

With all these wrongs upward he stretched forth his hand, and pretty Cecil trembled for her shilling; shillings being very scarce with her. But the boy, without quite having touched the apple, drew back his hand; and that withdrawal perhaps was the turning-point of his life.

"He gived me all this," he said, looking at his sleeve; "and all on 'em stitched it up for me; and they lets me go in and out without watching; and twice I'se been out with him, shutting! I 'ont, I 'ont. And them bright apples seldom be worth atting of."

Sturdily he arose, and gave a kick at one of the posts of the apple-tree, and set off for the gate as hard as he could go, while the virtuous vein should be uppermost.

"What a darling of honour!" cried Cecil Hales, jumping after him. "A Bayard, a Cato, an Aristides! He shall have his apple, and he shall have sixpence; and unlimited faith for ever. Bonny, come back. Here's your apple for you, and sixpence; and what would you like to have best in all the world now?"

"To go out shutting with the master, Miss."

"You shall do it; I will speak to papa, myself. If you please, Miss

Madge, pay ^{up} your shilling. Now come back, Bonny; your master wants you."

"You are a little too late for your errand, I fear," answered Margaret, pulling her purse out; "while you were pursuing this boy, I heard the sound of a grand arrival."

"So much the better!" cried Cecil, who (like her mother) always made the best of things. "Papa has been teasing his gun for an hour. Bonny, run back, and keep old Shot quiet. He will break his chain, by the noise he makes. You are as bad as he is; and you both shall go."

The rector—of all men the most hospitable, though himself so sober in the morning—revived Captain Chapman, or at least refreshed him, with brandy and bitters, after that long ride. And keenly heeding all hindrance, in his own hurry to be starting, he thought it a very bad sign for poor Alice, that Stephen received no comfort from one, nor two, nor even three, large glasses.

At length they set forth, with a sickly sun shrinking back from the promise of the morning, and a vaporous glisten in the white south-east, looking as watery as the sea. "I told you so, Steenie," said the parson, who knew every sign of the weather among these hills; "we ought to have started two hours sooner. If ever we had wet jackets in our life, we shall have them to-day, bold captain."

"It will bring in the snipes," said the captain, bravely. "We are not the sort of men, I take it, to heed a little sprinkle. Tom, have you got my bladder-coat?"

"All right, your honour," his keeper replied; and "see-ho!" cried Bonny, while the dogs were ranging.

"Where, where, where?" asked the captain, dancing in a breathless flurry round a tuft of heath. "I can't see him, where is he, boy?"

"Poke her up, boy," said the rector; "surely you would not shoot the poor thing on her form!"

"Let him sit till I see him," cried the captain, cocking both his barrels; "now I am ready. Where the devil is he?"

"She can't run away," answered Bonny, "because your honour's heel be on her whiskers. Ah, there her gooth! Quick, your honour!"

And go she did in spite of his honour, and both the loads he sent after her; while the rector laughed so at the captain's plight, that it was quite impossible for him to shoot. The keeper also put on an experienced grin, while Bonny flung open all the cavern of his mouth.

"Run after him, boy! Look alive!" cried the captain. "I defy him to go more than fifty yards. You must all have seen how I peppered him."

"Ay, and salted her too, I believe," said the parson: "look along the barrel of my gun, and you will see the salt still on her tail, eh, Steenie?"

As he pointed, they all saw the gallant hare at a leisurely canter crossing the valley, some quarter of a mile below them.

"What!" cried the rector; "did you see that jump? What can there be to jump over there?" For puss had made a long bound from bank to bank, at place where they could not see the bottom.

"Water, if 'e plaize, sir," answered Bonny; "a girt strame of water comed down that hollow, all of a sudden this mornint; and it hath been growing stronger ever since."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Hales, dropping his gun. "What is the water like, boy?"

"I never seed no water like it afore. As black as what I does your boots with, sir; but as clear—you can see every stone in it."

"Then the Lord have mercy on this poor parish; and especially to

the old house of Lorraine! For the Woeburn has broken out again."

"Why, rector, you seem in a very great fright," said Captain Chapman, recovering slowly from his sad discomfiture. "What is the matter about this water? Some absurd old superstition—is not it?"

"Superstition or not," Mr. Hales answered shortly, "I must leave you to shoot by yourself, Captain Chapman. I could not fire another shot to-day. It is more than three hundred and fifty years since this water of death was seen. In my church you may read what happened then. And not only that, but according to tradition, its course runs directly through our village, and even through my garden. My people know nothing about it yet. It may burst upon them quite suddenly. There are many obstructions, no doubt, in its course, and many hollow places to fill up. But before many hours it will reach us. As a question of prudence, I must hasten home. Shot, come to heel this moment!"

"You are right," said the captain; "I shall do the same. Your hospitable board will excuse me to-night. I would much rather not leap the Woeburn in the dark."

With the instinct of a gentleman, he perceived that the rector, under this impression, would prefer to have no guest. Moreover, the clouds were gathering with dark menace over the hill-tops; and he was not the man—if such man there be—to find pleasure in a wet day's shooting.

"No horse has ever yet crossed the Woeburn," Mr. Hales replied, as they all turned homeward across the shoulder of the hill; "at least, if the legends about that are true. Though a hare may have leaped it to-day, to-morrow no horse will either swim or leap it."

"Bless my heart! does it rise like that! The sooner we get out of its way, the better. What a pest it will be to you, rector! Why, you never will be able to come to the meet, and our opening day is next Tuesday."

"Steenie," cried the rector, imbibing hope, "it has not struck me in that light before. But it scarcely could ever be the will of the Lord to cut off a parson from his own pack!"

"Oh, don't walk so fast!" shouted Captain Chapman; "one's neck might be broken down a hill like this. Tom, let me lean on your shoulder. Boy, I'll give you sixpence to carry my gun. Tom, take the flints out, that he mayn't shoot me. Here, Uncle Struan, just sit down a minute; a minute can't make any difference, you know."

"That is true," said the rector, who was also out of breath. "Bonny, how far was the black water come? You seem to know all about it."

"Plaize, sir, it seem to be coming down a hill; and the longer I looked, the more water was a-coming."

"You little nincompoop! had it passed your own door yet—your hole, or your cave, or whatever you call it?"

"Plaize, sir, it worn't a runnin' towards I at all. It wor makin' a hole in the ground and kickin' a splash up in a fuzzy corner."

"My poor boy, its course is not far from your door; it may be in among your goods, and have drowned your jackass and all, by this time."

Like an arrow from a bow, away went Bonny down the headlong hill, having cast down the captain's gun, and pulled off his red coat to run the faster. The three men left behind clapped their hands to their sides and roared with laughter; at such a pace went the white buckskin breeches, through bramble,

gorse, heather, over rock, sod, and chalk. "What a grand flying shot!" cried the keeper.

"Where the treasure is, there will the heart be," said the rector, as soon as he could speak. "I would give a month's tithes for a good day's rout among that boy's accumulations. He has got the most wonderful things, they say; and he keeps them on shelves, like a temple of idols. What will he do when he gets too big to go in at his own doorway? I am feeding him up with a view to that; and so are my three daughters."

"He must be a thorough young thief," said the captain. "In any other parish, he would be in prison. I scarcely know which is the softer 'Beak'—as we are called—you, or Sir Roland."

"Tom," cried the rector, "run on before us; you are young and active. Inquire where old Nanny Stilgoe lives, at the head of the village, and tell her that the flood is coming upon her; and help her to move her things, poor old soul, if she will let you help her. Tell her I sent you, and perhaps she will, although she is very hard to deal with. She has long been foretelling this break of the bourne; but the prophets are always the last to set their own affairs in order."

The keeper touched his hat, and set off. He always attended to the parson's orders more than his own master's. And Mr. Hales saw from the captain's face that he had ordered things too freely.

"Steenie, I beg your pardon," he said; "I forgot for the moment that I should have asked you before I despatched your man like that. But I did it for your own good, because we need no longer hurry."

"Rector, I am infinitely obliged to you. To order those men is so fatiguing. I always want some one to do it for me. And now we

may go down the hill, I suppose, without snapping all our knee-caps. To go up a hill fast is a very bad thing; but to go down fast is a great deal worse, because you think you can do it."

"My dear fellow, you may take your time. I will not walk you off your legs, as that wicked niece of mine did. How are you getting on there now?"

"Well, that is a delicate question, rector. You know what ladies are, you know. But I do not see any reason to despair of calling you 'uncle,' in earnest."

"Have you brought the old lady over to your side? You are sure to be right when that is done."

"She has been on my side all along, for the sake of the land. Ah, how good it is!"

"And nobody else in the field, that we know of. Then Lallie can't hold out so very much longer. Lord bless me! do you see that black line yonder?"

"To be sure! Why, it seems to be moving onward, like a great snake crawling. And it has a white head. What a wonderful thing!"

"It is our first view of the Woe-burn. Would to heaven that it were our last one! The black is the water, and the white, I suppose, is the chalky scum swept before it. It is following the old track, as lava does. It will cross the Coombe road in about five minutes. If you want to get home, you must be quick to horse. Never mind the rain: let us run down the hill or just stop one half-minute."

They were sitting in the shelter of a chalky rock, with the sullen storm rising from the south behind them, and the drops already pattering. On the right hand and on the left, brown ridges, fuzzy rises, and heathery scollops overhanging sliddden rubble, and the steep zig-zags of the sheep, and the rounding away into nothing of the hill-tops,

—all of these were fading into the slaty blue of the rain-cloud. Before them spread for leagues and leagues, clear, and soft, and smiling still, the autumnal beauty of the weald-land. Tufting hamlets here and there, with darker foliage round them, elbows of some distant lane unconsciously prominent, swathes of colour laid on broadly where the crops were all alike; some bold tree of many ages standing on its right to stand; and grey church-towers, far asunder, landmarks of a longer view; in the fading distance many things we cannot yet make out; but hope them to be good and beauteous, calm, and large with human life.

This noble view expanded always the great heart of the rector; and he never failed to point out clearly the boundary-line of his parish. He could scarcely make up his mind to miss that opportunity, even now; and was just beginning with a distant furze-rick far to the westward under Chancton Ring, when Chapman, having heard it at least seven times, cut him short rather briskly.

"You are forgetting one thing, my dear sir. Your parish is being cut in two, while you are dwelling on the boundaries."

"Steenie, you are right. I had no idea that you had so much sense, my boy. You see how the ditches stand all full of water, so as to confuse me! A guinea for the first at the rectory gate! You ought to be handicapped. You call yourself twenty years younger; don't you?"

"Here's the guinea!" cried Chapman, as the parson set off; "two if you like; only let me come down this confounded hill, considerably."

Mr. Hales found nothing yet amiss with his own premises; some people had come to borrow shovels, and wheeling-planks, and suchlike; but the garden looked so fair and dry, with its pleasant slope to the east,

that the master laughed at his own terrors; until he looked into the covered well, the never-failing black-diamond water, down below the tool-house. Here a great cone rose in the middle of the well, like a plume of black ostrich; and the place was alive with hollow noises.

"Dig the celery!" cried the rector. "Every man and boy, come here. I won't have my celery washed away, nor my drumhead savoy, nor my ragged Jack. Girls, come out, every one of you. There is not a moment to lose, I tell you. I never had finer stuff in all my life; and I won't have it all washed away, I tell you. Here, you heavy-breeched Dick, what the dickens are you gaping at? I shan't get a thing done before dark, at this rate. Out of my way, every one of you. If you can't stir your stumps, I can."

With less avail, like consternation seized every family in West Lorraine. A river, of miraculous birth and power, was sweeping down upon all of them. There would never be any dry land any more; all the wise old women had said so. Everybody expected to see black water bubbling up under his bed that night.

Meanwhile this beautiful and grand issue of the gathered hill-springs moved on its way majestically, obeying the laws it was born of. The gale of the previous night had unsealed the chamber of great waters, forcing the needful air into the duct, and opening vaults that stored the rainfall of a hundred hills and vales. Through such a "bower of stalactite, such limpid realms and lakes enlock'd in caves," Cyrene led her weeping son—

"Where all the rivers of the world he found,
In separate channels gliding underground."

And now, as this cold resistless flood calmly reclaimed its ancient

channel, swallowed up Nanny Stilgoe's well, and cut off the rector from his own church; as if to encounter its legendary bane, a poor young fellow, depressed, and shattered, feeble, and wan, and heavy-hearted, was dragging his reluctant steps up the valley of the Adur. Left on the naked rocks of Spain, conquered, plundered, and half starved, Hilary Lorraine had fallen, with the usual reaction of a sanguine temperament, into low spirits and disordered health. So that when he at last made his way to Corunna, and found no British agent there, nor any one to draw supplies from, nothing but the pride of his family kept him from writing to the Count of Zamora. Of writing to England there was no chance. All communication ran through the channels of the distant and victorious army. So that he thought himself very lucky (in the present state of his health and fortunes), when the captain of an oil-ship bound for London, having lost three hands on the outward voyage, allowed him to work his passage. The fare of a landsman in feeble health was worth perhaps more than his services; but the captain was a kind-hearted man, and perceived (though he knew not who Hilary was) that he had that very common thing in those days, a "gent under a cloud" to deal with. And the gale, which had opened the Woeburn, shortened Hilary's track towards it, by forcing his ship to run for refuge into Shoreham harbour.

"How shall I go home? What shall I say? Disgraced, degraded, and broken down, a stain upon my name and race, I am not fit to enter our old doors. What will my father say to me? And proud Alice—what will her thoughts be?"

With steps growing slower at each weary drag, he crossed the bridge of Bramber, and passed beneath the ivied towers of the rivals

of his ancestors, and then avoiding Steyning town, he turned up the valley of West Lorraine. And the rain which had come on at middle-day, and soaked his sailor's slops long ago, now took him on the flank judiciously. And his heart was so low, that he received it all without talking either to himself or it.

"I will go to the rectory first," he thought; "Uncle Struan is violent, but he is warm. And though he has three children of his own, he loves me much more than my father does."

With this resolution he turned on the right down a lane that came out by the rectory. The lane broke off suddenly into black water; and a tall, robust man stood in the twilight, with a heavy spade over his shoulder. And Hilary Lorraine went up to him.

"No, no, my man; not a penny to spare!" said the rector, in anticipation; "we have a great deal too much to do with our own poor, and with this new trouble especially. The times are hard—yes, they always are; but an honest man always can get good work. Or go and fight for his country, like a man—but we can't have you in this parish."

"I have fought for my country, Uncle Struan; and this is all that has come of it."

"Good God, Hilary!" cried the rector; and for a long time he could say nothing else.

"Yes, Uncle Struan, don't you understand? Every one must have his ups and downs. I am having a long spell of downs just now."

"My dear boy, my dear boy, whatever have you done?"

"Do you mean to throw me over, Uncle Struan, as the rest of the world has beautifully done? Everything seems to be upset. What is

the meaning of this broad black stream?"

"Come into my study, and tell me all. I can let you in without sight of your aunt. The shock would be too great for her."

Hilary followed without a word. Mr. Hales led him in at the window, and warmed him, and covered him with his own dressing-gown, and watched him slowly recovering.

"Never mind the tar on your hands; it is an honest smell," he said; "my poor boy, my poor boy, what you must have been through!"

"Whatever has happened to me," answered Hilary, spreading his thin hands to the fire, "has been all of my own doing, Uncle Struan."

"You shall have a cordial; and you shall tell me all. There, I have bolted the door. I am your parson, as well as your uncle. All you say will be sacred with me. And I am sure you have done no great harm after all. We shall see what your dear aunt thinks of it."

Then Hilary, sipping a little rum-and-water, wandered through his story; not telling it brightly, as once he might have done, but hiding nothing consciously.

"Do you mean to tell me there is nothing worse than that?" asked the rector, with a sigh of great relief.

"There is nothing worse, uncle. How could it be worse?"

"And they turned you out of the army for that! How thankful I am for belonging to the Church! You are simply a martyred hero."

"Yes, they turned me out of the army for that. How could they help it?" Reasoning thus he met his uncle's look of pity, and it was too much for him. He did what many a far greater man and braver hero has done, and will do, when the soul is moving. He burst into a hot flood of tears.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

HANGRANG, SPITI, AND TIBETAN POLYANDRY.

ON turning north-westward from Chinese Tibet I set myself to the task of traversing the whole line of the Western Himáliya, from Lío Porgyúl in Kashmir and the Hindú Kúsh, in the interior of its ranges, at a height usually about 12,000 feet, and through the provinces of Hangrang, Spiti, Lahaul, Zaskar, Súrú, and Dras. About half of this line of journey is not to be found in Montgomerie's Routes, and it involves more than one passage of several days over high and difficult ground, where there are no villages, no houses, and scarcely even any wood. Nevertheless, it commends itself as a summer and autumn journey to the traveller, from its great elevation, which keeps him above the tremendous heat of the gorges—from its singularly pure and bracing air—from the protection which more than one snowy range affords against the Indian monsoon—from the awful sublimity of the scenery—and from the exceedingly primitive and essentially Turanian and Lamaistic character of the people among whom he has to sojourn.

It is possible to hit upon this line of journey without essaying the arduous task of visiting Pú and Shipki, because there is a path from Súngnam to Nako, in Hangrang, by way of Lío and Hango, which, though it goes over the Hangrang Pass at an altitude of 14,530 feet, is comparatively easy. But from Namgea Rizhing or Fields, I had to reach Nako by crossing the Sutlej and passing over a shoulder of the great mountain Lío Porgyúl; so, on the 12th August, we made the steep ascent to the village of Namgea, and from there to a very unpleasant

jhúla which crosses the foaming torrent of the Sutlej. In this part of the Himáliya, and, indeed, on to Kashmir, these bridges are constructed of twigs, chiefly from birch-trees or bushes, twisted together. Two thick ropes of these twigs, about the size of a man's thigh, or a little larger, are stretched across the river, at a distance of about six to four feet from each other, and a similar rope runs between them, three or four feet lower, being connected with the upper ropes by more slender ropes, also usually of birch twigs twisted together, but sometimes of grass, and occurring at an interval of about five feet from each other. The unpleasantness of a *jhúla* is that the passenger has no proper hold of the upper ropes, which are too thick and rough to be grasped by the hand; and that, at the extremities, they are so far apart that it is difficult to have any hold of both at the same time; while the danger is increased by the bend or hang of the *jhúla*, which is much lower in the middle than at its ends. He has also to stoop painfully in order to move along it; and it is seldom safe for him to rest his feet on the lower rope, except where it is supported from the upper ropes by the transverse ones. To fall into the raging torrent underneath would be almost certain destruction. The high wind which usually prevails in the Himáliya during the day, makes the whole structure swing about frightfully. In the middle of the bridge there is a cross-bar of wood (to keep the two upper ropes separate) which has to be stepped over; and it is not customary to repair a *jhúla* until

some one falls through it, and so gives practical demonstration that it is in rather a rotten state. One of these bridges—at Kokser on the Chandra river, but now superseded by a wooden bridge—may have accelerated the death of Lord Elgin on his way up to Dharamsala. When crossing over it his coat was caught on the birch twigs; and his progress being thus arrested, he was unable to go over it with that continuous, but not too rapid motion, which is the safest way of dealing with such a passage. To delay on a bridge of this kind, swinging in the wind, is trying to the strongest nerves; and I know, on excellent authority, that the position in which he was thus placed had probably some effect in aggravating the heart disease from which this Governor-General died not many days afterwards.

This bridge below Namgea, which is over 100 feet in length, is a particularly bad one, because there is so little traffic over it that it is almost never repaired; and Mr. Pagell told me that the Namgea people were at some loss to know how I was to be got across in my weak and disabled state. A discussion arose amongst them as to whether the *jhūla* would bear the weight of one or two men to assist me over it, on hearing of which I could not help laughing quietly, because, however unfit for prolonged muscular exertion, any short dangerous piece of work was just what I liked. Accordingly, to the wonder and admiration of the mountaineers, who could not distinguish between incapacity for walking up 6000 feet and weakness of nerve, I took the *jhūla* whenever I came to it, without stopping to think of it, or looking either to the right or the left until I found myself safe on the rocks on the other side. Silas followed my example, and, with his lithe Marátha frame, got over it in

splendid style; but the heavy Chota Khan nearly stuck in the middle, at the cross-bar, and reached *terra firma* in a state of great agitation. Among the people who carried our things, there was the comely wife of a zemindar, who came with us for a curious reason. Two of her servants had been detailed off to take part in the carriage of our effects, and it occurred to this buxom dame that it would not do to let her servants go and receive money on their own account; so she came also, and carried a mere nominal burden, having been over with us at Shipki. A sentimental and perfectly virtuous friendship had sprung up between this lady and my Afghan cook; and Chota Khan's admiration of her reached the culminating point when he saw his fat friend cross and recross the *jhūla* without the least hesitation or trepidation. All our baggage got across safely, which cannot be calculated upon at this particular bridge, and nobody fell through, though such a result did not appear at all unlikely from the rotten state of the birch ropes. I have gone over worse *jhūlas* than this; but it was my first, and impressed me with a feeling that the fewer we met with on our way the better. Any bridge, however, and even the hair-like bridge of Chinavad itself, with hell flaming beneath, would have been welcome to me at this time, so long as it took me across the Sutlej, and away from its furnace-like valley. I experienced an intense feeling of relief on finding that I had no more Sutlej, but only the long line of the Western Himálya before me. It may appear very absurd to hate a river, and regard it as a personal enemy and special agent of the powers of evil; but that was the frame of mind into which I had got as regards this stream. "Go to," I said, "you uneasy,

yellowish-white, foaming, thundering river. Go and choke yourself in the sands of the Panjáb. You may be called *Langehhenkhabad*, and be fed by the mouths of elephants or demons; you may be richly laden with gold-dust, and may worm your way into the bowels of the earth, until, in sunless caverns, you pollute the waters of Alph, the sacred river; but you shall have none of my dust to grind against the walls of your rock-prison."

In order to reach Nako, where Mr. Pagell was to part from me, we had to cross Lío Porgyúl at a height of about 14,000 feet, the lower path having become impassable; but that could not be done in a day, so we camped at a very charming spot called Gyumúr, on the Sotlej side of the great mountain, at the height of about 11,500 feet. This was a place corresponding to Namgea and Shipki Rizhing, having a few terraced fields, and also a few huts; but it was more level than these other outlying stations, and had willow-trees with rills of pure water running through meads of soft, thick, green grass. A spot like this has a peculiar charm after days of barren rock, and it was all the more pleasant because Lío Porgyúl shaded the sun from off us by 3 P.M., and left a long, cool, pleasant afternoon. Mr. Pagell's convert, whose father had been hereditary executioner at Kunáwar, came out very great on this occasion. All along he had shown a disposition to talk without measure, and without much regard as to whether any one was listening to him or not. It seemed as if having been denied the privilege of cutting off human heads, and so stopping human breath, he had a special claim to use his own throat and his own breath to an unlimited extent. Mr. Pagell, with his kind and philosophical view of

human frailty, excused his follower on the ground that it was the man's nature so to act; and clearly it was so. If the Hereditary Executioner had somewhat restrained his conversational powers at Shipki, as a place where there was some danger of conversation being cut short by the removal of the conversing head, he fully made up for the deprivation at Gyumúr. He talked, without ceasing, to his Moravian brother and to me, to my servants, to the Namgea *bigarries*, to the willow-trees, to the rills, to the huts, and to the stones. It did not in the least matter that no one understood much of what he said, for his dialect of Lower Kunáwar was not rendered more intelligible to the people about him by the mispronounced Tibetan words which he mixed up with it out of his bronchial tubes. That was a matter of no consequence to the Hereditary Executioner, who talked without waiting for replies, and did us excellent service all the while; but I could not help thinking that a few days more of him might have produced a strong temptation to exercise his own hereditary art upon his own person.

Close to Gyumúr there is the monastery of Tashigong, which affords a very secluded position for Lamas of a retiring and contemplative turn of mind as all Lamas ought to be. We were indebted to them for yaks, or rather zo-pos, but had hardly any communication with them, and they did not seem disposed to cultivate our acquaintance. They have a beautifully secluded position for a monastery, among the precipices of a mountain which no one dreams of ascending, and away from villages and trade-routes. This tendency of Búdhist to seclude themselves from the world, has interfered with Búdhist being a great power in the

world. Even in China, where the numerous and well-built monasteries, with large gardens and plantations attached, sufficiently prove that Buddhism must, at one time, have had a great attraction for the black-haired race,—this religion has long ceased to be an important element in the national life. It is forced to give way even before such a religion as Hinduism, and a negative positivism such as Confucianism, whenever mankind reaches a certain stage of complicated social arrangements, or, as we call it, civilisation; but there is a stage before that, though after the period of tribal fighting, when a religion like Buddhism naturally flourishes. Now Tibet is still in that position at the present day, and so Buddhism (in the shape of Lamaism) is still supreme in it, though it has almost entirely disappeared from India, and has so little power in China.

Starting about four in the morning, as was our wont, we had a very pleasant journey over the mountain to Nako. There were some vestiges of a path. The ascent was so steep, that great part of the way it looked as if the mountains were overhanging us, and some small stone avalanches came down uncomfortably near; but that was the character only of the first section. On reaching the highest part of the mountain which we attained—a height of nearly 14,000 feet—we found ourselves on the turn of its ridge, and wound for some way along the top of terrific precipices, which rose up almost perpendicularly to the height of about 5000 feet above the river Lee. It is more interesting, and a great deal more pleasant, being at the top of this gorge than at the bottom of it, where there is no path; and the largest pieces of rock we could roll over were dissipated into fragments, too small to be seen

by us, long before they reached the river.

At Nako we camped close to the village, on the grassy bank of a small lake. The other side of this lake was lined with large poplar and willow trees, and in so desolate a region the place appeared exceedingly beautiful. Elsewhere it might not have appeared so striking; but there is nothing like slow difficult travelling and tent-life, or camping out, for enabling one to appreciate the scenery. I particularly felt this to be the case in the upper parts of Kashmir, where not only the scene of each night's encampment, but even every turn of the beautiful wooded valleys, was deeply impressed upon my memory. Nako is a little over 12,000 feet high; and though I had already slept at higher altitudes on the Kung-ma Pass, the weather had become colder, and I here, for the first time, experienced a sensation which the head of the Yarkund expedition had warned me not to be afraid of. It consisted in being suddenly awakened at night by an overpowering feeling of suffocation and faintness, which one unaccustomed to it, or not warned about it, might readily mistake for the immediate approach of death. It is a very curious feeling—just as if the spirit were about to flit from the body; but a few more days of travelling along the line of 12,000 feet enabled me to get rid of it altogether.

At Nako we stayed two nights, and must have been in much need of a rest, for we enjoyed our stay there immensely in spite of the exceedingly inclement weather. It is in an almost rainless district, but it is occasionally visited by rain or snow, and we happened to hit on the time of one of these storms. Soon after our arrival about mid-day the thermometer sank to 50°, and next morning was at 47°, and

rain fell, or chill raw mists swept over us. Occasionally the clouds would clear away, showing the mountain above us white with new-fallen snow down to within a few hundred feet of our tent; and this sort of weather continued during the period of our stay at this highly elevated village. At night it was intensely cold; the wind carried the rain into our frail abodes wherever it could find admission; and though the canvas of our tents did not admit the wet exactly, yet it was in a very damp state, which added to the coolness of the interior. Nevertheless we felt quite at home, and our servants also enjoyed themselves much. They amused themselves with various athletic games; and, to my astonishment, I found Silas, who had spent all his life within the tropics, swimming across the lake, which was a most dangerous thing to do, owing to the almost icy coldness of the water and the number of tangled weeds which it contained. This, and our general cheerfulness, said a great deal for the beneficial effects of high mountain air, and of a nourishing diet of milk, mutton, game, and wheat or barley flour, so superior to the rice, curries, vegetables, and pulse, with which the people of India delight to stuff themselves. The piles of *chuppatties*, or girdle-cakes, which my servants baked for themselves, were enormous; so were their draughts of milk; and I supplied them with a great deal of mutton, which they did not undervalue. The people of all the Tibetan-speaking countries also eat enormously. They always had something before starting, however early the hour might be; and whenever we halted for a little on the way, they took out their *suttú*, or roasted barley flour, and if there happened to be any water accessible, kneaded this flour into large balls about the size

of a cricket-ball, and so ate it with great gusto. On halting for the day, which was most usually about three in the afternoon, while the men assisted us in pitching the tents and making other arrangements, the women immediately fell to work in making *chuppatties* and preparing great pots of tea-broth, into which they put salt, butter, flour, sometimes even meat, and, in fact, almost anything eatable which turned up. After they had done with us, the whole of their afternoons and evenings appeared to be spent in eating and supping, varied occasionally by singing or a wild dance. Sometimes they prolonged their feasting late into the night; and it was a mystery to me where all the flesh they consumed came from, until I observed that the Himáliya was very rich in the carcasses of sheep and goats which have been killed by exposure or by falling rocks. All this eating enables the Tibetans to carry enormous burdens, and to make long marches up and down their terrible mountains. Among the rice-eating Kashmirians I observed that large-bodied, strong enough looking young men were grievously oppressed, and soon knocked up, by burdens which Tibetan women could have carried gaily along far more difficult paths, and which their husbands would have thought nothing of. But even in Tibet the heaviest burden did not always go to the strongest bearer. A very common way was for my *bigarries* to engage in a game of chance the night before starting, and so settle the order of selecting packages. Occasionally the strongest men used their strength in order to reserve for themselves the lightest burdens. I noticed also, as an invariable rule, that the worst carriers, those who had the most need of husbanding their breath, were always the most

talkative and querulous, while the best were either silent or indulged only in brief occasional exclamations.

The houses I had met with hitherto had all slated roofs; but at Nako, as all through Spiti, and also in Zanskar, thorn bushes were thickly piled on the roofs, and in some cases actually constituted the only roofs there were except beams. This is done to preserve the wood below, and it probably does, from the effects of the sun in so dry a climate; it must also assist in keeping out the cold; but it gives the house a peculiar furzy look, and denies the people the great privilege of using the top of the house beneath their own as an addendum to their own abode. I purchased at this village a pretty large shaggy white dog, of a breed which is common all over China. We called it Nako, or the Nakowallah, after the place of its birth; and never did poor animal show such attachment to its native village. It could only be managed for some days by a long stick which was fastened to its collar, as it did not do to let it come into close contact with us because of its teeth. In this vile durance, and even after it had got accustomed to us, and could be led by a chain, it was continually sighing, whining, howling, growling, and looking piteously in the direction in which it supposed its birth-place to be. Even when we were hundreds of miles away from Nako, it no sooner found its chain loose than it immediately turned on its footsteps and made along the path we had just traversed, being apparently under the impression that it was only a day's journey from its beloved village. It had the utmost dread of running water, and had to be carried or forced across all bridges and fords. No dog, of whatever

size, could stand against it in fight, for our Chinese friend had peculiar tactics of its own which took its opponents completely by surprise. When it saw another dog, and was unchained, it immediately rushed straight at the other dog, butted it over and seized it by the throat or some equally tender place before the enemy could gather itself together. Yet Nako became a most affectionate animal, and was an admirable watch. It never uttered a sound at night when any stranger came near it, but quietly pinned him by the calf of the leg, and held on there in silence until some one it could trust came to the relief. The Nakowallah was a most curious mixture of simplicity, ferocity, and affectionateness. I left him with a lady at Peshawar, to whose little girls he took at once, in a gentle and playful manner; but when I said "Good-bye, Nako," he divined at once that I was going to desert him; he leaped on his chain and howled and wailed. I should not at all wonder if a good many dogs were to be met with in heaven, while as many human beings were made to reappear as pariahs on the plains of India.

Above Nako there is a small Lama monastery, and all the way up to it—a height of about 600 feet—there are terraced fields in which are grown wheat, barley, a kind of turnip, and pulse. Thus the cultivation rises here to almost 13,000 feet, and the crops are said to be very good indeed. There is some nearly level pasture-ground about the place, and yaks and ponies are bred in it for the trade into Chinese Tibet. The people are all Tibetans, and distinctly Tartar in feature. They are called Dúkpas, and seem to be of rather a religious turn. Accordingly, they had recently been favoured by the re-incarnation, in a boy of their village, of the Teshú

Lama, who resides at Teshú Lambu, the capital of Western Tibet, and who, in the Lama hierarchy, is second only to the Dalai or Grand Lama.

At Nako I bade farewell to my kind friend Mr. Pagell, to whom I had been so much indebted. On all the rest of my journey I was accompanied only by my native servants and by porters of the country, and only twice, shortly after parting with the Moravian, did I meet European travellers. These were two Indian officers who were crossing from Ladak to the Suttlej valley; and another officer, a captain from Gwalior, who had gone into Spiti, by the Babah route, and whom I passed a few hours after parting with Mr. Pagell. My first day's journey to Chango was easy, over tolerably level ground, which seldom required me to dismount from my zo-po, and on a gentle level, descending about 2000 feet to Chango. That place has a large extent of cultivated nearly level ground, and it may be called the capital of Hangrang, a province which formerly belonged to China, and of which the other large villages are Nako, Hango, and Lúo. The whole population of this little province numbers only about 3000 souls, and they seem to be terribly hard worked in autumn; but then during long months of the year they have little to do except to enjoy themselves. In the afternoon two bands of wandering Spiti minstrels made their appearance, and performed before my tent. The attraction of the larger of them was a handsome woman (two of whose husbands were among the minstrels—there being more at home) who danced and sang after the manner of Indian nautch girls, but with more vigour and less impropriety. The senior husband of this lady ingeniously remarked that I could not think of giving him less than a rupee, as he

was going to sing my praise over the whole country-side.

On the next two days I had the first and shortest of those stretches over ground without villages and houses to which I have already alluded; and my route took me again, for a day's journey and a night's encampment, into the inhospitable region of Chinese Tibet, but into a section of that country where I saw no Tartar young women or human inhabitants of any kind. From Chango a path leads into Spiti, across the river Lee, by the fort of Shealkar, over the Lepcha Pass and along the right bank of the Lee; but that route is said to be extremely difficult, and I selected a path (which surely cannot possibly be much better) that takes northward up the left side of the Lee, but at some distance from it, into the Chinese province of Chumúrti, and, after a day's journey there, crosses the boundary of Spiti, and continues, still on the same bank of the river, on to Dankar, the capital of Spiti.

A long steep ascent from Chango took me again on to the priceless 12,000 and 13,000 feet level. The early morning was most delicious, being clear and bright, without wind, and exhilarating in the highest degree, while nothing could be more striking than the lighting up by the sun of the snowy peaks around. One starts on these early mountain journeys in great spirits, after drinking about a quart of fresh milk; but after three or four hours, when the rays of the sun have begun to make themselves felt, and there has been a certain amount of going down into perpendicular gorges, and climbing painfully up the other side of them, our spirits begin to flag, and, unless there has been a long rest and a good breakfast in the middle of the day, feelings of exasperation are in the ascendant before the camping-ground is reached. Early on this

day's journey, I met the finest Tibetan mastiff which I saw in all the Himáliya. It was a sheep-dog, of a dark colour, and much longer and larger than any of the ferocious guardians of Shipki. While we were talking to the shepherd who owned it, this magnificent creature sat watching us, growling and showing its teeth, evidently ready to fly at our throats at a moment's notice; but whenever I spoke of purchase, it at once put a mile of hill between us, and no calls of its master would induce to it come back. It seemed at once to understand that it was being bargained for, and so took steps to preserve its own liberty; but it need not have been so alarmed, for the shepherd refused to part with it on any terms.

After passing the Chaddaldok Po by a narrow slated wooden bridge, we reached the top of the left bank of the To-tzo or Para river, which divides Hangrang from Chinese Tibet. The descent to the stream is about 1500 feet, and a short way down there are some hot springs, with grass and willow-trees round them, and the shelter of great rocks. This would be by far the best place for camping; but, for some reason or other, the Chango people had determined that we should do so on the Chinese side of the river. On getting down there, with some difficulty, and crossing the *sangpa*, I found there was no protection whatever from the sun's rays, which beat into the valley fiercely, and were reflected, in an overpowering manner, from the white stones and rocks around, while the noise of the furious river was quite deafening. Here I had to remain without shelter and without food for nearly three hours, getting more and more exasperated as time passed on. After this, I usually kept two coolies within reach of me, with sufficient supplies to meet any emergency, and clothing sufficient to enable me to camp

out if necessary; but I had now to learn the wisdom of such an arrangement. My servants had not got on well with the Chango people, and the latter had left us only a little way before we reached this river, under pretence of taking a short cut. I could not feel that the former were properly in my hands until I got past Dankar, for they might invent some scheme for forcing me to go down from that place to the Sutlej valley, through the Babah Pass. As to the Chango *bigarries*, I could not say what their motive might be for delay; but it was clear to me, now that I was alone, that it would be necessary to check this sort of thing at the outset, and I felt a certain advantage for doing so in being upon Chinese ground. So, when the parties did come in at last, I made my wrath appear to be even greater than it was; and, seeing that one of them was a *shikar*, and had a matchlock-gun and a hunting-knife with him, I thought there could be nothing cowardly in making an example of him, so I fell upon him, and frightened one or two more. This was what the French call a necessary act, and it by no means interfered with the friendly terms on which I always stood with my coolies; but I need scarcely say that such things should not be encouraged, and that everything depends upon why and how they are done. No formal rules can touch this subject effectually. Some men will travel through a country without being guilty of an act of violence, or even of uttering an angry word, and yet they leave behind a feeling of bitter hatred not only towards themselves but also towards the race and government to which they belong. Other men produce similar results by unnecessary, stupid, and cowardly acts of violence. It is curious that sometimes a Briton, who is so wildly benevolent in theory towards

weak and uncivilised races, no sooner finds himself among them than he tramples on their toes unmercifully, and is ready to treat them in a ruthless manner. Therefore I must guard against the supposition that I go in for violent treatment in any part of the world, though just as little do I hold that it should be entirely avoided in all circumstances. It is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, which is the best recommendation of the traveller. An English officer, a great *shikar*, writing to me from the wilds to the north of Kashmir, mentions that the people of one village (who had been in Kashmir, and had noticed the ways of English officers there) begged him, in the name of God, not to make a map of the country; and on his asking them the reason why, their reply was: "We do not mind you coming here, because you talk to us and let us sit down by you; but other officers will say to us, 'D—n you, go away.'" This often arises simply from fatigue; but for a traveller to neglect to make friends of the people among whom he sojourns, causes far more dislike to him than any positive acts of violence he is likely to commit; and such is specially the case in high mountainous countries, where the population is scanty and travellers are rare, and the people—however poor some of them may be, and however dirty all are—have much natural though not formal politeness, and are free from the rude presumption which has become one of the distinguishing characteristics of the lower classes of this country of late years. Englishmen are far from being the most unconciliatory of travellers, and they would be better liked in India if the Indians had more experience of the harshness of the ordinary German, and the ignorant insolence of the ordinary French traveller.

At this point I finally left the dominions of the Rajah of Bussahir, which include upper and lower Kunáwar and the Tartar province of Hangrang. Everywhere there, except to a slight extent at Chango, the people had been exceedingly civil and pleasant, and had readily furnished me with all the carriage I required, though they must often have done so at great inconvenience to themselves, owing to the harvest operations which were going on. In lower Kunáwar they seemed to be a gentle and rather timid people, speaking an Aryan language; and though the Tartars of the upper portion of Bussahir were of rougher and stronger character, yet they were quiet and friendly enough. As to the roads of these provinces, they are exactly in the same state as when Gerard traversed them, and I prefer to quote here his account of them rather than to give any more descriptions of my own. "The roads in general," he says, "consist of narrow footpaths skirting precipices, with often here and there rocks, that would seem to come down with a puff of wind, projecting over the head; to avoid which it is necessary sometimes to bend yourself double. The way often leads over smooth stones steeply inclined to a frightful abyss, with small niches cut or worn, barely sufficient to admit the point of the foot; or it lies upon heaps of gigantic angular fragments of granite or gneiss, almost piercing the shoes, and piled upon one another in the most horrid disorder. Where the rocks are constantly hurled from above there is not the slightest trace of a path, and cairns of stones are erected within sight of each other, to guide the traveller. There are often deep chasms between the rocks, and it requires a considerable degree of agility to clear them, and no small degree of caution to avoid overturning the

stones, which now and then shake under you. . . . The most difficult part I saw was where ropes were used to raise and lower the baggage; and this did not arise from the path having given way. Now and then flights of stone steps occur, notched trees and spars from rock to rock, rude scaffolding along the perpendicular face of a mountain, formed of horizontal stakes driven into the crevices, with boards above, and the outer ends resting on trees or slanting posts projecting from the clefts of the rock below. The most extraordinary one of this kind I ever saw was in the valley of Teedong. It is called Rapua, and the scaffolding continued for 150 feet. It was constructed like the other, with this difference, that six posts were driven horizontally into the cracks of the rocks, and secured by a great many wedges; there was no support on the outer side, and the river, which undermined it, rushed with incredible fury and a clamorous uproar beneath. The shaking of the scaffolding, together with the stupefying noise of the torrent, combined to give the traveller an uncertain idea of his safety.* To this it may be added that though several bridges—*sangpas* such as the one beneath Pú, which I have already described—have been built of late in Kunáwar, almost every path of that province is crossed by unbridged mountain torrents, which are by no means easy to pass in summer during the day, when they are swollen by the melting snows and glaciers above. Bungalows for Europeans are to be found only on the Hindústan and Tibet road; and as the people, being affected by Hindú caste notions, will not allow a European to occupy their houses,

a tent is necessary for making much acquaintance with this most mountainous and formidable country.

Camped as we were on the Chinese side of the To-tzo river, we might have had a marauding visit from some of the nomad Tartars, dwellers in tents, who are the chief inhabitants of the province of Chúmúrti; but, I fancy, the Lassa Government would be as opposed to any unnecessary interference with Englishmen as it is to admitting them into Chinese Tibet, because such interference might be made a handle of by the Indian Government. There is another door here at To-tzo into the dominions of the Grand Lama; but Mr. Pagell had told me that he had already tried it, and that on reaching the first village he was sent back immediately, without any ceremony, and was scarcely allowed time to feed his yak or pony. It would, no doubt, be as difficult to communicate with the Tzong-pon of Chúmúrti as with the Tzong-pon of D'zabrun, and the Chango people would only go along the path to Spiti. Since publishing my former remarks on the exclusiveness of the Tibetans, I have noticed that Turner† makes mention of a very probable origin of it. He ascribes it not to any dislike to Europeans, but to "that spirit of conquest which forms the common character of all Mohammedan states, and that hostility which their religion enjoins against all who are not its professors." He, indeed, refers more particularly to this cause as having led the people of Bhotan to close the southern entrances to their mountainous country; but it is extremely likely that it may have been more generally operative, and induced the Tibetans to seclude the

* Account of Koonawur, &c., &c., by the late Capt. Alexander Gerard. Edited by George Lloyd. London, 1841.

† An Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshoo Lama, in Tibet. By Captain Samuel Turner. London, 1806.

whole dominions of the Grand Lama, while their dread of Europeans and of the gold-mines being coveted, might still have acted afterwards to the same end. In the close of last century there seems to have been no unwillingness on the part of the Lama Government to enter into relationships with British India; for first Mr. George Bogle in 1774, and then Captain Turner in 1783, were allowed to visit Teshú Lambu as representatives of our Government. A paragraph appeared in the 'Times,' a few days ago, intimating that Mr. Bogle's MS. journal of his mission to Lassa had been discovered lately in the British Museum, and is to be published by the Indian Government, along with an account of the trade-routes into Tibet. There must surely, however, be some mistake here; because, though Turner gives some account of his predecessor's mission, he makes no mention whatever of Bogle having gone to Lassa, but only to Teshú Lambu and the Bogda Lama. Turner's own journal gives a very full account of that route and of that part of the country; but Mr. Bogle's journal will be welcome. Though it contains no geographical information, yet I am informed it gives long reports of the envoy's conversations with the Tibetan authorities; and it is gratifying to find that the Indian Government is again turning its thoughts to Chinese Tibet after the long time which has elapsed since 1783. A formal mission might be sent to Lassa; or, under the treaty of Tien-tsin, passports might be claimed from the Chinese Foreign Office, allowing Englishmen, in a private or in a semi-official capacity, to traverse Chinese Tibet, the passports being either in the language of the country or accompanied by Tib-

etan translations given under imperial authority. As it is, the do-nothing policy of the Indian Government recoils injuriously upon its prestige with its own subjects. It hurts our position in India for the people there to know that there is a country adjoining our own territory into which Englishmen are systematically refused entrance, while the nations of British India and of its tributary states are allowed to enter freely, and even to settle in large numbers at the capital, Lassa,* as the Kashmiris do. About a year and a half ago the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce addressed the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for India, complaining of the restrictions there were in the way of commerce with Tibet, and received answers which seemed to imply that their prayer would be taken into favourable consideration whenever circumstances would allow. More recently the 'Friend of India' well remarked that "the day has now come when we may justly ask the Chinese Emperor to take steps for our admittance into Tibet." Certainly the matter might well be brought to a crisis now; and there would not have been the least difficulty about it if a more active use had been made, within the last few years, of our position in China.

The path to Lari, the first village in Spiti, where we camped under a solitary apricot-tree, said to be the only tree of the kind in the whole province, was very fatiguing, because large portions of it could not be ridden over; and there were some ticklish faces of smooth, sloping rock to be crossed, which a yak could hardly have got over, but which were managed, when riderless, in a wonderful manner by the shoeless *ghünt*, or mountain pony, which I

* In Western Tibet the name of this city is pronounced without an aspirate; but in the centre and east of the country it is called "Lhasse," which, consequently, is the correct way.

had got at Chango. The scenery was wild and desolate rather than striking—no house, no tree, and hardly even a bush being visible. There was a great deal of limestone-rock on this journey; and at some places it was of such a character that it might be called marble. We passed several open caverns; and in one of these, about a third of the way from the To-tzo river, I stopped for breakfast. It was a magnificent open arch, about fifty feet high in front, and as many in breadth, in the face of a precipice, and afforded cool shade until after mid-day, when the declining sun began to beat into it. But the Karitha river, which occurs immediately after, ought to be passed in the morning, because there is only a two-poled bridge over it, on which even a *ghunt* cannot cross; and the stream was so swollen at mid-day by the melting snow that my pony was nearly lost.

The next morning I was delayed at Lari by the information that messengers had arrived at the other side of the river with a letter for me and some money, but were unable to cross the river, a *jhála*, which formerly existed there, having given way. This seemed exceedingly improbable, but I went down to inquire. There was a double rope across the stream, and I told the messengers to fasten the letter to it, and so send that across, but to keep the money, and found that both were for the Gwalior captain whom I met near Nako, so I ordered the bearers to proceed to Pú in search of him. Where there is no bridge exactly, there is often a double rope of this kind across the deep-sunk rivers of the Himáliya, to enable the villagers on opposite sides of the gorge to communicate with each other; and the rope is sometimes strong enough to allow of a man being slung to it, and so worked across. If only the rope be sound, which cannot always

be depended on, this method of progression is preferable to the *jhála*; because, though it may try the nerves, it does not at the same time call for painful exertion which disturbs the heart's action.

Po, or Poi, my next camping-place, was a very pleasant village, with little streams running between willow-trees, and with peaks and walls of snow rising over the precipices, and immense steep slopes of shingle immediately around. Another day took me to Dankar, under immense dark precipices which lined both banks of the river, of slate and shale. It would be well for a practical geologist to examine that part of the Spiti valley, and also the portion between Po and Lari; for it is possible they may contain coal. For the most part the way to Dankar was tolerably level and good; but the height of the water of the Lee at this season compelled us to make a difficult detour through probably the most extraordinary series of gorges there is in the world. We moved along a dry water-course, between perpendicular tertiary or alluvial strata rising to hundreds and even to thousands of feet above. The floor of these clefts was fifteen or twenty feet broad, and though they must have enlarged considerably at the top, they appeared to do so very little to the eye. It was not rock but soft deposits which rose on both sides of us; and though there had been every irregularity in the lateral effects of the water, which had cut out the passages in many directions, there had been very little in its perpendicular action, for, in that respect, the water had cut almost straight down. High up, at the edges of these extraordinary ravines, the strata had been worn away so as to form towers, spires, turrets, and all sorts of fantastic shapes, which could be seen by

looking up the cross passages and at the turnings. Often high above, and apparently ready to fall at any moment, a huge rock was supported on a long tower or spire of earth and gravel, which (being a little harder than the strata around, or having possibly been compressed by the weight of the rock) had remained standing while the earth round it had crumbled or been washed away. These threatening phenomena were either on the edge of the clefts or rose up from their sides, and were very similar to the rocks which are to be seen on glaciers supported on pillars of ice. The way was most tortuous, and led into a *cul-de-sac*, the end of which we had to ascend with difficulty. As the route I speak of involves a considerable detour and some climbing, no traveller will be taken through it if the path along the side of the Lee be not covered with water; and I cannot conscientiously recommend every one to go into the labyrinth. True, it is used by the mountaineers when the other path is not passable; but they are very rarely obliged to have recourse to it, because they can time their journey so as to make the passage of the river when the snows above are frozen up, and consequently the water is low. True, also, no rocks fell during our passage, but the floor was paved with them; there were hundreds of rocks which a mere touch would have sent down, and I saw evidence enough to prove that whole sides of the ravines sometimes gave way; so that, unless the traveller had a charmed life, his curiosity would expose him to a very fair chance of being suddenly knocked on the head by a stone a ton weight, or buried under hundreds of feet of tertiary strata.

It is similar strata which afford so extraordinary a position and appearance to Dankar, the capital of

Spiti, which is a British Himáliyan province, under an assistant commissioner who resides in the warmer and more fruitful Kúlú valley. This town is perched about a thousand feet above the Lee, on the ledges and towers of an immense ridge of soft strata which descends towards the river, but breaks off with a sudden fall after affording ground for the fort, houses, and Lama temples of Dankar. Its appearance is so extraordinary, that I shall not attempt any description of it until able to present my readers with a copy of its photograph. It has only its picturesqueness, however, to recommend it, for the interior is as miserable as that of the smallest Himáliyan village; and the people, being under British rule, have of course a proper contempt for British travellers though so little troubled by them. No one offered to show us where to pitch our tents, or to render any other civility. The *múkea* was away, and his representative was both insolent and exorbitant in his demands. Here was the style which he adopted, and was supported in by the people about him. As was afterwards proved by my making him produce his *nerrick*, or official list of prices, he began by demanding double price from us for the sheep and grain we wanted; and when we said quite civilly that he was charging too much, he at once answered impudently, and without the least excuse for doing so—"Oh! if you want to use force, by all means take what you want for nothing, and I shall report the matter to the commissioner in Kúlú." Fortunately for him there was no Chinese territory near; but, through the medium of the young schoolmaster of Dankar, who understood Hindústani, I made him and his friends somewhat ashamed of his conduct; and it was the more

inexcusable because the prices of the *nierrick* are fixed at a higher rate than those which prevail, in order that there may be no hardship in affording travellers the right of purchasing supplies—a right which it is absolutely necessary that they should have, in order to travel at all, in a district of country where there are so few open markets.

I have referred more than once in these articles to the polyandry of the people among whom I sojourned; and though this delicate subject has been alluded to in several publications, it is sufficiently novel to the general reader to call for a little explanation here. Indeed, I find there are many well-educated persons who do not even know what polyandry means. It has a very botanical kind of sound; and its German equivalent *Vielmännerei*, though coarse and expressive, does not throw much light upon the subject.

A mistake also has been made in contrasting polyandry with polygamy; whereas, being the marriage of one woman with two or more men, it is itself a form of polygamy, and ought properly to be contrasted with polygamy, or the marriage of one man to two or more women. But the polyandry of Central Asia must further be limited to the marriage of one woman to two or more brothers, for no other form is found there, so far as I could learn.

This curious and revolting custom exists all over the country of the Tibetan-speaking people; that is to say, from China to the dependencies of Kashmir and Afghanistan, with the exception of Sikkim, and some other of the provinces on the Indian side of the *Himáliya*, where, though

the Tibetan language may in part prevail, yet the people are either Aryan in race, or have been much influenced by Aryan ideas. I found polyandry to exist commonly from Taranda, in the Suttlej valley, a few marches from Simla, up to Chinese Tibet, and from there to *Súrú*, where it disappeared in the polygamy of the Mohammedan Kashmiris. But it is well known to exist, and to be an almost universal custom, all through Chinese Tibet, Little Tibet, and nearly all the Tibetan-speaking provinces. It is not confined to that region, however, and is probably the common marriage custom of at least thirty millions of respectable people. It is quite unnecessary to go deeply into the origin and working of this very peculiar marital arrangement; but it is well worthy of notice, as showing how purely artificial a character such arrangements may assume, and what desperate means are had recourse to, in order to get rid of the pressure caused by the acknowledged law of population.

In the most elaborate and valuable compilation there is on Lamaism—*Die Lamaische Hierarchie und Kirche*, by Carl Friedrich Koepen—that author, in his brief reference to this subject, clears the religion of Tibet of any responsibility for polyandry, and asserts that it existed in the country before the introduction of *Búdhism*, having arisen from the pressure of population.* In Ceylon, which is a great *Búdhist* country, polyandry also exists, and, at least till very lately, has been legally acknowledged by the British Government; but I have not found anything which proves that the religion of the Singalese

* “Die Schuld dieser widrigen und unnatürlichen Einrichtung trägt übrigens keinesweges der Lamaismus; der Gebrauch bestand vielmehr bei den *Bodpa* längst vor ihrer Bekanntschaft mit der Religion des *Shákjasohnes* und findet seine Erklärung und Entschuldigung in der übergrossen Armut des Schneelandes und in der aus dieser entspringenden Nothwendigkeit, dem Anwachsen der Bevölkerung Schranken zu setzen.”

is any more responsible for the custom than is the British Government itself. We know also that polyandry has existed in non-Búdhistic countries, and even in Great Britain, along with worse marriage customs, as Cæsar testifies in his 'De Bello Gallico' (lib. v. xiv.), when he says: "Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime, fratres cum fratribus, et parentes cum liberis."

Traces are to be found of it among the ancient Indo-Aryans, as in the Mahabárat, where Dranpadi is represented as married to the five sons of Pandu; and in the Rámáyana, where the giant Viradha attacks the two divine brothers Rámá and Lakshaman, and their wife Sita, saying, "Why do you two devotees remain with one woman? Why do you, O profligate wretches, thus corrupting the devout sages?" Even so early as in the Rig Veda Sanhita (Mandala I. Hymn 117, v. 5) there is some trace of the custom in the passage, "Aswins, your admirable (horses) bore the car which you had harnessed (first) to the goat, for the sake of honour; and the damsel who was the prize came through affection to you and acknowledged your husbandship, saying, 'you are (my) lords.'" I think polyandry of a kind is even sanctioned in the laws of Menu.

There are many other traces of the existence of polyandry in the ancient world, and it also appears in various countries in our own or in very recent times. As to the Singalese, Sir Emerson Tennent says that "polyandry prevails throughout the interior of Ceylon, chiefly amongst the wealthier classes. . . . As a general rule, the husbands are members of the same family, and most frequently brothers." Here there is a slight difference from the polyandry where the husbands are always brothers. The Abbé Des-

godins speaks of *proches parents*, or near relatives in general, being joined in this relationship, as well as brothers, in the east of the country; but I repeatedly inquired into that point, and on consulting Herr Jaeschke at Herrnhut in regard to it, he said he had never known or heard of any other kind of polyandry in Tibet except fraternal. Polyandry notably exists among the Todas of Southern India, and it has been found in regions very far distant from each other, as among the Kalmucks, the Tasmanians, and the Iroquois of North America; but nowhere does it take such a singular form as among the Nairs of the Malabar coast, who are nominally married to girls of their own caste, but never have any intercourse with their wives; while these latter may have as many lovers as they please, if the lovers are Brahmins, or Nairs other than the husband.

Such arrangements, however, are mere freaks, and are not to be compared with the regular, extensive, and solidified system of Tibetan polyandry. General Cunningham, in his valuable work on Ladak, says that the system "prevails, of course, only among the poorer classes;" but my experience was that it prevailed among all classes, and was superseded by polygamy only where the people were a good deal in contact with either Hindús or Mohammedans. Turner, who had so much opportunity of seeing Western Tibet, is quite clear on this point as regards that part of the country, for he says (p. 349)—"The number of husbands is not, as far as I could learn, defined or restricted within any limits. It sometimes happens that in a small family there is but one male; and the number may seldom perhaps exceed that which a native of rank, during my residence at Teshoo Loomboo, pointed out to me in a family resident in the neigh-

bourhood, in which five brothers were then living together very happily with one female, under the same connubial compact. Nor is this sort of compact confined to the lower ranks of people alone; it is found also frequently in the most opulent families."

I met only one case in which the number of husbands exceeded that of the instance mentioned above. It was that of the family of the *mûkea* at Pû, in which six brothers were married to one wife, but the youngest of the brothers was quite a boy. The husband I saw must have been over thirty; and as he had two elder brothers, the arrangement, as a whole, struck one as even more revolting than usual. Instances of three and five husbands were quite common; but, without having gone rigidly into the matter, I should say that the most instances of polyandry were those of two husbands, and that, not because there was any objection to five or six, but simply because no greater number of brothers was usually to be found in a family, as might have been expected from such a system, and as is also one of the great ends which that system is designed to effect.

As to the working of polyandry in Tibet, I noticed no particular evidence of its evil effects, though doubtless they exist; and in this respect I am at one with the other European travellers, with the single exception of the Abbé Desgodins, who draws a very frightful picture of the state of morals in the eastern part of the country. He says: "Les hommes riches peuvent avoir autant de femmes qu'ils le désirent, sans compter que quand ils sont en voyage, et qu'ils font visite à leurs amis, la politesse veut qu'on leur en

prête partout. Au Thibet on se prête sa femme comme on se prête une paire de bottes ou un couteau. . . . Les Thibétans n'ont pas non plus le moindre souci de l'honneur de leur filles, celle qui est devenue mère trouve même plus facilement à se marier, par la raison que celui qui l'achète est certain qu'elle n'est pas stérile; ce dévergondage de mœurs est cause d'une stérilité générale."* There is probably some exaggeration here; and, making allowance for that, the description would apply to most semi-civilised races, and need not be charged to the fault of polyandry. The accusation brought by the worthy Abbé against the young persons of Tibet is precisely the same as that which Sir Anthony Weldon made against the Scotch in the time of James VI., † and can be brought, even at the present day, against a considerable portion of the agricultural and pastoral population of Scotland. It is absurd for Europeans to hold up their hands in holy horror at the immorality which they may observe in ruder and less highly favoured countries, when our own centres of civilisation present, in that respect, such curious results. Fraternal polyandry is not merely opposed both to artificial arrangements and the highest morality, but even to our natural instincts. But there is no sense in charging it with evils which we see existing everywhere. It is more revolting than the prostitution, or unlegalised polyandry, of the West; but its lesson will be lost if it be viewed otherwise than in the cold white light of reason.

It is almost impossible for us to conceive of such a system being in operation, and of its allowing room for affection between relatives; and so it may be well to note that it ex-

* *La Mission du Thibet de 1855 à 1870.* Verdun, 1872.

† *A Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland.* London, 1659.

ista. This could only happen among a race of peculiarly placid, unpassionate temperament as the Turanians unquestionably are, except in their fits of demoniacal cruelty. They have no hot blood, in our sense of the phrase, and all interests are subordinate to those of the family. This supreme family feeling prevents any difficulty arising in connection with the children, who are regarded as scions of the house rather than of any particular member of it. It has been said that, where there is more than one husband, the paternity of the child is unknown, but that is doubtful, though all the husbands are held responsible, and there is no noticeable difference in the relationship of a child to his different fathers. All this would be impossible in a race with strong passions, or where the element of individuality is strongly developed; but it is exactly in these respects that the Turanians are most deficient.

Of course there is a large number of surplus women under this polyandric system, and they are provided for in the Lama nunneries, where they learn to read and copy the Tibetan Scriptures, and to engage in religious services. The nunneries have usually a certain amount of land attached to them, which is cultivated by the occupants, who also hire out their services in the harvest season. I have even had my baggage carried by Lama nuns, when there was a pressure of occupation, and observed nothing particular in their demeanour, except that it was a little more reserved than that of the other women. Of course accidents do happen occasionally; but the excitement which they cause is a proof that they are not very common. When I was at Pú, a great noise was caused by a Lama nun — the daughter of a wealthy zemindar — having suddenly increased

the population of that village, in defiance of the law of population and her holy vow. About a year before, a visit had been made to Pú by a celebrated Lama from the interior of Chinese Tibet, whose claims to sanctity were so high that the zemindar invited him to stay in his house and expound the Tibetan Scriptures. The nun came down to these reunions from her convent, a few hundred feet up the mountain-side, and the consequence was the event which I have just noticed. Meanwhile the holy man had meanly, but judiciously, gone back into Chinese Tibet. He was hopelessly beyond reach; and the scandal being great, the father, both on his own account and on that of his daughter, had to pay about Rs. 300 in all, to the convent, to the scandalised village, and to the state. Such offences are readily condoned, on a sufficient monetary fine being paid; but I heard also that the nun would not be reinstated in her former position without undergoing penance, and manifesting contrition. Such a sin, however, can hardly tell against her long, if her conduct be correct afterwards; for the superior of this very monastery had herself an illegitimate daughter, who was enrolled among the sisterhood. Some sects of the Lamas are allowed to marry, but those who do not are considered more holy; and in no sect are the nuns allowed to marry, and they, as well as most of the monks, take a vow of absolute continence. I am scarcely in a position to have any decided opinion as to how far this vow is observed, but am inclined to believe that it is so usually, notwithstanding the exceptions to the rule.

The Lama church does not concern itself with the marriage union, though its priests often take part in

the ceremonies accompanying the bridal,—as, for instance, in fixing upon an auspicious day. Marriages are often concluded at a very early age, by the parents of the parties, and sometimes when the latter are children. In such cases the bride and bridegroom often live for years separate, in the houses of their respective parents. When the matter has not been previously arranged by his father, the young man who wishes to marry goes to the parents of the girl he has selected with a gift of *chong*, a species of beer which is brewed among the mountains, and this he partakes of along with them. A second visit of the same kind follows, and then a third, when he meets with the object of his choice, and the nuptials are arranged. In some parts of the country more valuable presents, and even gifts of money, are expected, there being a great deal of difference in local usage as to the preliminaries. Women have property in their own right; and, as a rule, childless women are not regarded in any particular manner. The choice of a wife is the right of the elder brother; and among the Tibetan-speaking people it universally prevails that the contract he makes is understood to involve a marital contract with all the other brothers, if they choose to avail themselves of it.

We have already seen what Koepen says as to the origin of this hideous polyandry. Herr Jaeschke also assured me that he knew of no polyandric traditions in Tibet, and that the system there must be indefinitely old. The probability is that it has descended from a state of society somewhat similar to that which at present exists in the Himaliya, but more primitive, ruder, and uninfluenced by the civilisations of India and China; while those who believe that human beings at one time herded together very much

like flocks of animals, see in it a transition from a still more savage past. There is not much use in speculating on the origin of customs when that origin lies concealed in the midst of antiquity. Such speculation takes very much the shape of finding or inventing uses which the custom under discussion might subserve; but that is a very unsatisfactory region of thought where there are no historical facts to afford guidance. All we can really say on this subject is, that polyandry does subserve certain useful ends. In a primitive and not very settled state of society, when the head of a family is often called away on long mercantile journeys, or to attend at court, or for purposes of war, it is a certain advantage that he should be able to leave a relative in his place whose interests are bound up with his own. Mr. Talboys Wheeler has suggested that polyandry arose among a pastoral people, whose men were away from their families for months at a time, and where the duty of protecting these families would be undertaken by the brothers in turn. The system certainly answers such an end, and I never knew of a case where a polyandric wife was left without the society of one at least of her husbands. But the great, the notable end which polyandry serves, is that of checking the increase of population in regions from which emigration is difficult, and where it is also difficult to increase the means of subsistence. That the Malthusian law, or something very like it, is in operation, is now all but universally admitted by political economists. There is a tendency on the part of population to increase at a greater ratio than its power of producing food; and few more effectual means to check that tendency could well be devised than the system of Tibetan polyandry taken in con-

junction with the Lama monasteries and nunneries. Very likely it was never deliberately devised to do so, and came down from some very rude state of society; but, at all events, it must have been found exceedingly serviceable in repressing population among what Koeppen so well calls the snowlands of Asia. If population had increased there at the rate it has in England during this century, frightful results must have followed either to the Tibetans or to their immediate neighbours. As it is, almost every one in the Himáliya has either land and a house of his own, or land and a house in which he has a share, and which provide for his protection and subsistence. The people are hard-worked in summer and autumn, and they are poor in the sense of having small possessions and few luxuries; but they are not poor in the sense of presenting a very poor class at a loss how to procure subsistence. I was a little surprised to find that one of the Moravian missionaries defended the polyandry of the Tibetans, not as a thing to be approved of in the abstract or tolerated among Christians, but as good for the heathen of so sterile a country. In taking this view, he proceeded on the argu-

ment that superabundant population, in an unfertile country, must be a great calamity, and produce "eternal warfare or eternal want." Turner took also a similar view, and he expressly says—"The influence of this custom on the manners of the people, as far as I could trace, has not been unfavourable. . . . To the privileges of unbounded liberty the wife here adds the character of mistress of the family and companion of her husband." But, lest so pleasing a picture may delude some of the strong-minded ladies (of America) to get up an agitation for the establishment of polyandry in the West, I must say it struck me that the having many husbands sometimes appeared to be only having many masters and increased toil and trouble. I also am by no means sure that the Tibetans are so chivalrous as to uphold polyandry, because they regard "the single possession of one woman as a blessing too great for one individual to aspire to." Nor shall I commit myself to the ingenious opinion that "marriage amongst them seems to be considered rather as an odium—a heavy burden—the weight and obloquy of which a whole family are disposed to lessen by sharing it among them."

THE STORY OF VALENTINE;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART XIII.—CHAPTER XXXVII.

DICK became in a manner the head of the expedition when the party reached Oxford; his foot was on his native heath; he knew where to take the two old people, both of whom became more and more agitated in their different ways, as they approached to the end of their journey. He put them into a cab; and getting on the box himself, had them driven to the river-side. Lady Eskside grasped her old lord's hand, as they sat there together, jolting through the streets, going to this strangest incident of their lives. She was trembling, though full of resolute strength. The emergency was too much for her nerves, but not for her brave old heart which beat high with generous courage, yet with a sense of danger not to be despised or overlooked. How was she to meet and master this untamed creature of the wilds? how secure her that she might not escape again? and how make the revelation to her son who had got to hate his wife, and to Valentine who knew nothing of his mother? Lady Eskside, with a mixture of pride and terror, felt that it was all in her own hands. She must do everything. The thought made her tremble; but it gave her a certain elation which the reader will understand, but which I cannot describe—which was not vanity nor self-importance—but yet a distinct personal pleasure and satisfaction in being thus able to set everything right for her children. I don't doubt that she had some idea that only her own penetrating eye could have made sure of Dick's identity, and only her close questioning could have

elicited from him so many certain proofs; and it seemed so just, so right, such a heavenly recompense for what she had suffered, that to her hands and no other should be given the power of setting all right. Lord Eskside was less excited. He was thinking more of the boy, less of the circumstances in which he was about to find him, and the thrill in his old frame was almost entirely that of natural anxiety to know how Val was. Dick on the box was not without his tremor too. He did not know what his mother would think of this visit—if it would terrify her, if she would think he had been unfaithful to the charge she had laid upon him not to speak of her. He stopped the cab when they reached the river-side; and, scarcely knowing what he was about, handed Lady Eskside out. "I'll go round by the back and open the door—that's the house," he said, hoarsely—and left them standing by the edge of the grey Thames, which, still somewhat swollen with spring rains, ran full and swift, sweeping round the eyot with all its willows faintly green, upon which, though they did not know it, poor Val had stranded. The sun was shining brightly, but still the river was grey; and Lady Eskside shivered and trembled with that chill of anxiety and excitement which is more penetrating than cold. "This is where Val brought me," said the old lady, as they walked tremulously to the door. "Yes, yes, I mind it all—and there was a shawl like one of mine upon a table. Yes, yes, yes," she said to herself, almost inarticulate—"my

own shawl! Oh, how was it I was so foolish, and did not see at once that it must be *her*; and she had fled out of the place not to see me? It all comes back! She must have known it was me. It's nothing, nothing, my dear! I'm trembling; it's true—how can I help it! But all the time I am steady, steady as a rock; you need not be feared for me."

"I wonder if he is in one of these rooms," said the old lord, looking wistfully at the upper windows. They opened the garden gate, not without difficulty, for they were both very tremulous, and went in to the little garden where there was a pale glow of primroses. There they stood for perhaps a moment looking towards the house, waiting for Dick to open to them, breathless, feeling the great crisis to be near. Lady Eskside clung still to her old lord's arm. He was not a pillar of strength, and shook, too, in his old age; and agitation; but there was strength as well as comfort in the mere touch—the sense of standing by each other in those hardest moments, as in all others. As they stood thus waiting, the door opened, and some one came out, walking towards them. He strolled out with one hand in his pocket, with the air of a man issuing forth from his own house. It was not Dick coming to open to them, to admit them. Lady Eskside dropped her husband's arm, and gave a strange cry—a cry of astonishment and confused dismay, half querulous, half violent. Hot tears came rushing to her eyes in the keen disappointment, mingled with wonder, which penetrated her mind. She clasped her hands together almost with a movement of anger—"Richard, *Richard!*" she cried.

He stood for a moment silent, looking at them, confused too. "My father and my mother," he

said to himself under his breath. Then he tried to rally his powers, and put on a smile, and look composed and self-possessed, which he was not; but instead of succeeding in this attempt, grew hot and red, though he was old enough to have been done with such vanities. "This is a very unexpected meeting," he said. "Mother, excuse me if I am startled. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to see you here." Then he stopped short, and made a gulp of agitation and resumed again: "You have heard that Valentine is here? He is just the same; we must wait for the crisis. He is taken good care of——"

"Richard!" said his mother—"oh none of your pretending to me—for God's sake tell us the truth! Do you *know*?—or is it by chance you have come here?"

"It will be better to come into the house, my lady," said Lord Eskside.

I scarcely think she heard what he was saying. She put her hand upon her son's arm, grasping him almost harshly. She was too much excited to be able to contain herself. She had forgotten Val, whom the old lord was longing for. "Do you know, or do you not know?" she cried, her voice growing hoarse. Dick, who had come to the door a minute later than Richard, stood upon the threshold looking at them with a wondering countenance. But no one saw or noticed Dick. He saw the old people absorbed with this new personage, whose back was turned to him, and whom he had never seen before. The mystery was thickening, for here now was another in it, and more and more it grew incomprehensible to Dick. His was not one of the spirits that love mystery. He was open as the day, straightforward, downright. His heart sickened at this maze, at all those difficulties, at the new people who

had thus come into his life. He stood looking at them painfully with a confusion in all his thoughts which utterly disconcerted and disturbed him. Then he turned abruptly on his heel and went away. Where? To his work; that at least never disappointed nor confused him. No strangers came into it to tangle the threads, to turn it all into chaos. He had heard how Valentine was, and that the crisis had not yet come; and he was half indignant, half sad, in his sense of a disturbance which was wholly unaccountable and unjustifiable. The house was his—Dick's—it did not belong to the stranger who had preceded him to the door, and was standing there now in colloquy with the old couple, who evidently had forgotten Dick. What right had they to take him up and cast him down—to take possession of his house, which had cost him dear, which was his, and not theirs, as if he were nothing in it? Dick strode away, more hurt, angry, and "put out," than he had ever been in his life. He threw off his Sunday coat (none the better for these railway journeys), and, hastily putting on his working-jacket, hurried off to the rafts. There a man could always find something to occupy him—there was honest work, uncomplicated by any bewilderingments. He went and thrust himself into it, almost forgetting that he was head-man in his anxiety to dislodge all these disturbing questions from his mind, and to feel himself in reality what he was.

"I think," said Richard, not without excitement himself, but trying hard not to show his rapid change of colour, his breathless heat and agitation, "that my father gives good advice, and that you ought to come into the house, where at least we can talk with quiet and decency. There is no reason why you shouldn't come in,"

he said, with nervous vehemence, pushing open the door behind him; "or the Queen, for that matter, if she were here. The mistress of it is as spotless as any one of you. That much I may say."

Lady Eskside did not say another word. She grasped her old lord's arm again, and suffered herself to be led into the little parlour, which she had seen before on another occasion, little thinking whose house it was. Her eye, I need not say, was caught at once by the little shawl upon the table. She pointed at it hastily to her husband, who stared, totally unaware what it was to which his attention was directed. They put her into an old carved chair, which was one of poor Dick's latest acquisitions before all this wonderful commotion began. Richard, scarcely knowing what he was doing, led the way, introduced them into the strange little room, as a man does when he is in his own house. He had got to feel as if it were his own house. Already he had passed many hours there, feeling himself no intruder. He received his mother and placed her in Dick's easy-chair as he might have received her in the Palazzo Graziani; and the old lady, with her keen eyes, caught at this, though he was as unconscious of it as a man could be.

"You are at home here," she said to him, with keen suspicion—"it's no strange place to you, Richard, though it's strange, strange to my old lord and me. What does it mean, man?—what does it mean? Have you known all the time? Have you been keeping it secret to drive us wild?—What is it—what is it you mean?"

"Where is the boy?" said Lord Eskside. "I do not enter into this question between your mother and you. You will satisfy us both, doubtless, about the mystery,—which, as you all well know, is a

thing I abhor. Richard," said the old man, with a break in his voice, "I want to see the boy."

"Listen first, sir," said Richard, indignant; "how my mother has found out, I don't know; but she is right. Chance—or Providence, if you like the word better—has thrown Val into his—mother's hands. I guessed it when I saw you at Rossraig, and I came here at once and found it was so——"

"You guessed it? God forgive you, Richard! You've known, then, all the time; you've exposed us and Val to abuse and insult, and maybe killed the lad and broken my old lord's heart. Oh, God forgive you, Richard! is this the way you've done your duty to us and your boy?"

Lady Eskside wrung her hands. Her old face flushed and grew pale; hot tears filled her eyes. Something of personal disappointment was in the pang with which she felt this supposed deception. Women, I fear, are more apt to think of deception than men. Lady Eskside, in the sharpness of her disappointment, rashly jumped to the conclusion that Richard's knowledge was not an affair of yesterday; that there was something behind more than had been told to her; that perhaps, for anything she could tell, he had been visiting this woman, who was his lawful wife, as if the tie between them had been of quite a different character—or perhaps, even, who knows, was trying to palm upon them as his wife some one who did not possess any right to that title. In suspicion, as in other things, it is the first step that costs the most. Lord Eskside did not go so far as his wife did, but the thought began to penetrate his mind too, that if Richard had known this, even for a day, without disclosing it, he had exposed them to cruel and needless pain.

"Catherine," said the old lord,

"we need not quarrel to make matters worse. If he recognises his wife and his other son at last, and it is true that they are here, let us give our attention to make sure of that, and prevent trouble in the future. It is not a question of feeling, but of law and justice. Yes, no doubt, feeling will come in; but you cannot change your son, my lady, any more than he can change his father and mother, which, perhaps, he would have little objection to do. We must put up with each other, such as we are."

"You do me injustice, sir," cried Richard; "both you and my mother. There has been no deception in the matter. You shall hear how it happened afterwards; but in the mean time it is true that she is here, mother. I met her at Val's bedside two days ago for the first time, without warning. I believe if I had given her warning she would have escaped again—but for Val. I am not made of much account between you," said Richard, with a painful smile. "I have little occasion to be vain. You, my mother, and her, my—wife; what you think of is not me, but Val."

"Oh Richard! you would aye have been first with me if you would have let me," said Lady Eskside, as ready to forgive as she had been to censure, her heart melting at this reproach, which was true. As for the old lord, he was not so easily moved either to blame or to pardon. He got up and walked about the room while Richard, still flushed with excitement and a certain indignation, told them the story of the photograph, and his recognition of his wife's face so strangely brought before him by his son. Richard gave his own version of the story, as was natural. He allowed them to perceive the violence of the shock they had given him, without saying very much on the subject; and described how,

though incapable of anything else in the excitement of the moment, he had put force upon himself to make his wife's residence known to his lawyer, and to have a watch kept upon her movements. What he said was perfectly true; with just that gloss which we all put upon our own proceedings, showing them in their best aspect; and Lady Eskside received it as gospel, taking her son's hand into her own, following every movement of his lips with moist eyes, entering with tender and remorseful sympathy into those hidden sentiments in his mind which she had doubted the existence of, and which, up to this moment, he had never permitted her to see. Her husband, however, walked about the room while the tale went on, listening intent, without losing a word, but not so sympathetically — staring hard at Dick's homely ornamentations, his bits of carving, his books, all the signs of individuality which were in the place. I don't know that he remarked their merits, though he walked from one to another, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and stared almost fiercely at the carving, with eyes wellnigh hidden under his shaggy brows. He did not say anything while Lady Eskside, weeping and smiling, made her peace with her son. When she cried, "Oh yes, my dear, my dear, I understand!" he only worked his expressive eyebrows, giving no articulate evidence of emotion. "Val is up-stairs, I suppose? I am going to see him," was all he said in the pause after Richard's story concluded. Lord Eskside climbed up the narrow wooden staircase with a shrug of his shoulders. He was not satisfied with his son's story, as his wife had been. He opened one door after another before he found the room in which Val was lying. To see the boy stretched

there on the bed, with vacant eyes, half dozing, half waking, but quite unconscious of his visitor, went to the old lord's heart far more than Richard's story had done. "If he had spoken out like a man, this might have been spared," he said to himself; and bent over Val's bed to hide the momentary contortion of his features, which brought the water to his eyes. "My poor lad!" he said, with hidden anguish, scarcely noticing for the first moment the nurse on the other side of the bed. She rose with a sudden dilation of terror in her eyes. She had never seen Lord Eskside, and did not know who he was; but felt by instinct that he had been brought hither by the terrible wave of novel events which was about to sweep over her head, and that he had come to take away from her her boy.

Lord Eskside looked at her across the bed where Val was lying. He made her a low bow, with that courtly politeness which now and then the homely old lord brought forth, like an old patent of nobility. But it was difficult for him to know what to say to her—and she gave him no assistance, standing there with a look of panic which disturbed the still, abstracted dignity of her ordinary aspect. "I am afraid I have startled you," he said, his voice softening. "Don't be alarmed. I am your—husband's father. I am sorry, very sorry, that we never met before."

She made no answer, but only a slight tremulous movement intended for a curtsy; then some sense of the necessities of her position, struggling with her fright, she said faintly, "He is just the same—on Saturday he'll be better, please God."

"On Saturday he'll be better! God bless you, my dear! You seem sure! How can you be sure?" cried the old lord, with his eyelids all

puckered together to hide the moisture within.

She put up her hand with a warning gesture. "Hush," she said ; "it makes him restless when he hears a voice"—then a curious, exquisite twilight seemed to melt over her face as if some last reflections of a waning light had caught her, illuminating her for the moment with the tenderest subdued radiance—"except mine," she added in tones so low as to be almost inaudible. The old lord was deeply touched. What with his boy's condition, which was worse than he expected, and this voice of great, subdued, and restrained feeling—emotion that had no object but to conceal itself—all his prejudices floated away. He was not in the least conscious of being affected by the beauty which was concealed, too, like the emotion—indeed he would have denied that she had any beauty ; but the suppression of both and ignoring of them by their possessor had a great effect upon him ; for there was nothing in the world more noble in the eyes of the old Scots lord than this power of self-restraint. He went round to her softly, walking with elaborate precaution, and took her hand for a moment ; "God bless you," he said—then, with another look at Val, left the room. He himself, even with all the self-control he had, might have broken down and betrayed the passionate love and anxiety in him had he waited longer there.

Lady Eskside was seated in the parlour alone when he entered ; she was leaning back in Dick's great chair, with her handkerchief to her eyes. "He has gone to get the doctor, that we may know everything exactly," she said. "He" had changed to her. She had taken back her own son, her very child, into her heart, (had he not the best right?) and it was Richard who

was "he," not any one else. She was so tender, so happy, so deeply moved by this revolution, that she could scarcely speak to her husband, who, she felt instinctively, had not been subjected to the same wonderful change.

"I have just seen him—and his mother," said Lord Eskside.

"Saw *him*—the boy? Oh my poor Val!" cried the old lady, weeping ; and then she raised her hands and turned to her husband with something which was half an apology and half a reproach. "I feel as if I had got my own Richard back—our own boy—and I don't seem able to think of anything else—not even Val."

Lord Eskside took another turn round the little parlour. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, my lady," he said ; "but if Richard had had the sense to write to you or me when he wrote to that fine London solicitor of his, all this might have been spared. Sandy Pringle's miserable letter, and all that stramash about the election, and my poor Val's fever—maybe his life—"

"His life! his life!" she said, starting up in alarm from her chair.

"Who can say? It's in God's hands, not ours. His mother says he'll be better on Saturday," Lord Eskside said, turning away.

Meanwhile Dick had thrown himself with a certain passion into his work, feeling a curious reluctance which he had never experienced before to receive the orders of the customers, and to run hither and thither launching boats into the water, drawing them up again, dealing out oars and cushions as he had done for years. If he could have pushed out on the stream himself as Val had done, if he could have rowed a race for life or death with some rival oar, that would have calmed him more than anything. Gentlemen like Val, Lord Eskside's heir, future pos-

essor of all those lovely woods, and of the grey old house full of beautiful things, which was so fresh in Dick's memory, could afford to calm themselves down in that way. But Dick, who was only a working man, could not afford it. To him his work was everything, and to that alone, when all his nerves were tingling, could he resort to bring him down again from any fanciful strain of emotion. He ought to be glad to have it to do, Dick felt; for had he been idle, it seemed to him that the beating of his heart would have driven him wild. Now, let it swell as it would, he had enough to do to keep him occupied, and no time to think, heaven be praised! It was, as it happened fortunately, a very busy day. Dick forgot his dinner-hour—forgot everything but the necessity for exertion to keep him from himself. Sometimes he ordered his subordinates about almost fiercely, speaking to them as he had never been heard to speak before. Sometimes, not thinking, he would rush himself to do their work, while they stood by astonished, with a manner so unusual that no one knew what to make of him. Was it possible that the fever was "catching," and that Dick too was going to have it? But it was a very busy day, and there was plenty of work for everybody, which is a thing that stops speculation. In the afternoon Lord Eskside, straying about the place, found himself on the raft. He had not intended to go there, nor did he know when he got there what he wanted. The old lord was very restless, anxious, and unhappy. He could do nothing indoors—not even keep still and out of the way, which is the first duty of man in a house where sickness is; and the unfamiliar place did not tempt him to walk as he might have done at home. He had done what he could to occupy him-

self after the brief interview with the doctor, who could say nothing more than had already been said, that no change could come until Saturday, when, for good or evil, the crisis might be looked for. After this Lord Eskside went to the hotel where Richard was living, and engaged rooms, and did what he could for the comfort of his wife, who had come here in her old age without any attendant. But when this slender business was accomplished, he had nothing further to do. He could not keep indoors in Dick's little parlour, which they had taken possession of, none of them reflecting that there was another proprietor whose leave had not been asked or given; nor could he linger at the outer door, where Harding hung about in attendance. The old lord had no heart to say anything to Harding; he went to the rafts at last in simple restlessness, having, I almost think, forgotten all about Dick. I suppose it diverted him for the moment from his own heavy thoughts and painful tension of suspense, to see the movement in this busy place—the coming and going—the boats run out into the stream with a pleasant rustle—the slim outriggers now and then carried back all wet and dripping to the boathouses, as one party after another came in. The stir of indifferent cheerful life, going on carelessly all the same under the eyes of a spectator paralysed by anxiety and distress, has a curious bewildering effect upon the mind. He had been there for some minutes before he even noticed Dick's presence at all.

He perceived him at last with a thrill of surprise. Dick had transmogrified himself; in his working dress he looked more a "gentleman" than he had done in his Sunday coat. He had a straw hat instead of the black one, a blue flannel coat,

and noiseless white boating shoes. The excitement against which he was struggling gave a double animation to his aspect, and made him hold himself more erect than usual, with all the energy of wounded pride. Lord Eskside felt that it must be some consciousness of his true position that gave to Dick's youthful figure that air of superiority which certainly he had not noticed in him before; but it was in reality a contrary influence, the determination to show that he held his own natural position unaffected by all the mysterious hints he had listened to, and found in his work a blessed refuge from the mystery which he did not understand, but was impatient of, and despised. Dick passed Lord Eskside over and over again, in his manifold occupations, touching his hat as he did so, but taking no further notice of his travelling companion. The old lord on his side made no demonstration of interest; but he took up a position on the edge of the wharf, and followed the young fellow with his eyes. Dick had pushed back his hat, showing his fair locks and open face; he was never still for a moment, darting hither and thither with lithe light frame, and feet that scarcely seemed to touch the boards. How workmanlike he was in his element, knowing exactly what to do, and how to direct the others who looked to him! and yet, Lord Eskside thought, so unlike any one else, so free in his step, so bold in his tranquil confidence, so much above the level of the others. He sat down on a bench close by, and knitting his heavy brows, sat intent upon that one figure, watching him more and more closely. There were a great many boating men about, for it was just the opening of the season, and some of them were impatient, and none were

especially disposed to respect the feelings even of the head man at Styles's. "Here, you, Brown," said one young man in flannel; "Brown, I say! Can't the fellow hear? Are we to wait all day?" "Look alive, can't you?" shouted a second; "he's not half the handy fellow he was." "Spoilt by the undergrads," said another; "he's the pet of all the Eton men." "Brown, Brown! By Jove! I'll speak to Styles if this goes on. You, Dick! can't you hear?"

I don't know if Dick felt any annoyance at their impatient outcries, or resented such an address in Lord Eskside's presence. But he came to the call, as was his duty, his cheeks a little flushed, but ready to do whatever was wanted of him. "Here, Brown," said the boating man, carelessly; but he never ended his order. For, before another word could be said, Lord Eskside, glooming with knitted brows, came hurriedly up to Dick, and put his arm through his. "This is no occupation for you," said the old lord. "It is time that this was over;" and before the eyes of the astonished lookers-on, he led him away, too much astonished for the moment to resist. "Who is the old fellow?" asked the boating men; and when (for rank will out, like murder) it was whispered who "Brown's friend" was, a sudden awe fell upon the rafts. A lord! and he had put his arm familiarly into Dick Brown's, and carried him off, declaring this to be no work for him! What could it mean? The effect produced by Val's accident was nothing to the ferment which rose, up and down the river-side, when it was known that a lord—an old lord—not one of your wild undergrads—had walked off Styles's raft, in broad daylight, arm-in-arm with Dick Brown.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Violet went back to Edinburgh the day after her meeting in the woods with Dick. Her heart was so full of what she had heard, that it was all she could do to keep the particulars from old Jean, who was her guardian and companion when, in her trouble, poor child, she managed to escape for a day or two to the Hewan. By a strong effort she kept from talking over the details with her homely old friend ; but she could not keep from her the fact that Val was ill. I need not say that Jean knew well enough that there was "something wrong" between the two families—a thing she had been aware of, with the curious instinct which all our servants possess—almost before they knew it themselves. And by this time, of course, Jean knew all that popular opinion said about Mr. Pringle's supposed guilt in respect to the election ; and she was aware that there had been painful scenes in the house, and that neither his wife, nor his sons, nor his daughter "held with" the unlucky culprit, who, since the election, had gone about with drooping head "as if he was gaun to be hanged," old Jean said. Jean was very much shocked and distressed when she heard of Val's illness. "I thought there was something out o' the ordinary," she said ; "him away when there was yon grand dinner, and a strange look about the house a'thegether. Ye may aye ken when the family's in trouble by the look o' the house. Poor callant ! there's naething like trouble o' mind for bringing on thae fevers ; you may take my word, Miss Violet, it's something about that weary election. Eh, what creatures men are ! Can they no fecht fair, and take their neives to ane anither, instead of casting up auld ill stories ? They

say that's women's way ; for my part, I'm of the opinion that if women are ill with their tongues, men are waur."

"But fevers are not brought on by trouble of mind," said Violet, endeavouring to argue against her own inmost conviction. "Fevers are brought on by—oh, by very different things, by bad air, and—you may read it all in the papers— Oh, I hope, I hope it is not that, Jean."

"If you put your faith in the papers," said Jean, contemptuously, "that say one thing the day, and another the morn, just as it suits them ! Oh ay, they'll tell you an honest midden is waur than an ill story that creeps into the heart and saps the strength. I'm fond o' the fresh air mysel. We're used to it here up at the Hewan, and it's like meat and drink ; but if some ill-wisher was to rake up a nasty story about my auld man that's in heaven, or my John, what do you think would harm me maist, Miss Vi'let,—that, or a' the ill smells in Lase-wade ? and I'll no say but what that corner by the smiddy is like to knock you down—though Marian Miller's bairns, so far I can see, are no a prin the waur."

Violet did not venture upon any reply, for, indeed, it seemed to her innocent soul that mental causes were far more likely to make one ill than those vulgar evils upon which the newspapers insisted. For her own part, she felt very sure, as old Jean did, that Val's illness arose from the misery and excitement of the election, and not from any lesser cause. I suppose this was quite foolish, and that the poor young member for Eskshire must have gone into some cottage, or passed by some drain in the course of his canvassing, which was the

real occasion of his fever. My ignorance is too great on such subjects to warrant me in venturing the supposition that the other part of him, that mental part so much discredited and put out of court in the present day—the one thing about us which nobody can quite account for—had anything to do with it; but Violet and old Jean, both of them as ignorant as myself but more courageous—and both convinced in their different ways that this special development of protoplasm called by ignorant persons their mind, is the most important part of us—unhesitatingly ignored the drain, which no doubt did the mischief, and set down Val's fever to his misery with all the evident precision of cause and effect. Violet could not say any more to the old woman whose remarks she neither dared to be sympathetic with or irritated by, since either demonstration would have betrayed her father, who had done it all. So she hurried home next morning, attended by her maid, breathless till she reached the mother, the natural receiver of all her complaints and troubles. Mrs. Pringle saw there was something to tell from the first glance at Violet's countenance, in which all her emotions writ themselves easily to the accustomed eye. She sent her up-stairs to "take off her things," and followed her, hoping that old Lady Eskside might perhaps have met the child somewhere, and melted towards her, the only imaginable way in which any renewal of friendship could be possible. When she heard what it was, however, Mrs. Pringle shook her head. "My dear," she said, "you are letting your feelings run away with you. Men don't get ill and take fevers from excitement except in novels. No doubt there must be something wrong about Rosscraig; these old houses

are never quite to be depended upon. God knows that letter has done you and me harm enough, more harm than it could do to Valentine—but we have taken no fever. I am very sorry for him, poor fellow; but he's young, and has a good constitution—no doubt he'll pull through; and my Vi must not cry like this for a man that is nothing to her," the good mother said, proudly—putting her handkerchief and her hand, which was still softer, across Violet's streaming eyes to stop her tears.

"Oh, mamma, how can I help it?" sobbed poor Vi.

"My darling, you must help it. I am not saying it will be easy. Me myself, with children of my own that take up my mind, I find myself thinking of that poor boy when I have plenty of other things to think of. Ah, Violet, you kiss me for that! but, my dear, ask yourself—after what has come and gone—how could it ever, ever be?"

"No one wants it to be!" said Violet, with one of her vehement impulses of maiden pride, raising her head from her mother's shoulder with a hot angry flush covering her face; "but one does not cease—to take an interest—in one's friend, because of any quarrel. I am friends with him forever, whatever happens. No one can say anything against that. And we are cousins, whatever happens. I told Mr. Brown so."

Mrs. Pringle shook her head over the friendship and cousinship which continued to take so warm "an interest" in Val; but she was wise and made no further remark. "I wonder who this Mr. Brown may be?" was all she said, and instantly set her wits to work to find something for Violet to do. In a house where there were so many boys this was not difficult; and it cannot be questioned that at this crisis of her young existence Moray Place was much safer for Violet than the Hewan-

The next two days were each made memorable by a note from Dick. They were couched almost in the same words, and Violet reading them over and over again could extract nothing from them more than met the eye. Dick, in a very careful handwriting, too neat perhaps, and legible, wrote as follows:—

“MADAM,—Mr. Ross is just the same. This is not to be wondered at, as I told Miss Violet that there could be no change till Saturday. With your permission I will write again to-morrow.—Your obedient servant,
RICHARD BROWN.”

Even Mrs. Pringle could find nothing to remark upon in this brief epistle. “I wonder how he knows your name?” was all she said, and Violet did not feel it necessary to enter into any particulars on this point. The second bulletin was just like the first. Mrs. Pringle had this note in her pocket in the evening after dinner when her husband came up to her with an excited look, and thrust the little local Eskside paper, the ‘Castleton Herald,’ into her hand. “Look at this!” he said, pointing out a paragraph to her with a hand that trembled. How glad she was then that this conveyed no shock to her, and that Violet knew with certainty the state of the matter which the newspaper unfolded so mysteriously! “We regret to learn,” said the ‘Herald,’ “that the new member for the county, Mr. Ross, whose election so very lately occupied our pages, lies dangerously ill in England of fever—we suppose of that typhoid type which has lately made so much havoc in the world, and threatened still greater havoc than it has made. We have no information as to how the disease was contracted, but in the mean time Lasswade and the neighbourhood have been thrown into alarm and gloom by the sudden departure of such members of the

noble family of Eskside as were still remaining at Rosscraig. We trust before our next week’s issue to be able to give a better account of Mr. Ross’s state.”

“I knew Val was ill,” said Mrs. Pringle, composedly; “Violet heard of it at Eskside.” She could not refrain from a stroke of vengeance as she handed the paper back to him. “I hope you are satisfied with your handiwork now,” she said.

“My handiwork?”

“Just yours,” said Mrs. Pringle—“just yours, Alexander; and if the boy should die—which as good as him have done—what will your feelings be?”

“My feelings?” said Mr. Pringle; “what have I to do with it?—did I give him his fever? Of course it must have been bad air or some blood-poisoning—or something. These are the only ways in which fever communicates itself;” but as he spoke (for he was not a bad man) his lips quivered, and there was a tremor in his voice.

“It is easy to say that—very easy to say it—and it may be true; but if you take the heart and strength out of a man, and leave him no power to throw off the ill thing when it comes! Alexander,” said Mrs. Pringle, solemnly, “I will never hold up my head again in this world if anything happens to Val!”

“You speak like a fool—or a woman. It comes to much the same thing,” cried her husband; and he went away down-stairs and shut himself into his library quivering with the hot sudden rage which belongs to his conscience-stricken state. How miserable he was, trying to study a case in which he had to speak next day, and able to understand nothing except that Valentine Ross was ill, perhaps dying, and through his means! He had never meant that. He had meant to have his revenge for an imaginary wrong, and many little imaginary

slights, and perhaps to make his young supplanter lose his election ; but that he might put Val's life in danger or injure him seriously had never entered into Mr. Pringle's thoughts. He tried to persuade himself that it was no concern of his, pursuing in an undercurrent, as his eyes went over his law-papers, all the arguments about sanitary precautions he had ever read. "What a fool I am to think *that* could have had anything to do with it!" he cried, throwing away his papers when he could bear it no longer, and beginning to pace up and down his room. What a burning restless pain he had at his heart! He cast about him vaguely in a kind of blank hopelessness what he could do, or if he could do anything. This he had never meant. He would not (he said to himself) have hurt Val or any one, for all the Eekside estates ten times over ; and if anything happened to the boy he could never hold up his head again, as his wife said. He had been wretched enough since that miserable election day. He had been conscious that even his own friends looked coldly upon him, suspecting him of something which went too far for ordinary political animosity or the fair fighting of honourable contest ; and feeling that his own very family, and even the wife of his bosom, were against him, though Mrs. Pringle, after her first very full and indignant expression of her opinion, had said no more on the subject. Still he had not her moral support, a backing which had scarcely ever failed him before, and he had the sense of having broken all the ties of friendship with the Eekside family—old ties which, though he did not love the Rosses, it was painful altogether to break. He had thrown away those ties, and made his adversaries bitter and his friends suspicious. So little was Mr. Pringle a bad man, that he

had pursued these thoughts for a long time in his secret heart without recollecting that, should Valentine die, he would be reinstated in his position as heir-presumptive. When this suddenly flashed upon him, he threw himself in his chair and covered his face with his hands. In that case it would be murder, mere murder! He would have killed the boy for the sake of his inheritance. This startled him beyond anything I can say. Perhaps the profoundest and most impassioned of all the prayers that were said that night for Val's recovery rose in a sudden anguish of remorse and surprised guilt from the heart of Val's enemy. He shook like a man struck with palsy ; his nerves contracted ; the veins stood out on his forehead. He had never meant to harm the boy—never, never, God knows!—except in some momentary way, by a little shame, a little disappointment, which could have made no real difference in so happy and prosperous a life. The pain of this thought gripped him as with the crushing grasp of a giant. What could he do, he said to himself, writhing in his chair—what could he do to make amends? If he could but have believed in pilgrimages, how gladly would he have set out bare-footed to any shrine, if that would have bought back the young life which was in danger! Heaven help him! of all the people concerned there was no one so entirely to be pitied as poor Mr. Pringle, lying there prostrate in his chair without any strength left in him, bodily or mental, or any one to back him up, saying to himself that perhaps it might be that he had murdered Val. He seemed to see before his eyes the bold handsome boy, the fine young fellow all joyous and triumphant in the glory of his youth ; and was it his hand—a man with children of his own whom he loved—that had stricken Valentine down?

Next day Mr. Pringle broke down in his case before the courts, and looked so distracted and miserable that the very Lords of Session took notice of it. "Sandy Pringle is breaking up early," Lord Birkhill said to Lord Caldergrange; "he never had any constitution to speak of." "Perhaps it is family affection and anxiety about young Ross of Eskside," said Lord Caldergrange to Lord Birkhill; and these two learned authorities, both old enough to have been Sandy Pringle's father, chuckled and took snuff together over his family affection and his early breakdown. The news from the 'Castleton Herald' about Val's illness was copied that morning into all the Edinburgh papers. Mr. Pringle himself, being of the Liberal party, saw only the 'Scotsman,' where it was simply repeated; but when he was leaving the Parliament House, his son Sandy came to him with the 'Courant,' which, as everybody knows, is the Conservative paper,—the one in which a *communiqué* from the Eskside party would naturally appear. "Have you seen this, sir?" said Sandy, not, his father thought, without a glimmer of vindictive satisfaction. They were all against him, wife and children, friends and circumstances. But the paragraph in the 'Courant' was one of a very startling description, and had already woke up the half of Edinburgh—everybody who knew or professed to know anything of the Eskside family—to wonder and interest. The 'Courant' gave first the paragraph from the 'Herald,' then added another of its own. "We are glad to be able to add that more favourable news has been received this morning of Mr. Ross's condition. The crisis of the fever is now past, and all the symptoms, we understand, are hopeful." Then came the further information which took away everybody's breath, "We are authorised to state," said

the 'Courant,' "that Mr. Ross, whose severe illness at such an interesting juncture of his life has called forth so much public interest and sympathy, was fortunately at the house of his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Ross, in Oxford, when the first symptoms of fever made their appearance, and accordingly had from the first every medical attention, as well as the most devoted nursing which affection could give."

The paper fell out of Mr. Pringle's hand when he had read this. Sandy grasped him by the arm, thinking he would have fallen too. "For heaven's sake," cried Sandy, in a fierce whisper, "don't make an exhibition of yourself *here!*" Mr. Pringle did not answer a word, not even to the apologies with which, when they were safe out of the crowded precincts of the Parliament House, his son followed these hasty unfilial words. He went home to Moray Place in a condition of mind impossible to describe, feeling himself like a man caught in a snare from which there was no exit. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Ross, his mother! Had he really read those words in black and white? Were they no fiction, but true? His heart was relieved a little, for Val was better; but how could he ever extricate himself from the labyrinth he had got into? He had defied the Rosses to produce this mother, and her appearance seemed to Mr. Pringle to close up every place of repentance for him; to put him so terribly in the wrong that he could never face his friends again, or the public which knew him to be the author of that fatal letter to the electors of Eskshire. Surely no sin ever had such condign and instantaneous punishment. He was not a murderer, that was a thing to be thankful for; but he could be proved a liar—a maker of cruel, unfounded statements—a reporter of scandals! He shut him-

self up in his library, making some pretence of work to be done. As for Sandy, he did not go in at all, being angry and unhappy about the whole business. That Valentine's mother should be found, and his rights, which Sandy had never doubted, fully established, he was heartily glad of. Mrs. Pringle's wise training had saved Sandy from even a shadow of that folly of expectation which had so painfully affected his father ; but Sandy was indignant beyond description, hurt in his pride, and mortified to the heart, that his father should have put himself in such a mean position. I do not think there was any tingling recollection in him of the blow Val had given him. If he had borne malice, it would have vanished utterly at the first mention of Val's illness ; but he did not bear any malice. He bore another burden, however, more heavy—the burden of shame for his father's unwarrantable assault, which, out of respect for his father, he could not openly disown, but must share the disgrace of, though he loathed the offence. I think Sandy may be excused if he felt himself too cross, too wretched in his false position, to face the rest of the household, and convey to them this startling news.

They had, however, their news too, scarcely less startling. It was the Monday after the Saturday on which Val had passed the crisis of his fever, and Sunday had been very trying to these two women in its entire cessation of news, as Sunday so often is in cases of anxiety. When Dick's letter at last came, there was something in it which they scarcely noticed in their first agitation of joy, but which, by dint of much reading, came out very strongly at last to their puzzled perceptions. There was an indescribable indefinite change in their correspondent's style. But the reader shall judge for himself what this was.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am happy to be able to tell you that the crisis is over, and Valentine is decidedly better. Perhaps you are aware that all the family are here. He has recognised us all, and, though weak, will soon regain his strength, the doctor thinks. Other things have happened, of a very wonderful kind, which I can scarcely write about ; but I hope it may now be possible that I may one day see you, and explain everything to Miss Violet which she may wish to know. I do not like to run the risk of agitating Valentine by telling him that I am writing, but, if you will permit me, I will write again ; and I hope you will always be so very kind as to think of me, whatever may be the change in circumstances, as yours and Miss Violet's obedient servant,
"RICHARD."

"What does it mean ?" said Mrs. Pringle. "I am afraid the young man is taking too much upon himself. To sign himself just 'Richard' to you and me, is a piece of presumption, Vi ; and to call Lord Eskside's grandson 'Valentine' ! I am not bigoted about rank, as you know ; but this is too much."

Violet was confounded too. "Perhaps in nursing he has got familiar without knowing it," she said. "Oh, mamma, you could not think he was presumptuous if you had seen Mr. Brown."

"That is all very well, my dear," said Mrs. Pringle. "I believe he is a good young man ; but perhaps it was a little rash to take him into your confidence. I think I heard your papa come in. Go and see if he is in the library. It might be a comfort to him to know that Val is better. Go ; and if you see an opportunity, tell him. Say I have had a letter ;—that is all that it is needful to say."

Violet, though reluctant, obeyed ; and Mrs. Pringle read Dick's letter

again, not knowing what to make of it. What did he mean by signing himself "Richard"? by calling Val by his Christian name? Her conclusion was, that this boatman, in whom Violet had so rashly put confidence, was presuming upon the girl's openness and innocence. Mrs. Pringle thanked heaven that her child "had the sense" to ask him to write to her mother, who was quite safe, and quite able to manage any presuming person. She could not make up her mind about this, feeling an uneasy consciousness in the letter of something unexplained, something more than met the eye, to which, however, she had no clue; but she resolved, at least, that this young man should have no further encouragement; that she would herself write to him, thanking him for his communication, and politely dropping him, as a woman of Mrs. Pringle's age and condition knows how to do. Perhaps it had been imprudent of Violet to refer to him at all; but it was an imprudence of which no further harm had come. She resumed her work, putting away the letter calmly enough, for the urgency was not great enough to call for any speedy action; while Violet went down-stairs to the library, somewhat tremulous, and half afraid of the morose tones and look into which of late her father had fallen.

When she went in, he snatched up some of his papers, and pretended to be studying them very closely, the 'Courant' lying at his side upon the writing-table; but it was the law-papers, and not the 'Courant' which Mr. Pringle pretended to read. Violet made a shy circle round the table, not knowing if she might venture to speak. Her courage failed her, until she suddenly remarked, underneath the shadow of the hand which supported his head, that her father was watching her, and that his face was very grey and pallid

in the poonday light. This gave her resolution enough to conquer her timidity. She went up to him, and put her hand softly on his shoulder.

"Papa," she said, "I came to tell you that Valentine is better to-day. Mamma has just had a letter——"

"I know he is better," said Mr. Pringle, with a sigh; and then he pointed out to her the notice in the paper. "He is better; but there is more behind—more than we know."

Vi read the paragraph wondering. It did not affect her except with surprise. "His mother?" she said, "I never knew——" and then she bethought herself suddenly of all that had passed, and of that fatal attack upon Valentine which had (no doubt) brought on his fever, and which threatened to separate him from her for ever. "Oh, papa!" she cried suddenly, with a flash from her eyes which seemed to scorch the culprit like a gleam of angry yet harmless lightning; then she added, looking at him fixedly, with indignant firmness: "But you are glad of this? glad he is better? glad his mother is found, and that everything will go well?"

Mr. Pringle paused a moment looking at her. He was afraid to contradict her. He answered hurriedly, half servilely: "Yes, yes—I'm glad;" then, with a groan—"Vi, I am made a fool of. I am proved a poor, mean, paltry liar; that was never what I meant to be. Perhaps I said more than was right; but it was for justice, Vi—yes, it was for justice, though you may not believe what I say."

If you consider all that Violet had suffered, you will perceive how hard it was for her all at once to look upon this question impartially, to believe what her father said. She turned away her head from him in natural resentment. Then her tender heart was touched by the tones of wretchedness in his voice.

"Yes," he said, getting up from his chair, "you may think it was all ill feeling—and so many think; but it was for justice too. And now, apparently, things are turning out as I never expected. I did not believe in this woman, and God knows whether it may not be a cheat still. But if this is true that they are bold enough to put in the newspaper, then," said Mr. Pringle, with a groan, "I'm in the wrong, my dear—I am in the wrong, and I don't know what to do."

He sank down again, leaning his head on the table, and hiding his face in his hands. Vi's heart melted altogether. She put her soft arm round his neck, and bent down her head upon his. She did not feel the bitterness of being in the wrong. It seemed to her innocent soul that there was so easy a way to shake off that burden. She clasped her father round the neck and whispered consolation. "Papa, dear! you have nothing to do but to say this to them. Oh, what makes you

think you don't know what to do? Say you were wrong, and that you are sorry. One is so certain that this must be the right thing."

He shook her away not unkindly but with a little impatience. "You don't know—you are too young to know," he said.

"Papa, can there be any doubt?" said Violet, in the majesty of her innocence. "When one has done wrong, one undoes it, one confesses that it was wicked. What else? Is it not the first lesson one learns in life?" said the girl, serene in perfect certainty, and sadly superior to her age, in what she considered her experience of that existence of which she already knew the sorrows. She stood over him as grave and sweet as an angel, and spoke with entire and childlike confidence in her abstract code. "We all may be wrong," said Violet, "the best of us; but when we find it out we must say so, and ask pardon of God and of those whom we have wronged, papa. Is there any other way?"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Of all the persons involved at this crisis, I think the most to be sympathised with was honest Dick who wrote the letter over which Mrs. Pringle pondered out of such a maze and confusion of feeling as seldom arises without personal guilt in any mind. From his very first glimpse of the new personage introduced into his little world—the stranger who had suddenly appeared to him when he went to open his own door to Lady Eskside, standing between him and her, anticipating and forestalling him—a glimmering instinctive knowledge who this stranger was had flashed into Dick's mind. Already the reader is aware he had thought it probable that Valentine's father was also his own father, and had endea-

voured to account to himself for his mother's strange behaviour on this score. I cannot quite describe the feelings with which Dick, with his tramp-traditions, regarded such a supposed father. What could "the gentleman," who had been his mother's lover, be to him? Nothing, or less than nothing—not "the author of his being," as our pious grandfathers used to say; but something much more like an enemy, a being half malignant, half insulting, with whom he had nothing to do, and towards whom his feelings, if not those of mere indifference, would be feelings of repulsion and instinctive dislike. He felt no shame on his mother's account or his own; but for the other who had left that mother and himself to take their

chance in the woods or on the streets, he was ashamed of his connection with him, and felt mortified and humbled by the mere suggestion of his existence. So long as he kept out of the way, Dick could refrain from thinking of this unknown parent; but the moment he appeared, he woke a hundred lively emotions in the bosom of his son. Dislike, annoyance, a sense of pride injured, and secret humiliation came to him at the first glance of Richard Ross. This was his feeling before any hint of the real state of affairs had reached him. The old lord had not made the disclosure that first day, but waited until the crisis of Valentine's fever was over. Then he called to Dick to go out with him, and there, on the bank of that river which had witnessed all the changes in his fortune, this last and most extraordinary change was revealed to the bewildered young man. Dick's mind was already excited by the painful interval of suspense which occurred just before Valentine was pronounced to be on the way of recovery; and when this revelation was made to him, the confusion in his thoughts was indescribable. That he was Valentine's brother—not secretly and guiltily, but in the eye of day—that the great house which he had looked upon with so much awe and admiration was his home—that all the accessories and all the realities of wealth and rank were his, actually his—relatives, connections, leisure, money, luxury,—was more than he could understand. He did not believe it at first. He thought the old lord had gone mad, that he had been seized with some sudden frenzy fit; that he had altogether misconceived the relationship between his son, the gentleman whom Dick disliked and suspected of being his father, and the poor lad who never had known what a father was. "I

think I know what you mean. I had got to suppose he was my father for some time," said Dick, bluntly, "but not in that way. You are mistaken, sir; surely you are mistaken."

"How could I be mistaken? are there more ways of being your father than one?" said the old lord, half amused by the lad's incredulity. Dick shook his head; he was better informed than Lord Eskside, who was so much his senior. He knew things which it was impossible the other could know—but how was he to say them? It did not occur to him even now that there was any relationship between the father of Richard Ross and himself, even though he was prepared to believe that he himself was Richard Ross's son.

"I don't understand you, any more than you understand me," said Lord Eskside, "and I don't wonder that you're confounded; but, nevertheless, what I have told you is true. I am your grandfather, Dick. Ah, that takes you by surprise! Now, why, I would like to know? since you believe my son is your father, though 'not in that way'—"

"My lord," said Dick, "I beg your pardon; but there's ways of being a man's son without being anything to his relations, and that's what I am thinking of. In my class we understand that such things are—though perhaps they oughtn't to be."

"But, you gomerl, you belong to my class, and not to your own!" said the old lord, feeling, with a mixture of pain and amusement and impatience, his own ignorance before the superior and melancholy knowledge of life possessed by this boy. "What must I say to convince you? You are Valentine's twin brother; do you not see what that means? and can you suppose that anything in the world but a boy's mother would nurse Val as that woman is doing?—besides, he's her living picture," said Lord Eskside, abruptly,

and not without a grudge. He said it to convince this boy, who was a genuine Ross, without dispute or doubt ; but even now it gave him a pang to acknowledge that his Val was like the tramp-mother, and not like the noble race of which his father came.

Dick stopped short, and put out his hand blindly as if to save himself from falling. This was a new view of the subject altogether. He could understand the relationship through the father ; but—his mother ? Valentine ! What did it all mean ? He caught his breath, and something like a sob came from his breast. " I can't understand it—I can't understand it !" he cried, feeling choked as well as blinded ; air failing him, sight failing him, and the whole steady earth turning round and round. When he recovered himself a little he turned to Lord Eskside, who was watching him closely from under his shaggy eyebrows. " Don't say anything more, sir," he cried, with an effort which was almost piteous. " Let me try to make it out—I can't all at once——"

" Go home, my lad," said the old lord, kindly patting him on the shoulder, " and think it out at your leisure."

" Thank you, sir—thank you," cried Dick ; and he turned back without another word, and hurried to his little bedroom, which was next door to the one in which Valentine lay. Ought he to have been overwhelmed with delight and joy ? Instead of being a nobody, Dick Brown, Styles's head-man, he was Richard Ross, Lord Eskside's grandson, a person of importance, the son of a future baron ; superior to all his old surroundings, even to most of his old patrons. But Dick was not glad at first, not even when he had fully realised this wonderful news, and allowed to himself that, Lord Eskside having told it, it must be true. He had found a

family, a name, a position in the world ; but he seemed to have lost himself. He sat down on his bed in the small room which he had himself furnished with a hundred little graces and conveniences, and of which a week ago he had been proud, and covered his face with his hands. But for his manhood, he could have sobbed over this extraordinary break and stop in his life ; and at the first he was no more able to reconcile himself to being Dick Brown no longer, than Mr. Richard Ross would have been able to reconcile himself to descending into the place of Styles's head-man ! The change was as great one way as another ; indeed I think the higher might have been better able to come down than the lower, who did not understand how he was to mount up, and in whose modest, simple soul there rose on the moment impulses of pride he had never been conscious of possessing. Here, in his natural sphere, he was respected, thought well of, and everybody was aware how well he fulfilled his duties, bearing himself like a man, whatever he had to do. But this new world was all dark to him, a place in which he would have no guidance of experience, in which he would be judged according to another standard, and looked down upon. I do not mean to paint Dick as a perfect being, and this sense of natural pride, this personal humiliation in his social rise, gave him a pang which was at least as respectable as other pangs of pride. He did not know how long he sat there pondering blankly, forecasting with sombre thoughts an unknown future. He had lost himself, whom he knew, and he could not tell how the new self whom he did not know would be able to harmonise his life. He was still sitting there, with his hands over his eyes, when a faint sound in the room roused him, and, looking up, he saw his mother, who had entered

softly, and now stood looking at him. He returned her look seriously for a moment before he spoke.

"Mother, is this true?"

"Yes," she said, clasping her hands as if she would have wrung them. "Yes, boy, yes; it's true. I gave up the one, because I thought he had a right to one; and I kept you, Dick. I was your mother that bore you, and sure I had a right to you."

"Just a word more, mother," said Dick, softly, "not to vex you: the little chap that died—was it *him*?—the one that you said died?"

"He died to me," she cried—"to me and to you. I never, never thought to set eyes on him again. I gave him up, free. Dick, that night on the river, when you helped him with his boat—"

"Yes, mother?"

"I should ha' gone away, then. I should have taken you off, my boy, and never let you know him; but it got into my head like wine," she cried; "the sight of him, Dick, so handsome and so kind! and to think he was my lad, mine, all the same as you. And he'd look at me in such a way, wondering like, as nobody but him ever looked—as if he wanted to ask, who are you? who are you?—what are you to me? Many and many a day I've caught his eye; and nobody but me knew why the lad looked like that—him least of all—only me. It got into my head, Dick, watching him. I couldn't go. And then to see you two together that were never meant to be together all your lives!"

"You mean, mother, that were born never to be separate?" said Dick.

"Yes, lad, yes; that is what I mean," she cried, dropping into a chair, and covering her face with her apron. For a moment there was that in Dick's heart which kept him from speaking, from trying to comfort her. The best of us now and then must think of ourselves. Dick was too much confused in

mind to blame his mother, but it gleamed across him, among so many other thoughts—if it was to be that he was not Dick Brown, how much better it would have been that he had never been Dick Brown; this is a confused sentence, but it was thus that the thought passed through his mind. The loss of himself, and even of "the little chap that died," pained him—and this loss was for no reason, it seemed—for how much better would it have been had he always known the truth! This kept him for a moment from saying anything to her—but only for a moment; then he rose and went to his mother, laying his hand on her shoulder—

"It's all very confusing, mother," he said; "but it's best you did not go away. I've got most of my happiness in life from knowing—him. The pity is you ever did go away, mother, dear; but never mind; anyhow, though all the rest is changed, there's nothing changed between you and me."

"Oh, my lad!" she cried, "they'll take you from me—they'll take you both from me, Dick."

"They can't do that," he said with a smile, soothing her; "you forget we're *men*, mother. Take heart. So he's the little chap that died! I always thought there was something about him different from all the other gentlemen," said Dick, melting. "The first time I set eyes on him, I fancied him—and he me," he added after a little pause, the moisture creeping to his eyes; "which was more strange; for what was I that he should take notice of me? The first time he saw you, mother, he was so struck he could scarcely speak; and said, Why didn't I tell him you were a lady——"

"Me!" she cried, looking up; "me—a lady——"

"That was what he said—he knew better than the like of us," said Dick. Then, after a pause, the good fellow added, with self-abnega-

tion like that of old Lord Eskside, for he did not like to acknowledge this any more than his grandfather did ; “and they say he’s your living picture, mother—and it’s true——”

“Oh, Dick ! oh, my boy, my Val, that I’ve carried in my arms and nursed at my breast !—but he’ll never know his mother. Come, Dick, come, as long as we’ve the strength. We’ll go away, lad, you and me——”

“Where, mother ?”

“Out, out, anywhere—to the road. It’s there I belong, and not in houses. Before they take you both from me—Dick, Dick, come !—we’ll go away, you and me.”

She started up as she spoke and caught at his arm, but, giddy and weak with long watching and the fatigue, which in her excitement she had not felt, dropped heavily against him, and would have fallen had he not caught her. “It’s nothing ; it’s a dizziness,” she murmured. “I’ll rest a moment, and then we’ll go.”

Dick laid her tenderly upon his bed. “You’re overdone, mother dear,” he said ; “and this house is mine whatever happens, and you’re the queen in it, to do what you please. When you’re rested, we’ll think what to do. Besides, *he* may want us yet,” he added, forcing a smile ; “he is not out of the wood yet that we should run away from him. Mother, though he’s my—brother, as you all say, I don’t seem to know his name.”

The mother, lying down on her son’s bed, with Dick’s kind face bending over her, gave way to a soft outburst of tears. “He is Val,” she said. “Dick and Val—Dick and Val. Oh, how often I’ve said them over !—and one to him and one to me. That was just ; I always knew that was just !” she cried.

It seemed to Dick when he went out of the room, leaving her behind him to rest, that years had passed over him since he took refuge there. Already this strange disclosure was

an old thing of which there could be no doubt. Already he was as certain that he was no longer Dick Brown of Styles’s, as he was of his existence—and would have been sharply surprised, I think, had any one called him by that name : and as a consequence of this certainty he had ceased to consider the change in himself. Something else more interesting, more alarming, lay before him—a new world, a family of which he knew nothing, a father whom he disliked to think of. Even Val, whom he knew would be changed to him. He had felt for him as a brother before he knew ; would he be a brother now ? or would the very bond of duty, the right Dick had to his affection, quench that warm sweet fountain of boyish kindness which had risen so spontaneously, and brightened the young wanderer’s life ? Then there was his mother to think of among all these strange unknown people. He had understood very imperfectly the story Lord Eskside had told him ; and now he came to think of it, why was it that she, so young as she must have been, had fled from her husband ? What reason could she have had for it, unless her husband treated her unkindly ? This idea roused all the temper (there was not much) in Dick’s honest nature. No one should treat her unkindly now, or look down upon her, or scorn her lowliness ! With a swelling heart Dick made this vow to himself. He would have to defend her, to protect her honour, and credit, and independence ; and then, on the other hand, he would have to stand against herself, her wild impulse of flight, her impatience of control. Already he felt that, though it was but an hour or two since he had been Dick Brown, he could never be Dick Brown again ; and though he would not have his mother crossed or troubled, still she must not, if he could help it, fly

and turn everything into chaos again. Care rose upon him on every side as he forecasted his new life; but it had to be faced, and he did so with steady valour. He went softly to the door of the sick-room and looked in to see if anything was wanted. Val, very weak and spent, but conscious, and noting what went on with eager curiosity, saw him, and, smiling faintly, beckoned to him with his hand. Lady Eskside was seated in the nurse's place bending fondly over her boy. She said, "Come in," but with a half-jealous, half-fretful tone. She thought it was the mother, and the old lady *was* jealous, though she would not have willingly betrayed it, longing just for one hour to have her boy to herself. Val held out his thin hand, and said, "Brown, old fellow! how pleasant it is to see you again!" "I am glad you are better," said Dick, feeling cold and hard as the nether millstone. It was not Val who had changed, but himself. Then he went out of the room, feeling mean and miserable, and going downstairs, wrote that letter in which, for the first time, he called his brother by his name. In the midst of this a sudden softening came to him. He put down his pen, and his dry eyes grew moist, and an infinite sweetness stole into his heart. Now he should see her again, speak to her perhaps, be a friend of hers. He finished his letter hastily, but how could he sign it? What name had he but his Christian name? He could not put a false name to her; so he ended his letter hastily, and went out to post it, as he always did, himself. And then another thing happened to him, a new step in his career.

In the little dark passage at the foot of the stairs, he met Richard face to face: they had scarcely met before, but they could not pass each other now that they knew each other, and each knew that the other knew. It was a strange meeting to

be the first between a father and son, but yet there was a kind of advantage in their getting it over, which Richard was quick to perceive. In his heart he was little less embarrassed than his son was; but he was a man of the world, and knew how to behave in an emergency with that ease of speech which looks half miraculous to the inexperienced. He held out his hand to his son at first without saying anything, and poor Dick felt in spite of himself the strangest thrill of unexpected feeling when he put out with hesitation his hard workman's hand into that white and soft yet vigorous clasp. Then Richard spoke:

"My father has told you what we are to each other," he said. "My boy, I do not blame your mother, but it is not my fault that I see you now for the first time. But I know you a little—through Val, your brother: who found you by instinct, I suppose, after we had all searched for you in vain."

Dick countenance was all aglow with the conflict of feeling in him; his voice laboured in his throat with words that would not come. The contrast between his own difficulty of speech and the ease of the other unmanned him altogether. "I—I have known—him—a long time," was all he could stammer forth.

"Thank heaven for that!" said Richard, with a gleam of real pleasure; and with another pressure of his hand he let his new son go. Dick went out to post his letter strangely excited but subdued. What it was to be a gentleman, he thought! and this was his father, *his* father! A new pride unknown to him before came into existence within him, a glimmer which lighted up that dim landscape. After all, the new world, though it was so strangely mysterious and uncertain, was it not more splendid, more beautiful to the imagination, than the old world could ever have been?

Val made slow but sure progress towards recovery, and the family lived a strange life in attendance upon him, occupying Dick's little parlour all day, and returning to the hotel for the night. The intercourse between them was of a peculiar character. Dick, watching intently, jealous for his mother, soon perceived that she was of much more importance to the others than he thought possible, and had his fears appeased. He watched her almost as if she had been his young sister, and Richard Ross her lover, eager to note if they met, and when and how ; but, as it happened, they scarcely met at all, she keeping to the sick-room above, he to the parlour below. As for Dick himself he became Val's slave, lifting him when he was first moved, helping him continually, indispensable to his invalid existence. He called for "Brown" when he woke in the morning, and ordered him about with an affectionate imperiousness which was at once provoking and delightful to Dick. But Val was much more mysterious in the looks with which he regarded Brown's mother. He did not talk to her much, but watched her movements about the room with a half-reverential admiration. "She will wear herself out. She is too good to me ; you ought to make her go and rest," he said to Dick ; but he was uneasy when she left him, and impatient of any other nursing. He half-frightened half-shocked Lady Eskside by his admiration of her. "How handsome she is, grandmama !" he whispered in the old lady's ear. "How she carries herself ! Where could Brown's mother get such a way of walking ? I think she must have been a princess." "Hush, my darling, hush !" said my lady. "Nonsense ! I am all right ; I don't mean to hush any more," said Val. "I think she is handsomer than any one I ever saw." This Lady Eskside put up with, magnanimously making up her mind that nature

spoke in the boy's foolish words ; but it was hard upon her when her old lord began to blow trumpets in honour of Dick, who took walks with him when he could be spared from Valentine, and whom in his enthusiasm he would almost compare advantageously with Val ! It was true, that it was she herself who had first pressed Dick's claims upon him ; but with Val just getting better, and doubly dear from that fact, who could venture to compare him with any one ? She liked Dick — but Lord Eskside was "just infatuated" about him, my lady thought. "He reminds me of my father," said the old lord. Now this father was the tenth lord—him of the dark locks, by means of whom she had always attempted to account for Valentine's brown curls, and whose portrait her son Richard disrespectfully called a Raeburn. She gave a little gulp of self-control when she heard these words. "Make no comparisons," she cried, "or you'll make me like the new boy less, because I love the old one more. To me there will never be any one in the world like my Val." Lord Eskside shrugged his old shoulders, and went out for another walk with Dick.

At last the day arrived when Valentine was pronounced well enough to have the great disclosure made to him. For two or three days in succession he had been brought down-stairs and had enjoyed the sight of the old world he knew so well, the river and the trees seen from the window, and the change, with all the delight of convalescence. And wonderfully sweet, and imperious, and seductive he was to them all, in that moment while still he did not know, holding his *levée* like a sovereign, not enduring any absence. On that important morning when the secret was to be disclosed to him, he noted with his usual imperious friendliness the absence of "Brown's mother" from the

group that gathered round him, and sent Dick off for her at once. "Unless she is resting she must come. Ask her to come; why should she be left out?" said Val, in his ignorance; which made the others look at each other with wondering eyes. She came in at Dick's call, and seated herself behind backs. She had put off her nursing dress, and wore the black gown and white net kerchief on her fine head, which added so much to the impressive character of her beauty. Amid all these well-born people there was no face in itself so striking and noble. The Rosses were all quite ordinary, except Val, who had taken his dark beauty from her. She, poor ignorant creature, made up of impulses, without a shadow of wisdom or even good sense about her, looked like a dethroned queen among them: which shows, after all, how little looks matter—an argument which would be very powerful if it were not so utterly vain.

"Val," said Lord Eakside, who was the spokesman, as became his position, "I hope you are getting back your strength fast. The doctor tells us we may now make a disclosure to you which is very important. I do not know how you will take it, my boy; but it is so great, and of so much consequence, that I cannot keep it from you longer. Val——"

"Is it something about Violet?" said Valentine, the little colour there was paling out of his face.

"About—whom?"

"About Violet," he repeated, with a stronger voice. "Listen, sir; let me speak first;" and with the sudden flush of delicate yet deep colour which showed his weakness, Val raised his head from the sofa, and swung his feeble limbs, which looked so preternaturally long, to the ground. "I have not said anything about her while I have been ill, but it is not because I forgot. Grandfather, Violet and I made up our

minds to marry each other before that confounded election. If her father did write that letter, it's not her fault; and I can't go on, sir, now I've come to myself, not another day, without letting you know that nothing, nothing in the world can make me change to Vi!"

There was a pause of astonishment so great that no one knew what to say: this sudden introduction of a subject altogether new and unsuspected bewildered the others, whose minds were all intent on one thing. Val was as one-idea'd as they were; but his idea was not their idea; and the shock of this encounter jarred upon them, so curiously sudden and out of place it seemed. Lady Eakside, who sat close by him, and to whom this was no revelation, was more jarred even than the rest. She put her fine old ivory hand on his arm, with an impatient grasp. "This is not the question—this is not the question," she said.

Val looked round upon them all, and saw something in their looks which startled him too. He put back his legs upon the sofa, and the flush gradually went off his cheek. "Well," he said, "well; whatever it is I am ready to know it—so long as I make sure that you've heard me first."

"Valentine," said his father, "at your age some such piece of foolishness always comes first; but this time you have got to see the obverse of the medal—the other end of all this enthusiasm. It is my story, not your own, that you have to think of. Kind friends of course have told you——"

"Richard," said Lord Eakside, "this is not the way to enter upon a subject so important. Let me speak. He knows my way best."

Richard turned away with a short laugh—not of amusement indeed, but full of that irritated sense of incongruity which gives to anger a kind of fierce amusement of its own. Lord Eakside cleared his throat—he

preferred to have the matter in his own hands.

"Friends have told you little," he said; "but an enemy, Val, the enemy whose daughter you have just told us you want to marry—but that's neither here nor there—let you know the story. Your father there, Richard Ross, my son, married when he was young and foolish like you. It was not an equal marriage, and the—lady—took some false notion into her head, I know not what, and left him—taking her two babies with her, as you have heard. These two babies," said the old lord, once more clearing his throat, "were your brother and you—so much as this you know."

Here he stopped to take breath; he was gradually growing excited and breathless in spite of himself.

"We could not find you, though we did our best. We spared no trouble either before you were brought home or after. Now, my boy, think a little. It is a very strange position. You have a brother somewhere in the world—the same flesh and blood, but not like you; a mother——" He instinctively glanced at the woman who sat behind backs, like a marble statue, immovable. The crisis became too painful to them all. There was a stir of excitement when Lord Eskside came to this pause. His wife put her hand on his, grasping it almost angrily in the heat of suspense. Richard Ross began to pace about the room with restless passion.

"Go on, oh, go on!" cried my lady, with a querulous quiver in her voice. I am not sure that the old lord, though so much excited himself, had not a certain pleasure in thus holding them all hanging on his breath.

"In good time—in good time," he said. "Valentine, it may be a shock to you to find out these relations; it cannot be but a great surprise.

You are not prepared for it—your mind is full of other things——"

"For God's sake, sir," cried Richard, "do not drive us all mad! Valentine, make up your mind for what you have to hear. Your mother is found——"

"And your brother," cried Lady Eskside, rushing in unconsciously as the excitement grew to a crisis. "Your brother, too! Oh, my boy, bear up!"

Dick had been standing by, listening with I know not what fire in his heart: he could bear it no longer. The shock and suspense, which were as great to him as to Valentine, had not been broken in his case by any precautions; and it hurt his pride bitterly on his mother's account as well as his own, that the knowledge of them should be supposed such a terrible blow to Val. He stepped forth into the middle of the room (his own room, in which they made so little of him), his honest face glowing, his fair, good-humoured brows bent, almost for the first time in his life,—

"Look here," he said, hoarsely; "there is more than him to be thought of. If it's hard upon him, he's a man, and he'll bear it like a man. Mr. Ross, look here. I'm Dick Brown, sir, your humble servant; I'm the lad you made a man of, from the time we were boys till now. You've done for me as the Bible says one brother should do for another," said Dick, the tears suddenly starting into his eyes, and softening his voice, "without knowing; and now they say we're brothers in earnest. Perhaps you'll think it's poor news; as for me, I don't mind which it is—your brother or your servant," said Dick, his eyes shining, holding out both his hands; "one way or other, I couldn't think more of you than I do now."

Valentine had been lying motionless on his sofa looking from one

to another with large and wondering eyes. It is needless to say that amid so many different narrators he had already divined, even before Dick spoke, the solution of this mystery; and it had given him sufficient shock to drive the blood back wildly to his heart. But he had time to *prendre son parti*, and he was too much of a man not to bear it like a man, as Dick said. When his new brother held out his hands, a sudden suffusion of colour came to Val's face, and a smile almost of infantile sweetness and weakness. He took Dick's hands and pulled himself up by them, grasping them with an eager pressure; then changing, in his weakness, took Dick's arm, upon which he leant so heavily that the young man's whole heart was moved. Familiar tenderness, old brotherhood, and that depth of absolute trust which no untried affection can possess, were all involved in the heavy pressure with which Val leant on Dick's arm; but he did not say anything to him. His eyes went past Dick to the other side of the room, whither he walked feebly leaning on his brother's arm. When they came in front of their mother the two young men stopped. With her old abstracted gaze modified by an indescribable mixture of terror and longing, she turned to them, pushing back her chair unconsciously, almost retreating as they approached. Val could not speak all at once. He looked at her eagerly, tenderly. "Is it true?" he said; "are you my—mother?" The words were spoken slowly one by one, and seemed to tingle through the air *staccato*, like notes of music. All the others turned towards this central scene. Lady Eskside sat leaning forward in her chair, crying to herself, her streaming eyes fixed upon them. The old lord walked to the window, and, turning his

back, looked out fiercely from under his shaggy eyebrows. Dick, supporting his brother on his arm, stood very erect and firm, while Val wavered and swayed about in his weakness. One great tear ran slowly down Dick's cheek. They were all spectators of what was about to happen between these two.

The mother stood out as long as she could, holding herself back, labouring to restrain herself. Then all at once her powers failed her. She started to her feet with a great cry, and throwing her arms round them both, pressed them together in a passionate embrace, kissing first one and then the other, wildly. "My two lads!" she cried; "my two babies! my children—my own children! Only for once,—only for this one time!"

"Mother!" cried Val, faintly, dropping on the floor in his weakness, and drawing her into her seat. And there he lay for another moment, his head upon her breast, his arms round her. Her face was like the face of a saint in ecstasy. She pressed his dark curls against her bosom and kissed them, lifting the heavy locks up one by one—her eyes brimming with great tears which did not fall—saying again and again, under her breath, "For once—only for this once!" while Dick stood over them, sobbing, guarding them, as it seemed, from all other contact. I do not know how many seconds of vulgar time this lasted. It was, and it was over. Suddenly she raised Valentine from her lap, and loosened his arms. "Dick, put him back upon the sofa; he's overdone," she said, putting him into his brother's charge: and then with a longing look after the two, she turned suddenly, subdued and still, to Richard who had been looking on like the rest—"now I am ready," she said very low. "I'll go where you please. There is one for you and one for me.

I will never go back on my word to do you a wrong. It's good of you to let me kiss my lad once, only once. And now I'll trouble him and you no more."

"Myra," said Richard, coming forward to her. She had risen up, and stood like a stately wild creature, ready for flight. He took her hand in spite of her resistance, and I cannot describe the strange emotion, sympathy, almost tenderness, and hot provocation in Richard's face. He was more touched at heart than he had been for years, and he was more angry and provoked at the same time. "Myra," he said, "can you think of nothing but your children? Have you forgotten that you are my wife, and that I have some claim upon you too?"

She stood silent, holding back: then lifting her eyes looked at him pathetically. I think a faint sense of duty had begun to dawn in her mind; and her look was pathetic, because she knew of no response to make to him. She had no desire to humiliate her husband by her indifference—such a thought was far beyond her; but there was no reply to him in her mind. Perhaps he perceived this, and made a sudden effort to save his pride by appearing to ignore her silence. He drew her hand suddenly and impatiently within his arm, and led her forward to his mother's side. — "Myra," he said quickly, "it is of the first importance for your children—for Val and Dick whom you love—and especially for Val, the eldest, that you should remain 'with us, and go away no more."

Lady Eskside rose to receive her; they had met by Val's bedside many times before, but the old lady had

feared to say anything to alarm the worn-out watcher. She rose now, looking at her with wistful anxiety, holding out her hands. My lady's eyes were still full of tears, and her fair old face tremulous with emotion and sympathy. She took into her own the wanderer's reluctant hands—"Oh," she said anxiously, "listen to what Richard says to you, my dear! You will get to know us by-and-by, and find out that we are your friends—my old lord and me; but your boys you love with all your heart already. Myra, listen! It is of the greatest importance to your children that you should stay with us and never leave us more—and, above all, for the eldest—above all, my dear, for Val."

She gave one half-frightened glance round as if to see whether there was any escape for her. Then she said very low—"I will do whatever you please—but it is Dick who is the eldest, not Val."

"What!" they all cried, pressing round her—all but Val, who lay still on the sofa, and Dick, who stood over him; the two young men did not even notice what was going on. But Lord Eskside came from the window in one stride, and Richard grasped her arm in sudden terror: "What is that—what is that she says?" cried the old lord.

"God bless my lads!" she said, gaining possession of herself, looking at the two with a smile on her face. She was calm, as utter ignorance, utter foolishness could be; then she added, with a soft sigh, of something that looked like happiness in her ignorant composure—"But it is Dick who is the eldest, and not Val."

THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

"To me, Biography, while one of the most fascinating, has always appeared one of the most difficult branches of literature," are the words with which Mr. Martin begins the serious and important work on which he has been for some time engaged, and the first instalment of which he has just given to the world. Both of these opinions will be endorsed by the great majority of his readers. The art of Biography possesses all the higher attractions of the art of fiction, with that inestimable advantage of fact and reality which add a charm to every picture. It requires not only labour and patient investigation, but a power of insight at once poetic and philosophical, a faculty of generalisation, and of appreciating the minutest detail, which seldom go together. "To present a faithful picture," Mr. Martin adds, in the admirable preface which he has addressed to the Queen, "of even the simplest life and character, moving in scenes with which we are ourselves familiar, working in channels in which we have ourselves worked, demands rare qualities of imaginative sympathy and perception. A life of action which has swayed great movements, or stamped its impress on great events, may be presented in strong outlines, and under such forcible contrasts of light and shade as will stimulate the imagination, and make the hero or the statesman a vivid reality for the reader. But where the inner life has to be portrayed, a subtler touch is demanded. We are a mystery to ourselves; how much more then must we be a mystery

to a stranger! There is infinite sacredness in all noble lives, such as alone merit the consecration of biography. Before it, those will bow with the greatest reverence to whom these lives are most intimately known. . . . How grave, then, must be his responsibility who ventures to draw for the world a portrait of one of its heroes, which shall be at once warmly sympathetic and austere just!" This is the important and difficult task begun in this volume; and we do not doubt the public will feel its full delicacy, and appreciate the success Mr. Martin has achieved. Literature has lately abounded in the lives of statesmen—not always so well executed, or so conscientiously, almost devoutly, conceived: but no statesman even—hard as it may be to trace the thread of that more lowly individual existence which interests the world beyond the wisest measures, through the great story of imperial government and legislation—has a life so complex, so difficult to interpret, so public yet so secret, obscured by the very blaze of light in which it is placed, as has a great prince, seated, so to speak, in the very central sun of power and publicity. How little is even the much that is known of such a man as Sir Robert Peel! The great acts he did, the great speeches he made, the great share he had in the records of national and even universal history—how they magnify yet confuse the outlines of the man! To know that he was fond of pictures, fond of a particular school of pictures, the possessor of the *Chapeau de Poil*,

the bestower of that roomful of quaint Dutchmen whom now, thanks to him, we can all go and study when we like, in the National Gallery, is about as much as the general mind can identify of him. We remember distinctly when that great man lay dying, all England listening for his breath, how the few words that found their way into the papers, telling the inability of the doctors to do for him what they might have done for many a meaner man, because of his unusual susceptibility to pain, touched whole masses of people to something like tears, and brought the man infinitely nearer by that one touch of weakness than all his laws and all his labours had done. But such a life as that of the Prince Consort is still more abstract to us than even his. The Queen's husband could not make a visit, could not ride out into the woods, could not plant a bit of ground, or play a piece of music, but we heard of it; but in the midst of all this painful light, who and what was *he*, the real man who naturally retired into himself in face of that blaze of trivial illumination, seeking the privacy of nature which is indispensable to every gentle soul, in a seclusion more absolute than other men? Generally we have little means of answering such a question. So far as ordinary kings and queens are concerned, there arises in the literary world after a generation or two has passed, a lively flutter of superannuated gossip, resuscitation of that which quivered orally in the air during their lifetime, and which old maids of honour, old gentlemen-in-waiting, old royal flunkies of all degrees, have surreptitiously put down for posterity. Without meaning any discredit to these gossiping chronicles, which perhaps, after all, are in most cases the only seemingly authentic news we can get on the

subject, one cannot but feel that, however exalted may be the rank of the gossips, they still talk as their own servants would talk of them, as our servants talk of us, about their royal masters and mistresses, with, no doubt, much of that power of travesty which is rampant in the servants' hall, and which, we all find out now and then, gives the most curious grotesque view of our motives and habits to the little world which is edified thereby. Almost all that we know of the Georges, the most recent sovereigns of Great Britain, has reached us in this way; and, indeed, as literary talent is rare among crowned heads, and as few people seem capable of being brought into close contact with the royal class without having their own heads turned more or less, this, we presume, is about the only means we have, though an unacknowledged and perhaps illegitimate one, of knowing what manner of men and women in general are the kings and queens who rule over us, and set, at least, the fashion of manners and morals, if sometimes they do little more.

In the case of the Prince Consort, however, it is very different. The gossips are not yet free to let loose their flutterings about him and his ways; when they come, it is fortunate that we, or our grandsons, will have the means in our hands of testing these irresponsible narratives—a process which will be of much use generally to the historical student. For, in the mean time, a quite novel and very affecting source of accurate information has opened itself, strangely enough, in freshest, simple outflow of natural love in that most arid of all soils, the Court, which up to this time has been but little identified with family devotion and happiness. How it was that it first entered into the mind of the Queen to take into her confidence those

myriads of her unknown friends who are to all poets and artists their true audience, addressed through whatsoever means, and whom her Majesty possesses in larger numbers than any artist or poet can boast—we do not presume to guess. But now that she has done so, by that touching impulse of love and sorrow which would fain teach the very winds to syllable the excellences and glories of the lost, this revelation of a true, modest, and tender human life, behind all the splendours and publicities of royalty, has established for the biographer of the Prince Consort a standard of authority and voucher of authenticity which is beyond all cavilling. It is possible to imagine that this great advantage might, had the life itself been less excellent, have had its disadvantages—and that the close presence of one to whom the minutest details were precious, and the jealous watch of affection which would, no doubt, be kept over everything that might detract from the absolute perfection of the subject of the biography, would form as great a danger on one hand as the benefit was obvious on the other. The present writer recalls to his memory, with rueful amusement, a case in point. It was once his fate to be engaged upon a work similar to that of Mr. Martin, though his hero was of much less exalted rank; and he had arrived at a critical point in his memoir—a time at which the subject of his biography had given forth to the world a production highly esteemed by one party of friends, deeply deplored by another. The production in question itself, and the opinions of both sides, had been set down by the writer in perfect simplicity of good faith; when—his seclusion was broken in upon by the arrival, in hot haste, of a near relative of his hero, passionately desirous to procure the deletion altogether of the

disputed document and all the circumstances attending it. We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed—the arguments, the entreaties, the threats, the prayers. We have said that it was with amusement that we looked back upon this terrible experience; but such was far from being our leading sentiment at the moment, when a mixture of alarm, dismay, impatience, and vexation drove all lighter feelings out of our mind. Mr. Martin has had no such terrors to encounter. There are no gaps to be met with in his narrative. He has been permitted to trace the early initiation of the noble young man whose life he records—nay, may not we rather say of the noble young pair?—into that knowledge of public affairs and that prudence in dealing with them which are not to be acquired in a day, with perfect candour and freedom; and if there is little, almost too little, to reprove in this existence, which seems to have been regulated from its earliest years by the prevailing power of duty, this is not the fault either of the biographer or his sources of information, but simply the sublime failure of that finely poised and rounded nature to afford his critics anything to find fault with. This is made the more clearly apparent to us by the fact that Mr. Martin's book will introduce to the English reader another figure besides those of the royal personages who occupy the foreground—a figure little known to us, but full of humorous individuality—the great Mentor of modern days, Baron Stockmar, whose chief object in life seems to have been to trace out every little flaw that might exist in the spotless coat of his royal pupil, and to find every possible fault in him that could be discovered by minutest investigation; but whose failure in finding material for his animadversions is as apparent as

his strong desire to keep them up. Stockmar, with all the will in the world to find fault, and a delightful pertinacity in lecturing *quand même*, fails, from sheer inability, to find grounds for his criticism; and it is not to be expected that Mr. Martin, whose mission in life is not to lecture princes, should have been more successful. A being so perfect in temper, so self-controlled and disciplined even in thought, so blameless in life, and so wise in judgment as Prince Albert, is a rarer thing in the world than is even the very exceptional position which he held with such high ability and honour; and that is as much as to say that there have not been, so far as we are able to perceive, above two or three capable of a place by his side, through the whole range of history. The world often loves better much less meritorious men. It is slow to perceive the excellence which makes no brag of itself—rather, which obliterates itself to make room for others; but yet the admiration finally extorted from it—generally after long waiting—by such a character, cannot fail to be great and profound. Perhaps the great hindrance in England to the popularity of Prince Albert was the very absence in him of those faults, popularly supposed to be endearing, which princes, like common men, are seldom wanting in. There was nothing for us to pardon in him (except the accident that he was not an Englishman), nothing which we could look down upon with friendly toleration while we looked up to his elevated rank and place, nothing to disturb the fine balance of his qualities. Had he been a little foolish now and then, even perhaps a little wanting in his duties, it would have broken the perfection of outline, and reconciled us to his other superiorities. The public failed to appreciate him, because he was too good for it.

But now when all the frettings of life are over, and when the calm and perfection of things past have rounded that worthy and great existence, we begin at last to be ashamed of our trivial standard and mode of judging; and England, which, when it has become too late to gratify the living, never objects to make up, as far as she can, to the dead for her injustice, had already laid the offering of her compunctions, her tardy homage and veneration, upon the Prince Consort's grave, before even the details of his life were made known to her. These details, however, only widen and increase the impression of a virtue almost abstract in its greatness—justice, and wisdom, and purity scarcely specked by one visible flaw. When even the great Pedagogue-Counsellor is baffled, what can the ordinary critic say? The Prince's moral character is like the marble of the Apollo; it is all so delicately rounded, so finely developed, that there is nothing to lay hold upon; it is the Greek excellence of form and line transferred into the world of morals. He gives us "no handle," to use an expressive metaphor; there is nothing to find fault with, nothing to take exception to; and the public imagination unused to excellence does not know how to receive this, or in what manner it ought to conduct its dealings with the almost perfect man thus unexpectedly thrown upon its hands.

Mr. Martin would himself be the first to acknowledge that the interest of his earlier chapter has been forestalled by that previous narrative of a young sovereign's love and happiness, which startled the world a few years ago by the simplicity and frankness of its self-revelation. No staid biographer, recording even those facts which set the commonest words aglow, could hope to repro-

duce the surprised emotion with which England listened to that tale from the lips of the chief actor in it—a tale which for the moment gave to all of us who are old enough a kind of half-parental relation to the young Princess—ever young in the recollections of that moment—who thus came to us with soft undoubting confidence in our sympathy like a child of our own. The same affectionate family circle which we first became acquainted with in that narrative, reappears again in this; but there are only a few incidents here and there which are new to us. Here is one pretty story, which we have not heard before, of the little Princess Victoria, for whom already, almost in her cradle, the young Prince, her cousin, had been destined, and with whose story his is linked and entwined in childhood as well as in maturer years. She was twelve years old before she was aware of the great fate which awaited her, and this is how the little girl received that astonishing information:—

“The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand as she spoke, gave me that little hand (it is her governess, Baroness Lehzen, who tells the story), saying, ‘I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did. But you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it; but I understand all better now:’ and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, ‘I will be good!’”

This charming momentary glimpse of the royal child, awed and serious in the strange shock of her discovery, is both pretty and affecting; but there is not much that is new about the boy-prince in his humble, cheerier home at Coburg, until he grows to man’s estate, and the one personage who is new to us is introduced in

all his individual notability. To say that he is here first introduced to the English reader is of course a mere figure of speech, for the Correspondence recently published has already done so much, but to a very much smaller circle than that which the present volume will reach. Most people have been in the habit of believing, up to a very recent period, that the wise King Leopold, the far-seeing and much experienced uncle, to whom the Queen and Prince naturally looked up as their chief adviser, was the sole guide, philosopher, and friend of the young pair. But the introduction of Baron Stockmar enlarges the firmament. He had been the friend and counsellor of King Leopold for years before he transferred his care and regard to the interesting young couple in England; and we are almost led to suppose that the King of the Belgians himself owed some of his wisdom and power to this all-influential guide.

It is now evident at least that he was most anxious to secure Stockmar’s services for the nephew whose lot it was to take up the splendid but difficult position on which Leopold himself had once entered, almost as if making an experiment for the benefit of its after-possessor. It was he who placed Prince Albert under the care of Stockmar during the Italian tour which immediately preceded his betrothal, and this, it is evident, with a special view to the young Prince’s training for England. Stockmar had been, before this, introduced into the fullest confidence of the young Queen, and had spent some time in London with her, acting the part, if not of the *Deus ex machina*, at least of that kind of minor Providence which smooths down, arranges, and accommodates everything; the universal referee and manager, now and then to be met with in ordinary life, but whose functions are seldom compatible with

the severity of judgment and undisguised consciousness of leadership, which throw a vein of grave humour into the story of his relations with the royal family. His portrait shows us a shrewd, opinionated, dogmatical, but kindly countenance, more Scotch or French than German, rigid in superior certainty of being always right, and far too honestly convinced of this to yield to either King or Kaiser. Very likely the novel force of this quite unyielding superiority, so unlike the homage which princes usually meet with, told for much in the submissive respect with which all the royal personages connected with him—even the sagacious Leopold—seem to have regarded this remarkable man. His real mental powers cannot be adequately estimated from anything contained in this volume; for his letters are most frequently quite abstract, inculcating a high ideal of duty and moral excellence, but too didactic to disclose more than the curious importance of position which he takes as a matter of course, and which seems to have been equally as a matter of course everywhere accorded to him. His political insight, however, is vouched for by many competent judges; and so is the perfect disinterestedness which must have added so much to his influence. “*C’est un original,*” said Count Felix de Merode, “*mais quel hounête homme !*” “And Lord Palmerston, no friendly critic,” Mr. Martin tells us, “paid him this remarkable testimony: ‘I have come in my life across only one absolutely disinterested man, Stockmar.’” This is very high testimony; and, indeed, disinterestedness is almost essential to the character of the high-toned, unbending, stiff-necked, didactic, but most anxious and fatherly pedagogue, who played to the young Prince the part of such a mentor as history rarely records.

The humorous side of his perpetual lectures and sermons, his unwavering certainty that it is to his own training and advice that his beloved royal pupils owe all their good sense and success, does not seem to have interfered with the respectful love which they bore him, or troubled his own circle even with a momentary inclination to smile. The whole history, however, of this connection, is a most convincing answer to those sceptics who may entertain doubts as to the potency of personal influence. Here was a man without, so far as appears, anything that could be called genius, without position or birth, which tells in Germany even more than among ourselves—a man who might have ended his days as the doctor of a little German town, oracle only in a village circle,—yet into whose hands the current of events which we call by so many different names, threw the very leading-strings, so to speak, of Europe, or of a very important portion of it at least. Stockmar was anxiously critical of his young Telemachus when he first entered upon the charge of him. Here is his opinion of the young man during the first year of their connection:—

“The Prince bears a striking resemblance to his mother. . . . He has the same nobility and readiness of mind, the same intelligence, the same overruling desire and talent for appearing kind and amiable to others, the same tendency to *espèglerie*, and to the treatment of men and things in a droll and consequently often pleasant fashion, the same habit of not dwelling long on a subject. . . . Great exertion is repugnant to him, and his tendency is to spare himself both morally and physically. Full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions, he often fails in giving them effect. His judgment is in many things beyond his years; but hitherto, at least, he shows not the slightest in-

terest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper. He holds, moreover, all foreign journals in abhorrence; and while declaring that the Augsburg 'Allgemeine Zeitung' is the only paper one wants, he does not even read that."

Poor boy! he was but nineteen when he had those "best intentions and noblest resolutions," to which he often "failed to give effect,"—and he would have been a prodigy indeed had it been otherwise. But when we recollect that, not much more than a year later, he was the husband of the Queen of England, occupying perhaps the most difficult position that could have been selected in all Christendom for an inexperienced youth, the Baron's anxious incubation of his youthful character becomes more reasonable.

Here are a few scattered examples of the manner in which this constant care was kept up. Stockmar begins on the very day on which he parted from his Prince after the royal wedding. "Never lose self-possession or patience," he writes, "but, above all, at no time and in no way fail in *princely worth and nobleness*." A short time later he addresses him as follows:—

"I am satisfied with the news you have sent me. Mistakes, misunderstandings, obstructions, which come in vexatious opposition to one's views, are always to be taken for just what they are—namely, natural phenomena of life which represent one of its sides, and that the shady one. In overcoming them with dignity, your mind has to exercise, to train, to enlighten itself; it has to acquire in dealing with them practical intelligence and insight, and your character to gain force, endurance, and the necessary hardness. That for the present I have but little new to add to what, since I have known you more intimately, my heart has felt for you, but have merely to reiterate what I have already said, is a proof that the

estimate I had formed of you was correct. Never to relax in putting your magnanimity to the proof: never to relax in logical separation of what is great and essential from what is trivial and of no moment: never to relax in keeping yourself up to a high standard—in the determination, daily renewed, to be consistent, patient, courageous, and worthy."

And again—

"All those whose minds are warped, or who are destitute of feeling, will be apt to mistake you, and to persuade themselves and the world that you are not the man you are, or, at least, may become; and that people are not only entitled to rate you low, but even to treat you slightly. It is only love and loyalty that are keen-sighted, because they seek the truth. They find excuses only when excuses should be made; they only wait in patient hope for what can be developed by loving fosterage alone, and not even by that, until the time is ripe. Do you, therefore, be on the alert betimes, with your eyes open in every direction, and strive calmly, but surely, to form a just estimate of the minds around you. This done, to the pure in soul lay your heart open, and establish between them and yourself a relation purely reciprocal—love for love, warmth for warmth, truth for truth. Those, on the other hand, who are impure, keep at arm's length, and do this with proper firmness and resolution."

This is surely one of the most remarkable correspondences that ever took place between a prince and his adviser. Stockmar is as distinct and peremptory in his moral counsels, which often sound like commands, as if he were laying down laws for regimen and physical health, a realm in which a physician is permitted to be peremptory even with a monarch. Perhaps this medical absoluteness had something to do with his uncompromising tone of authority. He bids his pupil "never relax" in the high mental discipline he orders, as he would bid his patient recollect the rules and prescriptions

on which his life depended; and surely with admirable reason, strange and unusual as is the spectacle thus presented. The only drawback in it is the doubt that will steal across the mind whether the severity was altogether as wise as it seemed, and whether this tremendous strain upon the Prince's young faculties, thus kept at the fullest tension, might not have helped to sap his strength and weaken his life in later days. Perhaps a little indiscretion then—a little less strain of premature wisdom and self-control, might have been a cheap price to pay for a few more years of so valuable a life. But that is long beyond the reach of a peradventure. Unquestionably, from the moment of his marriage the strain was never relaxed for a single day. If he ever did anything that was less than prudent, neither public history nor private recollection seems to have kept any record of it. And while all interested in him kept him screwed up to this heroic point, his new surroundings and the country of his adoption showed no desire to make his work easier, or to smooth any obstacles out of his way. England, though welcoming him enthusiastically on the whole, took, with the curious spitefulness so common in such public events, a series of small revenges upon him for his happiness, liking, one would almost think, to show him that he was now in her power. His allowance was cut down by being made the subject of a party squabble—and no recognition of his rank as Prince Consort was accorded to him; so that, in all Continental pageants particularly, he remained "the younger son of the Duke of Coburg," ranking after ever so many petty potentates,—a humiliation deeply felt, as was natural, by the indignant and devoted wife, who, out of her own country, could not share her

rank with him. Then the royal household was in the most disorganised condition—a house divided against itself—under the sway, not of two, but half-a-dozen masters—uncomfortable, wasteful, and undisciplined; a state of affairs profoundly repugnant to the high sense of order and beauty, as well as of right and wrong, which was so strongly developed in the Prince's mind. Through these first difficulties, however, he was helped not only by the counsels but by the presence of the indefatigable Stockmar, whom he had urgently entreated to "sacrifice his time to him for the first year of his life in England," and who accordingly resumed for a time that office of personal counsellor which he had exercised at the time of her Majesty's accession, steering his royal pupils through all the troubles of their beginning; explaining, arranging, smoothing everything, from the constitution of the realm—still, of course, practically unknown to the youth whose inexperienced feet had so narrow and thorny a path laid out for them by all its jealous precautions and requirements—down to that of the household, which was as difficult in its smaller way. The story of this setting out in life would be too heavy in its weight of responsibility were it not for the fresh atmosphere of youthful love and purity in which it is placed. The pair were so young and innocent that they faced their high but serious fortunes with the smiling composure of two children, irresistible in their union, and the mutual force it gave them. "He told me, if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for all," the Queen says, with simple youthful frankness; and there cannot be a doubt that his love and support made life to her, with all its great and overwhelming responsibilities, as simply happy as if she had been the young

wife of romance in a rose-covered cottage. Thus, both of them under twenty-one, they set out upon their life.

In the midst of our present national prosperity and calm, it is curious to realise that thirty years ago there could have been so many threatenings and clouds upon the national firmament. The reader who is too young to recollect, or who has forgotten the vicissitudes of these years, will, we can scarcely doubt, feel something of a shock when he meets with so many intimations of public danger and anxiety. Distance, which so often "orbs into a perfect star" the past which was less perfect to our perceptions "when we walked therein," has often in the larger field of history a contrary effect, making apparent the existence of perils we were quite unconscious of; like the mouths of Hell and terrible pitfalls which the morning light revealed to the pilgrim, though he had passed them safely unconscious in the friendly shadow of the night. Perhaps this peaceable present in which we live so quietly, fearing little except that over-peace, wealth, and wellbeing may lull us into over-security, may show—as indeed we are sometimes warned it will—like pitfalls to the eye which surveys it twenty years hence; but certainly, in some points at least, we have outlived dangers which were threatening enough in 1840. It seems half ludicrous, for instance, to think of Chartism now as a real risk for the country, even to those who remember the excitements it caused, and very difficult to realise the possibility of political insurrection on English ground. Yet such things existed. "Attempted risings in Wales"—"seditious occurrences in Birmingham"—"general stagnation of trade"—"discontent among the labouring classes,"—are threatening words

which meet our eyes upon one single page, as we open the book at random. Besides these internal troubles, too, there was more than enough to call for anxiety all around. Ireland was rampant under O'Connell with a force of complaint which indeed continues still, but which tells less powerfully now that we are more aware of its chronic character. France, a peril still more strange to think of, was meditating wrongs and invasions, and threatening from the other side of the Channel. The disastrous Affghan war was going on in India; Canada had revolted not long before, and was just subsiding after that tempest. So there was no tameness of universal peace and prosperity in the empire when the young royal pair set out upon their early career, but clouds everywhere, and storms threatening. It was not according to the constitution of England that they should be able to take any initiative in dispersing these clouds. Theirs was that passive rôle which is often more difficult, and almost always more irksome, than any other. What they had to do, and especially what Prince Albert had to do, was to stand by and prevent hindrance while others acted, rather than to act himself. He took up this part from the beginning, with an understanding of it which was wonderful in so young a man, and heroically taught himself to comprehend, to appreciate, silently and steadfastly to further, the aims of Government, without interfering, without intruding, without any attempt to grasp at power, and, on the other hand, without a vestige of that meaner spirit which would hamper others in acting, because it is not allowed to act itself. This curious and often painful position might very easily be made hateful and insupportable; he made it dignified and noble. By keeping strictly within his part, doing his duty and

no more, restraining personal inclinations, and loyally carrying out the spirit as well as the letter of the law, he made his no-power into a genuine potency of influence, and gained for himself, by never seeking it, a truly royal standing, royal in the best and highest sense of the word—as the constitution of England defines it, but as, perhaps, no monarch has ever so fully understood it before. He gained for the Crown not indeed a vote, but a voice—not the authority which is against our laws, but the opinion which is in full harmony with them, and which makes a wise sovereign the best Privy Councillor of his Ministers. How he did this the reader will learn in Mr. Martin's valuable narrative, in full detail of the men and the measures through whom, and by whom, Prince Albert gained his real place in the world. From the first, the hereditary wisdom and political sagacity of his Coburg blood seem to have inspired him with just perceptions of what that place was. He does not appear ever to have been so dazzled by his elevation as to have forgotten or mistaken its limits,—a wonderful thing to say of a youth little more than twenty. No doubt Prince Albert's foreign breeding, and the perception naturally conveyed by it of all the risks of popular outbreak—risks which scarcely affect the English mind, secure in the centuries of quiet which have been our insular lot—must have often tempted him to interference; but he never did interfere; and no greater testimony could be borne to the innate wisdom—a quality distinct from intellect, and often independent of it—the sound judgment, and prevailing dutifulness, of the young stranger's mind.

The first evidence of this was given by the pains he took to smooth away all obstacles from a necessary change of Ministry, though

it was the tried and favourite counsellor of the Queen and his own partisan, Lord Melbourne, who was to give place to his (apparent) opponent and adversary, Sir Robert Peel—by whose means it was that the Prince's income had been reduced, and his advent in England attended by at least some discouraging circumstances. Mr. Martin refers to an amusing incident, the one little outbreak of girlish self-will and petulance which proved to the world that Queen Victoria, in all her youthful self-possession and seriousness, was only eighteen after all, which the middle-aged reader will recollect. It was very wrong, no doubt, and unconstitutional, to keep a Ministry in office, and nullify a parliamentary revolution because a girlish Majesty refused to part with her bedchamber-women; but the little episode is an agreeable break upon the stately level of history, and affords us the luxury of a smile, for which we may be grateful, without any very terrible alarm as to the unconstitutional character of the event. The Prince, however, took care that no other vagary of the kind should break the solemn gravity of imperial life. Sir Robert Peel succeeded Lord Melbourne with all the decorum which became such a change; and before long the royal pair found in the Tory Government friends as devoted and as congenial as they had found among the more familiar Liberals; and when the moment came for another change, they regretted Sir Robert and Lord Aberdeen as warmly as they had regretted Lord Melbourne—a very pleasant testimony to both parties concerned. Sir Robert, Mr. Martin informs us, was embarrassed at first in his personal intercourse with the prince by the uncomfortable recollection that a party exigency had beguiled him into supporting the curtailment of the Con-

sort's income; but it need not be said that Prince Albert was much too true a gentleman to show the least consciousness of this fact, or to allow it in the smallest degree to influence his reception of the new Minister. That Sir Robert formed the highest opinion of his powers and character is evident; he described him to Lord Kingsdown as "one of the most extraordinary young men he had ever met with;" and, with a promptitude and gracefulness of appreciation peculiar to that great Minister, showed his admiration by immediately casting about for an office which would be at once honourable to the Prince and afford him an opportunity of proving his ability to the world. This was attained by placing him at the head of a Royal Commission for the encouragement of the fine arts, composed of the most distinguished men in England irrespective of party—a position and associates especially agreeable to the Prince. The immediate object of this Commission was the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, then newly built; and its first act was one of a most novel and interesting character, which has not indeed borne very much fruit, but which, we suppose, only a failure in great original talent at the time could have made comparatively without importance in the history of Pictorial Art. The Commission offered prizes for Cartoons on subjects illustrative of English History and Poetry, by means of which it was proposed to select the best artists for the frescoes with which the new legislative palace was to be decorated. The idea of such a competition was worthy of the days when schools of painting were great and important institutions. The drawings were exhibited in Westminster Hall in July 1843, and were visited by crowds of people. We believe, if our memory serves

us, that Mr. Edward Armytage and Mr. G. H. Watts were first brought into note by this exhibition; but it had not the effect of bringing many unknown painters within the knowledge of those whose fiat is fame, as had been hoped—and the frescoes of the Houses of Parliament fell into experienced and well-known hands, no young genius having seized this opportunity to take the world by storm. But the idea belonged to those splendid days when Art found greater scope than it has ever found in England, and but for the failure of nature ought to have produced a splendid result.

This, however, was the beginning of Prince Albert's connection with the Arts in England, which henceforward became one of the specially recognised spheres in which his activity found a certain vent. The same may be said of music (if that can be separated from its sister arts), in which he was himself a proficient. The list of the music performed under his arrangement at the Concerts of Ancient Music, of which he early assumed the guidance, will prove how excellent was his taste, and how noiselessly, in this quite unobtrusive and unremarked way, his mind has affected the mind of England; for no one can entertain any doubt as to the striking improvement in this particular in the public appreciation during the last thirty years. The wonderful crowds which we see flocking to almost every good performance of classic music is an unmistakable symptom of this difference, brought about quite silently, without any demonstration, and penetrating even, heaven be praised, into drawing-rooms where once every school-girl was considered at liberty to torture the ears and the feelings of her mother's guests; but where it begins now to be recognised as a rule that those should sing or play who can, and that those who

cannot should display the gift of silence, a much more edifying accomplishment. There is a touching little story told in this volume of the place which music held in the Prince's own life—an anecdote full of suggestion, which tells much, simply by what it does not tell, of that hidden thread of melancholy which runs through almost all great lives, and of the wistful weariness to which music more than anything else often gives relief and expression. The narrator is Lady Lytton.

"Last evening such a sunset ! I was sitting gazing at it when, from an open window below this floor, began suddenly to sound the Prince's organ expressively played by his masterly hand. Such a modulation ! Minor, and solemn, and ever-changing, and never-ceasing. From a piano like Jenny Lind's holding-note up to the fullest swell, and still the same fine vein of melancholy. And it came on so exactly as an accompaniment to the sunset. How strange it is ! He must have been playing just while the Queen was finishing her toilet, and then he went to cut jokes and eat dinner, and nobody but the organ knows what is in him, except, indeed, by the look of his eyes sometimes."

The reader will find in this little subtle touch upon the unseen something which perhaps may go nearer his heart than a more important record. Those notes with their long-drawn sweetness, did they breathe forth into the summer air something which words were never suffered to tell nor actions show—the noble weariness of strength restrained, and all those generous longings and impatiences which duty, sternly sweet, subdued, but not without cost ? Who does not know that "look in the eyes," which tells how even the most beloved and best understood have now and then a moment of escape from us—of wistful solitude which none may share ?

Music gives, above every other art, except perhaps poetry, those wings of a dove for which even in the height of happiness, by moments, we all long and sigh.

As the years went on, the position assumed by the Prince became more and more important, and his weight of character gradually made itself felt and acknowledged. "I endeavour quietly to be of as much use to Victoria in her position as I can," he says modestly. It seems, after a while, to have been his habit to express his opinions, particularly upon foreign politics, to the Ministers with all the force of an independent and unbiassed observer, behind the scenes in every respect, yet quite untouched by personal interest, as he was. Many of the "memoranda" thus prepared are admirably clear, lucid, and wise. Here is, for instance, a letter addressed to Lord John Russell on the subject of Italy, then beginning to stir in the movement which has ended in her complete establishment as a nation—which defines a position for England in respect to such a struggle for freedom, finer and more imposing than anything our practical politicians seem now likely to hit upon :—

"England has by her own energies, and the fortunate circumstances in which she has been placed, acquired a start in civilisation, liberty, and prosperity over all other countries. Her popular institutions are most developed and perfected, and she has run through a development which the other countries will yet in succession have to pass through. England's mission, duty, and interest is to put herself at the head of the diffusion of civilisation and the attainment of liberty. Let her mode of acting, therefore, be that of fostering and protecting every effort made by a State to advance in that direction, but not of pressing upon any State an advance which is not the result of its own impulse. Civilisation and liberal insti-

tutions must be of organic growth and of national development, if they are to prosper and lead to the happiness of a people. Any stage in that development missed, any jump made in it, is sure to lead to confusion, and to retard that very development which we desire. Institutions not answering the state of society for which they are intended *must work ill*, even if those institutions should be better than the state that society is in. Let England, therefore, be careful in her zeal for progress not to push any nation beyond its own mark, and not to *impose* upon any nation what that nation does not itself *produce*; but let her declare herself the protector and friend of all States engaged in progress, and let them acquire that confidence in England that she will of necessity defend them at her own risk and expense. This will give her the most powerful moral position that any country ever maintained."

The ideal statesman, the king whom patriots have dreamed of, speaks in these words. Whether any practical statesman in these days would have strength and courage enough to risk the perils of this great position, and encourage any self-educating nation to "acquire that confidence in England," is another matter altogether. But it was not in Prince Albert's power to commit the country to any such practical step; and he did the best thing that wisdom can do for the active worker hemmed in on every side by the practical, in thus keeping before him the higher view of our national position—the ideal which, through the lower level of the actual, still keeps up its elevating tendency, and lends a hope of better things even to a tame executive. Mr. Martin infers, though not very clearly, that the sage doctrine thus enforced of encouraging all natural constitutional action, but refraining from all attempts at unnatural or premature stimulation of them, had a practical effect in modifying the mission of Lord Minto,

who was sent to Rome in the troubled crisis of 1847. In a letter to Baron Stockmar, the Prince unfolds the same sentiment still more concisely:—

"I am strongly of opinion that England should declare betimes that it *will not endure* that independent States should be forcibly prevented from setting about such internal reforms as they shall think for their advantage. This appears to me the sound basis for us *vis-à-vis* of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. We are frequently inclined to plunge States into constitutional reforms towards which they have no inclination. This I hold to be quite wrong (*vide* Spain, Portugal, and Greece), although it is Lord Palmerston's hobby; but, on the other hand, I maintain that England's true position is to be the defence and support of States whose independent development is sought to be impeded from without."

It is not yet thirty years since these brave sentiments came from the very steps of the throne, from a thoroughly peace-loving and philosophical mind. What a fire-eater would he be supposed who should venture to suggest now, that England, "at her own risk and expense," should defend any one; or that she "will not endure" anything that one of her neighbours may be pleased to do to another! So time changes, and opinion wheels about, even within the recollection of persons not at all aged. The generation before was of a still bolder mind. Is it the natural process of time, we wonder, which makes the national temper tamer and tamer, and lowers the standard of national friendships as the centuries go on?

As the Prince's mind expanded into mature development, and began to occupy itself with such noble subjects, his correspondence with Baron Stockmar was naturally modified to some extent; but the

position remains curiously unchanged; and even to a man capable of thinking and expressing himself with the weight and power evidenced by the extracts we have just made, the old physician in Coburg still extends a patronising approval, taking credit for his pupil's good sense and enlightened judgment in the most whimsical way. "Bravo!" he writes on one occasion, "that is equity; it betokens sound judgment and right feeling. . . . This is my real reward for my loving and loyal superintending care for you, and for your Queen, as by your acts it gives me the conviction *that I have not merely shown you the right way, but that you are actually walking in it.*" The italics are Baron Stockmar's own. "Present my homage to the Queen," he says again. "She has written me a letter full of just such impressions and emotions as I could wish for her and for yourself." And here is a bit of advice which will show at once how high the adviser's aims were, and how perpetual and unceasing was the "superintending care" with which he watched over his Prince through all the developments of ripening manhood:—

"Nature has endowed you with the sharpness of eye to recognise the working of Nature's laws, their interdependence, and the ends to which they work; and the logical cast of your mind will secure you against the mistake so common to princes, by which they are deluded into the notion that they alone are exempt from the dominating power of these laws. And the influence most congenial to this great gift of yours, and best fitted to develop and strengthen it, will, as I have often told you, be *intimate intercourse with minds of a high order.* Only by the collision of mind with mind, which is not to be arrived at except by contact with men of mark, can you elicit those flashes of light which enable you to recognise new truths at a glance, and

but for which those truths would for many a day, perhaps for ever, remain obscure and consequently unrecognised. In this way your Royal Highness may often, as by an electric shock, gain impressions and glimpses of intelligence which expand the limits of your being, and raise you up to a higher state of culture. And having once more called the attention of my favourite (*mein Liebling*) to the best I know for him, I pass on to the details of the communications made to me. First, let me congratulate the Queen and yourself upon the success of your visit to France and Belgium. It was a perfect success, and therefore will be of advantage to you, as, indeed, cannot but be obvious at a glance. Let us pause to ask why it was a success? Because it was thought well over beforehand; because it was undertaken upon a definite plan; because that plan was *adhered to to the letter.* Let us make a vow to carry out like things in the like way."

When, however, Prince Albert's mental activity takes a form which his counsellor disapproves, he is still more distinct in condemnation than he has been in his advices. In the year 1847, when the air was already full of the shadows of coming revolution, and Europe was preparing for the catastrophes and changes of '48—the Queen and her family passed the autumn in Ardverikie on the shores of Loch Laggan. It was one of their early attempts to find a home in the Highlands, and it does not seem to have been a very successful one—for, alas! the rain rained every day, as it has a way of doing in the beautiful mountain districts of the west of Scotland. "The country is very fine, but the weather most dreadful," the Queen acknowledged, though probably less affected by weather than almost any woman in her dominions. "Whenever we stir out we come home almost frozen, and always wet to the skin," Prince Albert himself says; and the grouse were wild, and the deer "very hard to be got at." These melancholy surroundings nat-

urally stimulated the activity of thought within the royal cottage. Prince Leiningen, the half-brother of the Queen, was one of the party; and the thoughts of the young men, both German princes, and interested above everything else in the welfare of their native country, naturally turned to the internal condition of that beloved but much divided fatherland. The great idea of an united Germany had already taken possession of their minds; and the result of their many conversations on this subject, through the wet days and perpetual Scotch mists of Ardverikie, was a 'Memorandum on German Affairs,' written by Prince Albert, in which the entire question was carefully discussed. We will quote one or two passages only, our space forbidding further licence, which will show the reader how the Prince regarded this important matter. After coming to the conclusion that "the uniting of Germany" has come to be "felt as an essential want by the German people," he goes on to consider how this desirable end is to be brought about.

"The question then is, where are we to look for aid? By what road is this unity to be attained? And by what means, so as to be productive of permanent good?"

"It may be assumed as a general principle in the solution of all political questions, that the organic development of what actually exists offers a better prospect for the achievement of a future really healthy condition, than the construction of a future out of some abstract and therefore arbitrary theory, however closely such theory may approximate to the absolute ideal of perfection.

"The *status quo*, then, in Germany, shows us a multitude of different states, complete in themselves, with their sovereigns, governments, chambers, and international relations, and with their only points of union in the German Diet, as that was established after the dissolution of the Empire, and of

the partial Rhine-Bund as the representative of German nationality and unity. Its fundamental purpose was the individual independence and unfettered vitality of the separate states, combined with the advancement of the welfare of Germany as a nation. At present it is dead; a symbol rather than a reality; disowned as an authority by the individual states, and a by-word with the people for its inactivity and weakness."

After discussing the causes of this weakness, the Prince proceeds to show how the Diet is in reality not only the best, but the only way of preserving German unity; and insists upon the urgent necessity of reconstructing and putting new life into it, some suggestions for which he puts on record. His conclusion is as follows:—

"The question next arises, How to give life to this scheme? My own view is, that the political reformation of Germany lies entirely in the hands of Prussia, and that Prussia has only to will in order to accomplish these results. Prussia, by the legislative measures of the 3d of February, has placed herself at the head of the development of German popular institutions. Prussia has for many years stood at the head of the Zollverein, and on Prussia the political expectations of all Germany are concentrated. If Prussia were really to adopt the plan of reform here chalked out, and to carry it out steadily and fearlessly, she would become the leading and directing power in Germany, while other governments and people would have to follow; and in this way would come to be regarded as one of the most important European powers, seeing that in the European scale she would weigh as Prussia *plus* Germany."

The Prince informed Stockmar of this "Memorandum," as he seems to have informed him of everything he did. "I have gone deeply," he wrote, "with Charles (Prince Leiningen) into German affairs, and worked out a plan for the regeneration of Germany, which I propose laying before the King of Prussia."

No sooner, however, had this news reached Coburg, than the much-trusted counsellor, himself a German, and deeply anxious on this subject, sent forth his condemnation of any such interference, culminating in fire and flame. "While the disposition which prompts your endeavours in this direction has my warmest sympathy, I must nevertheless urge upon you not to carry out your intention," he writes, with a force which looks almost like a command. "The first thing in such a case," he adds, "is to know the subject thoroughly, and master it in all its bearings."

"Here, then, the question arises, Does your Royal Highness possess the requisite knowledge for dealing with the subject thoroughly and to purpose? and also such a standing-point as will enable you to give a practical application to your theoretical views? To speak frankly, I feel bound to answer both these questions in the negative. You left the Fatherland eight years since, and when you were very young. How could you have gained a thorough insight into things as they are, or into the country's present and immediately pressing wants? The bare possibility of such knowledge was denied you, and conversations with Prince Charles could furnish you with only very limited and probably very one-sided results. . . . With this doubt as to your proper qualifications on the score of intimate knowledge of the facts, goes the further apprehension that the standing-point which, as a German Prince, you cannot fail to adopt in considering it, will present the subject to you in a cross light, and thereby lead you to distracted views and conclusions. In dealing with the German question, your Royal Highness can scarcely look at it from any other point of view than that of a German prince; and however acute and accurate your observations of all details may be, still they cannot possibly be seen by you but in the colours of German dynastic interests. And it is just this colouring which makes me believe it impossible your Royal Highness should rightly grasp and appreciate the actual present condition and wants of the German

people; and still less that you are able to frame any practicable scheme which will meet the exigencies of the case."

How does the reader suppose an ordinary young man of eight-and-twenty, conscious of high intellectual power in his own person, would receive such a check from any master, however prized? It seems almost impossible to realise the sweetness of temper and humility of mind which would accept it without a complaint, meet it with modest explanations, and even take steps to withdraw the document objected to. This, however, is what Prince Albert did. Without the least display even of wounded feeling he hastened to tell his critic that the Memorandum had been cast into the modest form of a letter to Bunsen, to be by him forwarded to the King of Prussia; but that on receiving Baron Stockmar's letter of remonstrance, "I sent your objections to Bunsen immediately I received them, and begged him to keep back his courier until I should have an opportunity of discussing the subject with you here: but it was too late; the courier had started that morning." We doubt whether there existed in the world, either then or now, another man of the Prince's age who would have replied in this way. It is perhaps the most extraordinary passage in this book, showing to us two distinct and remarkable human creatures at a point of contact as novel as it is wonderful. Stockmar is fine in his honesty, in his unswerving independence, in the curt and clear objections which he states so frankly; but not so fine as the noble young man, who, with all the self-belief of youth, as well as all the importance of his rank and position, to make him resent this lecture as presumption, bows to it

instead his lofty young head, almost with the respectful submissiveness of a child. We do not know where to find a companion picture to this quite original and striking scene.

Besides this very remarkable juxtaposition of the adviser and the advised, the most eminent Mentor and Telemachus of modern times, which strikes us as one of the most interesting points in the book, the reader will find great interest in the narrative, of a more general character, where it touches upon great political events too recent to have as yet died out of personal recollection. One of these is the crisis of the Corn-Law agitation, the much-discussed conduct of Sir Robert Peel, here set forth in a highly favourable light. The history of the *entente cordiale* between France and England, which the young royal pair were deeply concerned in cementing, and which brought them into close and affectionate intercourse with the family of Louis Philippe, is still more striking. The whole extent of this intercourse, from the happy meeting at the Chateau d'Eu, so naively and pleasantly related in the Queen's Journal, to the correspondence on the subject of the Spanish marriages, with which it may be said to conclude, is dramatic and attractive. The enthusiasm of the first meeting, the affectionate plausibility of the crafty old bourgeois monarch, the friendly, tender court paid to the Queen, in which respect for her elevated position mingles so prettily with the half-parental petting which an amiable old couple can so naturally bestow upon a young wife and mother, forms the opening chapter. Then comes the return visit with its effusive domesticities—all so plausible, so honest, so friendly—until the whole pleasant delusion is suddenly interrupted by the announcement of

the marriage, which, in the teeth of all his promises, pledges, and amiable affectionateness, the wily old plotter had been bringing about behind backs all the time. We fear that in our present calm indifference to foreign proceedings it will scarcely be apparent to many young readers why we should have cared so much at that period about the marriage of the Infanta of Spain with the Duc de Montpensier; but the deliberate cruelty and secret ambition of the plot altogether, cannot but shock any one who enters into the darker shades of the story. A more tremendous example of the cunning which is so often mistaken for wisdom, and which almost always outwits and overreaches itself, it would be hard to find. The explanatory letter of the royal old traitor on the other side of the channel—cunningly transmitted through the Queen of the Belgians, for whom Queen Victoria was known to entertain a warm affection, and who seems to have been worthy of all love—is of itself a most curious study. He is said to have spent several days and nights over it, in his anxiety to preserve the *entente cordiale*, and that private friendship which strengthened, or seemed to strengthen it; and it is a very striking example of the literature of apology. These laborious and prolonged explanations prove nothing, indeed, except the incontrovertible wisdom of the proverb, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse;" but they show the unity of human nature under the most extraordinary diversity of circumstances, and how much an accused monarch put upon his defence resembles the indignant scullery-maid, whom nobody ever suspected before, and whose outraged innocence is so wroth at suspicion. "Je n'ai jamais trompé personne," says, with a similar whimper of indignation, the citizen-king; nor

does he omit that touch of pathos with which we are equally well acquainted. This accusation, he moans, is one of the "plus pénibles chagrins que j'ai éprouvés, et Dieu sait que je n'en ai pas manqué dans le cours de ma longue vie!" The "longue vie" itself is made to supplant the impression of our brutality and injustice. The Queen's reply is of a very different order of eloquence. It is as terse and full of force as the other is detailed and diffuse, and is very dignified in its grave indignation and pained yet self-restraining incredulity. The two letters are a fine contrast, all the more agreeable since the superiority is so entirely on our own side.

The volume ends with the gathering of that storm of rapid retribution which was not long of following this disgraceful act; and we leave the Prince in the midst of this storm, somewhat awed by the occurrences which are hurrying one after another, seeing the shipwrecked princes arrive, as it were, one by one, in every kind of pinnacle and unstable raft improvised for the occasion. A certain surprised gratitude and happiness in the steadfast security of this sound *terra firma* of England, which remained unshaken and unshakeable through all these convulsions, is apparent, with just a slight tremor in it as of danger escaped, in the Prince's letters of this period. He was not, all his courage and calm of mind notwithstanding, to the manner born, like the Queen, who, though she had just passed through one of the ordeals of a woman's life, writes to her uncle, "I never was calmer and quieter, or less nervous. Great events make me calm; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves." With these words the volume closes, a certain dramatic force in the situation hovering, no doubt, conspired in Mr. Mar-

tin's mind, with circumstances of space and labour, to arrest the narrative just at that interesting point. "The time had come to put to the proof the results of the severe discipline under which he (the Prince) had trained himself since 1839," his biographer tells us; and we cannot doubt that the curtain will rise upon a scene of nobler activity still, and the ever-increasing influence which Prince Albert seems to have gained, in spite of all jealousies, the more he was truly known. That the public and the country will fully appreciate this instalment of Mr. Martin's work, we cannot suppose to be for a moment doubtful. But those who understand the difficulties of the task, which are so many and great, and who know how hard it is to deal impartially with events so recent, and how nearly impossible to preserve in the features of a portrait the high ideal soul which life exhibits naturally in every changing glance and variety of expression, will give a still higher approbation to the result of his labours. All the interest attaching to the Prince's name, and all the sympathy, naturally still warmer and deeper, which surrounds, in England, the movements of the Sovereign still living, and long to live, according to all human probability, among us, only makes the work more difficult. Mr. Martin has steered himself with great skill through the dangers of his undertaking; he has resisted all those temptations to flattery and adulation which would have been so strong to an inferior mind; he has written what is really contemporary history, without a word which can wound or irritate—a very great achievement; and his book cannot fail to increase the admiration and reverence of the nation for the great and dutiful soul who lived a life, obscured by its very greatness, in the midst of us, and who only now can be fully known.

THE GREAT PROBLEM: CAN IT BE SOLVED?

DEANE HOUSE, Dec. 19, 1874.

[MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—I commit to your care what in all human probability will be my last effort in literature; and I do so, not only because to the care of your father more than half a century ago I committed my first essay, but because throughout that extended interval there has subsisted between your house and myself the most entire confidence and friendship. And I ask you to find space for my views, in order that they may obtain a wider and more attentive consideration than I might perhaps be able to command for them, were they put forth under different auspices. You will see, and so will your readers, that I write exclusively for those in whom, unfortunately for themselves, the principle of faith has been shaken. Happy are they who, with the simplicity of childhood, believe, and are at peace in believing, just as their mothers taught them. These stand in no need of argument to confirm an assurance which is already strong. It is not so with their less favoured neighbors; and to them, therefore, the reasoning elaborated in these papers is addressed.

If one wavering mind shall be made steady by the perusal of them, or one anxious spirit taught where to look for rest, then will the purpose for which these pages were written be fully accomplished.

G. R. GLEIG,

Chaplain-General.]

It would be idle to shut our eyes to the fact, that in all the countries of Europe, and nowhere more strikingly so than in our own, a change has passed, or is passing, over the minds of the educated classes, especially among the young, on the most important of all subjects. Old religious beliefs appear to be losing their hold on men's convictions, and nothing is brought forward to supply their place which seems capable of filling the void left thereby in the human heart. This is owing, no doubt, in part, at least, to the misuse that has been made of the discoveries of modern science. We find that the crust of the earth is older by countless ages than the assumed date of the Mosaic cosmogony; we discover traces of the existence of man long anterior to the period which chronology has fixed for the creation of Adam; we have satisfied ourselves that Nature works by laws which are regular, uniform, and immutable;—and we ask—some of us

in fear and trembling, others with a presumption which is perhaps as much affected as real—"What confidence can any longer be placed in the story which the Old Testament tells?" Nor is the simpler narrative of the New Testament, interwoven though it be with the most perfect moral system the world has ever seen, left unchallenged. Christ is indeed accepted by modern rationalists as a real personage. His identity is no longer disputed. But we seem anxious to bring Him down to the level of a highly-gifted man, whose claim to be considered, in any sense of the term, the Son of God, must be treated as the merest delusion. So be it. The cause of truth, or of what we are still old-fashioned enough to regard as truth, gains a good deal even from this meagre admission. If Christ really lived and taught as the New Testament represents Him to have done, there must be something in the Old Testament story which is not altogether

fabulous. For He undoubtedly connects Himself and his fortunes very intimately with the leading incidents therein recorded; and we but stultify ourselves if we speak of Him as at once the most perfect moralist that ever lived, and as one who founded His whole ethical system upon a lie.

It is not, however, to the misuse of the discoveries which have been made by modern science that we are disposed to attribute exclusively the hesitating temper into which, on religious questions, modern society has fallen. The misfortune—for a terrible misfortune it is—may be traced back quite as much to the dogged obstinacy of worn-out orthodoxy as to other causes. If our religious teachers insist still upon our accepting as literally true everything that is written in the Old Testament—if they will not allow us to apply to what is called sacred history, the same canon of criticism which we apply freely to profane history—and, above all, if, having invented a theological system of their own, and pronounced it to be from God, they cut us off from the pale of Christianity unless we cordially accept and unfeignedly believe it all, then is their dogmatism at least as much responsible for the state of uneasiness into which thoughtful persons are falling, as are either the flippant objections of Strauss and the philosophers of his school, or the more dangerous, because far more guarded, infidelity of Renan, his followers and abettors. Nor, to confess the truth, does the position of the believer appear to us to be materially improved by the line of argument, if argument it deserve to be called, which Dr. Farrar has taken up. In his interesting, and in many respects valuable, ‘*Life of Christ*,’ he looks at the magnificent subject of his tale through one medium only. Christ

is to him a hero, whose career he traces, just as he would trace that of Socrates or Alexander, relying absolutely for every statement which he advances upon the authority of the four Evangelists, and making no attempt whatever to explain the nature and main object of Christ’s mission, or to show when and by what means it was accomplished. We look upon this as a great defect in the work, which is the more to be regretted, because, in his preface, Dr. Farrar gives proof that he is perfectly aware of the need of some such introduction to his wondrous story, and of his own competency to supply it. Let us not, however, be ungrateful for what we have got. “Writing as a believer to believers, as a Christian to Christians,” Dr. Farrar has produced a narrative which is read now, and will continue to be read with pleasure and profit in many a Christian household. His style may be somewhat too flowery for his subject—fastidious persons may even say that he has diluted by unnecessarily expanding a tale which can never be made more impressive than as it is told in the pages of the New Testament. But he has done a good work notwithstanding—though it is not altogether suited to meet what is the crying want of the age.

Of ‘*Ecce Homo*’ it is too late in the day to speak either in praise or disparagement. The book has taken its place, and will long retain it, in English literature. And more than this. In spite of the somewhat extravagant eulogiums which it drew from Mr. Gladstone on the one hand, and the carping criticism to which it was subjected by writers of inferior note on the other, it deserves to be regarded as perhaps the most effective tribute that has anywhere been paid to the ethics of Christianity.

No mean achievement this for any author to have accomplished. For though we cannot say with the poet,—

"For forms of faith let senseless bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,"

we accept with reverence the dictum of a far higher authority: "He that doeth the will of My Father, will know of My doctrine whether it be true."

Like 'Ecce Homo,' M. Renan's 'Vie de Jésus' has long passed out of the province of literary criticism. It has made its mark upon public opinion for good or for evil; and with persons capable of separating the wheat from the chaff in argument, scarcely more, we are inclined to think, for evil than for good. Admittedly it is the production of one who professes entire disbelief in revelation, and makes somewhat free with the historical authorities from which he quotes. But its general tone, when its author reasons, is sober, and when he pursues his narrative, it is grave and reverential. M. Renan is no atomic or materialistic philosopher—he is too wise for that. He recognises in creation the handiwork of an intelligent and beneficent creator; and of Jesus, and of the religion which. He founded, he speaks in terms of unqualified respect: "By that (his perfect ethics) he (Jesus) founded as upon a rock the true religion; and if religion be the one thing necessary for humanity, by that act he merited the Divine rank which has been conceded to him. An idea altogether novel—that of a religion based upon purity of heart, and the brotherhood of man, won its way through him into the world—an idea so lofty that the Christian Church, using it well, can have no difficulty in making his purposes

plain, but which in our day only a few spirits seem capable of realising in its simplicity." It is thus that M. Renan speaks of the religion of Christ as it came pure from the hands of its author. Of Christ Himself he says: "His glory does not consist in taking a place apart from history. We render to him honour more true when we show that without him universal history would be incomprehensible."

It appears to us that such admissions as these go a great way towards helping the timid and the wavering out of the difficulties in which they find themselves immersed. Here we have the representatives of three antagonistic schools of thought agreeing in two most important points. The child-like believer, the philosopher who professes neither Christian belief nor its opposite, the open and avowed infidel, equally pronounce primitive Christianity to be the true religion; and all agree that Jesus, by whom it was given to mankind, is the one figure round which universal history gathers. What is there to prevent them from coming to a similar agreement on two other points—*i. e.*, that a religion so perfect must have emanated from God alone, and that its founder stood, and could not but stand, in such relation towards the Creator and Governor of the universe, as no other being ever stood of whom history makes mention? And if they meet here, why should they hesitate to go a little farther and inquire together amicably and in a candid spirit, whether or no the story which the Bible tells be not, after all, in every essential particular, worthy of universal credence?

Impossible, it will be said, because the story of the Bible is stuffed full of miracles and prodigies;

and of miracles and prodigies no philosopher can admit the reality. And if this difficulty could be overcome, there is in the Christian scheme, as Churches and divines expound it, so much that is derogatory to God's honour, and offensive to man's common sense of justice, that no sober-minded and impartial person can look at it except with aversion.

We have already spoken somewhat freely of that worn-out theological system, which revolts not pure theists only, but all thoughtful Christians likewise; and we shall endeavour hereafter to show, that as it is without any solid foundation in the teaching of Holy Scripture, so it need not stand in the way of the sort of inquiry which we venture to recommend, and from which we are sanguine enough to anticipate that good may come. It may be well, however, before entering upon this discussion, to notice very briefly the preliminary objection of all of which we are far from pretending to underrate the importance, though it need not, in our opinion, present an insuperable obstacle, either to inquiry or to the attainment of a sober and just conclusion.

The objections to miracles may be summarised thus: First, universal experience is against them; next, they contradict the well-known and established laws of nature. With respect to the former of these objections, we may observe that its force is rather imaginary than real, for in truth there is no such thing as universal experience. Each man's experience is his own exclusively; he cannot share it with another. The results of your experience, when offered to me, are testimony, and nothing more, and I accept them as such if I have confidence, not in your integrity only, but in your fitness to deal with the subject under consideration. Moreover, if your state-

ments happen to agree with my own experience, I attach additional importance to them; but we may both of us be in error. The Indian prince who pronounced the European traveller to be a liar, because he said that water became at certain seasons solid in his own country, was justified by reference to his own experience. My father died before the electric telegraph came into play, my grandfather before steam was applied to purposes of locomotion. Had the one been told that it was possible to communicate with America in forty seconds, the other that the journey between London and Edinburgh might be accomplished in twelve hours, would not both of them have pronounced their informant to be a mendacious idiot? And am I much more reasonable if I affirm dogmatically, that because no real miracle has ever been performed within my experience, or the experience of any person with whom I am acquainted, therefore no real miracle has ever been performed since the world began?

It would appear, then, that the testimony of experience, though of unquestionable weight, is not absolutely conclusive on any disputed point in history. There may have been, in times past, causes at work which operate no longer, but which when in operation produced incidents which we call miraculous. Undoubtedly, also, no such causes may have existed, and therefore no such effects may have been brought about. But when we find ourselves obliged to balance probabilities or even possibilities, he must be a very inaccurate reasoner indeed who will not admit that the point at issue admits at all events of doubt.

It may be said that reasoning of this sort, however just under ordinary circumstances, becomes mere sophistry when thus applied. This is not an age of ignorance and idle wonder.

*False
weakly!!*

The laws of nature are familiar to all educated men, and we know them to be uniform and inviolable. But the laws of nature are not opposed to the combinations of forces, or to the results of such combinations however wonderful. The electric wire, for example, and the application of steam to locomotion, might not have been anticipated seventy or a hundred years ago. They were, however, just as possible then as they are seen to be now. But who will say as much of the resurrection of a dead man to life, or the blessing of sight bestowed by a word spoken on one born blind? These are effects which no combination of forces could produce. They are interruptions or breaches of the laws of nature, and we are therefore justified in pronouncing them to be impossible.

There seem to us to be two reasons why we should at least hesitate before coming to this conclusion. In the first place, the idea of law or laws necessarily involves the idea of an intelligent lawgiver; and to the intelligent being who gives or makes a law, the power surely belongs of suspending or altering the law, whenever such suspension or alteration shall appear to be desirable. In the next place, when we speak of nature and the laws of nature, we are prone to contemplate only that portion of the universe of which our senses can take cognisance. But the universe does not consist exclusively of visible and tangible objects. There is a world of mind as well as a world of matter; nor can it be doubted that the one is just as much subject to law—that is, to the control of the great lawgiver—as the other. We address ourselves, it will be seen, in this latter proposition, only to those among our readers who accept the former. If there be philosophers in the nineteenth century who really believe

that the universe is nothing more than the result of a fortuitous concourse of atoms, with them we cannot argue. Law without an intelligent lawgiver, is for us just as much an impossibility as it is impossible to take in the idea of creation without a Creator, though we are quite prepared to judge of the character of the Creator by the obvious tendency of the laws by which the universe is governed.

Nobody, we presume, will question the fact, that in the visible world the rule is order—producing, and intended to produce, the greatest possible amount of happiness to sentient beings; the exception to the rule, disorder, leading to an opposite result. This is indeed self-evident, because the multiplication of animal life is a multiplication of aggregate enjoyment, even though, in consequence of the arrangement, species prey upon species, and disease and death come, in one shape or another, to all. For disease comes but rarely, and death once for all; and both, as among the inferior animals they appear never to be anticipated, weigh but as feathers in the scale against the sense of enjoyment that springs from conscious existence. But happiness varies according to the place which creatures made capable of enjoyment and suffering fill in creation. Of the inferior races the vast majority look for nothing, care for nothing, beyond the gratification of their animal instincts. The few which are brought into intimate relationship with man evince the germs of nobler qualities,—of reverence, gratitude, love. But their love, reverence, and gratitude attach them only as individuals to their respective masters; they never rise as a species; they are manifestly incapable of rising above the level on which they stood at the beginning. Their condition is

therefore as perfect as the place allotted to them in creation will allow. They know nothing of moral good or moral evil; they fulfil the end of their existence in following the bent of their instincts.

The case is different with man. He has received from the Creator higher gifts—reason, freedom of will, and that which, in the absence of a more appropriate term, we call the moral sense. His reason, if it were of force enough, at all times and under all circumstances, to control his will, would, we may presume, instruct him where to seek for true happiness; and under its guidance he might discover that there is as much of wisdom as of philanthropy in the golden rule, which bids each of us do to others as he would they should do to him. His moral sense, likewise, were it always healthy, and in full operation, would restrain him from indulging his own wishes, if in so doing he ran the risk, not only of giving pain to his neighbours, but of bringing evil at some future period on himself. But are these things so in fact? Universal history answers in the negative. Man, wherever we find him, follows the dictates of his own volitions, and his volitions are acted upon neither by reason nor by the moral sense, but by the motive, whatever it may be, which presents itself in sufficient strength to his will. Hence the necessity of holding society together by laws of which it is the object to restrain one man from seeking his own gain or gratification at the expense of injury to others. Such laws succeed, though in part only, because they can deal only with overt acts; and appealing to personal fear, the basest of all motives, they are worthless to form the character, to render it generous and noble and true. But this is not all. The inability of human

laws to attain even the imperfect end at which they aim, is proved by the fact that, in all ages and in every condition of society, an authority superior to their own has been called in to sanction and sustain them. Religion is that authority. You cannot go so far back into history, you cannot visit a country so rude, that religion in some shape or another is not appealed to as sanctioning the laws and customs under which its inhabitants live. The laws may be bad, the customs odious, the religion a degrading superstition; yet there they are, all three side by side, just as they have ever been since the elements of society came together. Is not this, to say the least, a very noticeable fact?

Another fact connected with this part of our subject is not less noteworthy. Wherever the religious principle is comparatively pure, and its requirements are universally respected and generally observed, there the tone of society becomes proportionately elevated throughout. Wherever religion is a thing of forms and ceremonies, of times and of places, pressed for State purposes upon the multitude, and by the governing classes discredited and despised, though it may help the magistrate to assert the supremacy of the law, its effect upon the general condition of society is rather to debase than to elevate.

Apply this reasoning to the subject before us. We have seen that the power which governs the material world governs it by laws, of which it is the tendency to produce among sentient beings the greatest amount of happiness of which they are capable. Surely it is not too much to assume that the laws by which the same being governs the world of mind—in other words, creatures endowed with reason as well as sense—must likewise be such as shall bring within their

reach the greatest amount of happiness of which they also are capable. To deny this would be to attribute to the Creator a less measure of benevolence in His dealings with superior, than we predicate of Him in His dealings with inferior, beings. But the happiness of rational beings is advanced, not so much by an adequate supply of their physical wants, as by just such a moral training as, without interfering with the absolute freedom of their will, shall supply them with motives strong enough to create a habitual shrinking from moral evil, and a habitual preference for moral good.

True, it will be said, but in the exercise of right reason, men discover these motives. It may be necessary to restrain the wills of the ignorant and the barbarous by bringing to bear upon them the terrors of superstition. But men enlightened and accustomed to reason on all subjects stand in need of no such restraining influence. Exactly, therefore, as communities become civilised, virtue is cultivated for its own sake, and, for analogous though opposite reasons, vice is generally eschewed. Is this assumption borne out by the facts of history? We think not.

The world was certainly not barbarous nineteen centuries ago. Time and the course of events had raised it far above barbarism. Single families had long grown into tribes; tribes had long expanded into nations; and nations, acted upon by war and commerce, had become great and populous empires. One of these, more powerful than the rest, was supreme over large portions of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa. Wherever the arms of Rome were carried there went with them the civilising influence of Roman literature and Roman arts. In her cities, and especially in her capital, refinement was carried to the extreme of luxury. What

monuments remain to command our admiration of the skill of her architects, sculptors, and painters, and of the painters, sculptors, and architects who had preceded them! Think of the poets, historians, orators, philosophers, who flourished previously to the Christian era! How profound are their speculations in every department of thought, now near their approach to truth in many! Nor must we confine our attention to Rome and to Greece—Rome's instructress in philosophy and letters. Empires great in arms, in literature, and in arts, had risen and fallen in the East, long before Western civilisation came in contact with them. What was the moral condition of them all? St. Paul, whatever may be thought of him in other respects, is a trustworthy evidence in this; and the statements which he advances in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, are more than confirmed by the writings of Juvenal and Persius among the Latins, and of Lucian among the Greeks. How, indeed, could a community be other than rotten to the core where domestic slavery prevailed in its worst form, where the marriage-tie was held in no respect, where the exposure of infants was habitual, and where for the amusement of the multitude men butchered each other in the amphitheatre? Perhaps the world was never more civilised, using that term in its conventional sense, than in the interval between the accession of Augustus and the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. Certainly it was never more steeped in corruption, which extended through all classes, making rulers venal, subjects base, crimes gigantic, punishments ferocious, destroying in individuals the very sense of shame, and outraging all the laws of decency and decorum.

Looking at the matter in this

light, remembering that there was a time when man's intellectual nature had wonderfully expanded itself, while his moral sense was utterly debased, the problem which presents itself for solution is this: whether is it more consistent with our notions of the wisdom and benevolence of the great First Cause to believe that he would look with indifference at the moral ruin of His intelligent creatures, and suffer it to go on; or that, as from time to time He adjusts the laws of the material world so as to bring order out of confusion, so He should apply to an evil which could by no other process be arrested, just such a remedy as He is represented to have applied in the New Testament? For what is the remedy? No violence whatever is offered to that absolute freedom of will which is inseparable from the nature of man; but motives are presented to him of sufficient force to outweigh, by the assurance of greater good in the future, the impulses which direct him to grasp at a present good, indifferent to consequences.

But why insist that in order to attain this end miracles were necessary? We admit that of all the moral teachers whom the world has seen, Jesus is the most perfect. But very much that He taught had been taught before He was born; and the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is inculcated by all religions, the most extravagant as well as the most simple.

We admit that the ethics of Plato, of Aristotle, of Zeno, and of Cicero are admirable. We admit, also, that both among Jews and Gentiles the belief in a future state was by the vulgar generally accepted. But what influence did the ethics of the schools exercise over the moral condition of mankind? and how many among the educated classes entertained any

belief at all in a state of retribution beyond the grave? The spectacle presented to our gaze at the period of Christ's birth is, as we have seen, that of a world sunk in the lowest depths of moral degradation. Religion and philosophy are alike dissociated from ethics; and perfection in literature and the arts seems only to give fresh zest to pursuits which brutalise. What takes place? At the very moment when this deplorable state of things has reached a climax, there appears in one of the most despised provinces of the empire one who gives out that he has been commissioned by God to reveal, not to his own countrymen only, but to every people under the sun, the true nature and will of the Supreme Being, and the duty which they owe to Him and to one another. But his mission goes further than this. What the loftiest intellects that preceded him guessed at, hoped for, and misunderstood, he positively and authoritatively affirms. With him a future life is no subject of speculation; it is a great reality: and in that future life all the inequalities which in the present perplex the wise and offend the good are to be made even. The individual in question sets about his task, the most gigantic that was ever undertaken upon earth, unsustained by any of the advantages which usually enable ambitious men to achieve or even to attempt revolutions. His birth is humble; he is poor—so poor that at times he hath not where to lay his head. His adherents are a little band of persons, scarcely raised, if raised at all, above the condition of peasants. The chief scene of his labours is the obscure district of Galilee, with occasional inroads into Judea, and visits paid at rare intervals into Samaria, and the hamlets and villages that touch

the borders of Tyre and Sidon. There he undertakes, by his own teaching, and with the co-operation of twelve fishermen, to change the whole current of human thought, not alone in his native country, nor yet throughout the Roman empire, but all over the world. The enemies of Christianity themselves admit that he succeeded. For though, so far as regards numbers, the professors of the religion of Christ be still in a marked minority when compared with the professors of some other religions, the influence of Christianity is felt, and felt for good, to the utmost limits of the earth. Is this the work of God, or of man? Could it have been devised, far less carried into effect, through the mere exercise of human ingenuity?

But the marvel does not end here. The author of this new religion, the founder of this new school of thought, is arrested in mid career and put to death. His religion, his philosophy, call it which you will, so far from dying with him, gains fresh vigour from the catastrophe. They who had been his companions in life declare that he is risen from the dead; that they had themselves seen him, conversed with him, handled him; that they were commissioned by him to take up the work of the world's regeneration where he had laid it down; and they take it up and push it forward boldly. They make no secret all the while of the recompense which is in store for themselves and their disciples. In this world they must encounter shame, scorn, alienation from kindred, torture, death. The crowns reserved for them are in that future world, to impress on the minds of all whom they approach a settled faith in the reality of which is the one great end for which they live and labour. That a work of such stupendous magni-

tude, so begun and so pushed forward, should have come to a successful issue, may surely be described as, in itself, a miracle of miracles. We see in it, not civilisation prevailing gradually over barbarism, not wisdom shedding its light by little and little over ignorance, but the ignorance of this world literally and truly giving the law to its wisdom—the mean things of the earth acquiring the mastery over the great. Enthusiasm in a cause which men believe to be right will, no doubt, go a great way towards insuring success. But enthusiasm which is not sustained by something from without more powerful than itself—by military force, for example, or political force, or such moral force as superior social and intellectual station supplies—never carries those who are guided by it beyond very limited triumphs. The founder of Mormonism succeeded in founding one small state or community, which is already falling to pieces. The Agapemore embraced a single family establishment, and never went further. Mohammed, on the other hand, spread his religion far and wide by the sword; and the partial success of the Reformation in Europe was not achieved without war. Of the origin of Buddhism, and other ancient creeds, it is difficult to speak, because history is for them lost in tradition; yet, as far as we are able to trace them to their sources, they one and all secured their first impulse not less from the political influence than from the superior knowledge of their founders. But Christianity, which took its rise from poverty, lowly station, and the comparative absence of all that men usually regard as learning and genius, has in eighteen centuries succeeded in establishing a wondrous influence over the whole world of human thought. If this be the

result of human reason unaided by something higher—it is of human reason acting in direct opposition to the teaching of experience and the common order of things.

All this may be admitted—indeed it is historically true; but why, we shall be asked, insist upon believing the tale of the resurrection? If you speak to us of the immortality of the soul, we can take in and assent to your reasoning. But that soul and body once separated should ever come together again is for obvious reasons impossible. We know that the body which we commit to the earth or to the ocean decomposes, supplying nutriment to herbs and grasses, and through them to other animals, and among the rest to man. We know, also, that the matter of the universe, however frequently it may change its forms, has neither increased nor diminished since the universe began. How can it be alleged, in the face of facts like these, that the atoms of which any special body was composed, can ever be brought together again? You say that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, and with St. Paul you rest upon that fact your belief that all who now live and die—that all who have ever lived and died—that all who may live and die to the end—shall in like manner rise from the dead. But you scarcely do justice to your great authority, whose argument cuts both ways. In one sentence St. Paul affirms positively enough “Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that sleep.” In another he inverts the proposition and says: “If the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen.” This is very like reasoning in a circle, especially when we recollect that the resurrection of Christ, if it took place at all, took place within six-and-thirty hours after death—a space of time scarce-

ly sufficient to admit of the beginning of that decomposition which, in the case of men dying a thousand or even a hundred years ago, has dispersed the atoms of which their bodies were composed to the four winds. Is it not, therefore, more judicious to believe that they who vouched for the resurrection of Christ were themselves mistaken, than to build upon their assertion a doctrine so extravagant as that on which the whole Christian scheme is supposed to hinge?

We admit the difficulty—the enormous difficulty—of the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead. Treated as popular theology treats it, the subject will not bear a moment's grave consideration. But is the doctrine of the immortality of the soul one whit more intelligible? What is that thing which we call the soul? Is there such a thing? Has it, at the present moment, an entity distinct from the body? Can we form any conception of the means by which consciousness of existence could be retained by it, were the link which connects it with the body severed? Constituted as we are, we know, or fancy that we know, how to solve the mystery of our being. We see with our eyes, we hear with our ears, we taste, we touch, we smell. By the exercise of one act of volition we lie down, by the exercise of another we rise up; and we explain all this by saying that the same mind which receives impressions through the organs of sense, directs, by what we call its acts of volition, the body now to labour, now to rest. But what the mind is which receives these impressions, and exercises this power over the body—whether it be really anything distinct from the physical frame, and, if distinct, where it resides?—these are problems which

have never yet been solved, nor, as far as we can see, are ever likely to be solved by the exercise of human reason. And if the difficulty be thus insurmountable of arriving at a clear conception of the mode of the soul's existence now, how much more above our comprehension is the idea of the soul's active existence in a state separate from the body?

In expressing ourselves thus, we are not, be it observed, arguing against either the immateriality or the immortality of the soul. We firmly believe in both; not because we hold the one to be the necessary result of the other, but because the one is made clear to us by our own consciousness, and the other rests upon faith, having its root in sure testimony. But what we do not understand—and we defy the most ingenious of philosophers to explain it to us—is this,—How could the immaterial being which I call my soul exercise any of the powers that are inherent in it, if it were deprived of the organs or tools with which it now works, or of organs or tools of a kindred nature?

Lord Brougham, in his introduction to Paley's *Natural Theology*, has gone as far as man can go to meet this difficulty. He says, and says truly, that mind is just as much the subject of investigation or experiment as matter. He dwells much upon the evidence of consciousness—which identifies the full-grown man with the infant—on the mind's capability of exercising itself in mathematical calculations, in recalling events past, in forecasting the future—on dreams, as affording evidence that the mind never ceases to work, and that it can work just as well without the bodily organs as with them. And from all this he draws the inference that, being immaterial, the

soul is indestructible, and therefore necessarily immortal. But does not Lord Brougham's reasoning rest altogether upon a fallacy? Dreams come to us only in the brief interval which immediately precedes either our falling into deep sleep, or our awakening from it. In sleep, if it be healthy and sound, all consciousness is suspended. Undoubtedly there is suspension of consciousness in a swoon; and the patient who is under the influence of chloroform knows nothing of the preparations that are made for operating upon him, or of the operation till it is performed. As to the power of the mind to exercise itself in mathematical calculations, in recalling events past, and in forecasting the future, is it not entirely dependent on the healthy state of the brain? Puncture one cell in that delicate organ, or let an apoplectic shock fall upon the thinker, and where are his calculations, his memories, or his prognostications? On the other hand, consciousness testifies to the fact, that animal life is not, and cannot be, the mere effect of organisation. I who write these lines in extreme old age am conscious that though every atom of my physical frame has been changed over and over again, I am the same being who, seven decades and a half ago, walked hand in hand with my nurse or my mother, and learned from both to express my wants by articulate sounds. But my consciousness teaches me much more than this. It testifies to the fact that the growth of my mind in vigour and capacity kept pace with the growth of my body; and if I live long enough for my body to become thoroughly crippled, others will see, though I myself be unconscious of it, that my mind "jangles out of tune."

The fact that the mind strength-

ens with the body's strength, and decays with the body's natural decay, admits of no question. Men struck down by fatal accident or acute disease, often retain their faculties to the last; but of all who pass their threescore and ten or fourscore years, how minute is the proportion who fail to fall into a second childhood!

"From 'Marlborough's eyes the tears of
dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a
show."

But this admitted fact supplies no argument against either the immateriality or the immortality of the soul. All that it proves—and this we think it proves to demonstration—is that the immaterial soul can no more without physical organs of some kind exercise the powers that belong to it, and not to the material body, than the watch-maker—in whom the power absolutely dwells—can make a watch if you deprive him of his tools.

Believing all this to be true, we seem to have no other alternative than to believe also that the soul, being immortal, must, on its severance from the material body, either become absorbed in the soul of the universe, and thus lose all consciousness of separate existence, or find itself "clothed upon" by another body, of which the apostle speaks as a "spiritual body." The former was the belief entertained by the most profound thinkers in the various theistic schools of Greek philosophy. We need scarcely add that it is the cardinal article in the creed of Buddhists and Brahmins of the present day. The latter is clearly and distinctly what is taught by Christianity. The former had no influence, and could have none, as a motive of action in human affairs. The latter holds constantly before men's eyes the prospect of a future life, which

shall be to each individual a separate and distinct existence linked to that which now is by the same chain of consciousness which assures the full-grown man that he is identical with the schoolboy. Nor is it any objection to this theory to urge, that such a state as we here imagine would be the result of a new creation. Why should it? Our material bodies have entirely passed from us over and over again since we were born, yet our consciousness of identity has never been broken. Why should death, of which the effect appears to be to achieve in a moment what in life was brought about by degrees, destroy this identity? If "the spiritual body" which we anticipate be not evolved at once, then consciousness is suspended. But consciousness has been repeatedly suspended in us all when we swooned, and when we slept the sleep of health. Why shrink from the contemplation of a more prolonged suspension—if consciousness be again suspended at the hour of death? Sleep, when it is deep and sound, takes no note of time; and when the process of "clothing upon" takes place, the interval between the loss and the recovery of consciousness will seem to each resuscitated soul to have been but momentary.

But it will be said, the resurrection of Christ, as it is set forth in the New Testament, was the resuscitation of the same body which the disciples laid in the grave. It was tangible, for they handled it; it was a human body restored to life, for it ate in their presence. Is this credible?

Why should it be incredible? If the body of Christ risen was visible and tangible, it was so entirely at His own discretion. He is described as appearing and disappearing at pleasure—now in Galilee, now in

Jerusalem. Doors bolted for fear of the Jews can neither exclude nor retain Him. The change, in fact, which at death passes unobserved over the physical condition of others, passed perceptibly over His. "Sown in corruption, His body rose in incorruption; sown in dishonour, it rose in glory; sown a natural body, it rose a spiritual body." And for this there was a reason. The shadowy appearance to the survivors of one known to be dead, may startle and solemnise for the moment. Most of us, indeed, can vouch for the effect of such appearances in our dreams; some of us can even speak of them as visible in our hours of waking, but not healthy, consciousness. What then? The impression, however vivid, soon passes away. We awake, and lo! it was a dream; or we regain our vigour of mind and body, and recognise the delusion. Now, the Christian holds that it was the great purpose of this one exercise of Divine power so to stamp its impression on the minds of those who were subjected to it, that neither time nor tide, nor difficulties nor dangers, should ever

suffice, to weaken, much less to blot it out. The condition of the tomb when visited by Peter and John—the renewed intercourse, by fits and starts, of the risen Lord with His disciples—His submitting the spiritual body to the test of their senses,—all these things were necessary in order to convince them that they were not labouring under any hallucination; but that He Himself, whom they had followed in His humiliation and to the death, was indeed alive again, and become the first-fruits of them that sleep. It appears then, that, accepting the postulate that, for a great moral purpose, the reality of a future state must be brought home to the convictions of mankind, there is not only nothing in the evidence afforded to that fact in the New Testament with which a reasonable man ought to be offended, but that any other mode of bringing the fact home to the conviction of all classes—the high, the low, the educated, the uneducated, the civilised, the savage, the full-grown man and the child alike—it passes the most lively imagination to conceive.

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GIANNETTO—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER VII.

WE were careful, before going, to leave our address in England with the Franciscans, the Matteis, and the Curato of San Jacopo, to whom I sent two or three envelopes directed to myself and stamped; and it was through occasional correspondence with all these that we heard enough of Giannetto and his wife to enable me to carry on the thread of their history.

When Fra Geronimo reached Venice, he established himself in the convent of his order, and set himself to watch.

All Giannetto's old passion for the sea returned when he again beheld it. In all weathers, at all hours, he was out,—now gliding along the silent canals in the smooth, swift gondola—now rowing far out of the town and beyond the wide lagoons, dancing on the waves, and feeling a wild enjoyment in his freedom. He was never still; a sort of burning, overpowering restlessness seemed to possess him, body and soul. He was always singing: when at home, bending over his

little child, he would sing softly and sweetly, till the tears welled into Elvira's eyes; when tossing on the sea, and the wind and waves were high, the passers-by leant forward with rapture, listening to his wild and thrilling tones, then drew back within the shelter of their gondolas with a shudder, at they knew not what.

Nothing seemed to affect his voice. When the violent heat came on, and the other singers at the opera found their voices becoming weak and hoarse, his was the same as ever—there was no variation in its power. After singing the whole night it was clear and strong as at the beginning. His fellow-actors became uneasy and suspicious, though of what they could not define; but involuntarily they drew further and further aloof from him, so that he and Elvira found themselves without friends, and with but few acquaintances, in Venice.

It was a calm sultry evening in July, and Giannetto had been out all through the afternoon. He was

weary and heated, and lay back in his gondola, leaving its guidance (not according to his wont) to the gondolier. As they glided through the streets, the strong smell of the almost stagnant water sickened him. "Hasten!" he said; "an extra *buona-mano* for speed."

The gondolier smiled, and bent more willingly on his long oar. "The Signore is generous," he said. "I was idle, I was not working with a will; but times are bad, and, heaven help us! we have become lazy."

"Times are always bad in Venice," said Giannetto, irritably; "it is always the same story with you all."

The man gave a little patient sigh. The gondola skimmed out of the Grand Canal, and stopped before the steps of a palace on one of the smaller canals. Giannetto paid him, and stepped lightly out.

It was a very old and crumbling, though once fine, building, this Palazzo Lucchetti, in which Giannetto and his family had taken apartments. One large room with hanging balconies looked on to the Grand Canal, but the long facade of the palace was on the smaller street. Beautiful it was in its decay, with its walls of great hewn stones, in which the rusted iron rings for torches yet remained. The posts to which the gondolas were fastened still bore the bright colours of the old family to whom the palace had belonged, and from whom it had taken its name; but the dark water scarcely showed their reflections, the paint was so faded away. Everything spoke of sadness and desolation—of a city whose glory is departed.

Giannetto mounted the broad white steps, passed through the small courtyard—where a few thirsty orange-trees drooped and pined for want of care—up a marble staircase, and into a suite of long

lofty rooms. They were hung with old, faded green silk; but the heavy stucco ceilings, richly gilt and painted, retained somewhat of their original lustre.

Through three of these rooms Giannetto passed, till he reached the furthest, that overhanging the Grand Canal, which was Elvira's favourite apartment.

It was nearly dark, the windows carefully closed with dark-blue blinds, excepting one which had been set wide open, and admitted a stream of almost visible heat.

On the floor in front of this window, and on the balcony without, five or six pigeons, beautiful in their soft opal plumage, were pecking up bits of bread and cake; and among them, with bare feet and shoulders, sat the dark-eyed little child, Felicità. The pigeons were billing and cooing all round her, some venturing even to hop on her tiny feet, causing her to crow with delight.

As Giannetto entered, Elvira came forward from the dark corner where she had been seated, and pointed to the child. "See, Nino," she said (for so she called him)—"look, Nino mine!—is it not pretty? The pigeons of St. Mark love our little child; they come thus every day." Giannetto thought lovingly that she looked as pretty and as pure as the little stainless child; he looked down on her very fondly. "Alas!" she said, pressing her soft hand on his brow, "how it burns! It is too hot; you should not go out in the great heat on days like these."

Giannetto advanced to the little Felicità, and held out his hands. At his approach the pigeons took alarm, and began to fly out of the window. "See," said Giannetto, bitterly, "all good and holy things fly at my approach!"

Elvira hastily snatched up her child and held it towards her hus-

band, smiling. The little one put out her arms, and jumped to be taken.

"Here, Nino," she replied; "there is the best answer. Those foolish pigeons know quite well that a child cannot hurt them; but they have not the same confidence in a man. Sometimes even *persons* as well as pigeons think you rather formidable—just now and then," she added, her voice quivering a little.

"Not you, Elvira? You at least are never afraid of me?"

"No, no; not I. Why should I fear you? You are always good to me—too good by far; but others—I cannot tell why—many others think you much to be dreaded. But here is Manna: she has come to take Felicità to bed; she has not been well to-day. Nino, feel her hands and her little head; they are burning! And one little cheek is so scarlet, the other so pale! All day she has been heavy and sleepy, and, till the pigeons came in, she has scarcely noticed anything."

"Poor little thing!" said Giannetto, kissing the upturned face; "what ails my little one?"

"Ah!" said the nurse, as she lifted and carried the child away, "it must be her teeth. If the Signora would only let me give her some of that medicine I told her of."

"No, no; put her to sleep, Manna, and give her no medicines." The nurse left the room.

Giannetto had thrown himself down on a hard green sofa, and Elvira quietly seated herself on the ground beside him, holding and fondling his hand.

"Nino," she began hesitatingly, "you love little Felicità very much?"

"Of course I love her."

"Nino, you would not like her to go away, and never see or think of you again? It would grieve you, would it not?"

Giannetto started up, and snatched away his hand. "Elvira, cannot

you let me alone? I know well what you mean. When will you cease to plague me on this subject? I have told you again and again that these feelings of which you speak—these natural affections, as you call them—are those only of an educated mind. A peasant like my mother is not thus sentimental."

"But, Nino, you do not know, you cannot tell, what a mother's love is, and always must be. Educated! Why, look at the very animals, how they love their children!"

"Until they are grown up," said Giannetto—"till they are independent of them—and then they throw them off. Believe me, Elvira, your pity is wasted on my mother. I do not wish to see her; she would not care to see me—and—and—I cannot go home."

Elvira sighed. After a little pause she said, gently, "Nino mine, do you not think sometimes that there are duties which should not be left undone, however painful they may be? Nino, she was left a widow very young; she toiled for you, suffered for you, wept for you; and—indeed, indeed, she loves you still."

Giannetto turned round suddenly—"How do you know? What do you mean? Have you heard anything? Answer, Elvira!"

Elvira took a thin, carefully-written letter from her pocket: "See," she said—"my mother has just sent me this; she writes a few lines herself to say that, as it was directed to me, she had opened and read it. But, Nino, Nino, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Giannetto had become as white as a sheet. He had at once recognised the handwriting of the priest of San Jacopo. He snatched the letter from her; it was not long, and a glance reassured him—his secret was safe.

As he sank back, the drops of perspiration stood on his brow. "It

is nothing, nothing, Elvira," he said; "only a sudden pain. Read me the letter." Elvira was not satisfied till she had bathed his forehead with orange-flower water; and she sat fanning him with one hand, while holding the letter in the other. Giannetto acquiesced, willing that she should attribute his sudden agitation to illness.

This secret between himself and his wife was becoming unbearable to him. He lived in a perpetual dread lest Elvira should learn the particulars of his early history; and he felt a sort of conviction that, his secret once revealed, their severance would become inevitable.

"Now, Elvira," he said, "read me the letter. I wonder why he should write to you instead of to me this time?"

"Perhaps," she said, rather timidly—"perhaps some letter of yours has been lost. Indeed, so it must be; for he says they have had no news of you for very long. I will read it." She began—

"SIGNORA,—I feel that, without doubt, you may look upon my presuming to write to you as a great impertinence, and that I have scarcely a right to do so; but the very great interest and solicitude I have always felt for your husband cause me to beg for your indulgence. It is now a long time since I have received any answer to my letters, and I have no news of him to tell to his mother, so that she is breaking her heart; and for her sake I have ventured to appeal to you, who are also a woman, and can understand better than a man what it is to feel herself forgotten by a son for whom she has toiled, and laboured, and suffered so much. The last we heard of him was, that he had taken a wife, and that in you he had found perfect happiness. He also told us that he is not your

equal in birth—that you are a lady; and it appears to me possible, in that case, that you may be ashamed of the poor old peasant-mother, and wish to keep her son entirely away from her. Is this true? Ah! if God has given you also a little child, you will be better able to understand what her feelings must be; for she has been a very fond and loving mother, and for many years he was all in all to her. She grows old now, and is worn out with care and pining for him; and though you have both been very good, and sent her money constantly, she often says that could she see your husband once again, it would do her more good than all the comforts the money gives her. Can you not both come to San Jacopo? You shall be treated as becomes your position; I will see to that. Tell your husband that all his old friends and companions are well——"

"I had no friends, no companions," broke in Giannetto, angrily. "The man is in his dotage!"

Elvira looked at him in astonishment before she resumed her reading.

"Tell him also that, should he come, they will all welcome him warmly. Several changes have taken place. Pietro's wife is dead, the good Baldovinetta; and he has married again, old Masaniello's youngest daughter, whom we used to call 'Brutta e buona,' and she makes him an excellent wife. Tonino has been apprenticed to Andrea Castagno, and is a clever lad. Andrea kept on the new boat after his father's death in the great storm, though he was but sixteen at the time; and, by the blessing of San Jacopo, he has succeeded very well. I have employed the last sum of money your husband sent in buying for Carola that large

vigna behind the place where old Nicolo's cottage stood, that was washed away; and she hires his son, Ceccho, to cultivate it, and keeps a mule of her own. It is her one happiness to think that all these riches came from her beloved son; but one moment's sight of him in his own person would be the richest gift he could bestow upon her—and she wearies *Madonna* to grant her this blessing. Dear *Signora*, forgive me if I take too great a liberty in thus addressing you; but I also am growing old and infirm, and *Giannetto*——”

Elvira paused. “*Giannetto*! Who is *Giannetto*?” she said. “It is I,” answered her husband, with ill-concealed impatience. “That was the foolish name I always went by. I dropped it, for I hate the very sound of it.”

“Foolish! oh no. I like the name—your mother's pet name for you.” She returned to her letter—

“And *Giannetto* was as dear to me as any son could be to his father; so that, in addressing his wife, I feel as if I must know her already. If it be in your power, then, let *Giannetto* come back to his mother,—not to stay—I know well, and have explained to her, the different sphere of society to which he has attained. We would not, for the world, that he should give up his new pursuits, companions, or friends. Only this I ask—and further, I am bold enough to demand, as a Christian priest—that he should now and then remember that he is the only son of his mother, and she a widow.”

The letter dropped from Elvira's hand, and she turned her brown, wistful eyes on her husband. He did not speak.

“It is a touching letter, *Nino*. The poor mother must have suffered very much. Is it quite impossible that, when we leave Venice, we

should go to San Jacopo? only for a few days—for one day even?”

Giannetto leapt off the sofa, and paced up and down the room. “*Elvira*,” he said, his face full of keen distress, “listen to what I say. What you ask is an impossibility. I cannot, and I will not, return there. I cannot tell you why—it concerns myself alone; but, *Elvira*, trust me, it is a sufficient reason. There are some things in which a wife must trust her husband implicitly without striving to understand them, and this is one of them.”

“And the poor mother?” murmured *Elvira*.

Giannetto stamped on the ground in real anger. “*Elvira*, do not go on like this. You do not know what you are talking of. I will take care that that meddling priest does not come between you and me.”

“Stop, stop, *Giannetto*!” she cried, rising from the ground and clasping her hands; “do not say what you will repent of as soon as said. I will say no more, I promise you; but oh, *Nino*——”

“You will say no more; you have passed your word?”

“*Nino*! *Nino*!”

“It is a promise,” he repeated, distinctly.

Giannetto took up the letter, tore it into a thousand pieces, and tossed them out of the window. *Elvira* covered her face with her hands, bitter tears forcing themselves through her clasped fingers.

Giannetto stood and looked at her wistfully. After a few moments, she pushed back the masses of dark hair from her brow, and came up to his side, raising her sweet face to be kissed. He clasped her suddenly to him. “*Elvira*! *Elvira*! if I only could—if I only dared——” he stopped, the full consequences of what he might say flashing upon

him. "But, Elvira, you will trust me; you, at least, will always trust me?"

"With my whole heart, Nino," she answered. "God will direct you aright. I will have faith in you. You are cold, Nino; you shiver."

"No, no; it is nothing—only that pain again."

Both their hearts were heavy that night. Giannetto came home late from the opera. After all was over he had rowed far out to sea, striving to regain calmness. He had been singing magnificently. Applause resounded through the theatre, and from every side bouquets fell upon the stage. The heat was

intense, but the house was crowded. But as he came off the stage, he could not help observing that, even while congratulating him, his fellow-actors shrank from him, and whispered behind his back. He felt very sore and aggrieved. And there was this ever-present trouble, too, between himself and his wife. It was all very hard to bear. Weary and heart-sick, he threw himself on his bed, and sank into the heavy sleep of exhausted nature.

Elvira, after he left her for the theatre, stole quietly away to her child. She dismissed the nurse, and sat watching it far into the hot summer night.

CHAPTER VIII.

About four o'clock in the morning the violent ringing of a bell echoed through the Palazzo Lucchetti, and Giannetto was aroused by a light gleaming in his face. Elvira, white and terrified, stood beside him. "Nino, Nino, get up! quick, quick! there is no time to lose! The child is ill. Oh, Nino! I fear she is dying!"

Giannetto sprang out of bed. "What is it, Elvira? What must I do?"

"Oh, fly, fly for a doctor! Call any one—only be quick! be quick! or she will die!"

Elvira hastened away swiftly as she had come. Giannetto dressed himself hurriedly, and followed her to the room where the child lay. Terrible was the shock that awaited him. The little one lay in Elvira's lap, passing from one convulsion into another. None could have recognised in that face, so distorted and changed, the sweet calm of little Felicità.

Elvira looked up, almost wild in her anxiety. "Not gone yet! Nino,

Nino, every moment is an hour!—not yet! Manna, you go! quick! we may yet save her; you know of some doctor? Oh, go! go!"

Manna, who had been kneeling by the child, sprang to her feet and rushed from the room, leaving the father and mother alone.

Elvira did not speak, but now and then a little moan came from her lips.

Giannetto sat down, drawing his chair forward and looking down on the child. "Elvira," he said hoarsely, "will she die? is she going to die?" Her sole answer was to raise her eyes to his with a look of agony. They sat watching—how long, they knew not; it seemed a year, though in reality but a few minutes.

An old doctor was living in an upper apartment in the Palazzo, and to him Manna and the landlady went. He came at once; and in five minutes the little one was placed in a warm bath, and for the time the danger was over. For hours they sat and watched. The

little face regained its soft calm, the tossing limbs grew still, and she sank into a sweet calm sleep. They wrapped her in warm blankets and laid her on her bed. The doctor felt her pulse; it was even now, but for an occasional wild throb. He turned to Elvira and said, "She will do well now, if I mistake not; but give her the medicine I send you as often as you can."

He was going, but Elvira stopped him. "Pardon me," she said, "but tell me the real truth—will she die?"

The old doctor looked at her very compassionately. "Poor Signora," he said, "you must not hope too much. I have never seen a more violent attack; and if it comes again——" he shrugged his shoulders.

Every trace of colour fled out of Elvira's face and lips, and she grasped Giannetto's arm to support herself.

"Why tell her this?" he exclaimed, passionately. "Why should you make it worse by telling her beforehand?"

The doctor looked rather displeased. "Some say 'tell,' some 'conceal,' I, for my part, speak the truth when I am asked; and you, sir, should have the complaisance to hear me finish what I have to say. If, by giving the proper medicines, and having a warm bath always ready, you can keep off the attacks, well; if not——"

He took off his spectacles, beginning to wipe them with his large blue handkerchief. Giannetto sat down again moodily. With a deep bow, which all were too much pre-occupied to acknowledge, the doctor quitted the room.

They heard him speaking outside to a little group of servants and lodgers, drawn together by sympathy and curiosity, headed by the Padrona or landlady. "It is a bad case,

Signora Padrona—a bad case; and I fear me they will lose their child. The first child, you say? It is a pity; but it is the will of Heaven. If the convulsions come on again, for the love of heaven, Signora Padrona, have a priest in the way with the holy unction; for they are frightfully violent, and the child is very weak. Was there no one to tell them to put it in hot water at once? What fools people are! and the women in especial! But it is too true. The mother is very young, and it is a first child. A thousand thanks, Signora; no wine, but I would take a cup of coffee with cognac. A thousand thanks. With permission, I will wait here, and will snatch a moment's sleep—I cannot find it in my heart to go up-stairs. Ah! there is the coffee—none in Venice like yours, Signora Padrona. It is now striking the six hours. Well, well, I will take a little more repose." And the rough but kindly old doctor stretched himself on a couple of hard old-fashioned chairs.

The day came on, and grew into a fierce glare of heat, and still the little one slept. The blinds were drawn down, and kept constantly wetted by Manna with cold water; and a huge block of ice sent in by the landlady helped to keep the room comparatively cool.

All day Elvira sat at the foot of the bed, little simple books of devotion by her side, which now and then she took up. She could only read a few lines at a time, but they suggested thoughts on which she strove to fix her mind. When Manna brought her food, she ate it mechanically, for she knew that she must not waste her strength. Giannetto was so restless that she persuaded him to go out when mid-day had passed.

The doctor came in constantly. Elvira believed that all was going

on well; but he did not like the heavy sleep of the child, and often desired it to be roused, to swallow medicine.

Evening came again; the sun went down in a bath of liquid fire, and fierce rays of dark crimson streaked the sky, still purple with glowing heat.

Giannetto came softly in. "How is she? how is she doing now?" he whispered. "Just the same. Thank God for this long sweet sleep!"

Elvira moved slowly to the little bed. As she gazed, a look of horror came over her face—the convulsions had returned. "Nino! Manna! it has come again!—quick! fly!" Giannetto flew up-stairs for the doctor; Manna brought forward the bath. The doctor, as he came hastily down, called out, "Signora Padrona—Signora, quick! send for him at once," and he followed Giannetto into the room.

The landlady knew only too well whom and what he meant. Down she went, on to the steps at the door, and hastily called to a gondolier.

She was just about to step off the stairs, when another gondola came gliding swiftly round the corner, under the canopy of which, with his hands folded in his habit, sat the stern, upright figure of a Franciscan monk.

"Padre! padre!" she shouted at the utmost pitch of her shrill Italian voice. "Padre! for the love of God!"

The friar started from his apartment reverie. "Stop," he said to the gondolier. "I am wanted."

The landlady bent forward,—"Father," she repeated, "if you are a priest, come in—come in at once. A child is dying—the only child of Giovanni, the great singer."

The friar stepped out of his gondola, and followed the kind-hearted woman, as, breathless and

almost sobbing, she hastened up the stairs. "It is the hand of God," he muttered to himself.

On they went, through the long suite of cool rooms, across the gallery at the end, into the sick-chamber.

One single glance was enough—they were too late.

The room was full of people. Elvira sat upon the floor with the child on her lap. Manna had lifted it out of the bath, and placed it there; and, all unheeded, the water was dripping from its soft brown hair. As if turned to stone, the mother's eyes were fixed upon the tiny corpse. Manna's sobs rang through the room; the others, mere spectators of the scene, lodgers and servants in the house, stood close round, and now and then one of them spoke a gentle word of sympathy. Giannetto remained motionless, with his arms folded, as he had stood to watch his child die.

This was the scene that met their eyes as the door opened.

All made way involuntarily as Fra Geronimo (for he it was) entered. All knelt when he approached—all but one, the unhappy father, who, as the first sacred words broke the silence, stole away, crouching, creeping, cringing, as the voice of prayer upraised itself to heaven. Outside the door he stood, alone, an outcast from God and man.

They removed Elvira from the room. Gently, tenderly they carried her away, and laid her on the green couch in the large empty room. She was not insensible, but she lay stunned and tearless, without moving, where they placed her. They threw the window wide open and let in the evening air; one little ray still lingered from the dying sunset, and checkered the polished floor. They sought for Giannetto, and sent him to her there. The friar was gone. He knew that this was not his time—

that for his work patience was needful.

Giannetto stole in, and sat clasping his wife's hand, which lay in his quite cold and motionless.

Peck, peck, peck! what was that? and then that soft-sounding cooing! Motionless they watched. One by one, pluming their soft wings, billing and cooing to each other, the pigeons of St. Mark came gently in. They looked for the tiny hand that had fed them, for the little one that had loved them so well.

Peck, peck—there was no bread to-day. Was it only imaginary that the cooing voices took a wondering sound? They came closer, turning their pearly heads from side to side, passing in and out of the dying ray of light.

Elvira suddenly started forward and burst into a wild fit of hysterical weeping. With a loud whirl of terror, the pigeons flew away.

The storm of grief let loose seemed to shake her from head to foot; her self-command had given way, and she knew not what she said. Clinging, holding on to Giannetto, she poured out the agony of her grief; now imploring him to tell her what the secret was that kept them apart, now telling him that she could and would trust him, but he must not look at her like that, not be angry with her; for her child was dead,

and there was nothing left to her but him. Then she would call upon the child, calling her her comfort, her only hope for Nino's conversion. Fits of exhaustion followed, but the slightest word brought back the flood of agony.

So through the long, long night, till another morning dawned. Then Giannetto took his pale wife by the hand, and led her from the chamber. She let him do what he wished with her, following him whither he would.

Down the silent canals they passed, crossed the piazza of St. Mark, to the door of the great cathedral. "Go in," he murmured hoarsely; and she obeyed.

Compared to the outer air it was dark, but she saw at once what her eyes mechanically sought. Before the high altar stood a little bier, covered by a pall as white as driven snow; wreaths of lovely flowers lay round and upon it, not all white, but red, and purple, and gold, glowing with colours, typical of that glory to which the child had attained. Elvira sank upon her knees, and her heart rose up in fervent prayer.

In a far corner of the cathedral, where it was all dark and in shadow, knelt the Franciscan, pale from fasting, exhausted by the vigils of a long night, in which, in pain and penance, he had been wrestling for a fallen soul.

CHAPTER IX.

"I am sure we shall be too early, John," said Amy to her husband. "Nonsense, Amy; we are not in London. Remember how early Roman hours are."

They were driving up to the door of a house in Rome one evening on which some English friends had a large party. It was a soft oppressive

evening; the sirocco had been blowing all day, making the air heavy and languid. They drove rattling under the covered doorway, the heavy Roman carriage-horses stopping with a suddenness which threw Amy forward.

"How I hate that way of stopping!" she exclaimed, as she shook

out her ruffled plumes, and followed the porter up-stairs.

The room in which the lady of the house received her guests was pretty and peculiar. It had often been used for private theatricals, and possessed a recess between the two tall French windows, filled by a raised orchestra or stage, now brilliant with flowers, and enlivened by a large cage full of little merry birds. The hostess, seeing that Amy was watching them, told her that they were a constant source of anxiety to her children; for, from time to time, three or four of the poor little prisoners disappeared, and such a disappearance was too often followed by a dish of so-called larks at dinner, causing most uncomfortable misgivings.

The room was full of guests, most of them English; but there was a sprinkling of German *attachés*, who looked bored, and twirled their yellow moustaches; and a few Italians, chiefly men. The English were of every description,—young eldest sons “doing” Rome; mammas giving fair, very young daughters, a first taste of society before bringing them out in London; most of the regular English residents in Rome; and here and there an Italian artist, very much out of his element.

There was a little music. The young lady of the house sang tolerably, and her music-master, a small dapper Italian, accompanied her in high glee; for she sang songs composed by himself, of the very weakest description. Ices were handed round at intervals, and tea, from which the Italians shrank back involuntarily.

The mixture of social elements was too incongruous, conversation flagged, and Amy felt wearied. She pushed open the half-closed window, and went out to enjoy the cool of the little garden.

It was very pretty in its own

way; and it amused her to watch a tame jackdaw hopping about on the wall, with its head very much on one side. There was a good deal to explore and discover, notwithstanding the diminutiveness of the place. On the right was a little grotto, curtained with maidenhair fern, in which a nymph in white marble, nearly the size of life, reposed, in utter disproportion to the dimensions of her shrine. There was a little grove also; as you wandered through its mazes you came upon busts, and statues, and fountains full of gold-fish; many of the busts had lost their noses, but they were nevertheless suggestive, all of them being antique. Over one fountain the ivy and leaves grew very thickly, and half hidden among them lay a little marble Cupid asleep. Amy, wandering about, was bending down to look at him more nearly, when a sound from the drawing-room made her suddenly turn back and approach the window.

It was a sound of singing, so lovely that she would not interrupt or break the spell, but leant against the wall outside, in the midst of a great bush of scarlet *salvias*, which contrasted prettily with the soft white gown she wore.

She could just see enough to perceive that the little singing-master was accompanying; his mobile Italian face was screwed into an expression of ecstasy, as the glorious full notes of a wonderful tenor voice swelled through the room—now it rose to inconceivable power, now softened till the strain was almost heavenly in its sweetness. Amy was entranced; she stood motionless till the last sound died away. The silence was broken by a sudden burst of applause, and the gentlemen gathered round the singer.

Amy took advantage of the movement, and came in unobserved amid the general confusion. “Who is

he? What is his name?" she asked her nearest neighbour.

"It is Giovanni, the great tenor; he has just come to Rome. Did you ever hear such a voice? is it not lovely, glorious?" And the old English lady whom she had addressed very quietly managed to wipe away a tear. There was a general hush; people fell back, many seated themselves, and Giovanni sang again.

Amy felt the sort of superstitious dread creep over her that her partial knowledge of his history gave. She could not take her eyes off his face, it seemed so altered, and yet so like what it had been when she first saw him.

The second song over, Giovanni moved away from the piano, while renewed murmurs of admiration filled the room.

The crowd made way, and the lady of the house bustled up to Amy. "Allow me to introduce Signora Giovanni," she said, in French, adding, in a low voice, as she hurried away,—“his wife, you know—she is anxious to be presented to you.”

Amy made room on the sofa beside her for the pale but still lovely Elvira, who, in her heavy black velvet gown, looked even more white and frail than usual.

"I must ask a thousand pardons, Signora," she began at once; "but your likeness to your sister struck me so forcibly, that I asked who you were, and could not resist taking the liberty of begging to be presented to you."

"I am very glad of it," said Amy; "I have heard so much of you that I have been long anxious to make your acquaintance, and to meet your husband again. I must indeed congratulate you. What a talent! What a singularly beautiful voice!"

"The Signora is too good. Yes,

she is right; it is a wonderful talent. I trust that the Signor Conte your father is in good health; and your sister, she is well?"

"They are both well; and it will give them great pleasure to hear that I have seen you. They have often spoken to me of you, and of Signor Giovanni,—and the baby, little Felicità, is she well?"

Elvira showed no more signs of emotion than the quivering of her voice, as she answered—"Thank you, dear Signora; but when you write to them, will you tell them that she is dead?"

Amy looked and felt shocked at this answer to her question; but Elvira smiled very sweetly, and went on,—“Are your little children well? The Signora Elena used to tell me about them when we were at Florence. Are they with you? But no! Surely you have not brought them so long a journey?"

"No, indeed!" answered Amy; "they are too young. I thought it best to leave them at home. Helen has charge of them."

"Ah, what a happiness for her!"

"By the by, Signora Giovanni," said Amy, suddenly, "do you ever see anything of a certain Fra Geronimo, a Franciscan, in whom my father was much interested? I think (but I am not sure) that you knew him, that he was your friend?"

"No, no," said Elvira—"not then; but it is curious that you should ask. We did not know him then. Without doubt, we mean the same person—the great preacher. We know him now; but it was accidentally, and under sad circumstances, that we first met him, about six months ago, at Venice. He is in Rome now, I understand; and this very Sunday that comes, he is to preach at Santa Maria del Popolo. If the Signora has not heard him, she should go; for it is a won-

derful power, and given to few. Do you remain long in Rome? Are you interested? amused?"

"Very much; it is a marvellous place. And you, have you been here long?"

"We have but now come. My husband has accepted a very short engagement till the beginning of Lent. We have been lately at Turin and at Milan. He does not like the music here, neither the pieces given, nor the musicians—they are all bad; there is no school, no method, he says, except in the Papal choir, and that stands by itself, apart. They are ill-taught at the opera; but the voices are good—fine in tone and quality."

Giannetto approached his wife. "Elvira," he said, "I fear that we must take leave; for I have promised to sing elsewhere to-night." Elvira rose, and with her pretty Italian curtsy, wished Amy good-night.

Scarcely were they gone when a perfect buzz of conversation arose, to which Amy listened, anxious to hear all she could about them. One of the gentlemen—an old *habitué* of Roman society—professed to know more than any one. He was talking rather mysteriously as Amy drew her chair into the little circle which had formed itself around him.

"Yes," he was saying, "there is something decidedly odd about the man and his pretty wife. A friend of mine told me that at Venice very strange things were said about him, and the extraordinary power and unchanging quality of his voice. For instance, once he came to the opera, half fainting with fatigue—as white as a sheet, and trembling as if with palsy; but when he opened his mouth, his voice was as grand and clear as if he was in the fullest strength. My friend heard afterwards that he had lost his only child that very morning."

"But," said one of the bystanders, "a very powerful will will often carry one through on such occasions."

"True; but how would you account for this—that through heat and cold, draughts, crowds, all those accidents that most affect a singer's voice, his has never been known to vary? He is always singing, never gives himself any rest. No, no, my friends; it is very unaccountable, and not so easy to explain as you seem to think it."

Here the little singing-master broke in—"Ah, Signori! is he not a wonder, a marvel? After one has heard him, one can listen to no more. Truly, it seems to me that his singing is a *finale* to the music of the evening."

"Do you know him? Are you acquainted with his history?"

"I know him, certainly; but I know nothing of his history. I have been at his house occasionally. He is good and charitable, and gives largely. I know of some very poor families in Venice to whom he has been very kind; and even to others who are apparently in better circumstances, but who, God knows, often need as much, he has been a true friend." His little twinkling eyes glistened as he spoke.

"And his wife, who is she?"

"I can tell you that," said Amy, gently. "She is the daughter of a very respectable Government official at Florence; and my father both knew and respected the family much. There is nothing at all mysterious about her," she added, smiling.

When the party had broken up, and Amy was alone with her husband in the carriage, she told him how anxious she was not to lose sight of Giovanni and Elvira, for she felt the deepest interest in both, but especially in the sad-looking young wife. But days passed in the

usual whirl of life in Rome, and they never chanced to meet.

The time passed in sight-seeing all day, going into society at night, and occasionally a visit to the opera. Giannetto was so great a man now that he could afford to be capricious; he sang rather irregularly—sometimes disappointing his audiences by refusing to do so.

The Carnival approached, and gaieties increased; balls and parties every night, the usual fun in the Corso, the throwing of *confetti*, of bouquets, bonbons, &c., from balconies and windows—all the customary noise and bustle, which Amy and her husband were still young enough to enter into and enjoy most thoroughly.

Then came the sudden change—the falling, as it were, of the black veil of Lent over the merry streets. No one who has not seen it can imagine the transformation of Rome, not only outer but inner Rome, at that season; for the streets, no longer crowded with singing, dancing revellers, are quiet and empty,—the same crowds that lately swarmed in them kneel in the churches, calm, collected, and devout; some hundreds of them have passed from the wildest excitement to the deepest prostration of spirit; all are alike sobered and absorbed by the religious duties of the season.

The weather changed, and became cold and bleak; a bitter *tramontana* swept the streets; and most of the English left Rome for Naples, there to spend the weeks between the beginning of Lent and the Easter festivities.

Giannetto and Elvira remained in Rome. He spent most of his days wandering in the Campagna, often not coming home till late, for his restlessness kept him always moving. Her life sank into a gentle, regular monotony. Like most Italian women, Elvira had no resources in

herself—she neither drew nor worked, she scarcely ever read; but, during this season, she passed almost all her time in church. There she seemed really happy; and her neighbours called her *dévôte*, a saint. Her confessor, Fra Geronimo, encouraged her. “Courage, daughter,” he would say; “pray—fast and pray. Wrestle as I wrestle, and the soul of your husband will be given to us.”

Under a stern sense of duty, Fra Geronimo had never revealed to Elvira what he knew of her husband’s history, so of that she was ignorant still.

Giannetto seemed instinctively to know where and how she passed her time, for he never asked. More and more taciturn and sad he grew, till all the sweet smiles with which she greeted him failed to elicit one in return. She thought that the enforced idleness of Lent told on his spirits, and she made many efforts to rouse and cheer him, but too often in vain.

One day he came in looking brighter and more lively than he had done for a long time. He was flourishing a letter in his hand. “Elvira, what say you to this?” he cried; “the offer of an engagement in London—from Covent Garden! The offer is a magnificent one. Tell me, dear one, should you not like the change?—the novelty of it all? You would see your English friends. What do you say?”

“England! London!—ah! shall we really go there?”

“Yes, really; I wait but your consent to accept. They are appreciative, these English—it will be a pleasure to sing to them. It will do you good, Elvira—the cool summer will bring the colour into my dear one’s pale face.”

The little pale face was now flushed with pleasure at the unwonted brightness of his tone, and

she looked up eagerly. "Ah, Nino, mine, it will do us both good! When do we go?"

"Immediately after Easter, when London is most full. More fame to be won yet, Elvira. I climb! I climb! and before long it shall be said that I am the greatest singer the world has ever seen!" His face flushed, his eyes sparkled, and he drank in the proud conviction that the crown of his ambition was coming, an unrivalled and world-wide fame.

"Ah! truly there is none to compare with my Nino," said his young wife, twining her arms around him; "and there is nothing like the gift of song."

That evening a small close carriage stopped before the 'Fontana di Trevi.' There is a well-known and cherished superstition, that if you drink of this water the night before leaving Rome it insures your return.

Out of the carriage stepped Amy and her husband, and descended the steps to the fountain-edge. The water sparkled and danced in the moonlight; and the shadows of the rock, Tritons, and great sea-horses were so disturbed that it seemed almost as if they were in truth plunging and tumbling in the clear streams which dashed over them.

Giannetto and Elvira passed

slowly by on foot, enjoying a moon-light walk.

"See, Elvira, there are travellers going down to drink at the fountain to insure a return to Rome!"

Elvira let go his arm. "Look, look, Nino!" she said; "it is the English Signora Aimée and her husband." And she went down the steps.

"Once, twice, three times for good luck!" exclaimed Amy, drinking the clear, sweet water.

"It is all nonsense," grumbled her husband—but he drank nevertheless.

"Signora, Signora Aimée," said Elvira's soft voice; "so you leave Rome?"

Amy turned round eagerly. "I am so glad to have seen you once more. Yes, we go to-morrow."

"I am glad to be able to wish you a good journey." She held out her hand. Amy took it, and with a sudden impulse bent down and kissed her.

She went away to her carriage, and Elvira stood watching till they were out of sight.

Giannetto drew her hand under his arm. "How cold you are, child! come home at once." He stooped and drank a handful of the water. "It is refreshing," he said; "but do not let us delay—these Roman nights are treacherous."

CHAPTER X.

Elvira caught a very severe cold that night—so severe that for days she was unable to leave her bed. Like all ailments in Rome, it partook of the nature of low fever, and weakened her greatly. Easter came and went; but when the day drew near on which Giannetto's London engagement was to begin, she was still too weak for so long a journey. Giannetto, therefore, carefully wrap-

ping her up, and making her as comfortable as possible, took her to Florence, and left her under the loving care of Signora Mattei, while he continued his journey by himself.

Elvira was received by her mother with rapturous joy; the brothers and sisters danced round her; her old father would scarcely let her out of his sight. All this cheered

and comforted her wonderfully. There was also the excitement of a wedding in prospect. Adelaide, her second sister, a pretty, dark-eyed girl of seventeen, was to be married to her *fiancé*, Gaetano Vacchini.

Elvira did not recover her strength as they had hoped she would. She was unable to enter into all the bustle of the family arrangements; but it was her great pleasure to furnish Adelaide with money, and send her out shopping with her mother, or with Violante the servant, and then to witness the ecstasies of the delighted girl when she brought home and exhibited her finery.

"See, see, Elvira! this lace, how beautiful! and a silk gown of the new colour! Carola Brei wore one like it at their house; and she said to me, 'Adelaide, now is your time; do not be married without one. Extravagant! Ah, bah! if one is not extravagant when one is married, when is one to be so? And one must be well dressed at first.' Then see! this shawl. I wept, I entreated the mamma; but she would not give it to me. She said that she had not a *baiocco*—that it was flimsy trash; and now, thanks to you——" and Adelaide threw her arms round her sister's neck, half smothering her with kisses.

The wedding-day came, and it was Elvira's task to dress her sister in the pretty white bridal dress her own taste had chosen. She could not keep her tears from falling fast as she watched the little procession start from the door. She was not strong enough for the whole ceremony, so she reserved herself for the last part, waiting till the little procession appeared in sight on their return from the Mairie in the Borgo Ognissanti, and then joining them on their way to church. The religious ceremony was performed at their parish church, San Marco.

They returned home; and then

followed all the packing up of large boxes of bonbons, to be sent to the friends and relations of the bride and bridegroom, so that there was no time for sitting down to think; and the first leisure moment had to be spent in writing a long account of all that had passed to Giannetto in London.

Elvira was now always on the sofa. Every day her loving friends tried to believe that she was better; every night found her more weak and restless; and those of their acquaintance less interested and more experienced, perceived too clearly that the bright flush on her cheek was not the hue of returning health.

The day after the wedding brought a large packet of extracts from the English newspapers. Giannetto had found among the chorus-singers a young Italian who understood English pretty well. He was very poor, and thankful to be employed in making rough translations from all the papers of the reports of the great tenor's successes at Covent Garden, for Elvira's benefit. Her pride in her husband's achievements was much increased by the praises thus bestowed on him.

She lay on the sofa, reading them aloud, Signora Celeste, with hands and eyes uplifted, beside her; the old Cavaliere, violin in hand, resting it on the ground, and softly beating time with the bow; the children in front; Violante, her sleeves tucked up above her elbows, behind,—all listening as she read how Giannetto had been recalled four times after the fall of the curtain—how each time bouquets had been thrown from every part of the house—and how, on one occasion, he had been three times encored. "No voice," one of the papers said, "had ever been heard in England at all approaching the voice of the new tenor in power or beauty. It

was only a pity that he was not a better actor; there was a want of grace in the lighter scenes, his efforts at gaiety and playfulness appearing forced and unnatural." Elvira coloured, and all her listeners defiantly declared that newspaper criticisms were never to be relied on, with the true inconsistency of admiring affection. The papers went on to notice the wonderful strength of Signor Giovanni's voice—how, after singing all night and numerous encores, it was as fresh as ever; and finally, they prophesied that, if the slight defects in his acting could be got over, he would be in truth the very first of his profession.

Elvira put down the papers with a proud heart. She kept them always beside her; for whenever friends and visitors came in (which happened very frequently), Signora Celeste would come bustling up, insisting on reading the whole set of them again; for she dearly loved the congratulations of her neighbours on her now famous son-in-law's success, and was never tired of hearing them reiterated.

Giannetto was happy in London. His success was complete. He found himself plunged into all the gaieties of a large musical and artistic society, of which he speedily became an *habitué*. He enjoyed the perfection which music, both instrumental and vocal, has attained in England; and, more than all, he enjoyed finding worthy support in his fellow-singers. The "cast" at Covent Garden was a fine one, the orchestra in first-rate condition. No *primo tenore* could have wished for a better introduction to a new audience. He was rich. He was famous.

Giannetto would scarcely acknowledge to himself that it was almost a relief to be away from his wife. Not that he did not love her. His attachment to her was passionate

as his Italian nature, but it was the very force of that attachment which gave him the feeling of relief. He had no longer to combat the almost ungovernable longing to tell her his whole life's history, to break down the barrier which his want of confidence had raised between them. While thus absent, he was no longer tormented by her wistful looks. When his abnegation of religion, his absolute alienation from God, betrayed itself, those amongst whom he now lived seemed to be indifferent to such matters, and for the time he felt himself free.

Giannetto studied music indefatigably. He also devoted much time to the improvement of his general education. He engaged a tutor, and worked hard, endeavouring to raise himself to the level of his better-educated companions. Still, occasionally, the old fits of restlessness would return irresistibly for days at a time, during which he could settle to no definite occupation.

He was not altogether popular. He was too capricious, and often too moody to please. He made a point of never permitting companionship to advance beyond a certain limit; so that many who, attracted by his singular power of fascination, imagined themselves on the road to intimacy and confidence, suddenly found their advances coldly received, and themselves treated with something not unlike repulsion. At the same time, he had few enemies. He was never boastful or bragging. The proud feelings of gratified ambition that swelled his heart were for himself alone. Outwardly he appeared too haughty to be vain; and he treated his unprecedented success as so much a matter of course, that the lookers-on often wondered whether this arose from the most sublime affectation or simple indifference.

The days passed on; and as the

time of Giannetto's return drew near, Elvira became restless and anxious. Her strength began to fail rapidly under a burning inward fever which consumed her; and by degrees a strong conviction dawned upon her that she had not long to live.

One day the Cavaliere, entering the music-room, where Elvira usually passed her mornings on the sofa, found her weeping over a letter just received. The kind old man hastily drew a chair near to her, and sat looking at her wistfully through his large spectacles.

"No bad news, my precious child?"

Elvira shook her head. "It is nothing, nothing; only that I am very weak, very foolish. Nino cannot be here for a fortnight more; he has accepted an engagement which will keep him longer in England. Ah, father, dear father! I feel as if there were no time to lose. I must see him before I die!"

"Die! Elvira, child, do not speak of dying."

"I must speak of it, for the time is short; and I must—*Dio mio!*—I must see him before I die. Oh, father mine, I am frightened when I think that I may not see him again. I have so much to say to him."

The old Cavaliere slowly brushed away two large tears before he answered—"Alas, my child! I fear sometimes that your life has not been a happy one."

"Happy? Ah yes! happier far than I deserve—but for one grief, one sorrow."

"Felicità?"

"No, no; that grief has at times been almost a joy. I mean that Nino—Alas! what can I say? he loves not God nor holy things."

"Poor little one!"

"Ah, father mine, I have never spoken of this except to him and in my prayers; but now—the relief,

the comfort of telling all to you! You say nothing; you only grieve with me. It is that I want. Father, what is this mystery? What does it all mean? Oh, if this barrier could but be broken down that stands between us! Why will he not go to his old home? Alas! what does it all mean!"

"My child," began the Cavaliere, "sometimes the indifference of youth——"

"It is not indifference—indeed, not indifference. When I have spoken to him, I have seen the look of grief, the shadow of some great unspoken sorrow, in his face. He seems to shrink—to be afraid— Sometimes—I dread that—that some great crime. . . . My God! what have I said?"

She buried her face in her hands, shuddering violently.

The Cavaliere laid his hand on her head. "Do not fear, my child. No one is here but your old father, who will help you if he can."

Elvira raised herself again. "Father," she said, "I cannot understand it. When I speak of his mother, he assumes a harshness foreign to his nature. Then, and then only, he has been unkind to me. Alas! he made me promise never to ask him to go home again; but while he spoke so harshly, his lips were quivering, his eyes looked at me in such agony. Ah! what can it mean?—what can it mean?"

"My precious child!"

"Long ago, my mother had an idea that all was not right. I know not why, but she thought it was something to do with his voice—possibly that he might have become a singer in defiance of the wishes of his mother and his friends—who knows? I cannot tell why she thought so. She tried to learn what she could from the English Conte. He had nothing to tell her.

What could he have had to say? And, alas! the fact remains the same. And he may die impenitent, unabsolved. *Dio mio!* my heart will break!"

"Elvira, darling!"

"Oh, father, night and day I pray that I may be spared to see him once—only once again! Through the long hours of the night, when I lie awake, I am planning what to say to him, what arguments to use, what points to urge; and I am so ignorant, it all ends in this, 'Nino, Nino! if you love me—for my sake!'"

The old Cavaliere only kissed her forehead; his voice was choked—he could not speak. Elvira looked up at him with her large sad eyes. She went on—"Fra Geronimo tells me that if I am patient, and go on hoping and praying, he will at last be won; but time goes on, and he cannot come home for a fortnight longer, and who knows whether I shall live so long? Father, give me this promise—if I should get worse, send an express for him at once. Let me feel that I can rely on this. Even should it be a false alarm, he will forgive it; and I must see him before I die."

"I promise, Elvira, my darling; let me write at once. Surely it is better that he should be with you now?"

"No; do not call him home if you can help it. Sometimes I feel as if the very longing to see him again will serve to keep me alive until he comes. Father, dear father, if I fail in persuading him, do not give him up; but, for my sake,

look on him as you would, on a son of your own." She went on, almost to herself, "Nino loves his mother, I am sure of it; and he loves that good priest who wrote to me. What can it mean? Why does he feign anger when I speak of them? Why does he make believe that he does not love them? It cannot be as my mother thought—they would have been so proud of his singing; and yet how unwilling he is to speak of his voice. His life before we first met is a perfect blank to me."

The Cavaliere resumed gently, "My child, are you sure that you are not imagining all kinds of foolish things? Giovanni is young, and strong, and thoughtless. When sorrow comes, or illness, or any sad experience, he will turn where only comfort can be found."

"Father, have you then not noticed the dread he has of sacred things? It is not indifference. I have seen him stand looking through the door into a church, with a look of longing that went to my heart. Then if I begged him to come in, he would be angry, and irritable; but I could see his great distress. Once he said to me, 'You do not know the sacrifice you wish me to make;' and I did not know—alas! I sometimes fear that I shall never know what he meant."

Though exhausted at the time, Elvira felt much comfort from this conversation with her father. It was a relief to have spoken of her sorrows; and his silent sympathy was more to her than any words could have been.

CHAPTER XI.

The season came to an end in London, Parliament adjourned, and the fashionable world dispersed in all directions. Giovanni's last appearance at Covent Garden was

over; and, rich in fame and purse, he prepared to return home.

But yet one more triumph awaited him. He received an offer from Paris, too liberal for

him to refuse. He consented to sing for two nights only, on condition of the terms being doubled. The arrogant demand was immediately acceded to, and Giovanni went over to Paris.

His success was complete. He was borne from the concert-hall on the shoulders of the crowd. Wherever he went they flocked to see him. He received presents of every description, bouquets and jewels; the Conservatoire crowned him, and bestowed honorary titles on him.

"I have nothing left to wish for," he wrote to Elvira. "I am on the topmost step of the ladder. Rejoice with me; I have nothing more to win."

He returned to his hotel the last night before leaving Paris, to find a foreign despatch on the table. The message was very brief: "Elvira is frightfully ill: come quickly, if you would see her alive."

Who can describe the misery of that journey? Night and day he travelled, and it seemed to him that the swift express trains crawled at a foot-pace. The time lost in crossing Mont Cenis seemed interminable—double and treble relays of horses and mules were sent on, but the time seemed endless.

He reached Florence at last. There, waiting for him at the station, stood the old Cavaliere. "She is better!" he shouted, before the train had time to stop. "She is already better, thanks be to God!"

Before many moments had passed Giannetto stood by the bedside of his wife.

Though the summer was at its height, the warm weather had not restored Elvira's strength. Her family, always beside her, did not perceive how thin she grew; and they became so much accustomed to the little short cough, which had never left her since her illness at Rome, that at last they scarcely noticed it at all.

The lovely colour that now so frequently succeeded her paleness, foreshadowed, alas! too truly, the dreaded *malattia Inglese*—the consumption that is so little known, but so greatly feared, in Italy. She had not appeared more failing or ill than usual, when one day she was seized with a very violent fit of coughing, attended with much pain. Fearful that she had caught fresh cold, they sent for the doctor, who pronounced her to be suffering from acute inflammation of the lungs. "She cannot live," said the doctor; "the disease gains ground. It may be days or weeks, possibly months; but I can do nothing."

Two days afterwards she broke a blood-vessel; and the danger seemed so imminent that they at once telegraphed for Giannetto. Before his arrival, however, the first anxiety had passed away; and, although much weakened, she was pronounced out of immediate danger.

Giannetto proved a most tender and efficient nurse; but he absolutely refused to believe in her danger, and was almost rude to the doctor when he spoke despondingly of his patient's state. He was always insisting that she was better, getting well.

Everything that money could procure of the rarest and most costly nature he obtained for Elvira; soft eider-down from Germany, rich Indian shawls, luxurious English sofas and invalid chairs. He liked her to wear costly lace, and put beautiful rings that he had purchased for her in London and Paris on her little thin fingers.

"My Elvira is a great and rich lady," he said to her; "and when she is well again, we will buy a beautiful villa at Florence, and become grand Signori."

She would sometimes hold out her fingers and watch the rings drop off one by one. "Look, Nino mine," she said; "like these, the

pleasures and riches of this world are dropping from me !” He could not be angry with her now when she said these things.

Fra Geronimo was living at his Franciscan home at Fiesole when the news reached him of Giannetto’s return to Florence. He waited some days, and then determined that he would seek him out. Two or three times he called at the Casa Mattei, and each time Giannetto was denied to him. Once Elvira sent for him, and begged him to see her husband ; and, if necessary, to force him into an interview.

“ Father,” she said, “ I feel that every day that passes now is an opportunity lost. See him, and tell him that I am dying, that before many weeks he will be alone : and tell him that I cannot die till his soul is safe, till he returns to the God whom he has forsaken. Father,” she added, suddenly, the hectic hue flushing into her face, “ it is not that he does not believe ; he believes—he suffers—I know it.”

“ He believes and suffers,” repeated the friar. “ My daughter, I have prayed long for him. I have striven against the power of the enemy ; and by God’s grace I shall prevail, and his soul shall be saved !”

That night, when all were at rest, Fra Geronimo slowly and patiently paced the Borgo Pinti. He knew that this was the hour in which Giannetto allowed himself exercise and relaxation from the constant attendance on his wife ; and he awaited his return homeward.

The night was calm and still, the silence only now and then broken by the irregular clang of different church-bells, telling the quarters of each passing hour. The shadow of the tall friar looked almost gigantic as it fell before him ; and Giannetto started back when he saw it, as he came up the street, and the song he had been softly singing died away unfinished on his lips.

“ Giannetto,” said the friar—and Giannetto started again at the sound of his old, once familiar name—“ I have sought you day after day, and the doors are closed against me. I must speak with you, Giannetto.”

“ Would that you would leave me to myself,” said Giannetto, angrily ; “ I need no meddling monk to pry into my affairs.”

The friar laid his hand powerfully upon his arm. “ I know your secret,” he said. “ You have nothing to tell me that I do not know.”

Giannetto shuddered. “ Then I need tell you nothing, Father. Leave me in peace.”

They had reached the door of the house. Almost as if the hand of the friar acted on him as a spell, Giannetto opened it ; and they passed side by side into a large room on the ground-floor. It was not dark, for the moon streamed in, and her ghostly, colourless light filled the room.

Giannetto flung himself down on a chair, his face turned sullenly away. Fra Geronimo slowly paced the room, his eyes bent on the ground.

“ Giannetto,” he said—and the low hollow tone spoke of mental and physical suffering—“ I must have you listen, and forgive me if I speak too much of myself. I was once young, and strong, and brilliant, as you are now. My life began in courts. I was rich, I was prosperous, and beloved. Giannetto, I also was a scoffer. To me, God was a mockery ; religion the foolery of priests and women. My life was all enjoyment. I cared for nothing, thought of nothing, but the pleasures of the hour. I watched my mother’s heart break slowly ; for, Giannetto, she loved me—I was her idol, and I spurned her God. She had another son.” The friar’s voice grew lower and more husky as he spoke on.

“ This son was young, and fresh, and innocent. On her deathbed she charged me to guard and watch

over him for her sake. O God! O God! I swore to do so. I broke the oath. I was wild, dissolute, and recked not what I did. Into the dark regions of sin and hell I led him. I surrounded him with temptation. I laughed to see him yield; and thus I led him on, from bad to worse, till the measure of his iniquity was full, and there was no time for atonement. Giannetto, he died cursing God and man; and I knew that I—I—his brother, his sworn guardian—had driven him to damnation!"

He paused in his walk to and fro, and clasping his hands, he stood before Giannetto, who had bowed his head on the table.

"I tell you, that since that hour I have known no peace. I tore myself from home,—it was a time of madness and despair. I sought oblivion in vain; the wild eyes of my dying brother haunted me night and day, and the awful blasphemy of his words, as the foam of death was gathering on his lips—good God! they haunt me now. Then came a time of illness, and all said that I must die; but life was strong within me, and there was work for me to do. I lived—a blighted, suffering man—for God had work for me to do.

"There was a priest, an old man, who came to tend me. God has rewarded him for what he did for me. He gave me hope; he bade me spend my life in bringing souls to God. 'Atone,' he said; 'bring back the fallen ones to Christ; and so, by saving many souls, atone for destroying one.'

"I went forth to the combat, armed by St. Francis with Humility, Fast-ing, and Poverty: and the years go on, but the atonement is yet unaccomplished. I pray, I fast; but there is one soul I cannot win, there is one sinner I cannot save. Giannetto, have pity on me—have pity on yourself!"

He stood before him, tall and powerful; and the pale moon lit up his figure, leaving Giannetto shrunken, shivering in the shade. The monk's voice changed to a softer, gentler strain—

"Nino, my son, there is not much time remaining. The light of another world begins to beam on the brow of your angel-wife—she is dying! You strive not to believe it; but, Nino, it is true. Not many weeks are left you of her love—the time flies fast,—repent while yet she lives, and let her die in peace! Tell her all. You have much to renounce—fame, riches, happiness—but you have all to gain. I charge you, if you love her, to repent!" Another pause. The friar sank on his knees.

"Once more, Giannetto, I beseech you to repent! Suffering! what is present suffering compared to the peace which passes all understanding? What is daily, hourly suffering, compared to the agony of unrepentant remorse—remorse that will stand beside you night and day, will infuse a bitter gall into every pleasure, will sharpen every pain, and will linger on in the very memory of your young dead wife? Have pity on Elvira—have pity on yourself!"

Still Giannetto lay with his arms stretched out before him, and his head hidden. He writhed as the friar spoke, but he answered nothing.

Once more the friar rose to his full height, gazing down on the prostrate figure—"Giannetto, one more appeal! Who are you, what are you, that you should brave the wrath of God? The worm crushed under the foot of man is not more impotent or more contemptible. There, as you stand, the strength of manhood pours through your veins, your intellect tells you that in knowledge of good and evil man is as a god, and yet, in the pride of

your being, you cannot understand what it is to die. Now is your hour, you say; but the hour passes away, and you are not. You believe—I know it; it is not that you cannot believe. It is that openly and avowedly you say, ‘Let me eat and drink, for to-morrow I die!’ And thus you would make the Word of God of none effect; and such will be the end—you will eat and drink, and to-morrow you die—unless— My son, my son! eighteen hundred years ago, an Atonement was made for man, in suffering, in agony, in shame! Your Saviour pitied you; have pity on yourself!”

Giannetto raised his head—the agony of the struggle was visible in his haggard face, but the conquest was achieved. “Father, Father, I yield! Teach me to repent!”

Long hours through that night Giannetto and the Franciscan remained together. Giannetto made a full and free confession. No ear heard or eye saw what passed between them; but the dawn had already gleamed in the sky before they separated,—Giannetto, worn out, to throw himself on his bed; the friar to go on with his work, fasting and in prayer, before the mercy-seat of God.

The following day was Sunday, and Elvira rose from her bed about the middle of the day; but Giannetto did not come as usual to carry her into the music-room, and watch and tend her. Her father brought her in before going to mass, and they left her alone, anxious and watching for her husband’s coming.

After they were all gone, Giannetto came quietly in and stood by her side. She raised her eyes to his face, and saw that it was very pale; but there was a look in his eyes, as he knelt down beside her, that gave her heart such a strange bound of hope, that for one moment she was speechless.

He knelt on silently by the

couch, where she lay pure as a lily and almost as white, his eyes eagerly watching every movement of her sweet face.

“Nino,” she said at length, “I had a dream last night—such a strange dream! It seemed to me that I lay here as usual, and yet the room was not the same. A window was before me, the lattice set wide open; and a glorious stream of yellow light was flooding in,—and there, in the light, which shone like a golden glory, knelt our little child. Her hands were clasped in prayer, and she was dressed, like the holy Innocents, in purest white; and all around her, shadowy, till they seemed but wings of pearl, hovered the pigeons of St. Mark. The child was praying, and at times she appeared to pause and listen intently. Sadness, then anxiety, then sorrow, seemed to follow each other in shades across her face as she listened—then all changed into one brilliant, radiant smile; her little hands were uplifted, her robe seemed to become a robe of glory, and a soft cloud hid her from my sight. There was a sound of sweet singing in the air, and I thought I heard the words, ‘Alleluia! Alleluia! a triumph has been won!’ Then all passed away, till I felt something soft and warm in my arms, nestling to me, and a little voice, which said, ‘Mother, mother, I have finished the work that was given me to do,’—and I awoke. It was only the first peep of dawn, but already some one was leaving the house, for I heard steps going down the street. Oh, Nino! my arms feel so empty, my heart so hungry! Nino, Nino! she never learnt to call me mother!” She hid her face, struggling with her tears.

Giannetto held her closely in his arms; then taking her small thin hands in his, he drew them on to his bowed head, as he murmured rather than spoke—“Elvira, pray

for me, that God will be merciful to me a sinner."

Elvira started up, her face beaming with a perfect joy—"Oh, my Nino, is it true? Has God granted me this precious gift? Now at last I can die in peace."

"Not die, my darling; oh, not die! Live, to help me to atone for the bitter past!"

"Ah, Nino! we will go home together, and kneel at your mother's knees, and she will bless us both, and all will thenceforth be peace." Then suddenly she added, "Let us go at once, Nino. Do not put it off one single day. The poor mo-

ther, she has watched and pined so long! Ah, how happy I am now!"

"Elvira," said Giannetto, clasping her hands, "it shall be as you say; but—but then you must learn my secret,"—and he shuddered violently. "Can you bear it?"

"Nino," she said, gently, "there are no secrets in the grave." She lay back, breathless and exhausted.

Nino went on, speaking very gently—"Elvira mine, Fra Geronimo must go with us; he would wish to be with you——"

"At the last," she finished; for he had bowed his head in grief too deep for tears.

CHAPTER XII.

The long and painful journey was over, and at last Elvira lay in her husband's early home. It had been a very difficult one: many times they had stopped on the way, terrified at the deadly weakness which crept over her, and it was always her own wish that hurried them on.

"Let us hasten, Nino," she would say—"let us hasten on; the time grows very short." The last two hours she had to be carried in a litter on men's shoulders, for the paths to San Jacopo were too rough and narrow for any other mode of conveyance.

Every comfort and luxury that she could think of had been sent on by Signora Celeste. She herself accompanied them part of the way, and then returned to Florence, by Elvira's special wish. Elvira had a sort of feeling that, in giving herself entirely to Carola's care, she should in some measure make up for Giannetto's long neglect.

Carola spent her days of expectation wandering through the house, arranging and rearranging, over and over again, the bed, sofa, and soft chairs which had arrived from Florence. Her joy in receiving again

her long-lost son was very great. She greeted him with the brightest, happiest of looks, and refrained from one word of reproach; but the sight of her worn and altered face grieved him more than any words she could have uttered.

The *Curato* was much changed; he was failing fast, and very infirm. he was glad to welcome Giannetto back; but there was a certain sternness even in his welcome which Giannetto perceived at once. The good priest was far too just-minded and honest-hearted not to show by his manner that he greatly blamed his old pupil for his long and cruel absence.

By his old companions and fellow-fishermen Giannetto was received with a good deal of awe and wonder, but little cordiality. All perceived at a glance the great disparity that had been established between them, in manner, dress, and appearance, as much as in wealth and station. It was a relief now and then to poor Carola to go out and have a comfortable chat with one or other of her friends; for the refinement that filled her own house bewildered her. "I feel

as if he were not my own son," she would say, rather piteously. "He is such a grand Signore, it would become me rather to curtsy to him, and wait upon him, than he should do everything for me, as he does now; and my daughter-in-law—alas! it is sad to see how she fades away! Truly, she is already an angel!" And the good woman brushed away a tear.

Fra Geronimo had taken up his abode in the house of young Andrea. On Sunday he preached to the fisher-congregation, and at other times visited the sick and poor, and spent his time with the good *Curato*.

It was evening. All was profoundly calm and still. The little waves came softly in, kissing the pebbles on the beach; the fisher-boats dotted the almost unbroken surface of the blue wide sea; and now and then a sea-gull, gleaming white as snow, dipped his long wings in the water, uttering his strange wild cry, and shaking off the drops, all shining, from his plumage.

Elvira lay, propped up by cushions, close to the window of her room, which looked towards the sea. It was set wide open, so that she might catch the faintest breath of air. Carola was beside her; Giannetto knelt in his customary attitude; Fra Geronimo sat like a statue, dark and motionless, in a corner of the room. Carola was telling Elvira, in broken words, the early history of her son.

"It is now," she said, "some thirty years since our Giannetto was born, and before one year had passed, his father died. It was a bitter trial to me, as you may well conceive, when years passed on, and my boy, my one comfort and hope, continued speechless. We tried to think that it was only slow development—that the power of speech would come; but, alas! more and more it grew upon us as a fact, that my child was dumb—dumb from

his birth. Giannetto, give her wine. This hot weather makes her faint, poor child!"

Giannetto gave her wine, which she swallowed eagerly. "Go on, go on," she said; and Carola proceeded:

"Giannetto was a good and loving child. For a long time it seemed as if his sad misfortune would not affect his happiness; but as he grew older, alas! they took to mocking him—boys and men would laugh at his infirmity, and make him furious. His father before him was a passionate man, but not so passionate as our Giannetto. Had it not been for the goodness of our *Curato*, I know not what I could have done. He took him somewhat off my hands, gave him an education, loved him, cared for him, and, as I thought, was curing him of all his wild vain longings. Elvira, my sweet daughter, he was such a beautiful and clever boy! None in all the country round were like him—so strong, so active! Perhaps some of the taunting arose from jealousy; for no one, in work or sport, did half so well as he: and yet they seized upon his one defect, and never gave him peace.

"So it went on. As my boy grew older, he grew more sad; and yet I know not why. I thought he was becoming more resigned. Perhaps it was that I had prayed so long—that I had learnt to think I saw my prayer's accomplishment.

"So it was—such was his state when an English Conte came to San Jacopo; but, Elvira, you have heard all this before?"

Elvira shook her head. "Go on, go on," she repeated.

"He was a good and kind-hearted man, this Signor Conte, and he took much interest in my boy. I had saved up a little sum, but very little, for then we were very poor; and the *Curato* also had a few *lire*, but so few—for, just before, the little he had saved had all to be given away

to a poor widow who was ill. This money we had meant to lay up, and add to, till there should be enough to send Giannetto to some great doctor who perhaps might cure him; but when the Signor Conte heard our story, he proposed to take Giannetto with him to Nice, to let him see the doctors there.

"Ah! who can tell our gratitude? It seemed a gift sent straight from heaven. I wearied Madonna and San Jacopo with thanks. He was gone three days, and on the fourth came back."

Elvira started forward—"Cured? You say he was cured?"

"Alas! no," replied Carola. "He came home driven to despair; for they had told him plainly, had said that his infirmity was quite incurable—that none ever recovered who were born dumb."

Elvira sank back. Again they gave her wine. She looked faint and exhausted, but murmured still, "Go on."

"Alas! I come to the mystery of my story. He was half mad and in despair. Every day I saw how the fire was burning within. He grew reckless; he cared not what he did. But surely, surely you have heard all this before?"

"There was a storm, so wild, so terrible, it seemed a marvel that anything alive escaped; and all night long my boy was out at sea. The great waves came roaring in; the thunder crashed and rolled. Santa Maria! as we stood on the beach we thought the Last Day had come! With the first early streak of dawn I heard a strange sound from the sea. Elvira, you know it well. It was Giannetto singing. Over the storm it rose; it made me shrink with terror. For the first time I heard the voice of my son: his life was saved and his dumbness cured." She covered her face with her hands for one moment, then looked up, the tears streaming from

her eyes. "But, alas! from that time forward he never crossed the threshold of a church—he never confessed—he spurned all holy things—he was, we feared, forsaken by his God!"

From the darkening corner where he sat, Geronimo drew near. He spoke low, and with authority. "Giannetto, the time has come; tell all."

The shadows of evening were growing deeper, and Elvira lay pale and motionless.

"Elvira, you shall know all." Giannetto's voice was so harsh and husky, that they scarcely recognised its sound. "You, who have never known such things, how can you understand what it was to me when my hopes were dashed to the ground? How can you know? You were never shut out and isolated from your fellow-men—despised, scorned, and mocked—an outcast from them all. From a child, the rebellion in my heart had been growing stronger. Why was I born? What had I done to be so miserable? One thing that always maddened me was the sound of music. I loved it with a passionate love; and, alas! it was the sound of the human voice that was my passion."

"The *Curato* once gave me a violin. I had it for some days; then I told him I had lost it. It was not true—I had broken it into a thousand pieces; for I could only produce sounds which roused up all my passionate longings, and made me more embittered than ever. He used to talk to me of resignation—it seemed such a mockery! Why should I be resigned? Why was I—I only—to be singled out for laughter and for shame? What had God done for me that I should be resigned?"

"Elvira, at this time that my mother tells you of, these wild and wicked thoughts were strongest.

It was but shortly before that the cruel blow had fallen, when they had told me I had no hope; and I was desperate.

"I was out alone that awful night, far out at sea, when the storm came on. I was mad. I longed to die. I saw Death close to me, staring me in the face; and in my frenzy I said in my heart, 'Let me curse God and die!' The waves came leaping round me; the lightning seemed to rend open all the depths of the heavens. It came on me, fiercely and more fierce, that mad thought, never to go home, but out there—alone—to curse my God and die. I was on my knees, and in my agony I cried, 'What is life to me? Only grant me the power of speech, and I care not for death or hell! Speech! speech! and I care not for my soul!' Elvira, I know not how, but either from heaven or hell that awful cry was answered. I heard the first sound of my own voice, and I sank down cowering in the boat, in a terror too great for utterance. I thought I had sold my soul! Elvira, Elvira, hear me still! He says"—(catching the monk's robe, he held it up convulsively)—"he says it may have come from God. That in that form it may have been sent as a great and terrible temptation—that my cry may have been answered from heaven, not hell. Oh, who can say what comfort these words have given me! I have thought there was no atonement. I have thought that, even if there were repentance, it would imply renunciation of my voice, my whole career. God help me! I thought that I had sold my soul! Elvira! wife!" But Elvira lay insensible.

For days after this terrible narration, Elvira hovered between life and death. At last there came a time in which they said, "All hope is over, and but few hours are left."

She lay, as usual, by the window,

panting for air; and Giannetto alone was with her. In feeble, gasping words she spoke to him of hope to come, of pardon, and of peace. She was going home, she said, leaving him alone in the wide and weary world, perhaps through long, long years of penance, to expiate his sin. Giannetto's head was bowed, and he only reiterated—"Elvira! O Elvira! do not leave me!"

She told him she was going before—to pray for him. Once, in bitter anguish, he cried aloud, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." But she spoke on; and ever her words dwelt on the peace which passeth understanding—on the reward to be looked for, by God's grace, when the weary race is run.

And so the hours drew on.

Over the dark sea, over the silent streets, the night came softly down. One by one the large pale stars shone out in the southern sky.

Breaking the solemn watches of the night, came the low murmur of chanting and the tinkling of a little bell. Out of the church passed a slow procession, bearing the "Viaticum" to a passing soul. Two and two, followed the simple fishermen to the door of Giannetto's house, and then they knelt down in the street, and the priest and Fra Geronimo went in alone.

It was over. The last rites were accomplished, the last words said, and they thought that she slept. Giannetto knelt beside her bed, his eyes fixed on her face, his hands clasping hers.

Pale, and not understanding such a woe, the peasant-mother watched and wept; and the long hours stole on.

Suddenly burst a cry from Carola—"Giannetto! O Giannetto!"

"Hush, hush!" he said; "you will wake her—she sleeps!"

"Not sleep, Giannetto; it is not sleep, but death!"

Still he knelt on, as if he had not heard; and her hands were grow-

ing cold in his. All thought, all feeling gone, save one, that she was dead—his idol—his beloved—gone from him, and for ever!

Seeing that he did not move, Carola went out and called Fra Geronimo. Tenderly the Franciscan laid his hand on Giannetto's shoulder. "Giannetto," he said, "my son, come with me."

Gentle and docile as a child, Giannetto rose and followed him out, a broken-hearted man.

The fishermen were waiting for him outside in the street—foremost among them Pietro Zei—all eager to grasp his hands. "Giannetto! Giannetto! pardon us; we knew not what we did. Ah! pardon, pardon us!"

They thronged round him. Giannetto took Pietro's outstretched hand, raising his glassy eyes from the ground. "Friends," he said, "as I hope to be forgiven, I forgive you freely."

He went on with the friar to the *Curato's* house, leaving the rough fishermen sobbing like children.

A few days after the funeral of his wife, Giannetto left his native town with the Franciscan. I heard from the *Curato* that he had entered one of the religious orders; and some years passed away.

Once more I heard of him. We were living near Pisa; and one day, with a small number of friends, we visited a Carthusian monastery in a remote valley, which is very little known to the world in general. It was a wild, desolate place—the monks supporting themselves by the produce of their land, and by the alms bestowed on them in requital for their prayers.

There were about twelve of them at the time of our visit—fewer than usual; for fever, combined with the peculiar austerities of their order, had considerably thinned their ranks.

The women of our party were not admitted within the gates; but

I myself and a friend were taken by a lay-brother to the cell of the Superior, and round the buildings.

The Superior received us with dignified courtesy, and showed us as much of the monastery as was allowed. He conducted us into the gloomy chapel, where one or two of the white-robed monks were kneeling. They never moved when we entered, but knelt on, rigid, as if hewn out of the stone. He showed us the beautiful cloister with its twisted marble pillars and vaulted roof. On the walls, cut on the stone, were the names of the dead, their secular names as well as those adopted by them on entering the Order—the last link after death with the outer world—and among them I read this—

GIOVANNI BATTISTA NENCINI. FRA
GIOVANNI. DEO GRATIAS.

I turned to the Superior and asked him when this penitent had died. "Two years ago," he said. "Fra Giovanni led the holiest of lives. He practised every penance and austerity permitted by our rule; and from the time he took the vows, he never spoke again. No ear ever heard the sound of his voice till the last moment of his life. He died of the *malaria* in the heat of summer. He lay on ashes in the chapel, for such was his humble desire; and when the last moment came, he stretched out his arms as if to grasp some vision, and fell back murmuring 'Deo gratias.' And see, we had those words engraved below his name."

It was, from first to last, a strange story, and one that I can never forget. I wished to hear more of those years after Elvira's death; but the *Curato* was dead, and I could find no trace of Fra Geronimo. I sought after him for some time, and did not give up the quest till I had learnt that he had been sent on some far-off foreign mission in the East.

THE PAYMENT OF THE FIVE MILLIARDS.

As soon as it became known, five years ago, that France had to hand over £200,000,000 to Germany, it was generally predicted that the financial equilibrium of Europe would be upset by the transfer of so vast a sum from one country to another, and that the whole system of international monetary relationship would be thrown into confusion. Apprehensions of an analogous nature were abundantly expressed when the two French loans successively came out. Wise bankers shook their heads in Frankfort, London, Amsterdam, and Brussels, and assured their listeners that, though the money would probably be subscribed, it could not possibly be paid up under five years at least. And yet the whole of this vast transaction was carried out between 1st June 1871 and 5th September 1873; twenty-seven months sufficed for its completion; and not one single serious difficulty or disorder was produced by it. The fact was that the commercial world had no idea of its own power; it thought itself much smaller than it really is; it failed altogether to suspect that its own current operations were already so enormous that even the remittance of five milliards from France to Germany could be grafted

on to them without entailing any material perturbation. Such, however, has turned out to be the case; and of all the lessons furnished by the war, no other is more practical or more strange. The story of it is told, in detail, in a special report which has recently been addressed by M. Léon Say to the Commission of the Budget in the French Chamber. It is so curious and instructive that it is well worth while to analyse it. It may, however, be mentioned, that the order of exposition adopted by M. Say is not followed here. To render the tale clear to English readers, the form of it is changed.

But before explaining the processes by which the war indemnity was paid, it will be useful to recall the principal features of the position in which France was placed by her defeat. It is now computed that the entire cost of the campaign amounted, directly and indirectly, to about £416,000,000; and this outlay may be divided into five sections,—the first three of which were declared officially by the Minister of Finance in his report of 28th October 1873, while the two others have been arrived at by a comparison of various private calculations. They are composed as follows:—

1. *Sums paid by France for her own military operations—*

War expenses to the end of 1873,	£76,480,000
Food bought for Paris before the siege,	6,781,000
Assistance to families of soldiers, &c.,	2,000,000
Balance of war expenses payable out of the Liquidation Account,	21,942,000
Total of French expenses proper,	£107,203,000

2. *Sums paid to Germany—*

Indemnity,	£300,000,000
Interest on unpaid instalments of indemnity,	12,065,000
Maintenance of German army of occupation,	9,945,000
Taxes levied by the Germans,	2,468,000
Total paid to Germany,	£324,478,000

3. *Collateral expenses—*

Cost of issue of the various war loans, rebates of interest, exchange, and cost of remitting the indemnity,	£25,247,000
Loss or diminution of taxes and revenue in consequence of the war,	14,567,000

Total of collateral expenses,	<u>£39,814,000</u>
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4. *Requisitions in cash or objects—*

Supplied by towns or individuals, including the £8,000,000 paid by Paris—estimated at	<u>£15,000,000</u>
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5. *Loss of profits consequent upon the suspension of trade—*

Estimated at	<u>£30,000,000</u>
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RÉSUMÉ.

1.	£107,208,000
2.	224,478,000
3.	39,814,000
4.	15,000,000
5.	30,000,000

General total,	<u>£416,495,000</u>
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Now, what has France to show against this?

Her annual gains before the war were put by M. Maurice Block ('Europe, Politique et Sociale,' p. 317) at £900,000,000; unfortunately he does not tell us how much of this she spends, and how much she lays by; but there is a prevalent impression in France that her annual savings amount to £80,000,000. We shall mention presently a calculation which seems to indicate that, during the later period of the Empire, they must have amounted to a considerably larger sum than this; but if we admit it, for the moment, as correct, it would follow that the cost of the war, in capital, represented five years' accumulation of the net profits of the country. It is not, however, in that form that a proportion can be established between liabilities and resources; the measurement must be made, not in capital, but in interest, for it is, of course, in the latter form alone—that is to say, in new taxation to pay interest on loans—that France now feels the pressure. That new taxation,

when completed (it is not all voted yet), will amount to about £26,000,000 a-year; and that is the real sum which is to be deducted from the annual profits of the country in consequence of the war. Now, if those profits were only £80,000,000, and if they are not progressing, but standing still at their previous rate, this deduction would absorb almost a third of them; but as they are continually advancing—as every branch of trade in France is active—as foreign commerce, which is generally accepted as a safe test of national prosperity, was one-fifth larger in 1873 than in 1869—it may fairly be supposed that, after paying the £26,000,000 of war taxes, France is effectively laying by as much as she did in the best years before the war, whatever that really was.

After this rough indication of the situation, we shall better understand the story of the five millions. It is scarcely possible to disassociate it from the general attendant circumstances of the position as a whole; the two should be kept in view together.

The payment of the indemnity, and the detailed conditions under which that payment was to be made, were stipulated in the three treaties or conventions signed successively at Versailles, Ferrières, and Frankfort, in January, March, and May 1871. It was determined by the last-named treaty that "payments can be made only in the principal

commercial towns of Germany, and shall be effected in gold or silver, in English, Prussian, Dutch, or Belgian bank-notes, or in commercial bills of the first class." The rates of exchange on coin were fixed at 3f. 75c. per thaler, or at 2f. 15c. per Frankfort florin; and it was agreed that the instalments should be paid as follows:—

30 days after the suppression of the Commune,	£20,000,000
During 1871,	40,000,000
1st May 1872,	20,000,000
2d March 1874,	120,000,000
Total,	£200,000,000

The last £120,000,000 were to bear interest at 5 per cent.

It must be particularly observed that no currency was to be "liberative" excepting coin, German thalers or German florins. The other forms of money which the German Government consented to accept, did not constitute a definite payment; it was not until those other forms were converted into their equivalent value in thalers or in florins, that the payment became "liberative." This was the essential basis of the bargain.

Furthermore, it was declared that the instalments must be paid at the precise dates fixed, neither before nor afterwards; and that no payments on account should be allowed. It was not till July 1872 that leave was given to make partial payments, but only then with the express reservation that such partial payments should never be for less than £4,000,000 at a time, and that one month's notice of them should be given on each occasion. Under no circumstances, from first to last, was any payment permitted on account.

Two main conditions, therefore, governed the operation: the first, that all payments made in anything but coin or a proper German form were to

be converted into a German form at the expense of France; the second, that the proceeds of all bills or securities which fell due prior to the date fixed for an instalment, were to be held over until that date. The dates themselves were ultimately changed—the last payment was advanced six months; but, with two special exceptions, those conditions were rigorously enforced throughout the entire business.

As the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine to the German Empire obliged the Eastern Railway Company of France to abandon all its lines within those provinces, it was agreed that Germany should pay for them, that the price should be £13,000,000, and that this sum should be deducted from the indemnity. This was the first exception. The second was, that Germany consented, as a favour, to accept £5,000,000 in French bank-notes. By these two means the £200,000,000 were reduced to £182,000,000. But thereto must be added £12,065,000 for interest which accrued successively during the transaction, and which carried the total for payment in coin or German money to £194,065,000. And even this was not quite all, for France had to furnish a further sum of

about £580,000 for exchange, and for expenses in the conversion of foreign securities into German value. This last amount does not appear to be finally agreed between the two Governments—there is a dispute about it; but as the difference extends only to a few thousand pounds, the final sum remitted may be taken at about £194,645,000, or at £199,645,000, if we include the £5,000,000 of French bank-notes. The £13,000,000 credited for the railways carried the entire total of the indemnity, with interest and expenses, to £212,645,000.

The first payment (in French bank-notes) was made on 1st June 1871. As the first loan was not brought out until the end of the same month, £5,000,000 were taken for the purpose from the Bank of France; but with that exception, and subject to temporary advances (as will be seen hereafter), the funds for the entire outgoing were provided by the two great loans; the interest was, however, charged separately to the budget. Consequently, the money was derived successively from the following sources:—

The value of the Alsace-Lorraine railways, . . .	£13,000,000
Loan from the Bank of France, . . .	5,000,000
Out of the first loan for two millions, . . .	62,478,000
Out of the second loan for three millions, . . .	120,102,000
Out of the budgets of 1872 and 1873 (Interest), . . .	12,065,000
Total, . . .	<u>£212,645,000</u>

It is not necessary to go into the details of the dealings with the Bank of France, of the subscription of the loans, or of the dates and proportions of the payments made upon them; it will suffice to observe, as regards those elements of the subject, that though the payments on the loans came in, nominally, before the dates fixed for the delivery of the corresponding instalments to Germany, they, practically, were not always available in time. The reason was, that though the actual handing over to Berlin took place at fixed periods, the remittances themselves were necessarily both anterior and continuous, their proceeds being accumulated by French agents until wanted. The result was, that the French Ministry of Finance was under the necessity of making almost constant advances on account of those remittances. Each time a payment was coming due, the means of effecting it had to be arranged long beforehand. It

is not possible to collect or carry £20,000,000 at a week's notice; so the Treasury was of course obliged to keep on buying bills, as fast as it could get them, in order to have a stock in hand for future needs. That stock fluctuated a good deal, and there is some contradiction in M. Léon Say's report as to its amount; but it appears, at one period, to have ranged for months as high as £30,000,000, part of the cash to pay for it being provided temporarily, until the loan moneys came in, either by Exchequer bills, or by the Bank of France in notes.

There was, moreover, towards the end of the operation, an advance made specially in gold by the Bank of France; and, as the circumstances under which it was effected present a certain interest, it will be worth while to state them. In May 1873, the French Treasury had before it the obligation of providing £40,000,000 between 5th June and 5th September; £24,000,000 of bills were in

hand for the purpose, and about £10,000,000 of instalments were coming due on the loan; but there was, at the best, a clear deficit of about £6,000,000 in the resources available. The Bank of France agreed to supply that sum; but as, at that very moment, the circulation of its notes had reached £112,000,000, and as it had, consequently, only a margin of £16,000,000 between that figure and its total authorised issue of £128,000,000, it seemed dangerous to withdraw £6,000,000 of that margin in notes, and it was decided to effect the loan, by preference, in gold. It is worth remarking that this is probably the first example, in the history of national banks, of a bank electing to make an advance in gold, as being less "dangerous" than the delivery of its own notes. The French Treasury was of course well pleased to obtain bullion, which was immediately "liberative," instead of notes, which would have had to be

converted into bills at various dates. But, after all, this aid did not suffice; the incomings from the loan did not arrive, practically, in time for use, and the Treasury had to supply a further final balance of £9,760,000 to enable the concluding payment to Germany to be regularly effected.

Finally, it may be noted that there were thirty-three deliveries to Germany, the component parts of each of which were so scrupulously verified by the representatives of the Berlin Finance Department, that several days were occupied by the counting, on each occasion. Indeed, when thalers had to be told up, the maximum got through in a day never exceeded £32,000.

After these preliminary explanations we can now begin to show the means by which the transfer was performed. We will divide them, in the first instance, into four categories:—

1. German bank-notes and money collected in France after the war,	£4,201,000
2. French gold and silver,	20,492,000
3. French bank-notes,	5,000,000
4. Bills,	169,952,000
Total,	<u>£199,645,000</u>

The first observation to be made here is, that the German money found in France amounts to a singularly large sum; indeed, if this proof of its importance had not been furnished, no one could possibly have suspected that the invaders, for their personal and private necessities, had spent anything like so much. Their wants, as soldiers, were supplied, during the war, either by stores sent from Germany, or by requisitions levied in France; until peace was signed they had no objects of public need: all this cash, therefore, individual

And, manifestly, the real total must have been still larger. It cannot be supposed that the whole of the German money spent in France was reserved, by its French proprietors, for sale to their own Government; it may be taken for granted that a considerable portion of it went back straight to Germany, through ordinary channels; and it may be guessed that the entire sum expended by the conquerors, out of their individual resources, in Germany, was at least a half more than the amount here shown, and that it ultimately attained £6,000,000. It is curious, and this

is the first time that any official information bearing on it has been published. It remains to add, as regards this element of the payment, that, as might have been expected, the German money was included, almost entirely, in the earlier instalments, and that scarcely any of it appeared in the later remittances.

The £20,492,000 of French money was composed of £10,920,000 in gold and £9,572,000 in silver. But it should be said at once that these figures express only the amounts transmitted by the French Government officially, and do not comprise the quantities of French gold bought by Germany or forwarded by private bankers to cover their own bills; these other quantities will be referred to presently. £8,000,000 of the Government gold were supplied by the Bank of France; the rest was bought from dealers or furnished by the Treasury. Of the silver, £5,840,000 were obtained in France, and £3,732,000 were drawn, in bars, from Hamburg, and coined in Paris.

But these direct remittances of German and French cash represented, after all, only about one-eighth of the entire payment; the other seven-eighths were transferred by bills, and it is in this section of the matter that its great interest lies. It will at once be seen that, as no remittance in paper became "liberative" until it was converted into an equivalent value in thalers or in florins, the French Treasury could obtain no receipt for an instalment until all its various elements had been so converted; its object, therefore, was to obtain the largest possible amount of bills on Germany, so that, at their maturity, their proceeds might be at once available in the prescribed form. But, at the same time, it was quite impossible to collect in France

alone, within the time allowed, anything approaching to the quantity of German bills required. The result was, that it was found necessary not only to hand in a large amount of bills on other countries, which had to be converted into German values at the cost of France, but also, as regards the purchase of direct bills on Germany, to effect it frequently in two stages. In the first stage, bills were bought in Paris, as they offered, on England, Belgium, or Holland; in the second, a portion of the proceeds of those bills was reinvested, in those countries, in other bills on Germany itself. Of course the French Government was very anxious to employ every sort of means to increase the quantity of German bills, and to avoid leaving to the German Treasury the right of converting foreign paper into German value at French expense. At the origin of the operation the importance of this element of it was not fully realised; but by degrees the French minister discovered that it was far more advantageous to effect his conversions himself than to leave them to be carried out anyhow at Berlin. The result of this discovery was, that while £454,000 were paid to Germany for the cost of conversion on the first two millions, only £11,000 were paid to her under the same head on the remaining three millions; after the experience of the first twelve months, France sought for bills on Germany wherever she could get them, all over Europe; and it may be added that she was somewhat aided in the effort by the special position of Germany, who, at the moment, was in debt considerably to England not only for the war loans she had issued there, but also on commercial account as well. But, as has just been mentioned, a good many of these bills were sub-

stitutions for each other, and consequently the amount of paper shown as bought is considerably larger than the real sum paid to Germany, the reason being that a good deal of it

appears in the account twice over. The following table gives the composition of the total quantity of bills bought by France :—

Bills on Germany, bought direct, in thalers,	£62,550,000
Do. do. in florins,	9,548,000
Do. bought, in thalers, with the proceeds of other bills,	42,218,000
Do. in reichsmarcs,	8,172,000
Bills on England, in sterling,	61,780,000
Do. Hamburg, in marcs-banco,	21,432,000
Do. Belgium, in francs,	20,856,000
Do. Holland, in florins,	12,952,000
Total,	<u>£234,506,000</u>

These bills were paid for, mainly, in French bank-notes; and the average rates of exchange at which

they were bought came out as follows, for the entire operation :—

	Francs.
Thalers,	3.7910
Pounds sterling,	25.4943
Marcs-banco,	1.9089
Belgian francs,	1.0061
Dutch florins,	2.1500
Frankfort florins,	2.1637
Reichsmarcs,	1.2528

Every one at all acquainted with exchanges will recognise how low, under such circumstances, these prices are; and will ask, with wonder, how they can have been kept down to such averages on so large an undertaking.

But though the foregoing table shows the quantities of bills, of each kind, that were bought by the French Government as vehicles of transmission, it in no way indicates

the form in which the money was in reality handed over to the German Treasury. Most of the above figures were largely modified by conversions and substitutions; and when all the bills had been cashed—when the whole payment had been effected—it appeared that the real totals of each sort of currency which had been finally delivered to Germany were as follows :—

French bank-notes,	£5,000,000
French gold,	10,920,000
French silver,	9,572,000
German notes and cash,	4,201,000
Bills—Thalers,	99,412,000
Do. —Frankfort florins,	9,404,000
Do. —Marcs-banco,	10,608,000
Do. —Reichsmarcs,	8,190,000
Do. —Dutch florins,	10,020,000
Do. —(and in silver)—Belgian francs,	11,823,000
Do. —Pounds sterling,	25,490,000
Total,	<u>£199,045,000</u>

This catalogue shows, at last, in what shape the bills were really utilised and made "liberative," either in German money direct, or by the equivalent of foreign value in thalers or florins. The differences of composition between this definitive list and that of the bills originally bought, are only partially explained by M. Léon Say; it is not, however, necessary, nor would it be interesting, to follow out precisely the various conversions which took place;—we will only mention, as an illustration, that, out of the £61,780,000 of original bills in England, £31,687,000 were converted here into other bills on Germany, that £25,490,000 were sent to Berlin in sterling bills, and that the balance remains unexplained. As regards the direct delivery, by France herself, of English, Belgian, or Dutch bullion, the report says nothing: it is only stated, incidentally,

that £720,000 of Belgian francs were sent to Berlin in metal, and that the London agency of the French Treasury bought £1,132,000 here in gold and silver, which, probably, was also shipped to Berlin; but these are the sole allusions to the subject. It is probable, as indeed has always been supposed, that the bullion which was withdrawn, during the operation, from London, Brussels, and Amsterdam, was not taken for French account, but by Germany, out of the sums at her disposal in each place after the bills on that place had matured.

We have now before us, in a condensed form, the main elements of this prodigious operation; we see now what were the conditions which regulated it, where the money came from to realize it, how that money was successively employed, and in what shapes the payments were at last effected.

We recognise that France herself provided, in her own notes and

	coin,	£25,492,000
"	that German money and bills on Germany produced,	126,815,000
"	and that bills on England, Belgium, and Holland contributed,	47,338,000
Total,		<u>£199,645,000</u>

Here, however, we must repeat that the Paris bankers who sold drafts on Germany were obliged, to some extent, to remit cash to meet them. On this point M. Léon Say goes into calculations which we will mention presently; for the moment it will suffice to say that, according to his view, the effective transmission of bullion from France to Germany, through private hands, from 1871 to 1873, did not exceed £8,000,000 for the purposes in view here. He acknowledges, as will be seen, that the entire exportation of French gold during the three years, reached (probably) £40,000,000; but still he expresses

the opinion that £8,000,000 were all that was required, as a balance, to cover the French bills on Berlin. Of course this is a question which nobody can decide; but, to lookers on, it does seem somewhat contrary to the probabilities of such a case, that this sum can have been sufficient. It may perhaps have been enough, as M. Say says, to balance accounts in the long-run, but it is difficult to believe that it was not considerably exceeded while the operation was under execution. Furthermore, M. Léon Say makes a mistake of £10,000,000 in his account, as we shall show; and, for that reason, we believe that

£18,000,000 instead of £8,000,000 were required, so putting the whole total of French bullion temporarily used, including the £20,000,000 of the Government, at about £38,000,000, or a little more than one-sixth of the entire sum to pay. As this is certainly a maximum, it follows that France got out of this great debt with a payment of only 18 per cent of it, at the outside, in her own money. And there is good reason to suppose that all the gold exported by her has come back, and that her reserves of bullion are re-constituted at present as they were before the war.

And now we can approach the most important and interesting point in the whole transaction. How came it that £170,000,000 of bills could be got at all? We have given a general answer to the question at the commencement of this article; we will now consider it more in detail, partly with the aid of M. Léon Say's report, partly by reference to other sources of information. It appears, as might have been expected, that various measures were employed by the French Government in order to render possible the collection of such a huge mass of paper. In the first place, particular facilities and temptations were offered to foreigners to induce them to subscribe to the two loans; commissions varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 per cent were offered to them—the object being to acquire the power of drawing on them for the amount of their instalments. Secondly, everything was done to encourage anticipated payments of those instalments, so as to hasten the dates at which they could be drawn for. Thirdly, as some fear was felt that the second loan might possibly not be eagerly subscribed, coming, as it did, so immediately after a previous issue which was not quite paid up,

it was thought desirable to get a portion of it guaranteed by bankers. But, in order not to risk giving to those bankers a large commission for nothing, it was stipulated with them, as a part of the arrangement, that they should supply the Treasury with a fixed quantity of foreign bills. By the two former plans of action the immense amount of £70,920,000 of drafts on other countries was obtained, £15,960,000 of which were on account of the first loan, and £54,960,000 on account of the second; and it may be remarked at once, before we proceed, that though this figure supplies decisive evidence of the fact that at least one-third of the two great loans was paid up by foreign subscribers, it is certain that nearly the entire amount has been bought back since, and that almost the whole of the new stocks is, at the present moment, in French hands. By the third plan, the bankers who formed the syndicate—and it may be mentioned that fifty-five of the first houses in Europe were associated for the purpose—engaged to supply £28,000,000 of paper. Consequently, by these admirably devised schemes, £98,920,000 of drafts were successively procured, and the exact quantity to be bought in the open market was reduced to £71,032,000.

It must, however, be observed, that though we can regard these drafts on foreign countries for loan instalments as a special product of the occasion, and are therefore justified in counting them apart, the same cannot anyhow be said of the £28,000,000 of bills furnished by the syndicate of bankers. The latter were evidently composed of ordinary commercial paper, and consequently must be added to the total which had to be supplied from commercial sources proper, so putting that total at £99,032,000.

Now bills of this sort necessarily imply an effective counter-value of some kind; so, as we have already seen that at the outside only £18,000,000 of that counter-value was supplied in bullion, there remained at least £81,032,000 of bills which must necessarily have been based on ordinary trading or financial operations. What were those operations? Very often the general character of a bill is indicated on its face; but in this case a test of that kind could not be applied, not only because there were so many bills to handle that a serious examination of their nature was impracticable (there were, in all, one hundred and twenty thousand of them, of every conceivable amount, from £40 to £200,000), but also because every possible kind of business transaction must have been represented in that accumulation of securities from all parts of the world. Bank credits, circulation bills, settlements for goods delivered, remittances on account of future purchases, drafts against the coupons of shares and stocks, special paper created for the occasion—all these forms, and many others, too, were, according to M. Léon Say, included in the collection. It was not possible to seek out in detail the origins and meanings of such a varied mass; but we may take M. Say's general description of it to be true, not only because it corresponds with probabilities and experience, but also because he was himself Minister of Finance during a part of the operation, and has therefore a personal knowledge of its main circumstances. Researches, however, which could not be attempted with the bills themselves, may be practically and usefully pursued if they are directed towards the general signs and symptoms of the financial state of France. It is probable that a relatively small amount of bills was

created specially to be sold to the French Government. We may, indeed, take the supposed £18,000,000 of exported bullion as indicating the approximate extent of uncovered or manufactured paper; all the rest was evidently based on mercantile transactions. Now we know that mercantile transactions imply the delivery of property of some kind, and that the two main forms of property, commercially, are merchandise and stocks. It is therefore necessary, in order to arrive at an idea upon the question, to glance at the actual position of France in her dealings with other nations in these two values.

We have already alluded to the development of French trade, and to the general influence of that development on the payment of the war indemnity as a whole; but we must go into a few figures here in order to make the bearings of the subject clear. The value of the foreign commerce of France—importations and exportations together—was £257,000,000 in 1871, £293,000,000 in 1872, and £301,000,000 in 1873. Now it will be at once recognised that the amount of bills necessitated by this quantity of commerce, supplied a solid foundation for carrying the additional paper whose origin we are now seeking to discover. M. Say is of opinion that scarcely any part of the indemnity bills was furnished by the current commercial trade of the country; but, as we have just seen that the quantity required from trading sources was £81,000,000, or about £40,000,000 per annum, it does seem to be possible, notwithstanding his contrary impression, that some portion of that relatively reduced quantity may have been found in the ordinary commercial movement. For instance, it may reasonably be argued—as

indeed M. Say himself admits—that bills drawn against French exports to Germany or England would be included, to some extent, amongst those which were offered to the Government. There seems to be no reason why this should not have been so.

But if M. Say considers that the habitual commercial paper of France has not been of much service to the Treasury in its conduct of this operation, he holds a totally different opinion with reference to the influence of the foreign investments of the French people. What he says on this subject is new and curious, and is well worth repeating.

He begins by stating, with an appearance of much truth and reason, that for many years before the war, French capital was being continuously invested in foreign securities; that the sums so placed have been estimated by different economists at from £30,000,000 to £60,000,000 a-year. Here, however, before we follow out his argument, we must open a parenthesis, and observe that if even the smaller of these figures is exact, the computation of £80,000,000 of annual savings, which was alluded to at the commencement of this article, must be altogether wrong. It is manifestly inadmissible that France can have been investing in foreign countries three-eighths of her whole net yearly profits. Consequently, we may legitimately suppose that the popular impression about the £80,000,000 is a delusion, and that France is in reality laying by a vast deal more than that. If so, the ease and speed with which she has recovered from the war would be comprehensibly explained. M. Léon Say goes on to tell us that French investments in foreign stocks amounted in 1870 to so large a total, that the dividends on them represented, at

that date, about £25,000,000 a-year, for which sum drafts on other countries were of course put into circulation by its French proprietors. Furthermore, the revenues of the strangers who live in France come to them principally from their own country; and it is estimated that, before the war, £10,000,000 or £12,000,000 of such incomes were drawn for annually in the same way. Consequently, on this showing, it would appear that somewhere about £35,000,000 or £40,000,000 of French drafts on foreign countries were created every year from those two sources. It is, however, certain that this quantity has diminished since the war, by the departure of some of the strangers who used to live in France, and also by the sale, in order to provide funds for subscription to the two new loans, of some of the foreign securities held in France. But M. Léon Say considers that the annual diminution, on both heads together, does not exceed £4,000,000, and that at least £30,000,000 of paper, representing cash due to France on account of incomes from abroad, irrespective of commerce properly so called, were drawn in 1871 and 1872. In support of these considerations, he mentions, amongst other facts, that in 1868 and 1869 the coupons paid in Paris on Italian stock alone amounted to £3,400,000; while in 1872 and 1873 they fell to £2,400,000. On this one security, therefore—which is, however, probably held in France in larger proportions than any other foreign stock—the diminution of income since the war amounts to £1,000,000. With these figures and probabilities before him, he concludes by expressing the confident opinion that, as French purchases of foreign stocks have ceased, to a great extent at least, since 1870, and as remittances of French money to pay for such pur-

chases have consequently ceased as well, the drafts on other countries for coupons and revenues became entirely disposable for transmission to Berlin, and that it is here that the main explanation lies of the facility with which the bills were found. This theory is ingenious, and it is probably, in great part, true.

The movement of the precious metals forms a separate element of the subject, and one that is not easy to trace out; for in France, as in most other countries, the public returns of the international trade in specie are very incomplete. We know how much gold and silver are raised from mines, and how much thereof is coined by each country; but we are very ill informed as to what becomes of them when once they have issued from the Mint. On this head also, however, M. Léon Say has collected some valuable facts. The Custom-house Reports inform us that during the three years from 1871 to 1873, £53,400,000 of bullion were exported, and £50,480,000 were imported; on this showing, therefore, the loss of bullion was only £2,920,000. But as private information gave good reason to believe that the amounts must have been in reality considerably larger, calculations have been made in order to arrive at a more correct conclusion. It appears, from official publications, that the stock of gold and silver in the Christian world is supposed to have increased by £371,000,000 from 1849 to 1867; but the augmentation has not occurred in both the metals—it has taken place in gold only; the quantity of gold is greater by £428,000,000, while, in consequence of exportations to Asia, the quantity of silver has diminished by £57,000,000. Now, out of this £428,000,000 of new gold, France alone, in the first instance, received

more than half; at least we are justified in supposing so, from the fact that, during the same period, the Paris Mint converted £230,000,000 of bar gold into French coin. Of course this quantity of gold did not remain permanently in France; its whole value was not added in reality to the general French stock of metal: as gold arrived in France silver went away; indeed it is imagined that, out of the £200,000,000 of silver which have been coined in France since the year 1800, only £40,000,000 remained in the country in 1869. It is, however, calculated that the £100,000,000 of hard cash, gold and silver together, which were said to really belong to France in 1848, have doubled since; and M. Wolowski, who is regarded as an authority on such questions, declared in the French Chamber, on 4th February last, that, in his opinion, the national stock now ranges between £200,000,000 and £250,000,000.

But whatever be the interest of these computations, and useful as it may be to count up the amount of bullion which has come into France, we must look elsewhere for information as to the quantity of it which the consequences of the war took out. We know that the German Mint melted down, for its own coinage, £33,880,000 of French napoleons. It is also known, says M. Léon Say, that the Bank of England bought nearly £8,000,000 of the same sort of money between 1870 and 1873. Here, therefore, we can trace the passage out of France, since the war, of nearly £42,000,000 of her gold. But, as Germany drew from London £1,880,000 of the napoleons which she put into the furnace, it may be that that sum was included in the £8,000,000 of the Bank of England, and is therefore counted twice.

For this reason the amount really sent to Germany and England may be put at £40,000,000. M. Léon Say adds, that the Bank of Amsterdam bought a further £3,600,000 of French gold; but, as he fancies that this may not have come direct from France, he does not add it to the total, and he holds to £40,000,000 as representing probably the effective loss of gold which France had to support after the war. Of this sum, £10,920,000 were exported to Berlin, as we have already shown, by the French Government itself; the other £29,080,000 were consequently carried out by private firms for transmission to Berlin, and for various other purposes. Silver, however, arrived in considerable quantities to replace the gold. £9,500,000 of silver were coined in Paris between 1870 and 1873; and the Custom-house returns, which are almost always below the truth, show an importation of £12,160,000 of it. From all this, M. Say concludes that £40,000,000 of gold left France; that £12,000,000 of silver came to her; and that the £28,000,000 of difference between the two represents the real total loss of bullion which the war entailed.

But in making this calculation M. Léon Say commits a most wonderful mistake; he entirely omits to take account of the £9,572,000 of silver which the French Government sent to Berlin, and which must, of course, be added to the outgoing. When this strange error is corrected, the loss becomes, not £28,000,000, but £38,000,000, of which the Government exported £20,000,000—leaving, apparently, £18,000,000, instead of £8,000,000, as the sum contributed by private bankers. This difference of

10,000,000 in the issue of the calculation gives some value to another computation which M. Léon

Say has made, but which would have had no foundation if this error had not existed. He says—probably with some truth—that the quantity of money in circulation in a country remains usually at the same general total, during the same period, whatever be the nature of the various elements which compose it. He then goes on to argue that as the issue of French bank-notes was £44,000,000 higher in September 1873 than in June 1870, that increase ought to approximately indicate the amount of metal withdrawn in the interval from circulation, and replaced by notes. But, according to his theory, that amount of metal did not exceed £28,000,000, leaving an excess of £16,000,000 of notes, which excess he explains by saying that it represents an equal sum in gold which the French people had hidden away! Now everybody knows that the lower classes of the French people do hide money—do “*thesaurise*,” as they say; but such an explanation of the missing £16,000,000 is so purely imaginary that it cannot merit any serious credit. The theory assumes, however, a very different form when the error of the £10,000,000 is corrected. In that case we have an extra issue of £44,000,000 in bank-notes, corresponding to a loss of £38,000,000 in gold and silver; and there the two figures get sufficiently close to each other for it to be possible that there really is some relationship between them, without being forced to resort to the possible but improbable solution of *thesaurising*.

Consequently, with all these various considerations before us, it seems reasonable to suppose that the natures of the bills employed to pay the war indemnity were of three main classes, and were grouped approximately in the following proportions:—

Drafts for foreign subscriptions to the loans, . . .	£70,920,000
Bills against French bullion specially exported, . . .	18,000,000
Commercial bills and drafts for dividends and revenues from abroad,	81,032,000
General total of bills,	£169,952,000

Before we proceed to sum up the case, and to try to draw from it the teaching it contains, there is one more detail which is worth explaining.

We have alluded to the coining in Paris of a certain quantity of Hamburg silver. To make the story of it clear, it is necessary to remind our readers that, according to the constitution of the Bank of Hamburg—which dates from 1619—accounts were kept by it in a money called marc-banco, and credits were opened by it in that money on the deposit of silver—coined or uncoined—the value of that silver being calculated pure. By degrees the marc-banco, though only an imaginary money, grew to be the universal denominator employed in the home and foreign business of Hamburg; it acquired an importance greater than that of the effective money of many German States. But when the Empire was established, and it was decided to introduce a gold standard into Germany, it became essential to suppress the marc-banco, for it had the double defect of representing silver and of forming a separate value outside German monetary unity. So it was abolished by law and ordered to disappear—the plan adopted being that the Bank of Hamburg should liquidate its deposits, by paying off, in pure silver, the marc-banco in circulation. It was, however, stipulated that this right should cease on 15th February 1873, and that, after that day, all persons who held securities in marc-banco should lose the old right of receiving pure silver, and should only be entitled to half a

thaler for each marc-banco, that being the value of the silver represented by the latter. Now the French Treasury had bought, as we have seen, £21,000,000 of bills in marc-banco, and consequently possessed the right of claiming silver for such of them as fell due before 15th February 1873, while all the rest, from that date, were payable in thalers. The thaler was “liberative,” while the marc-banco was not; but the pure silver which the marc-banco represented could be coined into five-franc pieces, and be delivered to the German Government at the rate of 3 francs 75 centimes per thaler. The result was, that being by far the largest holder of marc-banco paper, the French Treasury was able for a time to control the Hamburg market, and it naturally used for its own advantage the power which this position gave it. The Hamburg Bank was utterly unable to deliver the quantity of silver for which France held acceptances in marc-banco; it was absolutely in the hands of the French Minister of Finance: that functionary appears, however, to have acted very fairly—to have only asked for silver in moderation, and to have profited by his power solely to obtain conversions into thalers on good conditions. The result was, as we have said, that £3,732,000 of Hamburg silver came to the Paris Mint, partly through Government importations on marc-banco bills, partly through private speculators, who followed the example of the Treasury, and pressed the Hamburg Bank for metal.

Such are, in a condensed form,

the essential features of the history of this extraordinary operation ; and now that we have completed the account, we need no longer delay the expression of our admiration of the consummate ability with which it was conducted. Its success may be said to have been, in every point, complete ; we cannot detect one sign of a grave hitch or of a serious error in it. It does the highest honour to the officials of the French Treasury, and proves that they possess a perfect knowledge of exchange and banking, both in their minutest details and in their largest applications.

When we look back upon the subject as a whole, three great facts strike us in it. The first, that France is vastly rich ; the second, that the trade of Europe has attained such a magnitude that figures are ceasing to convey its measure ; the third, that the aggregate commercial action of nations is a lever which can lift any financial load whatever. As we see the transaction now, with these explanations of its composition before us, we cannot fail to recognise that it has been rather European than purely French. All purses helped to provide funds for it ; all trades supplied bills for it. In every previous state of the world's commerce such an operation would have been impossible ; fifty, thirty, twenty years ago, it would have ruined France and have disordered Europe ; in our time it has come and gone without seriously disturbing any of the economic conditions under which we live. France, out of her own stores, has quietly transported to Berlin a quantity of bullion larger than the whole ordinary stock of the Bank of England ; and yet she shows no sign of having lost a sovereign. She has paid, in her bank-notes, for £170,000,000 of transmission paper, and yet the

quantity of her bank-notes in circulation is now steadily diminishing. Such realities as these would be altogether inconceivable if we did not see their cause behind them : that cause is simple, natural, indisputable ; its name is the present situation of the world's trade. The vastness of that trade explains the mystery.

But yet, with these advantages to help it, the operation had, in addition to its enormous size, certain special difficulties to contend with. As one example it may be mentioned that, amongst the elements of perturbation and of consequent impediments to remittance, the French Government had to keep in view the fact that, at the very moment when it needed all the monetary facilities it could obtain, the German Government was locking up gold in its cellars, in order to provide metal for the new coinage it was preparing. This was a most unlucky coincidence ; but it existed, and it had to be met. The German plan was to hold back the issue of the new money until £30,000,000 of it were ready to be exchanged for the old silver currency ; consequently, no silver could be expected to leave Germany until some months after the date at which the gold had been brought in there ; and, during the interval, France knew that she must suffer from the withdrawal of so much bullion from the general market. But she found assistance in an unexpected way ; silver did flow back to her at once from Germany, without waiting for the issue of the new gold currency. France paid Germany £9,572,000 in French silver ; but this was of no use to the latter : on the contrary, it was an embarrassment to her ; for she was on the point of exporting a quantity of her own silver, which would become superfluous as soon as the new gold got into circulation. So, for this reason, a

considerable portion of the French five-franc pieces came back immediately to France, and helped to re-constitute her store.

And all the other difficulties were, more or less, like this one. At first sight they looked grave and durable, but they diminished or disappeared as soon as they were seriously attacked; the whole thing turned out to be an astonishing example of obstacles overrated. The unsuspected wealth of France, assisted by an extent of general commercial dealings which was more unsuspected still, managed to get the better of all the stumbling-blocks and impossibilities which seemed to bar the road. France has lost £400,000,000, one-half of which she has delivered to her enemy, and yet she is going on prospering materially as if nothing at all had happened. But it is now quite clear that she never could have managed all this alone; she could have found the money, but never could she, single-handed, have carried

it to Germany. It is there, far more than in subscriptions to her loans, that the world has really helped her; she has bought back the stock that foreigners subscribed for her, but she could not do so without the bills they sold her. If she had been left to her own resources for the transport of the indemnity to Berlin, she would probably have been forced to send two-thirds of it in bullion, and to empty her people's pockets for the purpose; the vastness of the world's trade and the unity of interests which commerce has produced, permitted her to use other nations' means of action instead of her own.

Viewed in this light, the payment of the five millions becomes an enormous piece of admirably well arranged international banking, in which nearly all the counting-houses of Northern Europe took a share. That definition of it is worth knowing, and we may be glad that the information given in M. Say's report has enabled us to arrive at it.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE:

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART XIV.—CONCLUSION.

It was the beginning of May when the party went home, and everything was green on Eskside. Were I to describe all that happened before they left Oxford, so strange a family group as they were—the old Lady Eskside with the tramp-woman, the high-bred Secretary of Legation, along with Styles's head man—and how they managed to exist together, the lion with the lamb—I should require a volume. But this would weary the reader, who can easily imagine for himself that any happiness which might be produced by this reunion of the divided family was counterbalanced by many circumstances which were not happy. The grandparents, I think, would have been really happy in the removal of all mystery from their family story, the complete establishment of the rights and heirship of their beloved Val, and the winning qualities of Dick, but for the sudden chaos into which they were re-plunged by the mother's calm declaration of Dick's seniority. Its effect upon them was indescribable. Richard, with his diplomatic instincts, seeing that his sons had not paid any attention to, or even heard, this extraordinary statement, lushed it up with an impetuous and peremptory promptitude which took even his father and mother by surprise, and silenced them. "Not another word," he whispered to them; "not a word! the boys have heard nothing; for the present let nothing more be said;" and the old couple, in the suddenness of this strange juncture, let themselves be overruled,

and left the guidance in his hands. As for the mother herself, she attached no weight to the circumstance. She was too ignorant to know, and too much abstracted in her mind to think, that it made any difference which was the eldest. She had not kept Dick for that reason, nor had she left Val at Rosscraig with any intention of avenging herself upon the family by thus substituting the youngest for the just heir, which was the first thought that crossed Lady Eskside's mind. No; she had been guided by mere chance, as we say, snatching up the one boy instead of the other in her despair, for the most trivial reason, as the reader may recollect. And even now it did not occur to her that what she had said was of any consequence, though she saw it affected the others in some incomprehensible way. Her mind had no capacity for entering upon such a question. She was far more deeply moved by the chance that Valentine might be tired out—more solicitous to know whether it was time for his beef-tea. Richard kept his parents quiet until Val had gone to bed, and Dick to sit by him and read to him, when the three had an anxious consultation; and the packet of papers which Richard had brought from Italy, and which up to this moment had remained unopened, was examined, and found to confirm, with frightful accuracy, the statements of the mother. There it was incontestable, Dick was set down as the eldest, notwithstanding the impression upon Richard's mind which, on Val's first

appearance, had led to the mistake. This confirmation subdued them all into a kind of despair. Lord and Lady Eskside, both at different times, had received Dick into their affections, as they thought, and acknowledged, with a certain pride, his natural worthiness. But when it appeared possible that this new and unknown boy (though they liked him) might put himself in the place of their Valentine—the child of their old age, the light of their eyes—their hearts sank within them. All their satisfaction and enthusiasm was chilled, nay, frozen; they sat and looked at each other blankly, their gladness turned into dire disappointment and heaviness. Then it was that Richard urged upon them the necessity of silence. "Let us take time to think," he said; "time is everything. Val, it is clear, can bear no further excitement; it might be fatal to him; nor can it be good for the other boy. He is an honest, kind fellow; but how can we tell if his head is strong enough to bear such a change of fortune? Let him get used to the part of younger brother first. For heaven's sake, let us hold our tongues, and say nothing more about it now."

Lord Eskside shook his head; but my lady seconded her son, alarmed at the idea he had skilfully brought forward of danger to Val. "Yes, he is a good honest fellow," they both said, but with an involuntary grudge against Dick, as if it could be his fault; and the papers were put up carefully in Lord Eskside's despatch-box, and the news still more closely locked in the bosoms of the three who knew the secret. But it is astonishing how their knowledge of this took all heart out of their conscientious effort to adapt themselves to the new state of things. Valentine, whatever his internal difficulties were, accepted the position much more easily. His illness soft-

ened it to him, and had already produced that familiar intercourse with his mother and brother, which the mere discovery that they were his mother and brother could not have brought about; and the happiness of convalescence which glorified all the circumstances about him, made it still more easy. He lived a life of delightful idleness, feeling nothing but benevolence and kindness for every created thing, how much more for his tender nurses and companions?—getting well, eating and sleeping, and loving idle talk, and to have all his people about him. He was so much a child in this, that even his father, whom Val had never been familiar with, came in for a share of his sociable affectionate desire to be always surrounded by the group of those who belonged to him. He called for everybody, with that regal power which is never possessed in such perfection as by an invalid, to whom all who love him are bound by a hundred ties of gratitude and admiration for having been so good and so clever as to get well. He could not bear a look too serious, a clouded face, and was himself as cheerful as the day, enjoying everything. Dick, I need not say, had told him of that meeting with Violet, and of his letters to her, and by this means Val had got up a spring of private delight for himself—carrying on a limited but charming correspondence, which, indeed, was all on one side, but which still gave him infinite pleasure. "Keep up the Brown delusion, Dick," he said, with infinite relish of the fun, "till we go home; and then we'll tell her. What a joke, to be sure, that you should ever have been Brown!" And indeed this was already the aspect the past had taken to both the young men; and it was the strangest absurd thing, scarcely comprehensible, how they could ever have believed

it. The two had no share in the perturbation of their elders. Good Dick was, as he had said, more the servant of that young demigod and hero than if he had not been his brother. He did everything for him—read to him, talked to him, brought him the news, and lived over again every day of their intercourse since that day when they first “took a liking to each other.” How strange it all seemed—how extraordinary, and yet how natural—in face of this broad and obvious explanation, which made everything plain !

I need not say that it was also the idea of Richard Ross to put into the Edinburgh paper that cunning intimation that the young member for Eekshire had been taken ill at the house of his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Ross, at Oxford. Scarcely a soul who read that intimation ever thought of anything but the luxurious and dignified dwelling which an Hon. Mrs. Ross would ordinarily inhabit ; and the people who knew Oxford tried hard to recollect whether they had ever met her, and where her house was. The county in general was much perplexed and much affected by this notice. It seemed impossible to believe that there was any specious falsehood in so matter-of-fact a paragraph. “The old stories must all be false,” one said to another ; “Richard’s wife has been living separate from her husband, that is all.” “But no one ever heard who she was,” the doubting ones said ; though even the greatest sceptic added, “I will ask my son if he has ever met her in society.” Thus Richard’s diplomacy had full success. He followed it up by other delicate touches, bulletins of Valentine’s recovery, and tantalising hints such as only local gossip can permit, and which were reserved for the pages of the ‘Castleton Herald’—of the happy domestic *rapprochements* which the

Editor was delighted to hear Mr. Ross’s illness, otherwise so regrettable, was likely to bring about. All this made a great commotion in the district. You may think it was beneath the dignity of a man of Richard Ross’s pretensions to descend to such means of breaking to the public a great family event, which might otherwise have been differently interpreted ; but your great man, and especially your *diplomate* and courtier, is always the one most disposed to make use of flunkeyism and the popular love of gossip. It is a sign, perhaps, of the cynical disregard of this elevated class of mortals for ordinary people ; anyhow, they rarely hesitate to avail themselves of means which would wound the pride of many less exalted persons. Life, like dreams (to which, heaven knows, it bears in all matters so close a resemblance), goes by contraries. What the poor and simple scorn, the rich and wise employ.

The Eekshire people, however, were destined to yet another sensation more startling than this. It was in the nature of a recantation, and few recantations have excited more local interest. I will not attempt to describe all the motives and influences which were supposed to have brought it about—for the reader is better informed, and knows that it was brought about very simply, as perhaps some of his own good deeds are, by the intervention and pertinacity of a slim girl with a soft voice and a pair of pleading eyes. Nobody on Eskside knew that Violet, at the point of the sword as it were, had extracted an apology from her father. It appeared on the walls in the shape of a placard, about the middle of April, and was sent by post to all the influential persons in the district. Lasswade was white with it, every bit of fence possessing the paper. It was addressed, like another notable letter,

to the Electors of Eskshire; but it was much shorter than the former one. What it said was as follows:—

“GENTLEMEN,—It will be within the recollection of all of you that, a few months ago, I thought it my duty to address to you a letter concerning the standing and pretensions of Mr. Valentine Ross, now Conservative member for this county. It seemed right that you should take into consideration what then appeared to me the very doubtful proofs of Mr. Ross's identity. I am strongly opposed to him and his family in politics; and I confess I thought it my duty to indicate to you in the distinctest manner how poorly supported by fact were his claims to your confidence. I am a Whig, and Mr. Ross is a Tory, and I do not pretend to be above the ordinary tactics of electioneering, which have been pushed to further lengths than were possible to me, by men of much higher worldly pretensions than myself. But whether as Whig or as Tory, I hope it will always be an Englishman's highest boast to be an honest man; and circumstances have convinced me that it is my duty to convey to my brother electors an Apology for statements which I formerly made to them under the influence of a mistake, and which I now find are less certain than I then thought them. It is no disgrace to any man to have fallen into a mistake, if, when he discovers it, he takes pains to undo any mischief it may have produced.

“With this preface I will simply say, that though it is quite true, as I stated, that Mr. Valentine Ross appeared at his grandfather's house in a very strange and suspicious way, the inference I drew from that is, I have reason to believe, incorrect. It does not become me to enter into the private history of a family so well known in this county;

but I believe steps will shortly be taken to remove all possibility of doubt upon the subject; and I can only say that I for one am now convinced that our new member has the fullest right to the name he bears. These important facts have only come to my knowledge within the last fortnight; and I consider it my duty, putting aside all false pride, which so often hinders a man from acknowledging a mistake publicly made, at once to communicate this discovery to the electors of Eskshire. I am as far from agreeing with Mr. Ross and his family politically as I ever was; but I cannot continue to do a social injury to any man after I have found out that my impression was a mistaken one. If I have conveyed a prejudice against Mr. Valentine Ross to the mind of any brother elector, I can only add that I am unfeignedly sorry for it.

“AN EKSIDE ELECTOR.”

This was the first thing that met the eyes of the travelling party when—duly heralded by the Castleton paper, which in its last issue had announced the approaching return of “Lord and Lady Ekside, the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Ross, Mr. Valentine Ross, M.P. for Eskshire, and Mr. Richard Ross the younger”—they arrived at Lasswade. The old lord himself was the first to read it when they got out at the little railway station on the new branch line, which, as everybody knows, is still a mile or two distant from the village. There were two carriages waiting—the great barouche, which was Lady Ekside's favourite, and a vehicle of the genus dog-cart for “the boys;” and the usual little commotion which always attends an arrival left a few minutes to spare while the carriage drew up. Lord Ekside came and took his old wife by the arm, and led her to

the place where this address, blazoned in great letters, "To the Electors of Eskshire," held a prominent position. "Is it something new?" she asked with a sickness at her heart; "oh, don't let Val see it!" When she had read it, however, the old pair looked at each other and laughed with tremulous enjoyment. I am afraid it did not occur to them to look at this as a high-minded atonement, or to see any generosity in the confession. "Sandy Pringle is worsted at last," the old lord said, with a gleam of light from under his eyebrows. But the exhilaration of unquestionable victory filled their hearts, and made them forget for the moment the other drawbacks which attended their return.

With this sense of having beaten their adversary strong in their minds, they no longer hesitated to drive home through Lasswade, which they had not intended to do; where they had a most flattering reception. What with the curiosity excited by this probable *éclaircissement* of a romantic story, and the eagerness of everybody to see Richard Ross's wife, and the new excitement produced by that placard on the walls—which most people, I fear, received as Lord Eskside received it—every one was agog. It was not a formal entrance with triumphal arches, &c., for this is not a kind of demonstration very congenial to the natural independence of the Lowland Scotch mind, which is much disposed to be friendly towards its great neighbours, but very little disposed to feudal notions of the respect due to a superior. Willie Maitland, it is true, had once thought of suggesting something of the sort, but he had fortunately forborne; and accordingly, though there was an absence of flags and decorations, a very warm

spontaneous welcome was given to the travellers. They stopped at the door of the Bull, and the carriage was instantly surrounded by a genial crowd, attracted, it is true, quite as much by a desire for information, as by a wish to do honour to Lord Eskside's family; and there, sure enough, by my lady's side sat the unknown Mrs. Ross, looking out with large eyes, in which a certain terror and wonder combated the look of abstraction which was habitual to them. She had been here before—how well she remembered how! not in the chief street, honoured of everybody, but dragging through the muddy roads, dull and despairing, with her two crying children. The cold wild March night of her recollection was not more unlike the soft sunshine of this May-day, than was her own position now and then. Was she more happy? She did not ask herself the question. Only people in a more or less artificial state of self-consciousness do ever ask themselves if they are happy or not; the uninstructed soul takes life as it comes. But her aspect impressed the people of Lasswade. They concluded that she was "not very happy with her husband;" and as Richard was not popular in the county he despised, this rather prepossessed the popular mind in her favour; but that this woman had ever been the "beggar-wife" of the popular legend, the county ever after refused to believe.

The Dowager-Duchess had driven into Lasswade, of course "by accident," on that afternoon, and so had Sir John and his lady; and it is astonishing how many other carriages of lesser potentates the Eskside party met on their way home. It was a fine day to be sure; everybody was out; and every separate detachment of anxious neighbours had its own remarks to make,

"The second son looks a fine lad," the good people said ; for indeed Dick had beamed with grateful smiles upon every one who had a welcome for Val. And thus the family, at last united, with glad welcome of all their neighbours, and retraction of their enemy's slanders, made their way home. "You see we've brought Sandy Pringle to his marrow-bones, my lord !" cried Willie Maitland the factor, my lord's right-hand man, as they drove away from the door of the Bull. "Ay, ay, the auld sneekdrawer !" said Lord Eskside in his glee. This was all Mr. Pringle made by his apology. Val, I am happy to say, was otherwise disposed—he took it generously, touched by the confession, not triumphing in it, as extorted from his assailant ; and his explanation of the placard, which he too had read eagerly, to his brother and confident, was made in a very different tone. "I knew old Pringle was a good fellow," said Val ; "he was forced to it by his party ; but the moment he hears the truth he comes forward and owns it like a man. Our fathers and mothers think differently from us, Dick, old fellow. They think because old Pringle is out of it so long as you and I are to the fore, that therefore he must be our enemy. I always knew it was nothing of the sort, but only a party move," said Valentine, flourishing his whip with that delicious sense of generous superior wisdom which dwells in the bosom of youth ; and then he added, softly, "After this, surely they can't make any more row about Violet and me."

"I should think not," said Dick, with a sigh ; the sight of those Eskside woods, where he had seen her, came back to his mind with a strange thrill. What a moment of enchantment that had been ! He had never hoped it would come back again.

How could he wish it to come back, when only by injury to Val it could ever bring any happiness to him ? And, to be sure, he had only seen Violet twice, never long enough to—— "What a lucky fellow you are !" was what he said.

"Am I not ?" cried Val, in his frank happiness ; "I should think this was the very last stone rolled out of my way."

There had been a great commotion in Rossraig, preparing everything for the family party ; the new wing had been opened, the carpets put down, the curtains up, and everything arranged according to Lady Eskside's orders. The new wing had all kinds of conveniences in it—sitting-room for the young couple for whom it was prepared, nurseries for the children, everything that could help to make it agreeable to a son's family under the same roof with his father and mother. But as it happened now, both Richard and Valentine prepared to keep their old rooms ; and the new wing was given up to Dick and his mother, to whom it appeared a wilderness of grandeur, confusing and blank in its extent and wealth. It had windows which looked down upon the wooded bank of the Esk, and windows which looked to the great door and courtyard, and a suite of rooms through which you could wander from one side to another, for it ran all the breadth of the house. I am not sure that these two, transported into that luxurious place, did not feel the change more painfully and strangely than its natural occupants would have done had they been suddenly dismissed to Styles's riverside cottage. The mother felt it most of all. She sat in her own rooms almost all the day, patiently receiving the visits of her sons and of Lady Eskside, but never seeking them in the other portions of the

house—brightening to see Val, but saying little even to him. She was chilled and stifled by all these fine surroundings. Often she would rise and fling the windows open, or pull at the curtains instinctively, as if to pull them down. "I can't breathe," she would sometimes say to Dick, with a plaintive tone in her voice. Her life, such as it was, was gone from her. She was quite submissive, doing all that was asked of her, attempting no resistance. I cannot explain the entire cessation now of the struggle which she had kept up so long, any more than she could. Fate was too strong for her, and her strength was waning; but when she yielded, she yielded altogether, unreasoning and unreasonably, as she had struggled—her mind was not capable of compromise, or of making the best of a position. When she gave in she dropped her arms entirely, and with her arms her strength.

And strangely enough, Val, the sight of whom had kept her alive, lost his power now over his mother, and Dick, who was her own, became all in all to her. She was happy only when her familiar companion was by her, and could not be persuaded to go out except with Dick. Sometimes when they wandered into the woods a gleam of something like pleasure would come upon her face. There was one knoll which they found out by chance in the very heart of the trees, a little bank which, when they discovered it first, was covered with late primroses. The trees were very thick round, and the sun came late, and penetrated but a short time through the heavy boughs; and this, I suppose, kept them later in blooming than their rustic neighbours. It is long, long since I have seen these flowers; and perhaps it is the misty glory of that morning-time of childhood that makes me feel there never were any

such primroses before or after in this commonplace world—so large, so spotless, so full of sweetness, instinct with a lovely life of their own, friends rather than flowers. Their long stalks thrilled with a youthful force of existence, their green cool leaves overlapped each other, glistening with heavenly dew, their celestial petals were not like pale gold or soft velvet, which are the first vulgar images one thinks of, but like themselves only—primroses, the very essence of spring and fragrance and everlasting youth. When I shut my eyes I can see them still, lifting up their lovely heads out of their leaves, looking you and heaven in the face with all the candour of innocence, though it is, oh, so many years since they and I saw each other! When Dick and his mother, wandering through the woods, came to this bank, it seemed to touch her heart as nothing had done. She sat down on the grass and gazed at the flowers in a transport. If we were as we used to be," she said, "oh, Dick, my lad, how you would have run to the cart for a basket! It seems no more than waste to gather them now. What would we do with them? there's grander flowers in all the rooms; they'd be like you and me, Dick, out of our place. Flowers were always what I liked. I never was one for saying much," she went on reflectively, "but a basket of primroses, that speaks for itself."

"How you go back upon the old days, mother!" said Dick, regretfully, and perhaps with a slight reproach.

"Yes, lad; I liked them best. It's heavy on me to be shut up in houses. I was never used to it," she said, with a sigh.

"But you can put up with it, mother!—you *will* put up with it!—for the sake of Val—and me."

A gleam came from her eyes—a sparkle of tenderness and light. "I'll

do what's best," she said—"what-ever is best:" then with a sudden rush of tears, "You may let me think of the old days, Dick; for my strength's changed, and my mind's changed, and I never can go back to them—never no more—even if I would."

"But, mother," said Dick, "it used to keep you happy to see Val only on the river, once a-day or twice a-day, in his boat. I did not know why it was then; but I saw it; and now you've got him altogether——"

"Ah, it's different, it's different!" she cried; "can't you see, lad? Then he was none o' mine—he was his father's; it was more than I could have hoped for to see him like that—it kept me alive. Now he'll come to me when I like, Dick; and kind he looks and kind he speaks, God bless him! He'd do himself an injury to please me; but ah, it's different! If I could take them to the market in a basket, and sell a bunch here and a bunch there, that's what I would like," she went on with a sudden change of tone, drawing the flowers through her thin hands.

It was with a kind of despair that Dick took her home. She was getting thin visibly, he thought. She would sit at the window for hours together, gazing, seeing nothing. For the first few days she suffered herself to be taken to the family meals, but this evidently agitated her beyond endurance, and had to be given up. What was to be done? Not one of them could tell, or indeed form an idea; the only thing that could be trusted in was time, which might possibly bring back a subdued harmony to those chords which at present were all ajar; but for the moment there seemed little hope even of that. All the restlessness of old came back to her. When the active habits of

her life at Oxford became unnecessary, the self-restraint she had learnt there failed her also. She took to talking (when she did talk) of nothing but the tramp-life, which seemed to have suddenly come into prominence in her mind. Now and then she dozed in the long afternoons, and Dick heard her murmuring in her sleep about the long road, and how far it was, and the lad that was tired. Poor Dick's satisfaction in his new circumstances was suddenly subdued by this. It did not occur to him that she was ill; he thought it was one of the old fits coming on, in which he had always felt the dreadful risk there was that she might go secretly away from him, and never be heard of more. To be sure, he comforted himself by thinking these fits had always gone off again, and so perhaps would this one now.

Thus the family life recommenced under its changed circumstances. I doubt whether any one in the great house was happy. The old people had a secret in their keeping, which destroyed their peace, and which must produce further troubles still; and Dick had his mother, whose state alarmed him: and Richard Ross was in a position very difficult for a man to bear, totally ignored by his wife, yet feeling a curious secret attraction towards her, and a half-whimsical half-tragical wonder whether they were ever to be drawn closer, or if all was over between them. Valentine, the happiest of the party, was not without his troubles too, for he had written to Violet, and received no reply, and at the Hewan there was no intelligence to be obtained of her. Thus they had all enough to do to carry on the possibilities of living; and the great happiness and good fortune which had come to them, scarcely looked for the moment like good fortune at all.

CHAPTER XL.

A short time after their return, Valentine made up his youthful mind that he could bear his share of these uncertainties no longer. He had been to the Hewan again and again ; now he set off to Moray Place itself, saying nothing to his relations, except to Dick, who winced, but kept his counsel. But all the ardent young lover made by his persistence was an interview with Mrs. Pringle, who received him stiffly, and declined to answer any inquiries about Violet, who was absent from home. "I do not suppose your family would be pleased if they knew ; and my family would be still less pleased, that Violet should be held cheap," said Mrs. Pringle. "If you will believe me, Valentine, I think it is much better that there should be no more about it ;" and all Val's remonstrances and pleadings were of no avail. He came back miserable and dejected, and strayed out to the woods, in which there is always some consolation for a heart-broken lover. Val went as far as the linn, that he might see the place at least where he had been so happy. Was it possible, after all he had gone through, that his love and his happiness were to end like a dream, and every link to be snapt between him and Vi ? When he approached that spot which was so full of associations, he too heard sounds, as Dick had done, which told of some human intrusion into this realm of woodland and waters. It was not a sob this time that Val heard. It was a sound of low voices—women's voices—talking in a half-whisper, as if they feared to be discovered. Drawing near, trembling, like a thief, he saw under the big beech-branches a corner of a blue dress, showing from behind one of them. This made his heart beat ;

but the blue gown might not be Vi's blue gown ; and anyhow there were two of them, as the voices testified, so that caution was needful. Another step, however, relieved him of his doubts. In front of him, on the green bank on the river-side, sat Mary Percival, with her face turned towards some one unseen, to whom she was talking. "My dear, he has had plenty of time to write to you, and he has not done so. If you will believe me, Vi, I think it is a great deal better there should be no more about it." These were, though Mary did not know it, the self-same words under which Val was suffering. The repetition of them drove him beyond himself. He gave a shout of indignant protestation, and rushing between the two astonished ladies, caught her of the blue dress rudely, suddenly, in his arms.

But do not think Violet was half so much surprised as middle-aged Mary was, to whom this interruption was quite unlooked for. She did not know even that "the family" had arrived at Rossraig—Lady Eskside, amid all this tumult of events, having become remiss in her correspondence, and Val's letters to Violet having been, if not suppressed, yet detained at Moray Place during the girl's absence. Even if the family had returned, Mary felt there were a hundred chances to one that Val would not be there precisely at the right moment to meet her and her companion. In Mary's own case things had never happened just at the right moment ; and therefore she had acquiesced with little difficulty in Violet's prayer that she might be allowed "one look" at the linn. Violet had been sent to Mary to be taken care of—to be kept out of danger ; and this, I am ashamed to say, was

how Miss Percival, who had a strong vein of romance in her, notwithstanding all her good sense, fulfilled her trust. She saw her folly now when it was too late.

"Valentine!" she cried, "how dare you—how dare you do *that*—when her parents do not know?"

"Her parents!" said Val, equally indignant; "what do I care for her parents, or any one's parents? I am a man, old enough to know my own mind, and so is Vi. Can parents make us happy?" said the young man, with that cruel frankness which seems so easy to the young, and is so hard upon the old. "Vi, my darling, you know you are mine—you won't let parents or any one come between you and me?"

Vi did not say a word—there was no need for anything so feeble as words. She clung to him, gazing at him, holding one of his arms fast with her small hands clasped round it. She had been sure he would come; in her heart she had been so wicked as to smile at Mary's faith the other way, though she did not say a word of the sweet confidence in her own mind. And Mary, who had not been so treated by Providence, and whose love had not been happy, felt a hot flush of anger against the girl who stood there before her with ineffable smiles, not objecting to the young man's impetuosity, not even answering him a word.

"Violet!" she cried, "come away this instant. Do you know that you are defying both your mother and me?"

"You have always been my enemy, Mary," cried Val, passionately, "and I don't know why, for I have always liked you. Vi, you are not going to do what she tells you—to follow her instead of me?"

"I am not going to follow any one," said Vi, detaching herself from his arm with much dignity; then

she stood at a little distance, and looked at him with tender glowing eyes. "Oh, Val!" she cried, "but I am glad to see you! I thought you would never come. I knew you would be here to-day. Val, are you well—are you quite well? Oh, what a weary, weary time it has been, when I thought I would never see you more!"

"Then you were thinking of me? and you don't mean to cast me off, Vi?"

"I—cast you off!—that is likely! Mary, you never were Val's enemy, though he says so, in his hasty way—he was always hasty. He made me give him my promise here, beneath this tree. I cannot take back my word; I cannot say one thing to you and another to him; and you never scolded me when I said I—cared for Val, Mary! not a word! She only cried and gave me a kiss."

"And she ought to give me a kiss too," said bold Val, going up to Miss Percival, whose heart was melting altogether away in her bosom, and whose efforts to look stern were becoming almost ludicrous. The audacious boy went up to her, while Vi looked on thunder-struck at his boldness, and kissed Mary's cheek, which flushed crimson under the touch, making that middle-aged woman look a girl again. "How dare you?" she cried, putting up her hand to push him away; but Mary's strength was not able to resist this. "God bless you!" she said, next moment, the tears coming to her eyes, "you bold boy! How dare you kiss me? Though I am your enemy, I've thought of you and prayed for you morning and night ever since I parted from you, Val."

"I know that very well," said the young man, composedly; "for whatever you may say, how could you be my enemy when I am fond of you? You have not the heart

not to help us, Mary. Come and sit down again and let us think what to do. Here is where we played truant when we were children. Here is where you brought us, Mary — *you* — when we were older; and here is where Vi gave me her promise. This is the place of all others to meet again. As for any pretence of separating us, how can any one do it? Think a little," said Val, standing before the fallen tree on which Vi had sat with poor Dick, and from which she now regarded him with soft eyes suffused with light and happiness. "Could they be hard upon *her*, for the first time in her life, and break her heart? Is that reasonable? As for me," the young man said, raising his head, while the two women looked at him with tender envy and admiration, "there is no interference possible. I am a man and my own master. So now that you are convinced," cried Valentine, putting himself beside Violet on the old trunk, which, old as it was, had put forth young shoots of life and hope to make itself fit for the throne of so much love and gladness, "let us consider what is the best means to clear these trifling temporary obstructions out of our way."

I don't think there is anything so silken-green, or that makes so tender a canopy over your head, and shows the sky so sweetly through them, as young beech-leaves in May, just shaken out of their brown busks, and reclothing, as if with tenderest ornaments of youth, the big branches that bear them. Stray airs rustled through them; stray sunbeams, for the day was cloudy, came and went, penetrating now and then through the soft canopy—punctuating with sudden glow of light some one or other of those bold arguments of Val's, which told so well upon his sympathetic audience. Though Violet was not one

of the worshipping maidens of modern story, but thought of Val only as Val, and not as a demigod, the soft transport of reunion, the glow of tender trust and admiration with which she regarded that delightful certainty of his, which no terrors shook, gave to her soft face a look of absolute dependence and devotion. She looked up to him, as they sat together holding each other's hands like two children, with a sentiment which went beyond reason. He was no wiser nor cleverer, perhaps, than she was; but he looked so strong and so sure, so much above feminine doubts and tremblings, that the mere sight of him gave confidence. As for Mary, seated on the green bank in front of these two, who was ever so much wiser and cleverer than Val (he had few pretensions that way), she, too, felt, with a kind of philosophical amusement at herself, the same sense of added confidence and moral strength as she looked at the boy whom she had watched as he grew up, and chided and laughed at—whose opinion on general subjects had no particular weight with her, yet who somehow gave to her experienced and sensible middle-age a sensation of support and certainty, which the wisest reason does not always communicate. Mary looked at the two seated there together, hand in hand, half-children, half-lovers, under the soft shadow of the young beech-leaves, with that "smile on her lip and tear in her eye" which is the most tender of all human moods. Pity and envy, and amusement, and an almost veneration, were in her thoughts. How innocent they were! how sure of happiness! how absolute in their trust in each other! and, indeed (when the case was fairly set before them), in everybody else. Notwithstanding the one terrible shock his faith had received—a shock which

happily had worked itself out in bodily illness, the most simple way—Val was still of opinion that, if you could but get to the bottom of their hearts, all the world was on his side. He had no fear of Violet's mother, though for the moment she had crushed him; and, to tell the truth, after his fever, Val had altogether forgotten Mr. Pringle's offence against him, and all the harm it had brought. Now that offence was more than past, for had it not been confessed and atoned for, a thing which makes a sin almost a virtue? Nor was he alarmed when he thought of the old people at Rosscraig, who had humoured and served him all his life. What was there to fear? "It would be against all reason, you know," said Val, "if our course of true love had run quite smooth. We were miserable enough one time to make all right for the future; but if you mean to be miserable any more, Vi, you must do it by yourself, for I shan't take any share."

When a young man thus makes light of all difficulties, what can a sympathetic woman do? Before many minutes had passed, Miss Percival found herself pledged to brave Violet's father and mother and overcome their objections. "They have never crossed her in their lives, and why should they now?" said Valentine, with good sense, which no one could gainsay.

When this chief subject had been fully discussed, and all their plans settled, both the ladies drew close to him with breathless interest, while he told them the story of his own family. How Dick was his brother, which made Violet start and clasp her hands, saying, with a sudden outcry, "I always knew it!" and how his mother had come back with them—had come home. It was Mary who, much more than these two young people, who were

so sure of each other, had her heart played upon like an instrument that day. She sat quite still and never said a word, while the story was told. I cannot describe her feelings towards the woman who (she felt, though she would not have acknowledged it) had been in the very bloom of her youth preferred to herself. It was not *her* fault; up to this moment the woman who was Richard's wife had never so much as heard of Mary's existence; no blame could possibly attach to her. A strange mingling of curiosity about her, interest, half-hostile, in her, wondering indignation, disapproval, proud dislike, all softening back into curiosity again, were in Miss Percival's mind; but no one knew how she rung the changes upon these different sentiments as she sat quite still and quiet, listening, now and then asking a question, feeling as if her own life had come to some strange crisis, although she had absolutely nothing to do with it, not so much as one of the servants in the house. And then Valentine's way of speaking of his mother—the lower, hushed, respectful tone, the half-mystery, half-reverence, which he seemed disposed to throw around this gipsy, this tramp, who had given them all so much trouble—gave Mary a secret offence, all the more sharp that she felt his feeling to be quite right and just and natural, and would not for the world have expressed her own. Just now, half an hour ago, he had put her in the place of his mother—had taken her interest for granted, had kissed her (the spot burned on Mary's cheek at the thought), and appealed to that strange sentiment in her heart which he seemed to be unconsciously aware of—that sense of the possibility that she might have been his mother, which was always more or less in her mind in Val's presence. He had

taken possession of her in this way, of her sympathy and help, telling her what she was to do, and how to do it, amusing her by his arbitrariness, while he melted her heart by his affectionate confidence. And now all at once, in the same breath almost, he began to talk of his real mother, this woman whom no one knew, who had done him and his family all the harm possible, and now was brought back almost in triumph to reap—not the whirlwind after having sown the wind—but happiness and calm weather, notwithstanding all her folly and ill-doing. Mary sat in a maze, in a dream, while all this went through her mind, yet with all her faculties alert, hearing everything and feeling everything. She was hurt even by Val's description of his mother's beauty, which filled Vi with such admiring interest. "Oh, how I should like to see her!" cried Violet. "You shall both see her," said Valentine, with the arbitrary determination to give pleasure of a young prince. How Mary's heart swelled! But if these two children had guessed what was going on in her mind, with what wondering grieved disapproval they would have looked upon her, troubled by a sense of natural incongruity that a woman of her age could possibly feel so! She felt this along with all the rest; and, in short, she was conscious of so many different sentiments, that all her vigour and natural power went out of her. Her heart was being lacerated by a hundred needle-points and pin-pricks—like a pin-cushion, she said, faintly trying to laugh to herself.

Val went with them to their carriage, which was waiting at the lower edge of the woods, in the opposite direction from Rossraig, and took a farewell, which he declared to be the merest temporary good-bye, but which once more made

Violet's eyes tearful. Vi grew less certain as she lost sight of him. Various unexpected results had followed the publication of that Apology, which in her youthful heat and energy she had almost forced her father into writing. Even Mrs. Pringle had not seen the necessity for it so clearly as Violet did; and the world in general on both sides of the question had taken it, as Lord Eskside did, as a formal retractation, a bringing down to his marrow-bones of Sandy Pringle, rather than as the prompt and frank and generous apology of one gentleman to another. Some had said that it was fear of an action for libel which had moved him to such a step; others, with a frank malediction, had d—d him for not standing to what he had said. Nobody had appreciated his motive, or understood Violet's childlike reasoning on the abstract principle, that when you have done wrong and know it, there is no course possible but to confess the wrong and ask pardon of the injured person. This, I fear, is not a course of action at all congenial to the ordinary code; and Mr. Pringle, though carried away by the impetuosity of his daughter, had by this time repented his *amende honorable* quite as much as he repented the evil he had done. To suffer for doing wrong is reasonable; but it is hard to be punished for doing right, and fills the sufferer's heart with bitterness.

Mr. Pringle had been very penitent towards poor Val before the days of the Apology; but now, in the sharpness of the sting of unappreciated virtue, he was furious against him. Violet knew this only too well, and her courage oozed out of her finger-ends as she saw the young hero disappear into the woods. "Do you think—do you really think—it is all as certain as he

says?" she said to Miss Percival, with tears in her soft eyes, which had been so bright with happiness and courage a moment before.

As for Valentine, he strode home through the woods very triumphant and joyful, as became a young lover; but sobered as he drew near home. He had made up his mind to go at once into the matter, and extort a consent from everybody; but as he drew near and nearer to the turrets of Rossraig, it became more and more apparent to him that there would be no small trouble and pain involved; and he began to feel how disagreeable it is to displease and vex the people most near to you, even in order to secure for yourself the person dearest and nearest of all. This thought did not subdue his resolution, but it subdued his step, which became less and less rapid. Nothing in this world would have induced him to give up Vi; but he did not like to defy his old grandfather, to make my lady set her lips firm in that way he knew so well. He wished intensely that Vi and he could have been happy without that; but still, as it had to be done some time or other, it was better, much better, that it should be done at once. So, after walking very slowly the last mile of the way, he suddenly, to use his own phraseology, "put on a spurt," and skimmed over the last quarter of a mile, making up his mind, as if for an operation, to get it over. He walked straight into the library, still flushed from his long walk, and somewhat to his surprise found all the family authorities collected there, my lord and my lady and his father, all apparently engaged in some mysterious consultation. Val remarked with bewilderment that his father, so placid usually and indifferent, was flushed like himself, —though with speech, not exercise —and that Lord and Lady Eskside

had both a doubtful tremulous aspect, and looked morally cowed, not convinced. To tell the truth, they had been arguing the question over again, whether it was possible to keep the secret of Dick's seniority from the two young men. It was Richard's desire that this should be done; but he had not convinced the others either of the possibility or expediency of it, though, for the moment, they had come to a conditional bargain to say nothing unless circumstances should arise which made the disclosure necessary. This supposed emergency was to be left to each one's private judgment, I suppose, and therefore the secret was pretty sure of rapid revelation; but still the old pair were not satisfied. "Good never came of falsehood, or even, that I know, of the mere *suppressio veri*," Lord Eskside had said, shaking his head, just as Val came in; and they all turned to look at him, with a little wonder and excitement; for he looked indeed very like a man who had found something out, coming in hot haste to tell it, and ask, Is this true? The old lord and his wife looked at each other, both of them leaping to the conclusion that this was so, and that Val had discovered the secret; and they were not sorry, but gave a little nod of secret intelligence to each other. Poor Val! poor boy! it was another trial for him; and yet it was best, far best, that he should know.

"Grandfather," said Val, plunging at once into the subject, bringing in an atmosphere of fresh air and youthful eagerness with him, "I have come to tell you at once of something that has happened to me. It is strange to find you all sitting here, but I am heartily glad of it. My lady, you know how long it is since I first spoke to Violet——"

"Oh, Violet!" cried my lady, with an impatient movement of her

head and stamp of her foot upon the carpet; "Lord bless us! is it this nonsense he has got in his head again?"

"You may call it nonsense if you like," said Val, seeing somehow that what he had said was not what they expected, and unconsciously, in an under-current of thought, wondering what it was they had expected; "it is not nonsense to me. I went to Moray Place this morning, having heard nothing of her for a long time—and there Mrs. Pringle received me very coldly——"

"That was unfortunate," said Richard, with a smile, which his son called a sneer; "that an Edinburgh lawyer's wife should receive Lord Eskside's grandson coldly, was, no doubt, something very miserable indeed—enough, I suppose, to justify this excitement," and he looked at Val with an amused scrutiny from head to foot, which made the young man wild with irritation. He had stumbled into a burn on his way home, and had left, there was no denying it, one huge muddy footprint on the spotless carpet, which had at once caught his father's fastidious eye.

"The Edinburgh lawyer's wife may not be much to you, sir," said Val, "but she is a great deal to me; for she has my future wife's comfort and happiness in her hand. I want to let you know at once that my mind is quite made up and decided. I told you so before. What is the use of wearing our hearts out by waiting and waiting?" cried Val, turning from one to another. "You are good and kind, why should you make me miserable? In everything else you have always tried to make me happy; you have listened to what I had to say; you have been always reasonable; why should you shut your hearts against me now, in the

one matter that is most important to me, in that which must decide my happiness or misery all my life?"

"The argument is well put," said the old lord, with exasperating composure; "but, Val, how can you tell at your age what is, or what is not, to decide the happiness of your life?"

"And don't you see, Val," said my lady, more sympathetically, "that it is just because it is so important that we cannot give our consent so easily? Oh, my dear, if you had wanted the moon we would have tried to get it for you; think, then, how strong a motive it must be that makes us cross you now!"

"What is the motive?" said Val, with sudden dramatic force, waiting solemnly for an answer. The two old people looked at each other again and trembled. What could they answer to this impetuous boy? The motive was that Violet was not a great match for him, such as they had hoped for—not any one who would bring him wealth or distinction, but only a girl whom he loved; and they quailed before the boy's look. If they had been a worldly pair the answer would have been easy; but these two high-minded old people, who had trained him to scorn all that was mean, and to hold love high and honour, how were they to state this plain fact to a young lover of three-and-twenty? They did not know what words to use in which to veil their motive and give it some sort of grandeur worthy the occasion; and, unfortunately, Val, saw his advantage as clearly as they saw the disadvantage under which they lay.

"You speak like a foolish boy," said his father. "It is enough that we think this match a very unfit one for you, and I hope you have sense enough yourself to see its unsuitability. Who is this girl? an

Edinburgh lawyer's daughter—a man who has attacked your family in the basest and most treacherous way——”

“But who has apologised?” cried Val; “who has confessed he was wrong and begged pardon——”

“The more fool he,” said Richard, “not to have strength of mind to stick to his slander when he had committed himself to it. Apology!—you mean retraction—extorted, no doubt, from him by fear of his pocket. It would be more dignified, no doubt, to pay the twopence-ha’penny he can afford to give her, as his daughter’s portion, rather than as damages in a court of law.”

“If it is a question of twopence-ha’penny,” said Val, with a violent flush of sudden anger.

“My boy, you must not use that tone here,” Lord Eskside interposed. “Your father is right. Is it your enemy that you want to ally yourself with? he that raked up the whole old story of your coming here, and tried to ruin you with it, using his falsehood for your destruction——”

“Grandfather,” said Val, still flaming with nervous passion, “the sting of that story, I have always understood, was that it was not false but true.”

“Val!” cried Lady Eskside; but there was a pause after this—and I think in the very heat of the discussion the old lord felt with secret pleasure that his boy had already made more than one point, even though it was against himself. Once over Val had silenced the opposing forces. Now, but to live to see him facing the House of Commons like this, who could tell, on the Treasury bench itself! This fightful secret suggestion crept to Lord Eskside’s heart like a warm wind loosening the frosts.

“Then if you will only consider,”

said Val, changing his indignant tone for one of soft conciliation and pleading, “there is no one in Scotland, so far as I can see, so free to choose for myself as I am. If you were not what you are, sir, the first man in the county, as you ought to be—if my father were not what he is, distinguished in other circles than ours,—then, perhaps, I, who as yet am nobody, might have required to look outside, to get crutches of other people’s distinctions; but as it is, what does it matter? We are rich enough, we are more independent than the Queen, who, poor lady, must always consider other people, I suppose; whereas I, who am your grandson—and your son, sir—I,” cried Val, “am more free than a prince to ask for love only and happiness! Give them to me,” he said holding out his hands with natural eloquence to the two old people, who sat looking at him, afraid to look at each other; “you never in all my life refused me anything before!”

I cannot tell how it was that this natural noble attitude in which his son stood, asking, like a loyal soul as he was, for that consent, without which he could not be wholly happy, to his happiness—affected almost to rage the mind of Richard, whose mode had been entirely the reverse; who had plucked in hot haste, without sanction or knowledge of any one, the golden apples which had turned to ashes and bitterness. To marry as he had done, wildly, hotly, in sudden passion,—is not that much more easily condoned by the great world in which he lived, which loves a sensation, than a respectable mediocre marriage, equally removed from scandal and from distinction? To marry a gipsy, or an opera-dancer, or a maid-of-all-work, is more pardonable, as being a piquant

rebellion against all law and order, than it is to marry a virtuous person out of the lower circles of good society, sufficiently well-born and well-bred to make no sensation. The lawyer's daughter was gall to Richard. He interposed with one of those sudden fits of passionate irritability to which his smooth nature was liable.

"Do not let this folly go any further, Val. We all know what is meant by these ravings about love and happiness. Whatever place I may have gained among men it is not from having been my father's son ; neither will that serve you as you think. Lord Eskside's grandson!" said Richard, with scorn on his lip ; "how much will that do for the younger of you two—the one who is not the heir," he continued, with rising energy—"the one who has a second son's allowance, a second son's position ; the one—whom we have all agreed in cheating out of his rights——"

"Dick?" said Val, with hesitation and wonder. He looked round upon them all, and saw something in their eyes which alarmed him he could not tell why. "Is it Dick?"

"Valentine," said his father, suddenly coming up to him, seizing his arm, "it is not for me to speak to you of the miseries of a foolish marriage ; but look here. Give up this boyish folly. You have a foundation, as you say, built up by those who have gone before you ; you may make any match you please ; you may cover all that has gone before with the world's pardon and more than pardon. I look to you to do this. I can give you opportunities—you will have countless opportunities ; give up this girl who is nobody—or if you refuse——"

"What then, sir, if I refuse?" Val loosed his arm from his

father's hold and stood confronting him, steadfast and erect, yet surprised and with a novel kind of pain in his eyes. The two old people gave one look at each other, then paused breathless to hear what was to come next, both of them aware that Richard, diplomatist as he was, forgot himself sometimes, and perceiving that the crisis, which in their previous talk they had prepared for, had now arrived.

"Then," said Richard—he paused a moment, and all the old prick of a jealousy which he had despised himself for feeling, all the old jars of sensation at which he had tried to laugh, which had arisen out of the perpetual preference of Val to himself, surged up for one moment in his temper rather than his heart. The weapon lay at his hand so ready ; the boy was somehow so superior, so irritating in his innocence. His face flushed with this sudden impulse to humiliate Val. "Then," he said, "perhaps you will pause when I tell you, for your good, that you have totally mistaken your own position ; that you are not the great man you think yourself ; that though you have condescended to your brother, and patronised him, and been, as it were, his good genius, it is Dick, who is Lord Eskside's heir, and not you."

Lady Eskside started with a low cry. It was because Dick had come in a moment before at the door, in front of which his father and brother were standing ; but Richard thought her exclamation was because of what he said, and turned to her with a smile which it was not good to see.

"Yes, mother," he said, "you wished him to know. *Benissimo!* now he knows. He has been the grand seigneur, and Dick has been nobody. Now the positions are reversed ; and I hope his magnanimity will bear it. Anyhow, now,

with his second son's allowance, he will be obliged to pause in this mad career."

"Is it so?" said Val, going forward to the table, and, I confess, leaning upon it a hand which trembled—for he had been thunder-struck by this revelation—"is it so?" No one spoke; and poor Val, standing there with his eyes cast down, had, I avow it, a bitter moment; but the very sting of the shock stimulated him, and called all his faculties together. After that minute, which felt like a year, he raised his head with a glimmer of painful moisture in his eyes, but a faint smile. "Well," he said, "at all events there can never more be any doubt about me, who I belong to, or what position I hold. I wish Dick all the luck in the world, and he deserves it. He'll be sorrier than I am," said Val. "What,

grandmamma, crying! Not a bit of it! I shall be as happy as the day is long with my second son's allowance; and Vi!—for of course," he added, with a bright defiant smile all round, "there can be no possible objection to Vi now."

Dick had been standing quite still behind, moved not by curiosity, but by that respectful attention to the preoccupation of the others, which I suppose his former lowliness had put into him, though it is the highest grace of a gentleman. He had heard everything, indeed, but his mind was too full of something else to care for what he had heard. He broke in here, with a new subject, in a voice hoarse with anxiety and emotion. "Has any one seen my mother?" said Dick. "I have been all over the house looking for her, high and low."

CHAPTER XLII.

That had been a weary morning in the new wing. Dick had gone to Edinburgh with his brother, half by way of seeing a beautiful town, half to console Val, who was very eager and anxious. With a curious interest he had walked about Moray Place, to which he had directed his letters in the strange old time when he was still Dick Brown,—a time which it gave him a certain vertigo to think of. And I am sorry to say that Val, in the heat of disappointment, when he came out from Mrs. Pringle's presence, forgot that his brother was walking about on the other side of the square waiting for him, and had rushed back to Lasswade without ever thinking of Dick. When he saw that he had been forgotten, Dick too made his way to the railway, and went back; but it was afternoon when he arrived at Rosscairg. He

had never left his mother for so long a time before, and this, no doubt, had its effect upon her. She was alone in the beautiful rooms of the new wing all the morning. It was like a silent fairy palace, where everything was done by mysterious unseen hands; for the sight of servants fretted her, and she would not admit any personal attendance. She had grown feeble in that lonely splendour without any notice being taken of it; for Dick, with the inexperience of youth, made no observations on the subject, and to Lady Eskside, who visited her every day, she asserted always that she was quite well. More feeble than ever she had got up that morning, and dressed herself as usual, and taken her sparing breakfast with Dick. After the first few days, Lady Eskside had yielded to this arrangement, seeing it impossible, at least

for the moment, to habituate the newcomer to the family table. "If it is such a distress to her, why should we force her to it?" said my lady, not without offence; and the poor soul was grateful for the exemption. "Don't find fault with me, Dick," she said to him faintly; it can't be for long. I'll get used to it, and easy in my mind before long;"—and therefore she had been sorrowfully left to herself in the beautiful new rooms furnished for her three-and-twenty years before. When Dick left her she went to a little room in the front part of the wing, which looked out upon the great door and court, where she sat watching till the two young men went away, and waved her hand in answer to their salutations. Valentine had already paid her a visit in the morning, a visit which he never neglected; and wherever they were going, the young men never forgot to look up to that window from which it was her pleasure to watch their movements, one of the few pleasures she had.

When they had left the house she had no more interest in it. She wandered back again through various empty rooms to the great handsome sitting-room, which had a lightsome bow-window looking out upon the sloping bank of wood down to where the Esk foamed and tumbled below. Had she had any work to do, as in the days when she was Dick's housekeeper, and kept all his treasures in order, and prepared his simple meals, she might have forgotten herself and got through the weary hours. But she had nothing to do, poor soul! She sat down in the window, and passed she did not know how long a time there, gazing vaguely out, sometimes thinking, sometimes quite vacant: in so hazy a state was her mind that it seemed to her sometimes that soft Thames flowed at her feet instead of the brawling Esk;

and that she was waiting till Mr. Ross's boat should come down the gentle river. Poor bewildered soul! a haze of times and places, of the vacant present, and the gleams of interest which had been in the past, possessed her mind; she scarcely could have told where she was had any one asked her. The silence grew painful to her brain, and reeled and rustled round her in eddies of suppressed sound all centring in herself; and now and then the light swam in her eyes, and darkened, and there was an interval in which everything was black around her, and all that she was aware of was that rustle, overpowering in its intensity, of the silence, raying out in circles, like those in water, from her brain. I almost think she must have lapsed into some kind of faint, without knowing it, in those moments. About noon Lady Eskside came to see her, and did, as she always did, her very utmost to win some sort of hold upon her. She talked to her of the boys, of Val who must soon go to London, of trifles of every description, working hard to rouse her to some interest. "I wish you would come with me," my lady said; and she was glad afterwards that she had said it. "I am alone, and we would be cheerier together, we two women, when all the others are away. Won't you come with me, Myra? My woman, you look lonely here." "I am used to be alone," she said quite gently, but without moving; and half provoked, half sorry, the old lady had at last gone away, despairing in her mind, and wondering whether it had been kind to bring this wild creature here even in her subdued state, and whether she would ever find any comfort in her life. "Perhaps when Richard goes," Lady Eskside said to herself; for Richard's influence did not seem to

be advantageous to his wife, though he was very careful, very anxious, not to step over the distance which she had tacitly placed between them, though strangely tantalised and excited by it as his mother saw. What was to be done? The old lady shook her head, and took refuge with her old lord in the library, not saying anything to him to vex him, for what could he do? but finding a little consolation in her own vexation and perplexity in being near him. How different that silent support and society was from the solitude in the new wing, and even from Richard's dainty and still retirement, where he wrote his letters, with his noiseless Italian servant close at hand to answer every call! It eased my lady's old heart, which had felt so many pains, only to walk into the library where her old lord sat, and put up the window, or down the window, and look at the letters on his table, and say something about the weather or the garden—just as it eased Lord Eskside, when he was in any perplexity, to go into the drawing-room, and pronounce the novel on her table to be "some of your rubbish, my lady," and let her know that the glass was falling, and that she had better take precautions about her drive. Lady Eskside wondered with a sigh whether it would ever be possible to bring her new guest—her strange daughter-in-law—into the household life. She meant nothing but kindness towards her; but there was—how could she help it?—a little impatience in the sigh.

After that visit the recluse in the new wing was left to herself again, and all kinds of strange thoughts came up into her heart. They were not so articulate as Lady Eskside's; but somehow there arose in her, as the old lady went away, a curious reflection of her impatience, an incoherent desire to call her

back again. She sat and listened to her steps going all the way along the corridor, and down the stair, and never opened her lips nor made a movement to detain her; and yet there rose in her mind a mute cry, could the dull air but have carried it without any action of hers. She caught the sound of Lady Eskside's sigh, and, for the first time, a dim understanding of it seemed to dawn upon her mind. Why could not she go with her—make herself one with the others? The thought was very shadowy and vague, like a suggestion some unseen observer had made to her; but it raised a visionary ferment in her soul, a gasping for breath, as if she already felt herself confined within an atmosphere where she had no room to breathe.

Then she took refuge in her own room in this painful rush of new feeling. The curtains at the windows, the hangings of the bed, the draperies everywhere, seemed to shut her in and cut short her breath. The great glass which reflected her figure from head to foot, the other lesser ones which multiplied her face, glancing back resemblances at her as if she, in her solitude, had grown into half-a-dozen women, affected her imagination wildly. She left that room like one pursued—pursued by herself, always the worst ghost of solitude. Then she went to the little room with the window which commanded the great door. Perhaps by this time the boys might be come back; and the boys formed her bridge, as it were, into the world, her sole link of connection with life in this artificial phase. A little warmth, a little hope, came into her as she sat down there and strained her eyes to watch for some sign of their coming. After a while, the door opened and Richard came out. He stood on the great steps for a moment,

putting on his gloves, then, looking up, saw her, and took off his hat to her; then he made a pause, as if in doubt, drew off the gloves again, and went back into the house. At this sight, a sudden wild panic came upon her. She thought he was coming to see her, which indeed was the purpose with which he had turned back. She sprang up, her heart beating, and flying through the lonely rooms, seized a shawl which lay on a chair, and darted down a little stair in the turret which led into the woods. Her excitement carried her on for some distance before her breath failed her altogether, though her heart beat loud in her bosom, like some hard piston of iron, swinging and creaking in fierce unmanageable haste. She had got into the shrubberies, not knowing where she went, and sank down among the bushes to rest, when her strength failed. The thought of meeting her husband now, with nobody by, drove her wild. She had lived under the same roof with him for days at Oxford, and thought little of it, being occupied with other matters; but deadly panic, as of a wild deer flying from the hunter, had seized upon her now. She never asked herself what harm he could do her. She feared nothing actual, but, with overwhelming blind terror, she feared the future and the unknown.

Oh, how many thoughts came rushing upon her as she lay crouched together on the cool earth among the bushes!—thoughts half made out, not one altogether articulate—gleams of a consciousness that this was folly, that it was impossible, that she *must* get the better of herself, that the fever in her soul *must* be chased away, and could not be submitted to. "I must change—I must make a change!" she moaned to herself. A whole new being, a new creature, with dim evolutions

of reason, dim perceptions of the impossible, seemed to be rising up in her, blotting out the old. Her faults, her follies, her wild impulses, the savage nature which could endure no restraint, had all come to a climax in her; and reason, which had struggled faintly in the old days, and won her to so many sacrifices, had at last got the balance in hand, I think, and the power to decide what could and what could not be. Yet, when she had got her breath a little, she stumbled to her feet, and went on.

When Dick came back she was not to be found in her rooms, which troubled him greatly; for she had never before gone out by herself. He searched through every corner, then went to the other parts of the house—to the drawing-room, to Lady Eskside's rooms, to Val's—hopeless of finding her, indeed, yet so confident that something must have happened, that no marvel would have surprised him. When he burst into the library he was in despair. And this new alarm, so suddenly introduced among them, diverted them at once from the other subject, which had lost its enthralling and exciting power now that the secret had been made known. Richard Ross had not been spending a pleasant afternoon. He was excited by Val's defiance, and he had been excited before. He turned very pale as Dick spoke. He knew that his wife had fled out of the house to avoid him—a thing which, naturally enough, had tried his temper greatly. Where had she gone? He remembered that when he looked down the winding staircase in the turret, through which she had evidently fled, the fresh air blowing in his face had brought with it a sound of the Esk tumbling over its rocks. This had not alarmed him then, and he had scorned to follow the fugitive, or to force her into an

interview she avoided, in this way ; but now suddenly it returned to him with an indescribable shock of terror. He went out without saying a word to any one, moved by sudden panic. The others started to explore the woods ; the idea of the river did not occur to either of the young men, who knew her better than Richard did. They set off both together ; while Lord Esk-side, with the servants, undertook to search the gardens and shrubberies nearer home. "Oh, God forgive her if she's gone away again !" cried the old lady, wringing her hands. "I can't think that she's gone away," said Dick. His face was very grave. He scarcely said a word to Val, who went with him, and who tried anxiously to ascertain from him what it was he really feared. Dick kept silent, his heart too strained and sore for speech.

As for Val, he was swept out of one excitement and plunged into another without a moment's interval to take breath in, and the fresh air did him good. I need not say of a public-school boy and well-trained "man," that he had picked himself up, to use an undignified but useful expression, ere now, and betrayed, neither in look nor tone, the sudden blow he had received. For that grace, if no other, let our English education be blessed. Val had no idea of contending, of "making a row," or of bearing malice. If the right was Dick's, why, then, the right was Dick's,—and there was nothing more to be said. If his mind was momentarily weak and unable to seize all that was going on, he did not show it, except by a certain mental feebleness and want of his usual energy, which made him disposed to take Dick's lead rather than to form any opinion of his own. But even this lasted only a short time. "Come," said Val, drawing a long

breath, "why should we be so downhearted ? She has gone out to take the air—to enjoy the—good weather."

He had meant to say the beautiful afternoon ; but then it suddenly occurred to him that the day was dull and cloudy, and that the gleams of sunshine which had been so sweet were gone.

"She never took her walk without me before," said Dick. "Oh, why did I stop away so long ? I can't tell you what a weight I have here at my heart."

"Cheer up, old fellow !" said Val, thrusting his arm into his brother's ; "things will go better than you think. What harm could happen ? She was not ill ; and the woods are innocent woods, with no precipices in them, or pitfalls. I roamed about them all day long when I was a child, and nothing ever happened to me."

Dick shook his head ; but he was cheered in spite of himself, and began to have a little hope. The woods were alive with sound on that dim afternoon. The sun, indeed, was not shining, but the atmosphere was soft with spring, and all the light airs that were about came and rustled in the leaves, and tossed the light twigs which could not resist them. The birds were twittering on every branch, scarcely singing, for they missed the sun, but getting through all that melodious dramatic chatter which they do ordinarily in the early morning, before their professional life, so to speak, as minstrels of the universe, has begun. Everything was soft, harmonious, subdued—no high notes, either of colour or sound, but every tone gentle, low, and sweet. Even Esk added with a mellow note his voice to the concert. It seemed impossible to conceive of anything terrible, any grief that rends the heart, any failure of light and life,

upon such a subdued and gentle day. The young men went far,—much further, alas! than they needed to have gone—almost as far as the linn,—before Dick remembered that it was impossible she could have walked to that distance. “I am thinking of her as she was in the old times,” said Dick, “when she would get over a long bit of road, always so quiet, not one to talk much, looking as if she saw to the end, however far it was; but she couldn’t do that now. Now I think of it,” said Dick, “she’s failed these last days.”

“I do not think it, Dick. Your fears make you see the gloomy side of everything.”

“It ain’t my fears; it’s somehow borne in upon me. Please God,” said Dick, devoutly, “that we find her, she shan’t be left to herself again without being looked after. No, no one is to blame—except me that should have known.”

“Do you think it has harmed her to bring her here?” Val spoke humbly, with a sudden sense of some failure on his own part of duty towards her; for indeed he had taken his mother’s strange ways for granted, as children so often do.

“It couldn’t be helped, anyhow,” said Dick—“she had to come;” and then he paused and thought all at once of the bank of primroses, which was a mile at least nearer home than they were now. He put his hand on Val’s arm, and turned back. “I have thought of a place to look for her,” he cried.

The spot was deep in the silence of the woods, great trees standing round about, one a huge old beech, every branch of which looked like a tree in itself. Underneath it, in a curious circle, were a ring of juniper-bushes, deep funereal green, contrasting with the lighter silken foliage above. Close to this rose the low knoll, a deeper cool green than either, all

carpeted with the primrose-leaves. Something red lying there showed a long way before they reached the knoll, through the trees; but it was not till they were quite close to it that they saw her whom they sought. She was lying in a natural easy attitude reclined on the green bank. With one hand she seemed to be groping for something among the leaves, and it was only when they were within sight that she dropped back as if in fatigue, letting her head droop upon the rich herbage. “Mother!” Dick cried; but she did not move. Her consciousness was gone, or going. How long she had been there no one ever knew. Her strength had failed entirely when she had sat down among the flowers, after struggling through the bushes as on a pilgrimage to that natural shrine which had caught her sick fancy. She had a few of the primroses in her lap, and one or two in her hand. The very last, one large starlike flower just out of her reach, was the only other that remained, and she had fallen as if in an overstrain, trying to reach this. Her face was perfectly pallid, like white marble, contrasting with the brilliant colour of her shawl, as she lay back among the leaves. Her eyes were open, and seemed to be looking at the boys as they approached; but there was no intelligence or consciousness in them. Her lips were parted with a long-drawn struggling breath.

“Mother!” Dick cried, kneeling down by her side. She stirred faintly, and tried to turn towards the voice. “Mother, mother!” he repeated passionately; “you’re tired only? not ill, not ill, mother dear!”

Once more she made a feeble effort to turn to him. “Ay, Dick,” she said, “ay, lad—that’s—what it is. I’m tired—dead tired; I don’t know—how I am to get afoot—again.”

"Don't lose heart," he cried, poor fellow—though every look he gave her took all heart from him—"there's two of us here to help you, mother, Val and me. Try to rouse up once more, for Val's sake, if not for mine."

She made no answer to this appeal; perhaps she was past understanding it; her fingers fumbled feebly with the primroses; "I came out—for some flowers," she said,— "but I didn't bring—no basket; ay, lad—it is a long way—and it's dark. Is there a tent—Dick? or where are we—to sleep to-night?"

"Mother, mother dear—home is close by—for God's sake come home!"

"That—I will!" she said, her voice low and dull and broken, contrasting strangely with the apparent heartiness of the words. Then she raised her head feebly for a moment, and looked at them with her eyes expanding in great circles of light—light which was darkness; and then dropped back again heavily, upon the green primrose-leaves.

"Has she fainted?" said Valentine, in terror.

"Go and fetch some one!" cried Dick, imperiously commanding his brother for the first time—"something to carry her home." He was master of the moment, in his sudden perception, and in the grief which he only could fully feel. He did not say what had happened, but he knew it to the depths of his heart. She had not fainted. She had got away where this time no one could follow her, or bring her back any more.

Val rushed through the trees to the broad footpath, to obey his brother's orders, dismayed and anxious, but with no suspicion of what had really taken place; and there met a pony-carriage which Lady Kekside had sent after them, judging that if the poor wanderer were

found, she might be too weary to walk back. Val returned immediately to where his mother lay, hoping, with a strange nervous dread which he could not account for, that she might have changed her position, and closed her eyes; for there was something that appalled him, he could not tell why, in the brilliancy of that look, which did not seem to direct itself to anything, not even to her sons. Dick raised her with difficulty in his arms, showing his brother without a word how to help him. And thus they made their way painfully through the brashwood. How heavy, how still, how motionless, how awful was their burden! Val's heart began to beat as hers had done so short a time before. Was this how people looked when they fainted? Before they reached the pony-carriage he was exhausted with the strain, which was both physical and mental. He was afraid of her, not knowing what had happened to her. "Should not we get water—something to revive her?" he said, panting, as she was laid down in the little carriage. Dick only shook his head. "Lead the pony very gently," he said to his brother; and Val once more did what he was told—humbly sending the servant who had brought it, on before them, to announce their coming, and to get the doctor. And thus her boys, all alone, no one with them, brought her home. It was what she would have chosen, poor soul! had she been able to choose.

I need not describe the commotion and excitement in Rosscraig when this piteous procession came to the door. Dick supporting her who needed no support; Val, with subdued looks, leading the pony. They carried her up-stairs into her own room between them, letting no one else touch her; and I think that, by that time, Val knew, as well as Dick. But of course all kind of

vain attempts were made to bring her to herself, till the doctor came, who looked at her, and then sent all the foolish ministrations away. Richard Ross, coming in very white and worn from the river-side, where he had found nothing, met Mrs. Harding coming down-stairs with solemn looks, but did not stop to question her. He went straight up into the rooms where up to this time there had existed a kind of moral barricade against him which he had seldom ventured to face. All was open now to him or any one. He could go where he pleased, penetrating into the very chamber a little while ago more closely shut against him than any Holy of Holies, where his wife lay. They had pulled away, for the sake of air, all the curtains and draperies which a few hours before had stifled her very soul; and there she lay, unveiled as yet, a marble woman, white and grand, with everything gone that detracted from her beauty. Her eyes were half closed, revealing still a glimmer under the long eyelashes, which had never showed as they did now, against the marble whiteness of her cheek. The kerchief on her head had fallen off, and the long dark hair framed the white face. The living woman had been beautiful with a beauty that was passing—the dead woman was sublime in a beauty that would last, in

the eyes that saw her now, for ever. Richard thrust the doctor out of his way, who turned to speak to him. He put Val away with the other hand, and went up close to the bedside. What thoughts passed through his mind as he stood there! Sorrow, a certain indignation, a profound and mournful pity. It was she who had wronged him, not he who had wronged her; and there she lay, for whom he had lost his life, and who had never been his. His cold bosom swelled with an emotion greater than he knew how to account for. She was so beautiful that he was proud of her even at this last moment, and felt his choice justified; but she had got away for ever without one sign, without one word, to show that she had ever thought of him. He had given up everything for her, and she had never been his.

"Richard, Richard, come away," said his mother, laying her hand on his arm; "we can do her no good now; and she had her boys with her, thank God, at the last."

"Her boys!" he said, with a deep breath which was tremulous with injured love, with wounded pride, with unspeakable minglings of indignant sorrow. "I am her husband, mother, and she has gone without one word to me."

Then he turned, and, without looking at any one, went away.

CHAPTER XLIII.

I do not mean to pretend to the reader that, after that one moment of complicated anguish, swelling of the heart almost too great for a man's bosom who was too proud to show any sign, Richard sorrowed long or deeply for his wife, or that this strange blow was profoundly felt as a grief by the awed and saddened household. That was scarcely possible: though the sor-

rowful pity for a life thus wasted, and which had caused the waste of another, was more deep and less unmingled in the minds of the old people after the death of Richard's wife than it could be while she was living, and proving still how impossible it was by any amount of kindness to bring her to share their existence. Neither could Val grieve as Dick did. He grieved with his

imagination, seeing all the sadness of this catastrophe, and touched with tender compunctions, and thoughts of what he might have done but did not, as every sensitive soul must be when the gate of death has closed between it and those who have claims upon its affection. He was very, very sorry for poor Dick, whose grief was real and profound; and deeply touched by the memory of his mother whom he had known so little. But what more could he feel? and soon life took its usual course again. The house was saddened and stilled in its mourning—but it was relieved also. "She never could have been happy here; and where, poor soul, would she have been happy?" Lady Eskside said, dropping a natural tribute of tears to her memory. It was sad beyond measure, but yet it was a relief as well.

Very soon, too, after this, it became necessary for Val to go to London, and for the whole system of the family affairs to be rearranged. Dick had not taken the slightest notice of the revelation which he had heard that day at the library door, if, indeed, he had heard it at all. A day or two, however, before the time fixed for Val's departure, he appeared in the library, where once more his grandparents were seated together, leading his brother with him. It was about a month after the mother's death, getting towards the end of June; and the windows were all open. Lady Eskside had come in from the lawn where she had been walking, with a white shawl over her cap (the old lady disliked black—but white is always suitable with mourning, as well as very becoming to a fair old face, soft with pearly tints of age, yet sweet with unfading bloom); on a garden-seat within sight Richard sat reading, looking out now and then from his book on the lovely familiar landscape. The

old lord, I need not say, was seated at his writing-table, with the last number of the 'Agricultural Journal' near him, and a letter, just begun, on his desk, to the editor, in which he was about to give very weighty advice to the farming world on the rotation of crops. Thus, when the two young men came in, the whole family was within reach, all stilled and quieted, as a family generally is after a domestic loss, even when there is no profound grief. Dick was the most serious of all. There was that expression about his eyes which tears leave behind, and which sad thoughts leave—a look that comes naturally to any mourner who has strained his eyes gazing after some one who is gone. Val was the only exception to the generally subdued look of the party. He was excited; two red spots were on his cheeks, his eyes were shining with animation and energy; he went to the window, said a few half-whispered words to Lady Eskside, then beckoned to his father, who came slowly in and joined them. Dick sat listlessly down near the old lady. He was the only one who seemed indifferent to what was coming, and indeed suspected nothing of any special importance in this family meeting.

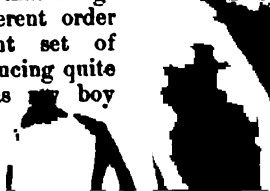
"Grandfather," said Val, "I have something to say. I am going away soon, you know, and I should like everything to be settled first. There have been so many changes lately, some of them sad enough," and he laid his hand caressingly on Dick's shoulder, by whom he stood. "We can't get back what has gone from us," said Val, his eyes glistening, "or make up for anything that might have been done differently; but at least we must settle everything now." Then there was a little pause, and he added with a smile half frank, half embarrassed, "It seems very worldly-minded, but I

a whole list of them at his fingers' ends, with which he silenced Lord Eskside. One enormous point in his favour was that Valentine, being already known and acknowledged as Lord Eskside's eldest grandson and heir, active measures would have been necessary on Dick's part to establish his own claims—measures which Dick not only would not take, but refused all sanction to. And howsoever it was brought about, this I know, that Val is the eldest son and Dick the youngest, *de facto*, if not *de jure*, to the absolute contentment of everybody concerned; and that this secret, like every other honest secret, is known to a dozen people at least, and up to this time has done nobody any harm.

And I will not attempt to linger at this advanced period of my story, or to tell all the means by which the Pringles, on one side, and the Rosses on the other, were brought to consent to that unalterable decision of the young people, which both Val and Vi believed themselves to have held to with resolution heroic through trials unparalleled. Reflect with yourself, kind reader, how long, if you have an only daughter, your middle-aged sternness could hold out against the tears in her sweet eyes?—reflect how long you could stand out against your boy—the fine fellow who is your pride and glory? There are stern parents, I suppose, in the world, but I fully confess they are beings as much beyond my comprehension as megatheriums. If the young people hold out, tenderly and dutifully as becomes them, the old people must give in. Is it not a law of nature? I do not advise you, boys and girls, to flout and defy us all the same; for that brings into action a totally different order of feelings,—a different set of muscles, so to speak, producing quite different results. But as a boy

and girl, in-ly loved the and were i towards the quence cam should it Eskside and and even th Ross, in Flo ingly, and c process loc the beginni from these the first day virgin moni body in Sco lucky for m Violet were troubles (the of babies) wedding fea for the ol Rosseraig; l of only one at that feast has no part with the bri

Richard Florence to marriage; a Percival, wh er absent fr was usual, th wife having obstacle betv could easily moment, ho self, and re habits in t was she an ately fell in who arrange the wedding successful. had gone, dispersing, she came o the windows and here a



hardship is a hardship, meant to be endured; and I would not say but to bear it well was as great an honour to the family as to win a battle. We are three generations here, Dick, and we can't put the house in jeopardy, or trust its weal to a hasty generosity, that your son, if not you, would repent of. No, no. God bless you, my man! you are the eldest, and everything will be yours."

This time Dick laughed aloud. "When two noes meet," he said, "one must give in, sir. I'll not give in. I say it to your face; and yours, sir; and yours, Val. You may speak till Doomsday, but I'll not give in; not if the world was to come to an end for it. Look here: I am *her* son, as well as Val. I can go further off, more out of your reach, than ever she did—God bless her! And I'm a man, and you can't stop me. If there's another word about me taking Val's place, (a farce! as if I ever would do it!) that day I'll go!—that moment I'll go! and, do what you please, you can't bring *me* back. But I don't want to go," Dick said, after a pause, in a softened voice; "I ain't one to wander; I'm fond of a home. What I'd like would be to stay quiet, and stand by the old folks, and be of some use to Val. Father and Grandfather! I've never made bold to call you so before; don't drive me away! Val, speak for me! for God's sake, don't make a Cain of me—an outcast—a tramp!"

"It is not in your nature," said Richard, with a smile.

"You don't know what's in my nature. You didn't know what was in *her* nature," said Dick, with sudden passion. "I'll not do this, so help me God!" He snatched up Lady Eskside's big Bible with the large print, from the table, and kissed it, tremulous with excitement. Then, putting it reverently

down again, went and threw himself at the feet of the old lady. "Put your hand on my head," said Dick, softly, "my lady, as she used to do."

"I will—I will, my dear!" said Lady Eskside.

And to be sure this was not how it ended. All the more for their wish that it should be so, the family, in its three generations, struggled against Dick's persistence, calling in external testimony—as that of Willie Maitland—to prove how impossible any such arrangement was. Dick never allowed himself to be excited again; but he held by his vow, and nothing that could be said moved him. Sometimes he would get up in the midst of a discussion, and go away, crying out impatiently that they were tiring him to death,—the only time he was disrespectful in word or look to the elders of the party. Sometimes he bore it all, smiling; sometimes he threatened to go away. I think it was by the interposition of Sandy Pringle's good sense that it was settled at last—Sandy Pringle the younger, a very rising young lawyer, much thought of in the Parliament House. Val had sought Sandy out almost as anxiously as he sought Violet, to beg his pardon for that unadvised blow, and to secure his interest (for is not a friend, once alienated, then recovered, twice a friend!) with his parents. Sandy was the first of the Pringle family reintroduced after the quarrel with Rosscraig. He took Dick's side energetically and at once, with that entire contempt for the law which I believe only great lawyers venture to entertain. I don't pretend to understand how he managed it, or how far the bargain which was ultimately made was justifiable, or whether it would stand for a moment if any one contested it. Such arrangements do exist, they say, in many great families, and Sandy had

a whole list of them at his fingers' ends, with which he silenced Lord Eskside. One enormous point in his favour was that Valentine, being already known and acknowledged as Lord Eskside's eldest grandson and heir, active measures would have been necessary on Dick's part to establish his own claims—measures which Dick not only would not take, but refused all sanction to. And howsoever it was brought about, this I know, that Val is the eldest son and Dick the youngest, *de facto*, if not *de jure*, to the absolute contentment of everybody concerned; and that this secret, like every other honest secret, is known to a dozen people at least, and up to this time has done nobody any harm.

And I will not attempt to linger at this advanced period of my story, or to tell all the means by which the Pringles, on one side, and the Rosses on the other, were brought to consent to that unalterable decision of the young people, which both Val and Vi believed themselves to have held to with resolution heroic through trials unparalleled. Reflect with yourself, kind reader, how long, if you have an only daughter, your middle-aged sternness could hold out against the tears in her sweet eyes?—reflect how long you could stand out against your boy—the fine fellow who is your pride and glory! There are stern parents, I suppose, in the world, but I fully confess they are beings as much beyond my comprehension as megatheriums. If the young people hold out, tenderly and dutifully as becomes them, the old people must give in. Is it not a law of nature? I do not advise you, boys and girls, to flout and defy us all the same; for that brings into action a totally different order of feelings,—a different set of muscles, so to speak, producing quite different results. But as my boy

and girl, in the present case, heartily loved their fathers and mothers, and were incapable of disrespect towards them, the natural consequence came about in time, as how should it not? Lord and Lady Eskside and Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, and even the Honourable Richard Ross, in Florence, gave in accordingly, and consented at last. This process occupied the time until the beginning of the next summer from these events; and then, on the first day in June (not May, the virgin month, which is, as everybody in Scotland knows, fatally unlucky for marriages) Valentine and Violet were made one, and all their troubles (they thought, like a pair of babies) came to an end. The wedding feast, out of consideration for the old people, was held at Rosscraig; but I will tell the reader of only one incident which occurred at that feast, or after it, and which has no particular connection either with the bridegroom or the bride.

Richard Ross had come from Florence to be present at his son's marriage; and there, too, was Miss Percival, who had been much longer absent from her old friend than was usual, the episode of Richard's wife having interposed a visionary obstacle between them which neither could easily break. At this genial moment, however, Mary forgot herself, and returned to all her old habits in the familiar house. It was she and Dick—who immediately fell in love with each other—who arranged everything, and made the wedding party so completely successful. After the bridal pair had gone, when the guests were dispersing, and Mary's cares over, she came out on the terrace before the windows to breathe the fresh air, and have a moment's quiet. Here Richard joined her after a while. Richard Ross was fifty, but his appearance was exactly what it had been ten years before, and I am

not sure that he was not handsomer then than at five-and-twenty. Mary was a few years younger—a pretty woman of her age—with hair inclining towards grey, and eyes as bright as they had ever been. I do not think it failed to strike either of them with a curious thrill of half sympathy, half pain, that they two might have been—nay, almost, ought to have been—the father and mother, taking a conjugal stroll in the quiet, after their son had departed in his youthful triumph, feeling half sad, half glad that his time had begun and theirs was over—yet so far from really feeling their day to be over, that the sadness was whimsical, and amused them. I think they both felt this, more or less, and that Mary's secret grudge at having been, as it were, cheated out of the mothering of Val, had been strong in her mind all day. They looked together over the lovely woods, all soft with the warmth of June, down to where the Esk, never too 'quiet, played like a big baby with the giant boulder which lay mid-stream, just as he turned round the corner of the hill. The two figures on the terrace were in shade, but all the landscape was shining in the June sunshine. It was a moment to touch the heart.

"You and I have looked at these woods often together, Mary, in many different circumstances," said Richard, with a touch of sentiment in his voice.

"Yes, indeed—often enough," she said, compelling herself to laugh.

"And now here have the young ones set out, and we remain. I often wonder if you and I had come together a quarter of a century ago, as seemed so natural—as I suppose everybody wished——"

"Except ourselves," said Mary, her heart fluttering, but putting forth all her most strenuous powers of self-command.

"Except—ourselves? Well, one never knows exactly what one did wish at that time," said Richard; "everything that was least good, I suppose. We are very reasonable at our present age, Mary; and I think we suit each other. Suppose you have me, now?"

"Suppose—what?" she asked, with surprise.

"I think we suit each other; and my mother would be more pleased than words can tell. Suppose you have me, now?"

He held out his hand to her, standing still; and she turned and looked at him steadily, gravely, the flutter utterly stilled in her heart.

"No, Richard, thank you," she said. "It is too late for that sort of thing now."

He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at her. "Well—if you think so," he said; and they walked together once more to the end of the terrace. I suppose he could have gone on quite steadily, as if nothing had happened; but Mary was not capable of this. When they turned again, she broke away from him, saying something incoherent about my lady calling her—which was not the case, of course. Mary found it unpleasant to be near him all day after this; and in the languor of the waning afternoon, when all the guests were gone, she escaped to the woods, where Dick followed her, anxious too to escape from his own thoughts. But yet what kind thoughts these were!—what an exquisite, gentle melancholy it was that moved poor Dick, infinitely sad, yet sweeter than being happy! He had a feeling for Violet which he had never had for any woman—which he believed he never would have again for any woman—and she was his brother's wife, God bless her! Dick was right in that last thought. He would never think of any other again as he had thought of Vi; but for all that his wound was not a

deadly wound, and his love was of the imagination rather than the heart. He did not mean to tell Miss Percival about it in so many words; but she was an understanding woman, and could make a great deal out of a very little. She read him as clearly as if she had seen into his heart. And so, I think, she did; and Dick's heart was so soft that a great deal came out of it which he had never known to be there. Once only she startled him greatly by an abrupt exclamation. In the very midst of something he was saying she broke out, interrupting him, in words of which he could not tell what they meant, or to whom they referred.

"This is the one I used to think I knew!" cried Mary to herself. "I was not deceived, only too early for him. This is the one I knew!"

Was she going out of her wits, the kind woman? But years after Dick had a glimmering of understanding as to what she meant.

Before Richard went away he told his mother what had happened. He was too much a man of the world to believe for a moment that such a secret could be kept or that Mary would not tell; and it was one of his principles, when anything unpleasant could be said about you, to take care to say it yourself. Just before he bade her good-bye, he told Lady Eskside: "Don't say I never try to please you, mother," he said; "I asked Mary to have me on Val's wedding day——"

"Richard! Lord bless us! and Mary said——"

"No, thank you," said Richard, with a laugh; and kissed his mother, and went away.

Lady Eskside, very full of this strange intimation, walked down the avenue to meet the old lord on

his return from the station whither he had accompanied his son. She took his arm and they walked up together. "The train was in time, for a wonder, and he's off, Catherine," said the old lord. "So now you and me must settle down, as it's all over; and be thankful we have Dick to 'stand by the old folks,' as he says."

"Yes," said my lady a little *distracte*; "but I've something to tell you. Richard asked Mary before he went away——"

"Asked Mary? What? And she told you, my lady? She should not have told you; unless she consented, and I doubt that," said the old lord.

"He told me, and she refused him. She was not blate to refuse my Richard. Should I say anything about it?" asked my lady, leaning heavily on her old lord's arm, for the path was steep and tried them both.

Lord Eskside laughed, his eyes twinkling under his eyebrows. "They're quits now, or more," he said; "and I would not say but something might come of it yet."

The avenue was very steep; it tried them both as they went up slowly leaning on each other. When they stopped to take breath, they both spoke, the same thought coming to their minds at the same moment. "The house will be dull without Val," Lady Eskside said with a sigh. "When the bairns are gone, the house grows quiet," said her husband. Then they set forth again and climbed the last turn to their own door, holding each other up with kind mutual pressure of their old arms. Both of them were beyond the measure of man's years on earth. "The bairns come and the bairns go—but, thank God, you and me are still together, Catherine," said the old lord.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

SHIGRI AND ITS GLACIERS.—THE ALPS AND HIMÁLIYA.

THE valley of Spiti is secluded in such a very formidable manner from the civilised world that it has very few European visitors; and though it has frequently been conquered, yet it is difficult to conceive of its being so, or of any one finding it worth while to conquer it. This province is situated in the centre of the Himáliya, with two great snowy ranges (not to speak of minor ones) between it and the plains of India. There are very few parts in Spiti where we can get below 12,000 feet, while it contains innumerable points which are 20,000 feet high, and its great valley has an average elevation of about 12,800 feet. Elevated and secluded though this province be, it is not to be compared in these admirable respects with Zanskar; but it is tolerably well raised out of the world. On the east, access can be had to it by the 18,000-foot Mane-rung Pass, or the difficult To-tzo route. From the south, the only entrance is by the desolate Babeh Pass, which is 15,000 feet high, and closed great part of the year. To the west, the direction which I am about to pursue, there are no means of exit or access except over glaciers and an utterly desolate region, which requires days in order to traverse it. To the north there are a few passes like the Parang-la (18,000 feet), which take towards Ladák; but nobody need go to Ladák in search of civilisation. I did see one solitary apricot-tree at Lari, and some fine willow-trees at Po; but that about exhausts my arboreal recollections of Spiti, or Pitti, as the people of the country more usually call it. There are a good many willow, birch, and

thorn bushes; but still there must be a great scarcity of fuel. Notwithstanding that it is about seventy miles long, with a breadth of fifty miles in its upper portion, its population amounts to only about 2300 persons, whose language is Tibetan, and whose appearance has some Tartar characteristics. The minstrels, to whom I have already alluded, do not hold land, and are called Bedas. Captain Harcourt says: "Many of the men resemble veritable Calmucks; and with few exceptions fall, as do the women, very far below the European standard of beauty; indeed, for positive hideousness of countenance, the people of Spiti are perhaps pre-eminent in the British empire." For absolute hideousness, so great as to be almost beauty of a kind, I should back a Spiti old woman against the whole human race; and the production of one in Europe, with her extraordinary ornaments, could scarcely fail to create a great sensation. The dress of both sexes may be described as tunics and trousers of thick woollen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are not fond of taking off at any time. In order to obtain greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots, beside their legs, which I fancy is a practice peculiar to Spiti, but might be introduced elsewhere. The ornaments are very much the same as those of the Chinese Tartars, except that the women have sometimes nose-rings, which adds to their peculiar fascination. Not being affected by caste ideas, as even the Lamaists of Kunáwar are,

the people of Spiti make no objections to a European eating with them or entering their houses, unless they happen to be rather ashamed of the interior; but the houses differ very little from those of Zaskar, one of which I shall describe in detail, having had to spend two days in it during a great snowstorm. There is very little rainfall in Spiti; from November to April all the streams are frozen up, and it is rather a mystery to me how the people obtain sufficient fuel to support life during that long severe period. In summer the fields are watered by artificial channels leading from the mountain torrents; and it has often a very lively effect when the waters are let loose around and over a number of fields. The chief crops are wheat, barley, and peas, the latter affording a valuable addition to the traveller's food, but not so readily purchasable as the grain. One need not look for sugar, fruit, or any other of the luxuries of life, in this exceedingly sterile province. Yaks there are in abundance, along with zo-pos and the common Indian ox; and the *ghunts*, or small ponies, are famous for their sure-footedness, their sagacity, and their power of carrying their rider safely up and down the most terrible, dangerous, and fatiguing paths. Horse-racing, of a very irregular sort, is indulged in occasionally; and the blacksmiths of Spiti are famous in High Asia for their manufacture of steel bits and stirrups. The great substitute for paper here, as in all these snow-lands, is the inner bark of the birch-tree, which is of a light yellow colour, and very soft, though of a close texture. It is very good for all wrapping purposes, and could be used for writing on if needed. The people are singularly exempt from disease, being, to all appearance, afflicted only by a few not bad cases of skin disease, which can

easily be accounted for by their persistent avoidance of washing. Spiti is Búdhistic; and there are nearly 400 Lamas in the province, most of whom are bound to celibacy, and only about a dozen nuns,—though that must be quite enough, if it be true, as Captain Harcourt, lately the Assistant Commissioner for the three British provinces of Kúlú, Lahaul, and Spiti, alleges, that "there are at times scenes of gross debauchery in the monasteries—a state of things which can be believed when Lamas and nuns are living promiscuously together." As polyandry exists in the province, the surplus women have to remain in the houses of their parents or other relatives; but there is no reason to consider the Spiti people as immoral, though they indulge in heavy drinking on special occasions; and, like most mountaineers, they are exceedingly enamoured of their own lofty country, treeless and sterile though it be, and are extremely unwilling to go down any of the passes which lead to more genial climes. The poverty of this province, however, has not saved it from more than one conquest. Nearly a thousand years ago, it was under the Lassa Government; and two centuries after, it fell under the dominion of Kublai Khan. In more recent times, it was sometimes subject to the Chinese Tartars and sometimes to the chiefs of Baltistan or of Ladák, according to which party happened to have the upper hand in the neighbourhood. It came into our possession about thirty years ago, through an arrangement with the Maharajah of Kashmir, into whose power it had fallen, and was conjoined with Kúlú under an Assistant Commissioner in 1849.

Dankar, the capital of Spiti, should properly be spelled "Drankhar," which means "The cold

fort." *Khar*, with an aspirate, signifies a fort, as *Dan-kar* is, or rather was; but *kar* means white. Hence it has been a decided error to call this place *Dankar*; but I shall leave the correction of it to Dr. W. W. Hunter and his department, for though Spiti does not boast of a post-office, yet it is a British province. The precise height of this village is 12,776 feet, so it may easily be conceived that the nights were intensely cold in our light tents, and that there was some little difficulty in rousing my people in the morning. From *Dankar*, or rather from *Kazeh* or *Kaja*, a day's journey beyond, my course was a novel one, almost unknown to Himáliyan tourists. When considering, at *Simla*, how I should best see the Himáliya and keep out of the reach of the Indian monsoon, I had the advantage of an old edition of *Montgomerie's* map, in which the mountains and rivers are laid in, but which is now out of print; and I saw from it that the line of the Himáliya to the north-west presented a series of rivers and elevated valleys, in the very centre of the ranges, which would enable me to proceed to *Kashmir* by almost a new route, and one of great interest. I could get no information about this route, further than was conveyed by the admission of a *Panjábi* captain, who had been in the Himáliya, and who said on my consulting him on the subject—"Well, I should think it would be very possible." It certainly proved to be so, seeing that I got over the ground, and I got some information regarding it from the *Moravian* missionaries.

What I had to do was to follow up the *Lee* or *Spiti* river almost to its source, then to cross the *Kanzam* Pass into the frightfully desolate *Shigri* valley, or valley of the *Chandra* river; to follow down that river

to its junction with the *Bhaga*; to follow up the *Bhaga* for a few marches, and then to cross over the tremendous *Shinkal* Pass on to the *Tsarap* *Lingti* river, and the valleys through which streams flow into the upper *Indus*. It is the first portion of this journey that I have now to speak of; and to render it intelligible, it is only necessary for the reader to follow up the *Spiti* river as far as he can get, to cross the mountains at its source, and then to descend the *Chandra* river to its junction with the *Bhaga*.

At *Kazeh*, a day's journey from *Dankar*, I left the usual track, which goes over the *Parang-la* Pass to *Changchemmo* and *Leh*, and which involves a journey that is on many grounds objectionable. Here I had the choice of two routes, one on the left and one on the right bank of the *Lee*, but chose the latter; and as the former was within sight great part of the way, I had the opportunity of observing that it was considerably the worst of the two, though an inexperienced traveller might rashly conclude that nothing could be worse than the one I followed. To *Kazeh* we kept up the left bank of the *Lee*, which was no longer sunk in deep gorges, but had a broad open valley, and spreads itself here and there amid a waste of white stones. Here I crossed the river, at a point where the banks drew close together, and on what, by courtesy, might be called a wooden bridge. This *sangpa* is very high and shaky, and the central portion of it is composed of three logs, without any parapet, and with loose branches laid across it, which are awkward and dangerous to step upon. Stopping for breakfast at the village of *Kharig*, I saw the large *Lama* monastery of *Ki* on the other side of the river, perched on the top of a hill in a very extraordinary manner. This monastery, according to *Csoma*

de Kōrōs, was established in the eleventh century of the Christian era by a pupil of the well known Atisha. It is a celebrated place; but (whether or not it contains any portion of the dozen Spiti nuns) its monks do not seem to exercise much civilising influence in their own neighbourhood, for the people of Kharig were much more like thorough savages than the residents of any other Himáliyan village which I entered. It being rather a hot day, the children, and even boys and girls of ten and twelve years old, were entirely naked; and the number of children was far beyond the usual proportion to that of households. Morang, where we camped, is a small village even for these mountains, and is about 13,000 feet high; but it had an intelligent and exceedingly obliging *mukta*—the functionary who provides for the wants of travellers—who had been educated by the Moravian brethren in Lahaul, and spoke Hindústhani. There was a wonderful view from this place both up and down the great valley of the Spiti river, bounded downwards by the Rupa-khago, or the snowy mountains of the Manerung Pass, and upwards by a grand 20,000-foot peak, supporting an enormous bed of *névé*. Both on this day's journey and on the next, the banks of the river and the mountains above them presented the most extraordinary castellated forms. In many parts the bed of the Lee was hundreds of yards broad, and was composed of white shingle, great part of which was uncovered by water. The steep banks above this white bed had been cut by the action of the elements, so that a series of small fortresses, temples, and spires seemed to stand out from them. Above these again, gigantic mural precipices, bastions, towers, castles, citadels, and spires rose up thousands of feet in

height, mocking, in their immensity and grandeur, the puny efforts of human art, and yet presenting almost all the shapes and effects which our architecture has been able to devise; while, yet higher, the domes of pure white snow and glittering spires of ice far surpassed in perfection, as well as in immensity, all the Moslem musjids and minars. It was passing strange to find the inorganic world thus anticipating, on so gigantic a scale, some of the loftiest efforts of human art; and it is far from unlikely that the builders of the Taj and of the Pearl Mosque at Agra only embodied in marble a dream of the snows of the Himáliya or of the Hindú Kúsh.

After leaving Morang we crossed another shaky *sangpa* over the Gyundi river, and another one before reaching Kiotro, where we encamped in a sort of hollow beyond the village. The place seemed shut in on every side; but that did not preserve us from a frightful wind which blew violently all night, and, with the thermometer at 43°, rendered sleep nearly impossible in my tent. There was a good path on the left bank of the Lee, for my next day's journey from Kiotro to Loisar; and the rock-battlements were more wonderful than ever; but just before reaching that latter place, we had to cross to the right bank of the river by means of a very unpleasant *jhála*, the side ropes of which were so low as to make walking along it painful. In Loisar, instead of using my tent, I occupied a small mud-room which the Government of British India has been good enough to erect for the benefit of travellers. I do not know what the reason may be for this unusual act of generosity. Perhaps it is because Loisar is one of the highest villages in the world, though it is inhabited all the year round, being 13,395 feet above the

level of the sea. Notwithstanding this extreme altitude, it has a good many fields in which various kinds of grain are cultivated, and there is not a little pasture-land in its neighbourhood. The care of a paternal Government had even gone the length of keeping this room clean and free from insects; so it was a pleasant change from my tent, the more so as it began to rain, and rain at 13,395 feet very soon displays a tendency to turn into sleet and snow. A tent is very healthy and delightful up to a certain point; but it hardly affords any higher temperature than that of the external air; and on these great altitudes at night the air cools down so rapidly, and to such an extent, that it may be a source of danger to some people. There is a safeguard, however, in the purity of the Himáliyan air and in our continuously open-air life among the mountains. I have been injured by the unusual severity of the winter this year in England; yet got no harm, but rather positive benefit, from camping on snow for nights together in my thin tent in Zanskar and Súrú, and in much more severe weather than we have had here lately. Still, the paternal Government's mud-palace at Loisar was an agreeable change, and afforded me the luxury of a sounder sleep than I had had for several nights. The Nakowallah, however, did not at all appreciate the advantages of having a solid habitation about him. I should have thought it would have been simple enough even for his tastes; but nothing would satisfy that fleecy dog until he was allowed to lie outside of the door instead of inside, though that latter position exposed him to hostile visits from all the dogs of the village; and there was a ferocious growling kept up all night outside the door, which, however, was

music to me compared with the howling of the wind about my tent, to which I had been exposed for two or three nights previously.

At Loisar I had to arrange for a very hard journey of five days, over a wild stretch of country where there are no villages, no houses, and scarcely any woods, so that supplies of every kind have to be taken for it. In order to get into Lahaul and hit the junction of the Chandra and Bhaga rivers on the cut road which runs from Simla to Leh, two routes are available from Loisar, both involving a stretch of days over a desolate and glacier-covered country. They both pursue the same course for nearly a day's journey, on to the gradual western slope of the Kan-zam or Kanzal Pass; but before crossing it one route takes off to the right, up the highest portion of the valley of the Chandra river, until it strikes the cut road to Leh, near the top of the Barra Lacha Pass (16,221 feet), and then descends the Bhaga to the junction of the two rivers, along the cut road and down a valley where there are plenty of villages. This was the road which I wished to follow, because I always preferred keeping as high up as possible; but the people at Loisar, who were to furnish me with coolies, declared against that route, and implored me not to insist upon going by it. There is a very difficult river to be forded, the water of which is so rapid that the *bigarries*, or porters, can only manage to get through by holding one another's hands and forming a long line. When Sir Douglas Forsyth was Commissioner of the Hill States, he passed over this route, losing two of his *bigarries* (women I think) in this river; and though he compensated their families, this unfortunate event is advanced to this day as a conclusive reason against the Barra Lacha route, and will probably be so [ad-

vanced for centuries, if the world lasts as long.

Hence I had to adopt the other route, which proved to be quite elevated and cold enough. It crosses the Kanzam Pass at a height of almost 15,000 feet, and then goes down the Chandra river on its left bank, through what is called by the natives the Shigri valley, until it reaches the cut road to Leh at the foot, and on the north side, of the Rotang Pass, which is 13,000 feet high, and the mountains of which separate Lahaul from the Kúlú valley. Immediately after that point, this route crosses the river to the village of Kokser, and proceeds from thence to the junction of the Chandra and Bhaga, from whence there are various, but all rather difficult, routes leading to Kashmir. The two routes I have mentioned, which meet at the head of the Chandra-Bhaga—or what is almost equivalent to them, these two rivers before their junction—enclose a large extent of great glaciers and immense snowy mountains, with no habitations, and almost inaccessible to human beings. An equally high range runs down the left bank of the Chandra (the route which I followed), throwing out its glaciers down to and almost across the river, so that it may easily be conceived that few portions even of the Himá-liya, which are at all accessible, afford such a stretch of desolation and of wild sublimity.

It was necessary for me, on this part of the journey, to take sixteen *bigarries*, nearly half of whom were women, besides an extra yak to carry wood; and for my own use I got a little dark Spiti mare, which looked nothing to speak of, but actually performed marvels. We also took with us a small flock of milch goats, which could pick up subsistence by the way, and one or two live sheep to be made in-

to mutton on the journey. Starting at six on the morning of the 25th August, with the thermometer at 42°, the first part of the journey gave no idea of the desolation which was soon to be encountered. The day was bright and delightful, and the air even purer and more exhilarating than usual, as might be expected above 13,000 feet. A few miles beyond Loisar we came to the end of the Lee or Spiti river, which I had now followed up from its confluence with the Sutlej, through one of the wildest and most singular valleys in the world. Its whole course is 145 miles; but such figures give no idea of the time and immense toil which are required in order to follow it up that short course, in which it has a fall of about 6000 feet. It has an extraordinary end, which has already been described, and also a curious commencement; for it begins, so to speak, at once, in a broad white bed of sand and stones, being there created by the junction of two short and (when I saw them) insignificant streams, of about equal size and length; the Líchú, which comes from the Kanzam Pass, and the Pítú, which has its rise in the 20,000 snowy peak, Kíii. Earlier in the season, however, just after mid-day, when the snows and glaciers are in full melting order, there must be a magnificent body of water in this upper portion of the Lee, raging and foaming along from bank to brae.

Turning south-west, up the Líchú river, we found a beautiful valley, full of small willow-trees and bright green grass, though it could have been very little less than 14,000 feet high. It was the most European-looking valley I saw among the Himáliya before reaching Kashmir; and it was followed by easy grassy slopes, variegated by sunshine and the shade of passing clouds, which slopes led up to the

extreme summit of the Kanzam or Kanzal Pass, a height of 14,937 feet. Here there was a very imposing view in front, of immense glaciers and snowy peaks, over or about 20,000 feet high, which rose up not far from perpendicularly, on the other side of the youthful Chandra river, which raged down, far beneath our feet, in a manner which made it no wonder that the Kokser people were unwilling to encounter its turbid current. These mountains are the L peaks of the Topographical Survey; three of them had some resemblance to the Matterhorn, though with more snow, and they rose abruptly from the Chandra, so as in the pure air to appear almost within a stone's throw of the place on which we stood. Great overhanging beds of *névé* fed enormous glaciers, which stretched down to the river like buttresses of the three nearest peaks. To an unpractised eye, it might have seemed as if the glaciers extended only half-way to the Chandra, because the lower portions of them were not only thickly covered with débris of rock, but in some places this débris bore living grass. This is a striking phenomenon, which occurs on the Himáliyan glaciers; but I shall return to the subject directly, when I get upon the great glaciers of the Shigri valley.

There was a steep descent from the top of the Kanzam Pass to the Chandra river, which we followed down a short way until a camping-ground was found about the height of 14,000 feet, beside a sort of pond formed by a back-flow of a tributary of the Chandra. Looking down the valley immense glaciers were seen flowing down the clefts in the high mural precipices on both sides of the Chandra, and extending from the great beds of snow above, down to, and even

into the river. This was the Abode of Snow, and no mistake; for nothing else but snow, glaciers, and rocks were to be seen, and the great ice-serpents crept over into this dread valley as if they were living monsters. In the local dialect *Shigri* means a glacier; but the word is applied to the upper Chandra valley, so that the Shigri valley may be called, both literally and linguistically, the "Valley of Glaciers." But the collection of glaciers between the Chandra and Bhaga rivers, large though it be, is really insignificant compared to the enormous congeries of them to be found on the southern side of Zaskar. There was no sward here of any description; and I began to realise the force of the Afghan proverb, "When the wood of Jugduluk burns you begin to melt gold." Of this Shigri valley, in which we spent the next four days, it may well be said that—

"Bare is it, without house or track, and
 destitute
 Of obvious shelter as a shipless sea."

That, however, is by no means the worst of it; and in the course of the afternoon a fierce storm of wind, rain, and snow added to the savagery of the scene. As I had noticed from the top of the pass, some of the clouds of the monsoon seemed to have been forced over the two ranges of lofty mountains between us and the Indian plains; and soon the storm-clouds began to roll grandly among the snowy peaks which rose close above us on every side. That spectacle was glorious; but it was not so pleasant when the clouds suddenly descended upon us, hiding the peaks, and discharging themselves in heavy rain where we were, but in snow a few hundred feet above. There was a storm-wind which came—

" Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try ;
Or Boreas, when he scours the snow
That skims the plains of Thessaly."

The thermometer sank at once to 41°, from about 65°; and during the night it got down to freezing-point within my tent. Before night the clouds lifted, showing new-fallen snow all around us. In the twilight everything looked white, and assumed a ghastly appearance. The pond was white, and so were the stones around it, the foaming river, and the chalky ground on which our tents were pitched. The sides of the mountains were white with pure new-fallen snow; the overhanging glaciers were partly covered with it; the snowy peaks were white, and so were the clouds, faintly illuminated by the setting sun, veiled with white mist. After dark, the clouds cleared away entirely, and, clearly seen in the brilliant starlight,

" Above the spectral glaciers shone"

beneath the icy peaks; while, above all, the hosts of heaven gleamed with exceeding brightness in the high pure air. The long shining cloud of the Milky Way slanted across the white valley; Vega, my star, was past its zenith; and the *Tsaat Rishi*—the seven prophets of the Hindus, or the seven stars of our Great Bear—were sinking behind the mountains.

We had some difficulty in getting off by six next morning, when the thermometer was at 36°, and every one was suffering from the cold. Unfortunately, too, we had to ford several icy-cold streams shortly after leaving camp, for they would have been unfordable further on in the day. There are no bridges on this wild route; and I could not help pitying the poor women who, on this cold morning, had to wade shivering through the streams, with the rapid water dashing up almost

to their waists. Still, on every side there were 20,000-foot snowy peaks and overhanging glaciers, while great beds of snow curled over the tops of the mural precipices. After a few miles the Chandra ceased to run from north to south, and turned so as to flow from east to west; but there was no change in the sublime and terrific character of the scenery. Out of the enormous beds of snow above, whenever there is an opening for them,—

" The glaciers creep
Like snakes that watch their prey; from
their far fountains
Slowly rolling on; there many a precipice,
Frost, and the sun, in scorn of [mortal
power,
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pin-
nacle—
A city of death, distinct with many a
tower,
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the
sky
Rolls its perpetual stream."

We were soon doomed to make a closer acquaintance with some of these enormous glaciers. Ere long we came to one which stretched down all the way into the river, so there was no flanking it. At first it looked as if we were painfully crossing the huge ridges of a fallen mountain; but this soon proved to be an immense glacier, very thickly covered over with slabs of clay-slate, and with large blocks of granite and gneiss, but with the solid ice underneath exposed here and there, and especially in the surfaces of the large crevasses which went down to unknown depths. This glacier, as also others which followed, was a frightfully fatiguing and exasperating thing to cross, and occupied us nearly three hours, our guides being rather at a loss in finding a way over. I should have been the whole day upon it, but for the astounding per-

formances of my little Spiti mare, which now showed how wise had been the selection of it for this difficult journey. Never had I before fully realised the goat-like agility of these animals, and I almost despair of making her achievements credible. She sprang from block to block of granite, even with my weight upon her, like an ibex. No one who had not seen the performance of a Spiti pony could have believed it possible for any animal of the kind to go over the ground at all, and much less with a rider upon it. But this mare went steadily with me up and down the ridges, over the great rough blocks of granite and the treacherous slabs of slate. I had to dismount and walk, or rather climb, a little only three or four times, and that not so much from necessity as from pity for the little creature, which was trembling in every limb from the great leaps and other exertions which she had to make. On these occasions she required no one to lead her, but followed us like a dog, and was obedient to the voice of her owner. Shortly before coming to the glacier I thought she was going over a precipice with me, owing to her losing her footing on coming down some high steps; but she saved herself by falling on her knees and then making a marvellous side spring. On the glacier, also, though she sometimes lost her footing, yet she always managed to recover it immediately in some extraordinary way. Her great exertions there did not require any goad, and arose from her own spirit and eager determination to overcome the obstacles which presented themselves, though in ordinary circumstances she was perfectly placid, and content to jog along as slowly as might be. Even when I was on this mare she would poise herself on the top of a block of granite, with her four feet close together after the manner

of a goat, and she leaped across crevasses of unknown depth after having to go down a slippery slope on one side, and when, on the other, she had nothing to jump upon except steeply-inclined blocks of stone. The two Loisar yaks also, magnificent black creatures with enormous white tails, did wonders; but their indignant grunting was something to hear. They had to be goaded a good deal, and were not so surprising as the slender-legged Spiti mare. Of course the latter had no shoes; and it is not usual to shoe the horses of the Himáliya, though they do so sometimes in Kashmir; and in Wukhan, to the north of the Oxus, there is the curious compromise of shoeing them with deer's horn, which protects the hoofs, while presenting a surface less slippery than iron, and one more congenial to the horse's tender foot. There was something affecting in the interest which this mare and some of the other mountain ponies I had elsewhere, took in surmounting difficulties, and not less so in the eagerness, at stiff places, of the foals which often accompanied us without carrying any burden. Thus in early youth they get accustomed to mountain journeys and to the strenuous exertions which these involve. At the same time, the Himáliyan ponies husband their breath very carefully in going up long ascents, and no urging on these occasions will force them to go faster than they think right, or prevent them from stopping every now and then just as long as they think proper. These are matters which must be left entirely to the ponies themselves, and they do not abuse the liberty which they claim. More trying is their fondness for trotting or ambling down the steepest ascents on which they can at all preserve their footing; and they show considerable impatience when

restrained from doing so, and have expressive ways of their own of saying to their rider, "Why don't you trust me and let me go down at my own pace? I shall take you quite safely." This ambling down a precipitous mountain-side is particularly unpleasant when the path is a corkscrew one, with many and sharp turnings, because when the pony rushes down at a turning, it seems as if its impetus must carry it on and over; but at the last moment it manages to twist itself round, so that it can proceed in another direction; and I think these intelligent little creatures take a pride in making as narrow a shave of the precipice as possible, and in making their riders feel as uncomfortable as they can. They are also great in wriggling you round delicate points of rock, where the loss of half an inch would send both horse and rider into the abyss. They do positively enjoy these ticklish places; and the more ticklish the place and the deeper the precipice below, the more do they enjoy it, and the more preternaturally sagacious do they become. They sniff at such a place with delight; get their head and neck round the turning; experiment carefully to feel that the pressure of your knee against the rock will not throw the whole concern off its balance, and then they wriggle their bodies round triumphantly. I speak in this way, however, only of the best ponies of Spiti and Zanskar, and not of those of Lahaul, or of any of the lower Himāliyan provinces, which are much inferior.

While stopping for breakfast on this great glacier, the ice beneath the stones on which we were gave a great crack, and the stones themselves sank a little way. This caused a general removal, and it looked as if we had seated ourselves for breakfast over a crevasse (not a wise

thing to do), the mouth of which had been blocked up with stones. To do Silas and Nurdaas justice, they stuck by the breakfast-things and removed these also; but that was, perhaps, because they did not understand the danger we were in. The place had been selected because of its affording shelter from the wind; but when, after the crack occurred, I examined it closely, I saw quite clearly that we had been sitting between the lips of a crevasse which had got blocked up with rocks, and that the place was eminently an unsafe one. Our Loisar *bigarries* had a story about the rocks on this glacier having been owing to the fall of a mountain-peak which had formerly existed in the immediate neighbourhood. Very possibly there may have been a land-slip of the kind; but the coolies varied in their legend about the fall of the peak, some saying that it occurred two generations, and others twelve years, ago. When questioned on the subject, they acknowledged that the glacier must move, because every summer they had to find a new path across it, and had to erect fresh marks in order to indicate the way. There are so many crumbling peaks and precipices about the great fountains of this glacier, that there is no absolute need for the theory or legend of the Loisar people to explain its covered condition. This glacier clearly arose from a number of large glaciers meeting in a great valley above, filling that up, and then pushing themselves over its rim in one great ice-stream down to the river; and the crumbling precipices and peaks around were quite sufficient to supply the rocks we saw below. So compact had the covering got, that in some places I observed grass and flowers growing on this glacier. Coleridge has sung of the "living flowers that

skirt the eternal frost," but here the flowers were blooming on the eternal frost itself.

Occasionally, I think, a living flower is found on Swiss glaciers, but very rarely—whereas on the Himáliyan, flowers are by no means uncommon; and the circumstance is easily accounted for by the greater power of the sun in the Himáliyan regions, and also by the fact, that when the glaciers get down a certain distance, they are so thickly covered by shattered rocks that they have to work their way, as it were, underground. In Switzerland, one often sees the great ploughshare of a glacier coming down into a green valley and throwing up the turf before it; but usually among the Himáliya, long before the glacier reaches any green valley, it is literally overwhelmed and buried beneath the shattered fragments of rock from the gigantic precipices and peaks around. This slackens, without altogether arresting, its progress; so that in many places the *débris* is allowed sufficient rest to permit of the growth of grass and flowers. It struck me that in some places there were even what might be called subterranean glaciers; that is to say, that the fallen *débris* had so formed together and solidified, that the ice-stream worked below it without disturbing the solidified surface.

And here, as I am well acquainted with the Alps,* it may not be amiss for me to compare the Himáliya with these European mountains, which are so well known to the English public. The Himáliya, as a whole, are not so richly apparelled as the Alps. In Kashmir, and some parts of the Sulej valley, and of the valleys on their Indian front, they are rich in the most glorious vegetation, and present, in

that respect, a more picturesque appearance than any parts of Switzerland can boast of; but one may travel among the great ranges of the Asiatic mountains for weeks, and even months, through the most sterile scenes, without coming on any of these regions of beauty. There is not here the same close union of beauty and grandeur, loveliness and sublimity, which is everywhere to be found over the Alps. There is a terrible want of level ground and of green meadows enclosed by trees. Except in Kashmir, and about the east of Ladák, there are no lakes. We miss much those Swiss and Italian expanses of deep blue water, in which white towns and villages, snowy peaks and dark mountains, are so beautifully mirrored. There is also a great want of perennial waterfalls of great height and beauty, such as the Staubbach; though in summer, during the heat of the day, the Himáliya, in several places, present long graceful streaks of dust-foam.

The striking contrasts and the more wonderful scenes are not crowded together as they are in Switzerland. Both eye and mind are apt to be wearied among the Himáliya by the unbroken repetition of similar scenes during continuous and arduous travel, extending over days and weeks together; and one sorely misses Goethe's *Ek-schen*, or the beautiful little corners of nature which satisfy the eye and mind alike. The picture is not sufficiently filled up in its detail, and the continuous repetition of the vast outlines is apt to become oppressive. The very immensity of the Himáliya prevents us from often beholding at a glance, as among the Alps, the wonderful contrast of green meadows, darker pines, green

* See "Switzerland in Summer and Autumn," by the author, in *Maga* for 1865-66.

splintered glaciers, dark precipitous cliffs, blue distant hills, white slopes of snow and glittering icy summits. There are points in the Sutelj valley and in Kashmir where something like this is presented, and in a more overpowering manner than anywhere in Europe; but months of difficult travel separate these two regions, and their beauty cannot be said to characterise the Himáliya generally. But what, even in Switzerland, would be great mountains, are here dwarfed into insignificant hills; and it requires some time for the eye to understand the immense Himáliyan heights and depths. Some great rock, or the foot of some precipice, which is pointed out as our camping-place for the night, looks at first as if it were only a few hundred feet off, but after hours of arduous ascent, it seems almost as far off as ever.

The human element of the Western mountains is greatly wanting in those of the East; for though here and there a monastery like Ki, or a village like Dankar, may stand out picturesquely on the top of a hill, yet, for the most part, the dingy-coloured, flat-roofed Himáliyan hamlets are not easily distinguishable from the rocks amid which they stand. The scattered *châlets* and *sen* huts of Switzerland are wholly wanting; and the European traveller misses the sometimes bright and comely faces of the peasantry of the Alps. I need scarcely say, also, that the more wonderful scenes of the Abode of Snow are far from being easily accessible, even when we are in the heart of the great mountains. And it can hardly be said that the cloudland of the Himáliya is so varied and gorgeous as that of the mountains of Europe, though the sky is of a deeper blue, and the heavens are much more brilliant at night.

But when all these admissions in

favour of Switzerland are made, the Himáliya still remain unsurpassed, and even unapproached, as regards all the wilder and grander features of mountain scenery. There is nothing in the Alps which can afford even a faint idea of the savage desolation and appalling sublimity of many of the Himáliyan scenes. Nowhere, also, have the faces of the mountains been so scarred and riven by the nightly action of frost, and the mid-day floods from melting snow. In almost every valley we see places where whole peaks or sides of great mountains have very recently come shattering down; and the thoughtful traveller must feel that no power or knowledge he possesses can secure him against such a catastrophe, or prevent his bones being buried, so that there would be little likelihood of their release until the solid earth dissolves. And, though rare, there are sudden passages from these scenes of grandeur and savage desolation to almost tropical luxuriance, and more than tropical beauty, of organic nature. Such changes are startling and delightful, as in the passage from Dras into the upper Sind valley of Kashmir; while there is nothing finer in the world of vegetation than the great cedars, pines, and sycamores of many of the lower valleys.

It is needless to look in the Himáliya for a population so energetic and interesting as the Swiss, the Vaudois, or the Tyrolese; and these mountains have no women whose attractions at all approach those of the Italian side of the Alps from Lugano eastward, or of the valleys of the Engadine and the Tyrol. The Tibetan population is hardly abundant enough, or of sufficiently strong *morale*, for heroic or chivalric efforts, such as have been made by the ancient Greeks, the Swiss, the Waldenses, the Scotch Highlanders,

and the mountaineers of some other parts of Europe and even of Asia. There are traditions enough among the Himáliya, but they usually relate either to the founding of monasteries, the destruction of invaders, like Zorawar Singh, whose forces had been previously dispersed by the troops of Lassa; or the death of travelling parties in snowstorms, and from the avalanches of snow or rock. Nowhere, unless in the vast cloudy forms of Hindú mythology, do we meet with traditions of heroes or sages of whom it can be said, that

“ Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain;
 Their mem’ry sparkled o’er the fountain;
 The meane’st rill, the mightiest river,
 Rolled mingling with their fame for ever.”

How easily Kashmir, with a European population, might have guarded its passes and preserved its independence! but it has scarcely ever made any attempt to do so; and the people of Tibet have not shown much more heroism, though they have had abundant experience of fighting. The introduction of Búdhi-ism into this elevated country was no doubt accomplished only by means of much self-sacrifice on the part of its early missionaries; but the shadowy forms of that age are most indistinctly seen, and have little attraction for the modern European. There is much of interest, however, in Lamaism and in the very peculiar customs of the Tibetan race; and I found it impossible to move among these people, especially in the more primitive parts of the country, without contracting a great liking for them, and admiration for their honesty, their patience, and their placidity of temper, in circumstances which must be trying for these virtues.

The Alps extend only for about 600 miles, counting their extreme length from Hungary to the Mediterranean, and their lateral extent is very narrow; but the Himáliya

proper are at least 1500 miles in length. They are a great deal more if we add to them the Hindú Kúsh, which really constitute only a continuation of the range, and their breadth is so great that at some points it is more than half the entire length of the Alps. If, as Royle remarks, we consider the Hindú Kúsh to be a continuation, not so much of the Kuen-lung, as of the Himáliya, then these latter extend from the equator (by their branches into the Malaya Peninsula) to 45 degrees of north latitude, and over 73 degrees of longitude. That is a gigantic space of the earth’s surface, and affords a splendid base for the giant peaks which rise up to almost 30,000 feet; but, as I have already hinted, there is even more meaning than this, and more propriety than the Arabs themselves understood, in their phrase, “The Stony Girdle of the Earth,” because this great central range can easily be traced from the mountains of Formosa in the China Sea to the Pyrenees, where they sink into the Mediterranean. This fact has not escaped the notice of geographers; and Dr. Mackay, especially, has drawn attention to it in his admirable ‘Manual of Modern Geography,’ though he has not known the expressive phrase of his Arab predecessors. The Western Himáliya are a series of nearly parallel ranges lying from south-east to north-west. They are properly the Central Himáliya; the Hindú Kúsh are the Western; and what are now called the Central Himáliya are the Eastern. These are the most obvious great natural divisions; but additional confusion is caused by the Inner Himáliya, or the interior ranges, being also sometimes spoken of as the Central. It is more usual, however, to take the Pamir Steppe as a centre, and to speak of the western range as a boundary wall to the high table-land of Western

Asia, separating the waters of the Arabian Gulf from those of the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Aral. That portion consists of the Hindú Kúsh, the Parapomisan mountains, the Elburz, the Zagros of Kúrdistan, Ararat and the Armenian mountains, the Taurus and Anti-Taurus; and these are continued through Europe in the mountains of Greece and European Turkey, the Alps, the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees. The south-eastern range runs from the Pamir to the China Sea, in the Himáliya, and in the branches from it which go down into the Malay Peninsula and Annam. The eastern range goes nearly due east from the Pamir to the Pacific in the Kuen-lung, and in the Pe-ling, which separate the Yang-tsze from the Yellow River. There is also a north-east range, which runs from the Pamir to Behring's Strait, including the Tengu Tagh, and several ranges in Siberia and Kamtchatka. But the Himáliya proper, with which we are concerned, may be said to be enclosed by the Indus, the Brahmapútra, and the great northern plain of India. That is a very simple and intelligible boundary line; for the two rivers rise close together in, or in the near neighbourhood of, Lake Mansoráwar; in the first part of their course they

flow close behind the great ranges of the Himáliya, and they cut through the mountains at points where there is some reason for considering that new ranges commence.

In adopting "The Abode of Snow" as the running title of these papers, I only gave the literal meaning of the word Himáliya, which is a Sanscrit word, and is to be found in most of the languages of India. It is a compound word, composed of *hima*, snow or winter, and *aliya* or *aldya*, an abode or place. Its component parts are thus *Hima-aliya*; and as the double *a* is contracted into one, even the infant philologist of modern times will perceive the erroneousness of our ordinary English way of pronouncing the word as "Himálāya."* The Sanscrit word *hima* is also sometimes used to signify the moon and a pearl; but even thus a portion of its original meaning is denoted. No doubt this *hima* is closely cognate with the Latin *hiems* and *hibernus*, for *himermus*; with the Greek χιών (*chiōn*), the Persico-Zend *zim* and *zima*, and the Slavonic *zima*, a word used for winter. As the great Abode of the Gods is held by the Hindus to be in the Himáliya, and the word Himáliya itself is used by them in that sense, it is obvious

* We are not quite so bad as the French in this respect; but, as a general rule, the infant philologist (and all infants are in a fair way of being philologists nowadays) will find it pretty safe always to reverse the accents which he finds Englishmen putting upon foreign names. Even such a simple and obvious word as Brindisi we must turn into Brindísi; and it is still worse when we come to give names of our own to localities. What a descent from "The Abode of Snow" to "The Hills" of the Anglo-Indians, even when the latter phrase may come from a rosebud mouth! But that is not so striking an example of our national taste as one which has occurred in Jamaica, where a valley which used to be called by the Spaniards the "Bocaguas," or "Mouth of the Waters," has been transmuted by us into "Bog Walks." A still more curious transmutation, though of a reverse order, occurred in Hong-Kong, in the early days of that so-called colony. There was a street there, much frequented by sailors, in which Chinese damsels used to sit at the windows and greet the passers-by with the invitation, "Come 'long, Jack!"; consequently the street became known by the name of the "Come 'long Street," which in the Chinese mouth was *Kum Lúng*, or "The Golden Dragon." So, when the streets were named and placarded, "Come along Street" appeared, both in Chinese and English, as the Street of the Golden Dragon.

that *Himmel*, the German word for heaven, comes from the same source; and it is the only instance I know of in European languages which takes in both compounds. This must surely have occurred to the lexicographers, but I have not noticed any reference to it. It also occurs to me that the word "Imaus," which Milton uses in the third book of 'Paradise Lost,' and which he took from Pliny, may very likely be from *himas*, another Sanscrit form used for winter and for the Himáliya. In Hindu mythology these mountains are personified as the husband of Manaka. He was also the father of Durga, the great goddess of destruction, who became incarnate as Parvati, or the "daughter of the mountain," in order to captivate Siva and withdraw him from a penance which he had undertaken to perform in the Himáliya. It is, then, with the god of destruction and his no less terrible spouse, that the Himáliya are more especially associated, rather than with the brighter form of Vishnu, the Preserver; but the whole Hindu pantheon are also regarded as dwelling among the inaccessible snowy peaks of these inaccessible mountains. Neither Cretan Ida nor Thessalian Olympus can boast of such a company; and, looking up to the snows of the Kailas, it may well be said that

"Every legend fair,
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carv'd out of Nature for itself, is there."

Being a boundary wall to the Tibetan and other elevated plains of Central Asia, the Himáliya are usually steep towards the Indian side, and more gradual towards the north, the strata dipping to the north-east; but this rule has many exceptions, as in the case of the Kailas and the lofty mountains forming the southern boundary of the Shigri valley. There

the fall is as abrupt as it could well be towards the north, and the 23,000-foot Akun peaks in Sírú seem to stand up like needles. The statement frequently made that there is more soil and more springs on the northern than on the southern side, applies specially only to that portion of the exterior range which runs from the Narkanda Ghaut up to the Kailas. The line of perpetual snow is very high in the Himáliya, and its height detracts somewhat from their grandeur in July and August, though that increases their savage appearance. In the western ranges it goes up so high as 18,500 on their southern, and 19,000 feet on their northern faces; but this only means that we find exposed surfaces of rock at these heights, and must not be taken as a literal rule. Where snow can lodge it is rare to find bare tracts above 16,000 feet at any period of the year; and even in August a snow-storm may cover everything down to 12,000 feet, or even lower. There are great beds of snow and glaciers which remain unremoved during the summer far below 18,000 feet. In the Swiss Alps the line of perpetual snow is 8900 feet; so there is the enormous difference on this point of 10,000 feet between the two mountain ranges; and so it may be conceived how intense must be the heat in summer of the deeper valleys of the Himáliya: but in winter the snow comes down in the latter mountains to 3000 feet, or lower occasionally; so that there may be a range of 26,000 feet of snow instead of 14,000 as among the Alps.

The arrest of the clouds of the Indian south-east monsoon on the outer range of the Himáliya combines, with other causes, to create an extraordinary dryness of atmosphere, and this aridity increases on the steppes beyond. Hence, even when the temperature

may be very low, there is often very little snow to be deposited, and the accumulations on the high mountains have been the work of ages. It has often been observed, in polar and mountainous regions, how great is the power of solar rays passing through highly rarefied air; and upon the great heights of the Himáliya, the effect of these rays is something terrible. When they are reflected from new-fallen snow their power is so intense, that I have seen them raise my thermometer (when placed at a particular angle against a great sheet of sun-lit snow and exposed at the same time to the direct rays of the sun) from a little above freezing point, which was the temperature of the air, to 192° Fahrenheit, or between the points at which spirits boil and water boils at the level of the sea. It is remarkable that in spite of this, and though snow-blindness is often the result, yet no cases of sunstroke appear to occur in the Himáliya, and supports the theory that sunstroke partakes more of the character of heat-apoplexy than of mere injury to the head in the first instance. The difference of temperature between the days and nights is not such as might be expected from the extremely rapid radiation of heat there is at high altitudes. The change arising from that cause would be almost killing were it not for the fortunate fact that the atmosphere forced up by the warmth of the day descends at night, and, being condensed, gives out heat. The cold of the Himáliya has been known suddenly to kill people when they were exposed to sudden gusts of wind, though they could safely have borne a much lower temperature in still air. The wind is certainly the great drawback both to health and comfort among these great mountains; but, as we have

seen, it has its advantage, being caused by the elevation of heated air from below, which, afterwards descending and contracting, renders the nights endurable. I understand that the monks of St. Bernard, who go up to that monastery at eighteen years of age, vowed to remain there for fifteen years, only in rare instances are able to remain so long, and that does not say much for high mountain air; but it may be the seclusion of their life up there, and other defects in it, which makes that life so injurious to them. If any one would allow me a thousand a-year on condition that I always keep above 12,000 feet, I should be happy to make the experiment, and to write a warm obituary notice of my benefactor when he dies below.

But to return to the Shigri valley: my second camping-place there was destitute of wood; but it was very grassy and shattered. The *bigarrées* had the advantage of an immense stone under which there were small hollows for them to sleep in; and there was good water accessible, which is often a difficulty, because though there may be "water, water everywhere" about in those regions, both in a solid and a liquid shape, it does not necessarily follow that it can be easily got at; for you may have to descend a precipice of a thousand feet in order to get at the river, or to ascend as high to reach the glacier, which ceases to give out streams towards evening. At three P.M., the thermometer was so low as 40°, though during the day there had been a blazing sun and no clouds. From this spot, on the third day, the road was literally frightful, not so much in the sense of being dangerous as exasperating. It chiefly went over great stones, with scarcely the affectation, even, of a track. Sometimes it followed the bed of the

Chandra, anon ascended the steep stony or precipitous banks of that river, and wound along the edge of precipices on paths fit only for deer or goats. We had to ford quite a number of cold streams, which did not fail to evoke plaintive cries from the women, and crossed at the foot of several glaciers, which did not appear to descend quite to the river, but very possibly did so, because I had neither time nor patience for close examination, and the shattered débris I several times crossed might well have had ice beneath. It was necessary to dismount and scramble on foot every now and then; and nine continuous hours of this sort of thing were too much for an invalid. The Spiti pony could be trusted almost implicitly; but many of the ascents were too much for it with a rider; riding among the great stones endangered one's knees, and, on some of the high paths, there was not room for it to pass with a rider. And if the pony could be trusted, not so could its saddle, which very nearly brought us both to grief. We came to some high steps—that is to say, large stones lying so as to make natural steps each about two and a half or three feet high—leading down upon a narrow rock ledge, which ran (above a precipice) slightly turned inwards from the line of descent. It was madness to ride down here; but I had been so worried by the fatigue of the road, and by constant mounting and dismounting, that I preferred doing so, and the pony quite justified my confidence. But at the most critical moment, when it stepped with both feet from the last stone on to the ledge, when I was leaning back to the very utmost, and everything was at the highest strain, then, just as its feet struck the rock, the crupper gave way, and the saddle slipped forward

on the pony's neck, throwing us both off our balance. We must have both gone over hundreds of feet had not a preservative instinct enabled me to throw myself off the saddle upon the ledge of rock. This movement, of course, was calculated to send the pony outwards, and, all the more surely, overboard; but in falling I caught hold of its mane, pulled it down on the top of me, and held it there until some of the *bigarries* came to our release. A short time elapsed before they did so, and the little pony seemed quite to understand, and acquiesce in, the necessity of remaining still. I was riding alone at the time of the accident, and, had we gone over, should probably not have been missed at the time, or found afterwards. Nor can I exactly say that it was I myself who saved us both, because there was not an instant's time for thought in the matter. All I know is, that it was done, and that I was a good deal bruised and stiffened by the fall. I had to lie down, quite exhausted and sore, whenever I reached our third day's camping-ground, which was a very exposed, dusty, and disagreeable one.

Next morning I did not start till eight, and ordered all the *bigarries* to keep behind me, as I was afraid of their pushing on to Kokser, a distance which would have been too much for me. The road in many places was nearly as bad as that of the previous day, and there were dangerous descents into deep ravines; but, in part, it was very pleasant, running high above the river over rounded hills covered with flowery grass. The way was also enlivened by flocks of sheep, some laden with salt, and by very civil shepherds from Kúlú and Bussahir. The usual camping-ground was occupied by large flocks,

and, for the sake of shelter, I had to camp close above a precipice. Here I purchased from the Kúlú shepherds a wonderful young dog called Djeóla, a name which, with my Indian servants and the public in general, very soon got corrupted into Julia. This animal did not promise at first to be any acquisition. Though only five or six months old, it became perfectly furious on being handed over to me and tied up. I fastened it to my tent-pole, the consequence of which was that it tore the drill, nearly pulled the tent down, hanged itself until it was insensible, and I only got sleep after somehow it managed to escape. I recovered it, however, next morning; and after a few days it became quite accustomed to me and affectionate. Djeóla was a source of constant amusement. I never knew a dog in which there was so fresh a spring of strong simple life. But the curious thing is that it had all the appearance of a Scotch collie, though considerably larger than any of these animals. Take a black-and-tan collie, double its size, and you have very much what "Julia" became after he had been a few months in my possession; for when I got him he was only five or six months old. The only differences were that the tail was thicker and more bushy, the jaw more powerful, and he had large dew claws upon his hind feet. Black dogs of this kind are called *nussa* by the Tibetans, and the red species, of which I had a friend at P'u, are *mustang*. The wild dog is said to go up to the snow-line in the Himálya, and to hunt in packs; but I never saw or heard of any, and I suspect their habitat is only the Indian side of the Himálya. Such packs of dogs undoubtedly exist on the Western Ghauts of India, and they are not afraid of attacking the tiger, overcoming it piecemeal,

while the enraged lord of the forest can only destroy a small number of his assailants; but very little is really known about them. An interesting field for the zoologist is still open in an examination of the wild dog of Western India, the wild ass, yak, and horse of Tibet, and the wild camel, which is rumoured still to exist in the forests to the east of Yarkund. I mentioned this latter animal to Dr. Stolicska, who had not heard of it, and thought that such camels would be only specimens of the domestic species which had got loose and established themselves, with their progeny, in the wilderness; but the subject is worthy of investigation, from a scientific point of view; and, perhaps, the Yarkand Mission may have brought back some information in regard to it.

But though Djeóla was most savage on being tied up and transferred to a new owner, there was nothing essentially savage, rude, brutish, or currish in its nature. Indeed it very soon reminded me of the admirable words of one of the most charming of English writers upon dogs: "Take an example of a Dogy, and mark what generosity and courage he will put on when he is maintained by a man who to him is instead of a god or *Melior Natura*." It not only became reconciled to me, but watched over me with an almost ludicrous fidelity, and never got entirely reconciled even to my servants. The striking my tent in the morning was an interference with its private property to which it strongly objected, and if not kept away at that time it would attack the *bigarries* engaged. I also found on getting to Kashmir that it regarded all Sahibs as suspicious characters, to be laid hold of at once; but, fortunately, it had a way of seizing them with-

out doing much damage, as it would hold a sheep, and the men it did seize were good-natured sportsmen. It delighted in finding any boy among our *bigarries* that it could tyrannise over, but never really hurt him. It was very fond of biting the heels of yaks and horses, and then thinking itself ill-treated when they kicked. Its relations with Nako were also amusing. That old warrior had no jealousy of Djeóla, and treated it usually with silent contempt, unless it drew near when he was feeding—a piece of temerity which the young dog soon learned the danger of. But Djeóla would sometimes indulge in gamesome and affectionate fits towards Nako, which the latter never invited and barely tolerated, and which usually resulted in a short and sharp fight, in which Djeóla got speedily vanquished, but took its punishment as a matter of course, and without either fear or anger. I had intended this Himáliyan giant sheep-dog for the admirable writer and genial sage, Dr. John Brown,

who has given us 'Rab and his Friends,' who would have been able to do justice to its merits and compare it with the sheep-dogs of Scotland, but could not arrange that conveniently, and left it with a friend at Púna.

When in the Shigri valley I kept a watch for any symptoms of gold, but did not notice any, and on other grounds should not think it likely that gold exists there in any quantity. But Mr. Theodor, a German employed in carrying out the construction of the road over the Barra Lucka Pass, told me that he had found silver ore in this valley. I may mention that the first great glacier which I crossed has pushed its way into the Chandra, and threatens to close up that river in a very serious manner, as it once did before, which might lead to disasters in the valleys of the Chandra-Bhaga and of the Chenab, similar to those which occurred in the Drance and upper Rhone valleys of Switzerland in 1595 and 1819.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART XI.—CHAPTER LVI.

SIR ROLAND LORRAINE was almost as free from superstition as need be. To be wholly quit of that romantic element, is a disadvantage still; and excepts a neighbour even now from the general neighbourly sympathy. Threescore years ago, of course, that prejudice was threefold.

The swing of British judgment mainly takes magnetic repulse from whatever the French are rushing after. When they are Republican, all of us rally for throne and Constitution. When they have a Parliament, we want none. When they are pressed under empire, we are apt to be glad that it serves them right. We know them to be brave and good, lovers of honour, and sensitive; but we cannot get over the line between us and them—and the rest of the world, perhaps.

Whatever might be said, or reasoned, for or against the whole of things, Sir Roland had long made up his mind to be moderate and neutral. He liked everybody to speak his best (according to self-opinion), and he liked to keep out of the way of them all, and relapse into the wiser ages. He claimed his own power to think for himself, as well as the mere right of doing so. And therefore he long had been "heterodox" to earnest, right-minded people.

Never the more, however, could he shake himself free from the in-born might of hereditary leanings. The traditions of his house and race had still some power over him, a power increased by long seclusion, and the love of hearth and home. Therefore, when Trotman was cut

off, on his way for his weekly paper, by a great black gliding flood, and aghast ran up the Coombe to tell it—Sir Roland, while he smiled, felt strange misgivings creeping coldly.

Alice, a sweet and noble maiden, on the tender verge of womanhood, came to her father's side, and led him back to his favourite book-room. She saw that he was at the point of trembling; although he could still command his nerves, unless he began to think of them. Dissembling her sense of all this, she sat by the fire, and waited for him.

"My darling, we have had a very happy time," he began at last to say to her; "you and I for many years, suiting one another."

"To be sure we have, father. And I mean to go on, suiting you for many more years yet."

Her father saw by the firelight the sadness in her eyes; and he put some gaiety into his own, or tried.

"Lallie, you have brighter things before you—a house of your own, and society, and the grand world, and great shining."

"Excellent things, no doubt, my father; but not to be compared with you and home. Have I done anything to vex you, that you talk like this to me?"

"Let me see. Come here and show me. There are few things I enjoy so much as being vexed by you."

"There, papa, you are in a hurry to have your usual laugh at me. You shall have no material now. 'I knows what is right, and I means

to do it'—as the man said to me at the turnpike-gate, when he made me pay twice over. Consider yourself, my darling father, saddled for all your life with me."

Sir Roland loved his daughter's quick bright turns of love, and loving passion, when her heart was really moved. A thousand complex moods and longings played around or pierced her then; yet all controlled, or at least concealed, by an English lady's quietude. Alice was so like himself, that he always knew what she would think; and he tried his best to follow the zig-zag flash of feminine feeling.

"My dear child," he said at last; "something has been too much for you. Perhaps that foolish fellow's story of this mysterious water. A gross exaggeration, doubtless. The finny tribe sticking fast by the gills in the nest of the wood-pigeon. Marry come up! Let us see these wonders. The moon is at the full to-night; and I hear no rain on the windows now. Go and fetch my crabstick, darling."

"Oh, may I come with you, papa? Do say yes. I shall lie awake all night, unless I go. The moon is sure to clear the storm off; and I will wrap up so thoroughly."

"But you cannot wrap up your feet, dear child; and the roads are continually flooded now."

"Not on the chalk, papa; never on the chalk, except in the very hollow places. Besides, I will put on my new French clogs. They can't be much less than six inches thick. I shall stand among the deluge high enough for the fish to build their nests on me."

"Daughter of folly, and no child of mine, go and put your clogs on. We will go out at the eastern door, to arouse no curiosity."

As the master and his daughter passed beneath the astrologer's tower, and left the house by his

private entrance, they could not help thinking of the good old prince, and his kind anxiety about them. To the best of their knowledge, the wise Agasicles had never heard of the Wooburn; or perhaps his mind had been so much engrossed with the comet that he took no heed of it. And even in his time, this strange river was legendary as the Hydaspes.

After the heavy and tempestuous rain, the night was fair, as it generally is, even in the worst of weather, when the full moon rises. The long-chined hill, with its level outline stretching towards the south of east, afforded play for the glancing light of a watery and laborious moon. Long shadows, laid in dusky bars, or cast in heavy masses where the hollow land prevailed for them, and misty columns hovering and harbouring over tree-clumps, and gleams of quiet light pursuing avenues of opening—all of these, at every step of deep descent, appeared to flicker like a great flag waving.

"What a very lovely night! How beautifully the clouds lie!" cried Alice, being apt to kindle rashly into poetry: "they softly put themselves in rows, and then they float towards the moon, and catch the silver of her smile—oh, why do they do that, papa?"

"Because the wind is west, my dear. Take care; you are on a great flint, I fear. You are always cutting your boots out."

"No, papa, no. I have got you this time. That shows how much you attend to me. I have got my great French clogs on."

"Then how very unsafe to be looking at the moon! Lean on me steadily, if you must do that. The hill is slippery with slime on the chalk. You will skate away to the bottom, and leave me mourning."

"Oh, how I should love to skate, if ladies ever could do such a thing!

I can slide very nicely, as you know, papa. Don't you think, after all this rain, we are sure to have a nice cold winter?"

"Who can tell, Lallie? I only hope not. You children, with your quick circulation, active limbs, and vigorous lungs, are always longing for frost and snow. But when they come, you get tired of them, within a week at the utmost. But in your selfish spring of life, you forget all the miseries of the poor and old, or even young folk who are poor, and the children starving everywhere. And the price of all food is now most alarming."

"I am sure I meant no harm," said Alice; "one cannot always think of everything. Papa, do you know that you have lately taken to be very hard upon me?"

"Well now, everybody says that of me," Sir Roland answered, thoughtfully; "I scarcely dreamed that my fault was that. But out of many mouths I am convicted. Struan Hales says it; and so does my mother. Hilary seemed to imply it also, at the time when he last was heard of. Mine own household, Trotman, Mrs. Pipkins, and that charitable Mrs. Merryjack, have combined to take the same view of me. There must be truth in it. I cannot make head against such a cloud of witnesses. And now Alice joins them. What more do I want? I must revise my opinion of myself, and confess that I am a hard-hearted man."

This question Sir Roland debated with himself, in a manner which had long been growing upon him, in the gathering love of solitude. Being by nature a man with a most extraordinary love of justice, he found it hard (as such rare men do) to be perfectly sure about anything. He always desired to look at a subject from every imaginable outside view, receding (like a lark in the

clouds) from groundling consideration, yet, frankly open (like a woodcock roasting) to anything good put under him. Nobody knew him; but he did his best, when he thought of that matter, to know himself.

Now, his daughter allowed him to follow out his meditation quietly; and then she said, as they went down the hill, warily heeding each other's steps—

"Papa, I beg you particularly to pay no attention whatever to your own opinion, or any other opinion in the world, except perhaps, at least, perhaps——"

"Perhaps that of Alice."

"Quite so, papa. About my own affairs my opinion is of no value; but about yours, and the family in general, it is really—something."

"Wisest of our race, and bravest, you are rushing into the water, darling—stop; you have forgotten what we came for. We came to see the Woeburn, and here it is!"

"Is this it? And yesterday I walked across this very place! Oh, what a strange black river!"

As Alice suddenly drew back and shuddered, Sir Roland Lorraine threw his left arm round her, without a word, and looked at her. The light of the full moon fell on her face, through a cleft of jagged margins, and the shadow of a branch that had lost its leaves lay on her breast, and darkened it.

"Why, Lallie, you seem to be quite frightened," her father said, after waiting long; "look up at me, and tell me, dear."

"No, I am not at all frightened, papa, but perhaps I am a little out of spirits."

"Why?" asked Sir Roland; "you surely do not pay heed to old rhymes and silly legends. I call this a fine and most picturesque water. I only wish it were always here."

"Oh, papa, don't say that, I im-

plore you. And I felt you shiver when you saw it first. You know what it means for our family,—loss of life once, loss of property twice, and the third time the loss of honour,—and with that, of course, our extinction.”

“You little goose, none can lose their honour without dishonourable acts. Come, Miss Cassandra; of the present Lorraines—a very narrow residue—who is to be distinguished thus!”

“Father, you know so much more than I do; but I thought that many people were disgraced, without having ever deserved it.”

“Disgraced, my darling; but not dishonoured. What could disgrace ever be to us?—a thing that comes and goes, according to the fickle seasons—a result of the petty human weather, as this melancholy water is of the larger influence.”

“Papa, then you own that it is melancholy. That was just what I wanted you to do. You always take things so differently from everybody else, that I began to think you would look upon this as a happy outburst of a desirable watering-water.”

“Well done, Lallie! The command of language is an admirable gift. But the want of it leads to still finer issues. This watering-water seems inclined to go on for a long time watering.”

“Of course, it must go flowing, flowing, until its time is over.”

“Lallie, you have, among many other gifts, a decided turn for epigram. You scarcely could have described more tersely the tendencies of water. I firmly believe that this stream will go on flowing and flowing, until it quite stops.”

“Papa, you are a great deal too bad. You must perceive that you are so, even by the moonlight. I say the most sensible things ever thought of, and out of them you

make nonsense. Now let me have my turn. So please you, have you thought of bridges? How is our butcher to come, or our miller, our letters, or even our worthy beggars? We are shut off in front. Without building a boat, can I ever hear even Uncle Struan preach? Hark! I hear something like him.”

“You frivolous Lallie! you are too bad. I cannot permit such views of things.”

“Of course, papa, I never meant it. Only please to listen.”

The dark and deep stream, which now had grown to a width of some twelve yards perhaps, was gliding swiftly, but without a murmur, towards the broad and watery moon. On the right-hand side, deep scars of chalk, shedding gleams of white rays, made the hollow places darker; while on the other side, furzy tummocks, patches of briar, and tufted fallows spread the many-pointed light among their shadows justly.

“Please to listen,” again said Alice, shrinking from her father, lest she might be felt to tremble. “What a plaintive, thrilling sound! It must be a good banshee, I am sure; a banshee that knows how good we are, and protests against our extinction. There it is again—and there seems to be another wail inside of it.”

“A Chinese puzzle of noises, Lallie, and none of them very musical. Your ears are keener than mine, of course; but, being extinct of romance, I should say that I heard a donkey braying.”

“Papa, now! papa, if it comes to that—and I said it was like Uncle Struan’s voice! But I beg his pardon, quite down on my knees, if you think that it can be a donkey.”

“I am saved all the trouble of thinking about it. There he is, looking hard at us!”

“Oh, no, papa, he is not looking hard at us. He is looking most.

softly and sadly. What a darling donkey, and his nose is like a snow-drop!"

Clearly in the moonlight shone, on the opposite bank of the Woe-burn, the nose of Jack the donkey. His wailings had been coming long, and his supplications rising; he was cut off from his home, and fodder, and wholly beloved Bonny. And the wail inside a wail—as Alice had described it—was the sound of the poor boy's woe, responsive to the forlorn appeal of Jack. On the brink of the cruel dividing water they must have been for a long time striding up and down over against each other, stretching fond noses vainly forward, and outlying one another in the luxury of poetic woe.

"Don't say a word, papa," whispered Alice. "The boy cannot see us here behind this bush, and we can see him beautifully in the moonlight. I want to know what he will do, so much."

"I don't see what he can do except howl," Sir Roland answered quietly; "and certainly he seems to possess remarkable powers in that way."

"Bo-hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!" wept Bonny in confirmation of this opinion; and "eke-haw, eke-haw," from a nose of copious pathos, formed the elegiac refrain. Then having exhausted the well of weeping, the boy became fitter for reasoning. He wiped his eyes with his scarlet sleeves, and stretched forth his arms reproachfully.

"Oh Jack, Jack, Jack, whatever have I done to you? All the crumb of the loaf you had, and the half of the very last orchard I run, and the prime of old Nanny's short-horns, and if you wasn't pleased, you might a' said so all the morning, Jack. There's none in all the world as knoweth what you and I be, but one another. And there's none as careth for either on us, only you and me, Jack. Don't 'ee, Jack,

don't 'ee go and run away. If 'ee do, I'll give the thieves all as we've collected, and the folks as calls us two waggabones."

"My poor boy," said Sir Roland Lorraine, suddenly parting the bush between them, in fear of another sad boo-hoo—for Bonny had stirred his own depths, so that he was quite ready to start again—"my poor boy, you seem to be very unhappy about your donkey."

Bonny made answer to never a word. This woe belonged only to Jack and himself. They could never think of being meddled with.

"Bonny," said Alice, in her soft sweet voice, and kindly touching him, as he turned away; "do you wish to know how to recover your Jack? Would you go a long way to get him back again?"

"To the outermost end of the world, Miss, if the whole of the way wor fuzz-bush. Miles and miles us have gone a'ready."

"You need not go quite to the end of the world. Instead of going up and down these banks, keep steadily up the water. In about a mile you will come to its head, if what I have heard of it is true; then keep well above it, and round the hill, and you will meet the white-nosed donkey."

"Hee-haw!" said Jack, from the opposite bank, not without a whisk of tail. Then the boy, without a word of thanks, by reason of incredulity, whistled a quick reply, and set off to test this doubtful theory.

"Observe now the bliss of possessing a donkey," Sir Roland began to meditate; "I am not at all skilful in asses, whether golden, or leaden, or wooden, or even as described by Celian. But the contempt to which they are born, proves to my mind that they do not deserve it; or otherwise how would they get it? My sentence is clumsy. My idea—if there be one

—has not managed to express itself. I hear the white-nosed donkey in the distance braying at me, with an overpowering echo of contempt. I am unequal to this contest. Let me withdraw to my book-room."

"Indeed, papa, you will do nothing of the sort. You are always withdrawing to your book-room; and even I must not come in; and what good ever comes of it? You must, if you please, make up your mind to meet things very differently. And only think how long it is since we have heard of poor Hilary! There are troubles coming, overwhelming troubles, on all with the name or the love of Lorraine, as sure as I stand, my dear father, before you."

"Then I pray you to stand behind me, Alice. What an impulsive child it is! And the moonlight, my darling, has had some effect, as it always has, wonderfully on such girls. You have worked yourself up, Lallie; I can see it. My pet, I must watch you carefully."

"What a mistake you make, papa! I never do anything of the sort. You seem to regard me as anybody's child, to be reasoned with, out of a window. I may be

supposed to say foolish things, and to imagine all sorts of nonsense; and, of course, I cannot reason, because it is not born with us. And then, when I try, I have no chance whatever; though perfect justice is my aim; and who comes lingering after me?"

"Your excellent father," Sir Roland answered, kissing away his child's excitement. "Your loving father does all this, my pet, and brings you quite home to stern reason. And now he will take you home to your home. You have caught the sad spirit of the donkey, petting; you long to go up and down this water, with some one to bewail you on the other side."

"Yes, papa, so I do. You are so clever! But I think I should go down and up, papa; if the quadruped you are thinking of went up and down."

"Now Lallie!" he said; and he said no more. For he knew that she hinted at Stephen Chapman, and wanted to fight her own battle against him, now that she was in the humour. The father was ready to put off the conflict—as all good fathers must be—and he led his dear child up the hill, or let her lead him, peacefully.

CHAPTER LVII.

Three days of gloom and storm ensued upon the outbreak of the water; while the old house at the head of the Coombe in happy ignorance looked down upon its hereditary foe. But dark forebodings and fine old stories agitated the loyal hearts of the domestics of the upper conclave,—that ancient butler On-cimus Binna, Mrs. Pipkins, and Mrs. Merryjack. With such uneasy feelings prevalent in the higher circle, nothing short of terror, or even panic, could be expected among the inferior dignitaries, now headed by

John Trotman. This young man had long shown himself so ambitious and aggressive, even "cockroaching," as Mrs. Merryjack said, "on the most sacred rights of his betters," that the latter had really but one course left—to withdraw to their upper room, and exclude "all as didn't know how to behave themselves."

Of these unhappily there were too many; and they seemed to enjoy themselves more freely after their degradation. For Trotman (though rapid of temper, perhaps, and given to prompt movements of the foot)

was not at all bad (when allowed his own way), and never kicked anybody who offered to be kicked. So with his dictatorship firmly established in the lesser lower regions, he became the most affable of mankind, and read all the crimes of the county to the maids, and drew forth long sighs of delicious horror, that his own brave self might console them. And now, when they heard of the sombre Woeburn, with its dismal legends, enhanced by ghastly utterances of ancient Nanny Stilgoe, and tidings brought through wailing winds of most appalling spectres, the stoutest heart was agitated with mysterious terror. At the creak of a door or the flit of a shadow, the rustle of a dry leaf or the waving of a window-blind, the hoot of an owl or even the silent creep of gloomy evening—"My goodness, Mary Ann, what was that?" Or, "Polly, come closer, I hear something;" or, "Jane, do 'ee look behind the plate-screen;" and then with one voice, "John, John, John, come down; that's a dear man, John!" Such was the state of the general nerve as proved by many a special appeal from kitchen, back-kitchen, and scullery, pantry, terrible cellar, or lonesome wash-house; and the best of everything was kept for John.

Even in the world of finer, feebler, and more foreign English; in dining-room, drawing-room, parlour, and book-room, and my lady's chamber, a mild uneasiness prevailed, and a sense of evil auspices. Lady Valeria, most of all, who carried conservatism into relapse, felt that troublous days were coming, and almost longed to depart in peace; or at any rate she said so. But with her keen mind, and legal insight, she was bound to perceive that the authorised version of the other world is most democratic; as might be that of this world, if Chris-

tianity made Christians. Therefore her ladyship preferred to wait. Things might get better; and they could scarcely get worse. She had a good deal to see to and settle among things strictly visible, and she threatened everybody with her decease; but did not prepare to make it.

Sir Roland Lorraine, on the other hand, paid little heed, of his own accord, to superstitious vanities. He found a good many instances, in classic, Persian, and Italian literature, of the outbreak of underground waters; and there it was always a god who caused it—either by chasing river-nymphs, or by showing the power of a horse's heels, or from benevolent motives, and a desire to water gardens. Therefore Sir Roland gathered hope. He had not invested his mind as yet in implicit faith in anything; but rather was inclined to be tolerant, and tentative, and diffident of his own opinions. And these not being particularly strong, self-assertive, or self-important, and not being founded on any rock, but held on the briefest building-lease, their owner, leaseholder, or tenant-at-will, was a very pleasant man to talk with.

That means, of course, when he could be got to talk. And less and less could he be got to talk, as the few people who had the key to his liking dropped off; and no others came. Never, even in his brightest days, had he been wont to sparkle, flash, or even glow, in converse. He simply had a soft large way of listening, and a small dry knack of so diverting serious thought, that genial minds went roving. But now his own mind had grown more and more accustomed to go a-roving; and though, having never paid any attention to questions of science, or even to the weather (now gradually becoming one of them), he could not satisfy himself about the menacing

appearance; in a very few hours he buried the portent in a still more portentous pile of books.

But Alice, though fond of reading and of meditating in her little way, was too full of youth and of healthy life to retire into the classic ages of even our English language. Her delight was rather in the writers of the day, so many of whom were making themselves the writers of all future days—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, and above all others, the Wizard of the North, whose lays of romance and legend were a spur that raised the clear spirit of Alice.

On the third day from the Woe-burn's rise, she sat in her garden-bower absorbed in her favourite 'Lady of the Lake.' Her bower, though damp and mossy, and dishevelled by the storms of autumn, was still a pleasant place to rest in, when the view was clear and bright. The fairest view, however, now, and the most attractive study, were not of flower, and tree, and landscape, but of face and figure—the face of Alice Lorraine, so gentle, pure, and rapt with poetic thought; and the perfect maiden form inspired by the roused nobility of the mind. The hair in lines of flowing softness falling back disclosed the clear tranquillity of forehead, in contrast with the quick tremor of lip, and the warmth that tinted, now and then, the delicate moulding of bright young cheeks. And as the sweet face, more and more lit up with sequent thought, and bowed with the fitting homage of a reader, genial tears for dead and buried love, and grief, and gallantry arose, and glistened in dark grey eyes, and hung like the gem that quivers in the lashes of the sun-dew.

"Plaize, Miss Halice, my ledly desireth to see you, to wonst, if you plaize, Miss."

Thus spake the practical, but in

appearance most unpoetical, Trotman, glancing at Alice, and then at her book, with more curiosity than he durst convey. "Please to say that I will be with her as soon as I can finish some important work," she answered, speedily quenching Trotman's hope of finding out what she was reading, so as to melt the housemaids therewith at night. "Well, she always were a rum un," he muttered in his disappointment as he returned to his own little room, which he always called his "study;" "the captain will have to stand on his head to please her, or I'm mistaken. Why, a body scarce dare look at her. Sooner him than me, say I; although she is such a booty. But the old un will give her her change, I hope."

Meanwhile the young lady (unloved of Trotman, because she held fast by old Mr. Binns) put aside, with a sigh, both the poem and her own poetic dreamings, and proved that her temper, however strong, was sweet and large and well controlled, by bridling her now closed lips from any peevish exclamation. She waited a little time until the glow of her cheeks abated, and the sparkle of her eyes was tranquil, and then she put her pretty hat on (deep brown, trimmed with plumes of puce), and thinking no more of herself than that, set forth to encounter her grandmother.

By this time Alice Lorraine had grown, from a sensitive spirited girl, into a sensitive spirited woman. The things which she used to think and feel to be right, she was growing to know to be right; and the fleeting of doubt from her face was beginning to form the soft expression. That is to say—if it can be described, and happily it never can be—goodwill, largeness of heart, rich mercy, sympathy, and quick tenderness combined with

grace and refinement, towards the perfection of womanly countenance.

So, whatever there was to be done, this Alice was always quite ready to do it. She had not those outlets for her active moods which young ladies have at the present day, who find or form an unknown quantity of most pressing duties. "Oh no, I have no time to marry anybody," they exclaim in a breathless manner; "if I did, I must either neglect my district, or my natural history."

Poor Alice had neither district, duck-weed net, nor even microscope; and what was even worse, she had no holy priest to guide her thoughts, no texts to work in moss and sago, nor even any croquet. Whatever she did, she had to do, without any rush of the feminine mind into masculine channels prepared for it; and even without any partnership of dear and good companions. So that the fight before her was to be fought out by herself alone.

This was the last quiet day of her life; the last day for thinking of little things; the last day of properly feeding her pets, her poultry, and tame hares, and pigeons, self-important robins (perching upon their own impudence), and sweetly trustful turtle-doves, that have no dream of evil. She fed them all; and if it were not her last day of feeding them, it was the last time she could feed them happily, and without envying their minds.

This was that important work, which she was bound to attend to, before she could hurry to the side of her grandmother. That fine old lady always made a point of sending for Alice, whenever she knew her need—or rather, without knowing, needed the relief of a little explosion. Her dignity strictly barred this outlet towards those creatures of a lower creation, who had the bliss of serving her. To all such people she was most forbearing, in a

large and liberal style; because it must be so impossible for them at all to understand her. And, for this courteous manner, every woman in the place disliked her. The men, however, having slower perceptions, thought that her ladyship was quite right. They could make allowance for her—that they could; and after all, if you come to think of it, the "femmel" race was most aggravating. So they listened to what all the women had to tell; and without contradiction wisely let female opinion waste itself.

Lady Valeria Lorraine, though harassed and weakened by rheumatism and pain of the nerves (which she sternly attributed to the will of God and the weather), still sat as firmly erect as ever, and still exacted, by a glance alone, all those little attentions which she looked so worthy to receive. The further she became removed from the rising generation, the greater was the height of contempt from which she deigned to look down upon it. So that Alice used to say to her father sometimes, "I wonder whether I have any right to exist. Grandmamma seems to think it so impertinent of me." "One thing is certain," Sir Roland answered, with a quiet smile at his favourite; "and that is, that you cannot exist without impertinence, my dear."

This fine old lady was dressed with her usual taste and elaboration; no clumsy chits would she have to help her, during the three hours occupied by what she termed, not inaptly, her "devotions." She wore a maroon-coloured velvet gown of the softest and richest fabric, trimmed, not too profusely, with exquisite point-lace; while her cap, of the same lace with dove-coloured ribbon, at the same time set off and was surpassed by the beauty of her snow-white hair. Among many other small crotchets, she held that

brilliant did not suit a very old lady; and she wore no jewels, except a hoop of magnificent pearls with a turquoise setting, to preserve her ancient wedding-ring. And now, as her grandchild entered quietly, she was a little displeased at delay, and feigned to hear no entrance.

"Here I am, grandmamma, if you please," said Alice, after three most graceful curtsies, which she was always commanded to make, and made with much private amusement; "will you please to look round, grandmamma, and tell me what you want of me?"

"I could scarcely have dreamed," answered Lady Valeria, slowly turning towards her grandchild, and smiling with superior dignity; "that any member of our family would use the very words of the clown in the ring. But, perhaps, as I always try to think, you are more to be pitied than condemned. Partly through your own fault, and partly through peculiar circumstances, you have lost those advantages which a young lady of our house is entitled to. You have never been at Court; you have seen no society; you have never even been in London!"

"Alas! it is all too true, grandmamma. But how often have you told me that I never must hope, in this degenerate age, to find any good model to imitate! And you have always discouraged me, by presenting yourself as the only one for me to follow."

"You are quite right," said the ancient lady, failing to observe the turn of thought, as Alice was certain that she would do, else scarcely would she have ventured it; "but, you do not make the most of even that advantage. You can read and write, perhaps better than you ought, or better than used to be thought at all needful; but you

cannot come into a room, or make a tolerable curtsy; and you spend all your time with dogs, and poets, and barrows of manure, and little birds!"

"Now really, madam, you are too hard upon me. I may have had a barrow-load of poets; but more than a month ago, you gave orders that I was not to have one bit more of manure."

"Certainly I did, and high time it was. A young gentlewoman to dabble in worms, and stable-stuff, and filthiness! However, I did not send for you to speak about such little matters. What I have to say is for your own good; and I will trouble you not to be playing with your hands, but just to listen to me."

"I beg your pardon," said Alice, gently; "I did not know I was moving my hands. I will listen, without doing that any more."

"Now, my dear child," began Lady Valeria, being softened by the dutiful manner and sweet submission of the girl; "whatever we do is for your own good. You are not yet old enough to judge what things may profit, and what may hurt you. Even I, who had been brought up in a wholly superior manner, could not at your age have thought of anything. I was ready to be led by wiser people; although I had seen a good deal of the world. And you, who have seen nothing, must be only too glad to do the same. You know quite well, what has long been settled, between your dear father and myself, about what is to be done with you."

"To be done with me!" exclaimed poor Alice, despite her resolve to hold her tongue. "To be done with me! As if I were just a bundle of rags, to be got rid of!"

"Prouder and handsomer girls than you," answered Lady Valeria, quietly—for she loved to provoke

her grandchild, partly because it was so hard to do—"have become bundles of rags, by indulging just such a temper as yours is. You will now have the goodness to listen to me, without any vulgar excitement. Your marriage with Captain Chapman has for a very long time been agreed upon. It is high time now to appoint the day. Sir Remnant Chapinan has done me the honour of a visit upon that subject. He is certainly a man of the true old kind; though his birth is comparatively recent. I was pleased with him; and I have pledged myself to the marriage, within three months from this day."

"It cannot be! it shall not be! You may bury me, but not marry me. Who gave you the right to sell me? And who made me to be sold? You selfish, cold-hearted—no, I beg your pardon. I know not what I am saying."

"You may well fall away, child, and cower like that; when you have dared to use such dreadful words. No, you may come to yourself, as you please. I am not going to give you any volatile salts, or ring, and make a scene of it. That is just what you would like; and to be petted afterwards. I hope you have not hurt yourself, so much as you have hurt me perhaps, by your violent want of self-control. I am not an old woman—as you were going to call me—but an elderly lady. And I have lived indeed to be too old, when any one descended from me has so little good blood in her, as to call her grandmother an old woman!"

"I am very, very sorry," said Alice, with catches of breath as she spoke, and afraid to trust herself yet to rise from the chair, into which she had fallen; "I used no such words, that I can remember. But I spoke very rudely, I must confess. I scarcely know what I am to do,

when I hear such dreadful things, unless I bite my tongue off."

"I quite agree with you. And I believe it is the very best thing all young people can do. But I strive to make every allowance for you, because you have been so very badly brought up. Now come to this window, child, and look out. Tut, tut—tears indeed! What are young girls made of now? White sugar in a wet tea-cup. Now if the result of your violence allows you to see anything at all, perhaps you will tell me what that black line is among the rough ground at the bottom of the hill. To me it is perfectly clear, although I am such a very old woman."

"Why, of course, it is the Woe-burn, madam. It has been there for three days."

"You know what it means; and you calmly tell me that!"

"I know that it means harm, of course. But I really could not help its coming. And it has not done any harm as yet."

"No, Alice, it waits its due time, of course. Three months is its time, I believe, for running, before it destroys the family. Your marriage affords the only chance of retrieving the fortunes of this house, so as to defy disasters. Three months, therefore, is the longest time to which we can possibly defer it. How many times have we weakly allowed you to slip out of any certain day. But now we have settled that you must be Mrs. Chapman by the 15th of January at the latest."

"Oh, grandmamma, to think that I ever should live to be called Mrs. Chapman!"

"The name is a very good one, Alice, though it may not sound very romantic. But poor Sir Remnant, I fear, is unlikely to last for a great time longer. He seemed so bent, and his sight so bad, and requiring so much refreshment! And then,

of course, you would be Lady Chapman, if you care about such trifles."

"It is a piteous prospect, madam. And I think Captain Chapman must be older than his father. You know the old picture, 'The Downhill of Life'; the excellent and affectionate couple descending so nicely hand-in-hand. Well, I should illustrate that at once. I should have to lead my—no, I won't call him husband—but my tottering partner down the hill, whenever we came to see you and papa. Oh, that would be so interesting!"

"You silly child, you might do much worse than that. Lady de Lampnor has promised most kindly to see to your outfit in London. But I cannot talk of that at present. There, now you may go. I have told you all."

"Thank you, grandmamma. But, if you please, I have not told you all, nor half. It need not, however, take very long. It is just this. No power on earth shall ever compel me to marry Stephen Chapman; unless, indeed, it were so to happen——"

"You disobedient and defiant

creature—unless what should happen?"

"Unless the existence, and even the honour, of the Lorraines required it. But of that I see no possibility at all. At present it seems to be nothing more than a small and ignominious scheme. More and more I despise and dislike that heroic officer. I will not be sacrificed for nothing; and I have not the smallest intention of being the purchase-money for old acres."

"After that, I shall leave you to your father," answered Lady Valeria, growing tired. "It may amuse you to talk so largely, and perhaps for the moment relieves you. But your small self-will, and your childish fancies, cannot be always gratified. However, I will ask you one thing. If the honour, and even the life of Lorraine, can be shown to you to require it, will you sacrifice your noble self?"

"I will," answered Alice, with brave eyes flashing, and looking tall and noble. "If the honour of the Lorraines depends upon me, I will give myself and my life for it."

CHAPTER LVIII.

Hilary was so weak and weary, and so seriously ill, when at last he reached the rectory, that his uncle and aunt would not hear of his coming down-stairs for a couple of days at least. They saw that his best chance of escaping some long and perhaps fatal malady was to be found in rest and quietude, nursing, and kindly feeding. And the worst of it was that, whatever they did, they could not bring him to feed a quarter so kindly as he ought to do. The rector said, "Confound the fellow!" And Mrs. Hales shook her head, and cried "Poor dear!" as dish after dish, and dainty little

plate, came out of his room untasted.

And now, on the morning of that same day on which Alice thus had pledged herself (being the third from her brother's arrival, of which she was wholly ignorant), the rector of West Lorraine arose, and girded himself, and ate his breakfast with no small excitement. He had received a new clerical vestment of the loftiest symbolism, and he hoped to exhibit it at the head of a very long procession.

"About poor Hilary? What am I to do?" asked Mrs. Hales, coming into the lobby, to see her good

husband array himself. "All sorts of things may happen while you are away."

"Now, Caroline, how can you ask such a question? Feed, feed, feed; that's the line of treatment. And above all things, lock up your medicine-chest. He wants no squills, or scammony, or even your patent electuary—of all things the most abominable; though I am most ungrateful to call it so—for I owe to it half my burial-fees. He wants no murderous doctor's stuff; he wants a good breakfast—that's what he wants."

"But, my dear, you forget," answered good Mrs. Hales, who kept a small wardrobe of bottles and pills, gallipots, powders, and little square scales; "you are quite overlooking the state of his tongue. He has not eaten the size of my little finger. Why? Why, because of the fur on his tongue!"

"Bless the boy's tongue, and yours too!" cried the rector. "I should not care twopence about his tongue, if he only used his teeth properly."

"Ah, Struan, Struan! those who have never known what ache or pain is, cannot hope to understand the system. I know exactly how to treat him—a course of gentle drastics first, and then three days of my electuary, and then cardamomum, exhibited with liquor potassy. Doctoring has always been in my dear mother's family; and when your time comes to be ill and weak, how often you will thank Providence!"

"I thank the Lord for all things," said the parson, who was often of a religious turn; "but I must be brought very low indeed, ere I thank Him for your electuary."

"Put on your new hunting-coat, my dear. There it hangs, and I know that you are dying to exhibit it."

The vanity of men surpasses even the love of women. There, there! You never will learn how to put a coat on. Just come to the hall-chair for me to pull it up. You are so unreasonably tall, that you never can get your coat up at the neck. Now, will you have it done, or will you go as you are, and look a regular figure in the saddle? You call it a 'bottle-green!' I call it a green, without the bottle."

"Caroline, sometimes you are most provoking. It is not your nature; but you try to do it. The cloth is of quite an invisible green, as the man in London told me—manufactured on purpose for ecclesiastics; though hundreds of parsons, God knows, go after the hounds in the good old scarlet. If you say any more, I will order a scarlet, and keep West Grinstead in countenance. They always do it in the west of England. In invisible green, I am a hypocrite."

"Now, don't excite yourself, Struan, or you won't enjoy your opening day at all. And I am sure that the green is as bright as can be; and you look very well—very well indeed. Though I don't quite see how you can button it. Perhaps it is meant for a button-hook, or a leather thong over your stomach, dear."

"It is meant to fit me, Mrs. Hales; and it fits me to a nicety. It could not fit better; and it will be too easy when we have had a few hard runs. Where are my daughters? They know a good fit; and they know how to put a thing on my shoulders. Carry, Madge, and Cecil, come to the rescue of your father. Your father is baited, worse than any badger. Come all of you; don't stop a minute, or get perverted by your mother. Now, in simple truth, what do you say to this, my dears? Each speak her own opinion."

"It suits you most beautifully, papa."

"Papa, I think that I never saw you look a quarter so well before."

"My dear father, if there are any ladies, mamma will have reason to be jealous. But I fear that I see the back-seam starting."

"You clever little Cecil, I am afraid that it is. I feel a relief in front—ahem!—I mean an uncomfortable looseness in the chest. I told the fellow forty-eight inches at least. He has scamped the cloth, the London rascal! However, we can spare it from round the waist, as soon as our poor Cobble can see to it. But for to-day—ah yes, well thought of! My darling, go and get some of your green purse-silk. You are so handy. You can her-ring-bone it, so as to last for the day at least. Your mother will show you how to do it. Madge, tell Bonny to run and tell Robert not to bring the mare yet for a quarter of an hour. Now, ladies, I am at your mercy."

"Now, papa dear," asked Cecil, as she stitched away at the seam of her father's burly back, "if poor cousin Hilary should get up and want to go out, what are we to do?"

"How can you even put such a question? Even for our opening day, I would not dream of leaving the house, if I thought that you could be so stupid as to let that poor boy out. I would not have him seen in the parish, and I would not have his own people see him, even for the brush of the Fox-coombe fox, who is older than the hills, they say, and no hound dare go near him. One of you must be always handy; and if he gets restless, turn the key on him. Nothing can be simpler."

With his bottle-green coat, now warranted to last (unless he over-buttoned it), the rector kissed his

dear wife and daughters; and then universal good wishes, applauses, and kissings of hand, set him forth on his way, with a bright smile spread upon his healthy face.

"Now mind we are left in charge," said Madge. "You are his doctor, of course, mamma; but we are to be his constables. I hope to goodness that he will eat by-and-by. It makes me miserable to see him. And the trouble we have had to keep the servants from knowing who he is, mamma!"

"My dear, your father has ordered it so. For my part, I cannot see why there should be so much mystery about it. But he always knows better than we do, of course."

"Surely, mamma," suggested Cecil, "it would be a dreadful shock to the family to receive poor Hilary in such a condition, just after the appearance of that horrid water. They would put the two things together, and believe it the beginning of great calamities."

"Now, my dear child," answered Mrs. Hales, who loved to speak a word in season, "let not us, who are Christians, hearken to such superstitious vanities. Trust in the Lord, and all will be well. He holdeth in the hollow of His hands the earth and all that therein is; yea, and the waters that be under the earth. Now run up, and see whether your poor cousin has eaten that morsel of anchovy toast. And tell him that I am going to prepare his draught, but he must not take the pills until half-past eleven."

"Oh, mamma dear, you'll drive him out of the house. Poor fellow, how I do pity him!"

Now Hilary certainly deserved this pity—not for his bodily ailments only, and the cruel fate which had placed him at the mercy of the medicine-chest, but more especially for the low and feverish condition of his heart and mind. Brooding perpetu-

ally on his disgrace, and attributing to himself more blame than his folly and failure demanded, he lost the refreshment of dreamless sleep, which his jaded body called out for. No rest could he find in the comforting words of his uncle and aunt and cousins: he knew that they were meant for comfort, and such knowledge vexes; or at least it irritates a man, until the broader time of life, when things are taken as they are meant, and any good word is welcome.

He was not, however, so very far gone as to swallow his dear aunt's boluses. He allowed his pillow to take his pills; and his good-natured cousins let him swallow them, as much as a juggler swallows swords. "I can't take them while you are looking," he said; "when you come in again you will find them gone."

Now one of the girls—it was never known which, because all three denied it—stupidly let the sick cousin know that the master of the house was absent. Hilary paid no special heed at the moment when he heard it; but after a while he began to perceive (as behoved a blockaded soldier) that here was his chance for a sally. And he told them so, after his gravy-beef and a raw egg beaten up with sherry.

"How cunning you are now!" said Cecil, who liked and admired him very deeply. "But you are not quite equal, Master Captain, to female ingenuity. The Spanish ladies must have taught you that, if half that I hear is true of them. Now you need not look so wretched, because I know nothing about them. Only this I know, that out of this house you are not allowed to go, without—oh, what do you call it!—a *pass*, or a watchword, or a counter-sign, or something or other from papa himself. So you may just as well lie down—or mamma will come up with a powder for you."

"The will of the Lord be done," said Hilary; "but, Cecil, you are getting very pretty, and you need not take away my breeches."

"I am sorry to do it, Cousin Hilary; but I know quite well what I am about. And none of your military ways of going on can mislead me as to your character. You want to be off. We are quite aware of it. You can scarcely put two feet to the ground."

"Oh dear, how many ought I to be able to put?"

"You know best—at least four, I should hope. But you are not equal to argument. And we are all particularly ordered to keep you from what is too much for you. Now I shall take away these things—whatever they are called, I have no idea; but I do what I am told to do. And after this you will take that glass of the red wine, declared to be wonderful; and then you will shut both your eyes, if you please, till my father comes home from his hunting."

The lively girl departed with a bow of light defiance, carrying away her father's small-clothes (which had been left for Hilary), and locking the door of his bedroom with a decisive turn of a heavy key. "Mother, you may go to sleep," she said, as she ran down into the drawing-room: "I defy him to go, if he were Jack Sheppard: he has got no breeches to go in."

"Cecil, you are almost too clever! How your father will laugh, to be sure!" And the excellent lady began her nap.

As the afternoon wore away, Hilary grew more and more impatient of his long confinement. Not only that he pined for the open air—as, of course, he must do, after living so long with the free sky for his canopy—but also that he felt most miserable at being so near the old house on the hill, yet doubtful of his

reception there. More than once he rang the bell; but the old nurse, who alone of the servants was allowed to enter, would do no more than scold or coax him, and quietly lock him in again. So at last he got out of bed, and feebly made his way to the window, and thence beheld, betwixt him and the grassy mounds of the churchyard, that swift black stream which had so surprised him on the night of his arrival.

Since then he had persuaded himself, or allowed others to persuade him, that the water had been a vision only of his weak and excited brain. But now he saw it clearly, calmly, and in a very few moments knew what it was, and of what dark import.

"How can I have let them keep me here?" he exclaimed, with indignation. "My father and sister must believe me dead, while I play at this miserable hide-and-seek. Perhaps they will think that I had better have been dead; but, at any rate, they shall know the truth."

With these words he took up his sailor-clothes, which the vigilant Cecil had overlooked, and which had been left in his room for fear of setting the servants talking; and he dressed himself as well as he could, and tried to look clean and tidy. But do what he might, he could only cut a poor and sorry figure; and looking in the glass, he was frightened at his wan and worn appearance. Then, knowing the habits of the house, and wishing to avoid excitement, he waited until the two elder daughters were gone down the village for their gossip, and Cecil was seeing the potatoes dug, and Mrs. Hales sleeping over Fisher or Patrick, while the cook was just putting the dinner down; and then, without trying the door at all, he quietly descended from the window, with the help of a stack-pipe and a spurry pear-tree.

So feeble was he now, that this slight exertion made him turn faint, and sick, and giddy; and he was obliged to sit down and rest under a shrub, into which he had staggered. But after a while he found himself getting a little better; and pulling up one of the dahlia-stakes, to help himself along with, he made his way to the gate; and there being cut off from the proper road, followed the leave of the land and the water, along the valley upward.

Alice Lorraine had permitted herself not quite to lose her temper, but still to get a little worried by her grandmother's exhortations. Of all living beings, she felt herself to be one of the very most reasonable; and whenever she began to doubt about it, she knew there was something wrong with her. Her favourite cure for this state of mind was a free and independent ride, over the hills and far away. She hated to have a groom behind her, watching her, and perhaps criticising the movements of her figure. But as it was scarcely the proper thing for Miss Lorraine to be scouring the country, like a yeoman's daughter, she always had to start with a trusty groom; but she generally managed to get rid of him.

And now, having vainly coaxed her father to come for a breezy canter, Alice set forth about four o'clock, for an hour of rapid air, to clear, invigorate, and enliven her. Whatever she did, or failed of doing (when her grandmother was too much for her), she always looked graceful, and bright, and kind. But she never looked better than when she was sitting, beautifully straight, on her favourite mare, skimming the sward of the hills; or bowing her head in some tangled covert. This day, she allowed the groom to chase her (like the black

care that sits behind) until she had taken free burst of the hills, and longed to see things quietly. And then she sent him, in the kindest manner, to a very old woman at Lower Chancton, to ask whether she had been frightened; and when he had turned the corner of a difficult plantation, Alice took her course for that which she had made up her mind to do.

According to the ancient stories, no fair-blooded creatures (such as man, or horse, cow, dog, or pigeon) would ever put lip to the accursed stream; whereas all foul things, polecats, foxes, fitches, badgers, ravens, and the like, were drawn by it, as by a loadstone, and made a feasting-place of it. So Alice resolved that her darling "Elfrida" should be compelled to pant with thirst, and then should have the fairest offer of the water of the Woe-burn. And of this intent she was so full, that she paid no heed to the "dressing bell," clanging over the lonely hill, nor even to her pet mare's sense of dinner; but took a short cut of her own knowledge, down a lonely bostall, to the channel of new waters.

The stream had risen greatly even since the day before yesterday, and now in full volume swept on grandly towards the river Adur. Any one who might chance to see it for the first time, and without any impression, or even idea concerning it, could scarcely fail to observe how it differed from ordinary waters. Not only through its pellucid blackness, and the swaying of long grass under it (whose every stalk, and sheath, and awn, and even empty glume, was clear, as they quivered, wavered, severed, and spread, or sheathed themselves together again, and hustled in their common immersion),—not only in this, and the absence of any water-plants along its margin, was the stream peculiar,

but also in its force and flow. It did not lip, or lap, or ripple, or gurgle, or wimple, or even murmur, as all well-meaning rivers do; but swept on in one even sweep, with a face as smooth as the best plate-glass, and the silent slide of night-fall.

Now the truth of the good old saying was made evident to Alice, that one can take a horse to water, but a score cannot make him drink, unless he is so minded. It was not an easy thing to get Elfrida to go near the water. She started away with flashing eyes, pricked ears, and snorting nostrils; and nothing but her perfect faith in Alice would have made her come nigh. But as for drinking, or even wetting her nose in that black liquid—might the horse-fiend seize her, if she dreamed of doing a thing so dark and unholy!

"You shall, you shall, you wicked little witch!" cried Alice, who was often obstinate. "I mean to drink it; and you shall drink it; and we won't have any superstition." She leaped off lightly, with her skirt tucked up, and taking the mare by the cheek-piece of the bridle, drew her onward. "Come along, come along, you shall drink. If you don't, I'll pour it up your nostrils, Frida; somehow or other, you shall swallow it. You know I won't have any nonsense, don't you?"

The beautiful filly, with great eyes partly defiant and partly suppliant, drew back her straight nose, and blowing nostrils, and the glistening curve of the foamy lip. Not even a hair of her muzzle should touch the face of the accursed water.

"Very well then, you shall have it thus," cried Alice, with her curved palm brimming with the unpopular liquid; when suddenly a shadow fell on the shadowy brilli-

ance before her—a shadow distinct from her own and Elfrida's, and cast further into the wavering.

"Who are you?" cried Alice, turning sharply round; "and what business have you on my father's land?" She was in the greatest fright at the sudden appearance of a foreign sailor, and the place so lonely and beyond all help; but without thinking twice, she put a brave face on her terror.

"Who am I?" said Hilary, trying to get up a sprightly laugh. "Well, I think you must have seen me once or twice in the course of your long life, Miss Lorraine."

"Oh, Hilary, Hilary, Hilary!"

She threw herself into his arms with a jump, relying upon his accustomed strength, and without any thought of the difference. He tottered backwards, and must have fallen, but for the trunk of a pollard ash. And seeing how it was, she again cried out, "Oh, Hilary, Hilary, Hilary!"

"That is my name," he answered, after kissing her in a timid manner; "but not my nature; at the present moment I am not so very hilarious."

"Why, you are not fit to walk, or talk, or even to look like a hero. You are the bravest fellow that ever was born. Oh, how proud we are of you! My darling, what is the matter? Why, you look as if you did not know me! Help, help, help! He is going to die. Oh, for God's sake, help!"

Poor Hilary, after looking wildly around, and trying in vain to command his mouth, fell suddenly back, convulsed, distorted, writhing, foaming, and wallowing in the depths of epilepsy. Sky, hill, and tree swung to and fro, across his strained and starting eyes, and then whirled round like a spinning-wheel, with radiating sparks and spots. Then all fell into abyss of

darkness, down a bottomless pit, into utter and awful loss of everything.

The vigour of youth had fought against this robbery of humanity so long and hard that Alice, the only spectator of the conflict, began to recover from shriek and wailing by the time that her brother fell into the black insensibility. The ground sloped so that if she had not been there, the unfortunate youth must have rolled into the Woeburn, and so ended. But being a prompt and active girl, she had saved him from this at any rate. She had had the wit also to save his tongue, by slipping a glove between his teeth; which scarcely a girl in a hundred who saw such a thing for the first time would have done. And now, though her face was bathed in tears, and her hands almost as tremulous as if themselves convulsed, she filled her low-crowned riding-hat with water from the river, and sprinkled his forehead gently, and released his neck from cumbrance. And then she gazed into his thin pale features, and listened for the beating of his heart.

This was so low that she could not hear or even feel it anywhere. "Oh, how can I get him home?" she cried. "Oh, my only brother, my only brother!" In fright and misery, she leaped upon a crest of chalk, to seek around for any one to help her; and suddenly she espied her groom against the skyline a long way off, galloping up the ridge from Chancton. In hope that one of the many echoes of the cliffs might aid her, she shrieked with all her power, and tore a white kerchief from under her riding-habit, and put it on her whip and waved it. And presently she had the joy of seeing the horse's head turned towards her. The rider had not caught her voice, but had descried some white thing fluttering between

him and the sombre stripe which he was watching earnestly.

This groom was a strong and hearty man, and the father of seven children. He made the best of the case, and ventured to comfort his young mistress. And then he laid Hilary upon Elfrida, the docile and soft-stepper; and making him fast

with his own bridle, and other quick contrivances, he tethered his own horse to a tree, and leading the mare, set off with Alice walking carefully and supporting the head of her senseless brother. So came this hero, after all his exploits, back to the home of his fathers.

CHAPTER LIX.

"What can I do? Oh, how can I escape?" cried Alice to herself one morning, towards the end of the dreary November; "one month out of three is gone already, and the chain of my misery tightens round me. No, don't come near me, any of you birds; you will have to do without me soon; and you had better begin to practise. Ah me! you can make your own nests, and choose your mates; how I envy you! Well, then, if you must be fed, you must. Why should I be so selfish?" With tears in her eyes, she went to her bower and got her little basket of moss, well known to every cock-robin and thrush and blackbird dwelling on the premises. At the bottom were stored, in happy ignorance of the fate before them, all the delicacies of the season—the food of woodland song, the stimulants of aerial melody. Here were woodlice, beetles, earwigs, caterpillars, slugs and nymphae, well-girt brandlings, and the offspring of the tightly-buckled wasp, together with the luscious meal-worm, and the peculiarly delicious grub of the cockchafer—all as fresh as a West-end salmon, and savouring sweetly of moss and milk—no wonder the beaks of the birds began to water at the mere sight of that basket.

"You have had enough now for to-day," said Alice; "it is useless

to put all your heads on one side, and pretend that you are just beginning. I know all your tricks quite well by this time. No, not even you, you Methusalem of a Bob, can have any more—or at least, not much."

For this robin (her old pet of all, and through whose powers of interpretation the rest had become so intimate) made a point of perching upon her collar and nibbling at her ear whenever he felt himself neglected. "There is no friend like an old friend," was his motto; and his poll was grey and his beak quite blunted with the cares of age, and his large black eyes were fading. "Methusalem, come and help yourself," said Alice, relenting, softly; "you will not have the chance much longer."

Now as soon as the birds, with a chirp and a jerk, and one or two futile hops, had realised the stern fact that there was no more for them, and then had made off to their divers business (but all with an eye to come back again), Alice, with a smiling sigh—if there can be such a mixture—left her pots, and set off alone to have a good walk and talk and think. The birds, being guilty of "cupboard love," were content to remain in their trees and digest; and as many of them as were in voice expressed their gratitude brilliantly. But out

of the cover they would not budge; they hated to be ruffled up under their tails: and they knew what the wind on the Downs was.

"I shall march off straight for Chancton Ring," said Alice Lorraine, most resolutely. "How thankful I am, to be able to walk! and poor Hilary—ah, how selfish of me to contrast my state with his!"

Briskly she mounted the crest of the coombe, and passed to the open upland, the long chine of hill which trends to its highest prominence at Chancton Ring—a landmark for many a league around. Crossing the trench of the Celtic camp—a very small obstruction now—which loosely girds the ancient trees, Alice entered the venerable throng of weather-beaten and fantastic trunks. These are of no great size, and shed no impress of hushed awe, as do the mossy ramparts and columnar majesty of New-forest beech-trees. Yet, from their countless and furious struggles with the winds in their might in the wild midnight, and from their contempt of aid or pity in their bitter loneliness, they enforce the respect and the interest of any who sit beneath them.

At the foot of one of the largest trees, the perplexed and disconsolate Alice rested on a lowly mound, which held (if faith was in tradition) the bones of her famous ancestor, the astrologer Agasicles. The tree which overhung his grave, perhaps as a sapling had served to rest without obstructing his telescope; and the boughs, whose murmurings soothed his sleep, had been little twigs too limp for him to hang his Samian cloak on. Now his descendant in the ninth or tenth generation—whichever it was—had always been endowed with due (but mainly rare) respect for those who must have gone before her. She could not perceive that they must

have been fools, because many things have happened since they died; and she was not even aware that they must have been rogues to beget such a set of rogues.

Therefore she had veneration for the remains that lay beneath her (mouldering in 'no ugly coffin, but in swaddling-clothes committed like an infant into the mother's bosom), and the young woman dwelt, as all mortals must, on death, when duly put to them. The everlasting sorrow of the moving winds was in the trees; and the rustling of the sad, sear leaf, and the creaking of the lichened boughs. And above their little bustle and small fuss about themselves, the large, sonorous stir was heard of Weymouth pines and Scottish firs swaying in the distance slowly, like the murmur of the sea. Even the waving of yellow grass-blades (where the trees allowed them), and the rustling of tufted briars, and of thorny thickets, shone and sounded melancholy with a farewell voice and gaze.

In the midst of all this autumn, Alice felt her spirits fall. She knew that they were low before, and she was here to enlarge and lift them, with the breadth of boundless prospect and the height of the breezy hill. But fog and cloud came down the weald, and grey encroachment creeping, and on the hill-tops lay heavy sense of desolation. And Alice being at heart in union with the things around her (although she tried to be so brave), began to be weighed down, and lonesome, sad, and wondering, and afraid. From time to time she glanced between the uncouth pillars of the trees, to try to be sure of no man being in among them hiding. And every time when she saw no one, she was so glad that she need not look again—and then she looked again.

"It is quite early," she said to

herself; "nothing—not even three o'clock. I get into the stupidest, fearfulest ways from such continual nursing. How I wish poor Hilary was here! One hour of this fine breeze and cheerful scene—— My goodness, what was that!"

The cracking of a twig, without any sign of what had cracked it; the rustle of trodden leaves; but no one, in and out the graves of leafage, visible to trample them. And then the sound of something waving, and a sharp snap as of metal, and a shout into the distant valley.

"It is the astrologer," thought Alice. "Oh, why did I laugh at him? He has felt me sitting upon his skull. He is waving his cloak, and snapping his casket. He has had me in view for his victim always, and now he is shouting for me."

In confirmation of this opinion, a tall grey form, with one arm thrown up, and a long cloak hanging gracefully, came suddenly gliding between the trees. The maiden, whose brain had been overwrought, tried to spring up with her usual vigour; but the power failed her. She fell back against the sepulchral trunk and did not faint, but seemed for the moment very much disposed thereto.

When she was perfectly sure of herself, and rid of all presence of spectres, she found a strong arm behind her head, and somebody leaning over her. And she laid both hands before her face, without meaning any rudeness; having never been used to be handled at all, except by her brother or father.

"I beg your pardon most humbly, madam. But I was afraid of your knocking yourself."

"Sir, I thank you. I am very foolish. But now I am quite well again."

"Will you take my hand to get

up? I am sure, I was scared as much as you were."

"Now, if I could only believe that," said Alice, "my self-respect would soon return; for you do not seem likely to be frightened very easily."

She was blushing already, and now her confusion deepened, with the consciousness that the stranger might suppose her to be admiring his manly figure; of which, of course, she had not been thinking, even for one moment.

"I ought not to be so," he answered in the simplest manner possible; "but I had a sunstroke in America, fifteen months ago, or so; and since that I have been good for nothing. May I tell you who I am?"

"Oh yes, I should like so much to know." Alice was surprised at herself as she spoke; but the stranger's unusually simple yet most courteous manner led her on.

"I am one Joyce Aylmer, not very well known; though at one time I hoped to become so. A major in His Majesty's service"—here he lifted his hat and bowed—"but on the sick-list ever since we fought the Americans at Fort Detroit."

"Oh, Major Aylmer, I have often heard of you, and how you fell into a sad brain-fever, through saving the life of a poor little child. My uncle, Mr. Hales, knows you, I believe, and has known your father for many years."

"That is so. And I am almost sure that I must be talking to Miss Lorraine, the daughter of Sir Roland Lorraine, whom my father has often wished to know."

"Yes. And perhaps you know my brother, who has served in the Peninsula, and is now lying very ill at home."

"I am sorry indeed to hear that of him. I know him, of course, by

reputation, as the hero of Badajos; but I think I was ordered across the Atlantic before he joined; or, at any rate, I never met him that I know of—though I shall hope to do so soon. May I see you across this lonely hill? Having frightened you so, I may claim the right to prevent any others from doing it."

Alice would have declined the escort of any other stranger; but she had heard such noble stories of this Major Aylmer, and felt such pity for a brave career baffled by its own bravery (which in some degree resembled her poor brother's fortunes), that she gave him one of her soft bright smiles, such a smile as he never had received before. Therefore he set down his broad sketch-book, and the case of pencils, and went to the rim of the Ring that looks towards the vale of Sus-

sex; and there he shouted, to countermand the groom, who had been waiting for him at the farm house far below.

"I am ordered to ride about," he said, as he returned to Alice, "and to be out of doors all day—a very pleasant medicine. And so, for something to do, I have taken up my old trick of drawing; because I must not follow hounds. I would not talk so about myself, except to show you how it was that you did not hear me moving."

"How soon it gets dark on the top of these hills!" cried Alice, most unscientifically. "I always believe that they feel it sooner, because they see the sun go down."

"That seems to me to be a fine idea," Joyce Aylmer answered, faithfully. And his mind was in a loose condition of reason all the way to Coombe Lorraine.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE first thing suggested by the reassembling of Parliament is the feeling that for all time a repetition of the *coup d'état* of last year has been rendered impossible. Its condemnation by the country was too pronounced, its consequences too momentous, for any political chief, however confident in himself or in the assumed approval of the public, to revert to an expedient so perilous and so utterly unjustifiable. The party of sensation being out of office, we have, in consequence, no fear of a policy of surprise, and no apprehension of any manœuvres akin to that of an Ashantee ambush. Accordingly, we take it for granted that Parliament will meet in due course; and we proceed to make a few observations upon that event by way of reviewing the present political situation, without any misgiving lest before these pages meet the public eye the whole scene will have been changed by a fit of ungovernable rashness, and in a manner which confounds all speculation whether of friends or foes.

The events of last session are a subject which is now worn threadbare, and few of our readers would thank us for renewing it. The events of next session, as Mr. Disraeli said at the Mansion-House, will form an exciting topic of discussion some months hence. Pending the Queen's Speech and the opening of Parliament, there is no doubt a lull in the English political world. We are at the close of a Parliamentary recess which has not been fruitful of incident, which has been remarkable for tranquillity and contentment, and from which everything in the shape of serious agitation has been banished. It has been a time when some of our most familiar

friends, whose advanced opinions are their sole title to distinction, have been drowned in a sodden political slumber. It has also been a period when the English people, as they contrast their own position with that of neighbouring nations, feel that they have achieved a brilliant political position, threatened by nothing worse than the discordant sects, who feebly echo the worst passions and opinions of the Continent, and who have been crushed without an effort.

The re-establishment of a system which, whether it is described as that of modern Conservatism or historic Toryism, at least receives from its more distinguished opponents the unconscious flattery of an open avowal of its most sacred principles, is not likely to have occurred with out largely influencing the politics of the world. Or if the phrase be preferred, the political changes in England have been accompanied by similar changes abroad, all of them, perhaps, referable to the same causes, and likely, we trust, to lead to the greater security, progress, and happiness of mankind. The Legislatures of three of these countries—France, Germany, and America—have recently commenced their labours, and it is perhaps a fitting opportunity of comparing their position with our own. In all of them we think that the prospects are more satisfactory and encouraging than could have been reasonably expected a very few years ago. The terrible wars of which Europe has been the scene,—the prolonged disorder and confusion from which France and Spain have suffered—the downfall of so many kingdoms and institutions,—have impressed upon mankind the perils of revolu-

tionary anarchy, and have spread the conviction that no nation can part with impunity with its ancient institutions, which began with its birth, and have grown with its growth, however difficult and necessary it may be to place them in accord with the spirit and circumstances of the present. Those violent breaches with the past which commend themselves to the rash and adventurous, cost statesmen many an anxious life, and nations many an arduous struggle, in the endeavour to heal them; and we may be thankful that our fate has hitherto been so ordered that our unbroken historic continuity at once arrests the attention, and excites the admiration, of rulers ardently desirous of restoring to their countries the benefits of social order and established government.

The serenity of the political atmosphere in England contrasts most forcibly with the still unpacified state of Europe. Order, liberty, and religion are the three principles which the old world is still striving unsuccessfully to accomplish, and which England, as the leader of the new world, holds out for the example and encouragement of mankind. These are the three great ends which every nation or community places in view, and strives to attain; but Latin and Teutonic races alike are constantly baffled in the pursuit of them. At the present moment those ends are certainly not reached by Continental nations. Blood and iron have been expended with a lavish hand; Germany, France, and Spain have been decimated by war; but no force which man can bring into operation will achieve those results which the steady continuous growth of national character and habits alone can produce. Those who are sceptical as to the advantages of an historic throne and dynasty as a means of preserv-

ing public order—who deride the great Tory doctrine of connecting political privilege with the performance of public duty—who undervalue those relations between Church and State which have for two centuries combined the maintenance of a religious spirit with the progress of religious liberty,—may derive a lesson from what is now passing abroad. They will find in one gallant and unfortunate people an example of the disastrous consequences of attempting to found society on the rights of man; in another, they will find how, after years of anarchy, and discord, and impending bankruptcy, a people in despair reverts to its hereditary throne, even though it must be filled by an inexperienced youth; and in a third, they will find that while an organised Church bids defiance to the State, the people are gradually rejecting all healthy religious influence.

It is difficult to resist the temptation to indulge in some self-congratulation, when the opening of our own Parliament reminds us how far removed our own position is from the perplexity and menacing circumstances under which the German and French Governments have met their Legislatures, and from the condition of gloomy disturbance through which Spain sees a gleam of hope in the return of its native prince. Whatever the causes—whether we owe it to our insular security, and the national spirit and sense, or the exceptional good fortune which through history has been with us at every crisis, or to all combined—every one admits that the country is contented, tranquil, and prosperous; and that the stormy contentions which rage abroad and imperil the fortunes of every people, only present themselves to these islands in a mitigated form, sufficiently pressing to command atten-

tion and excite controversy, but not in a form to render their solution a matter of grave peril or overwhelming anxiety. There is no sort of counterpart here to the political confusion which prevails in France and Spain: the most dangerous politicians are paralysed by lethargy of mind and body; while the deadly strife between Prince Bismark and his Ultramontane bishops appears in England in the attenuated form of a pamphlet, in which the ex-Liberal leader explains to a considerable portion of his former supporters that with their principles they cannot at the same time be both logical and loyal. A more harmless discussion, when compared with the ecclesiastical strife abroad, it is impossible to imagine. We are not a logical people; and we have no doubt that whatever extravagances the Catholics or Radicals may commit themselves to in theory, in writing, or on platforms, when it comes to action and to putting in force their supposed convictions, patriotism and common-sense will regain their usual ascendancy in this country, and the leopards will not merely change but forget even the existence of their spots.

It is a singular circumstance, perhaps one of the most striking which have occurred during the recess, that the prostration of unreflecting Liberalism, originally effected by the excesses of the French Commune, has extended to the American continent. The elections last autumn in that country were attended by a very similar result to that which we witnessed in England at the beginning of the year. The Republicans were defeated as thoroughly as the Liberals in England; and a majority of one hundred in their favour was converted into a minority of half that amount. For fourteen years they have held power, with the result, whatever their virtues or achievements, that the majority of the electors throughout the Union have become thoroughly discontented. The American Liberals have been demoralised by a too protracted ascendancy. Crotchets-mongers, as they are termed, have come to the front with their disintegrating and baneful influence, and the general result of Republican administration has been that public frauds and misgovernment have destroyed all faith in public virtue, and that, according to their good friend the 'Spectator,' "an undue proportion of rascals of all colours have been enabled to get to the top." American politics were ripe for a total change, and it would have been well if the machinery existed for effecting it as speedily and as thoroughly as amongst ourselves. Scarcely anything can be more injurious in public affairs than the dead lock which is produced in a republic, or under any system other than a constitutional monarchy, when the people resolve upon a complete change of front and policy. A transference of power is effected in this country with the utmost ease, without any abrupt transition or any inconvenient disturbance of the due course of administration. For an interval of more than two years, the only hope for America that her Executive and her Legislature will be in accord is, that the two rival parties in the State—one exasperated by long exclusion from power, the other at the prospect of losing it—may exhibit mutual forbearance and moderation. The Democrats have a decided majority in the new House of Representatives, and will be virtually supreme in matters of legislation. The President, supported by a very small majority in the Senate, is Republican. A more inconvenient arrangement—one less likely to produce good government or wise legislation, or to insure the

prudent exercise of that great and increasing power which America wields—it is difficult to conceive. French Republicanism has recently added new horrors to the past associations of the term; Spanish Republicanism has proved a byword of feebleness and incapacity; and in America the same form of Government offers itself as a complicated and ingenious mechanism, which, in seeking to restrain or hinder popular excesses, inflicts a period of paralysis on the country, and places the reins of authority in rival hands, each much more intent upon baffling the other, than desirous or able to interpret and fulfil the national will. The exact position is this. The President cannot be unseated till March 1877, but he is practically discredited. The House of Representatives, from its meeting at the beginning of December till March 1875, continues to possess a Republican majority, not yet unseated, who well know that those few months are, for the present, their last months of power. Although the Senate only possesses a small Republican majority, there is a probability, though still an uncertainty, of it too falling, in due course, into the hands of the Democratic majority. Where, under such circumstances of present confusion and uncertain contingencies, is the security for good government, and its continuous administration? As the London ‘Times’ remarked—“There have been Governments and Legislatures which would seize upon the remaining hours at their disposal to impress their will on the nation, even though the control over its destinies was about to be taken from them. If the United States were as France, the President, Senate, and House of Representatives would hasten to tie up everything as tightly as possible, knowing that if President and House are to pass away, the

majority of the Senate will remain some time longer Republican, and could prevent a new President and a new House from undoing what the outgoing authorities had conspired to do.” The only force or break interposed between American affairs and the dead lock which would otherwise await them, is a feeling which is to some extent akin to the feeling of loyalty to an established throne, and which results from habit and tradition—namely, the sentiment of obedience to the popular will. If a republic is more than a century old, and has been planted as it were on a virgin soil, the force of traditional sentiment has had place to take root in it and time to grow. Such an experiment may succeed in a new country; but the chance of the true republican sentiment, which is essential to the working of republican institutions, taking root in a monarchical soil, is infinitesimal; and the demoralising effects of insane attempts to force the spread of uncongenial institutions were never more strikingly displayed than recently in France, in the total inability of an experienced public servant like Marshal Bazaine to draw the line between rank treason to the State, and hostility to the form of government which temporarily held the reins of power. In America, republicanism is seen under its most favourable circumstances: boundless territory, the absence of all the traditional sentiments which grow up round a throne, and of an aristocracy which is both hereditary and famous, and a long-established deference to the popular will. Let any one who compares the spectacle of President Grant meeting the American Congress last December with Queen Victoria meeting her Parliament this February—each under the circumstances of the nation having recently effected a transference of power from one

party to the other—must feel that the people which live under the sway of a limited and constitutional monarchy have infinitely greater security for order and good government, and the continuous working of the machinery of administration, than those who live under the most peaceful and perfect form of republican government ever devised. Constant changes in the form of government appear to deaden loyalty, weaken patriotism, and demoralise the public services. It is absurd to undervalue the advantages of the symbol and centre of a State remaining fixed and invariable.

The German Emperor met his Parliament on the 29th of October. Although French affairs interest the majority of Englishmen more than those of any other European power, still the proceedings of the German Parliament, and its relations to the Imperial Government, are of more immediate and primary importance both to Europe and ourselves. This country has shown its sympathy with France in its unparalleled disasters, and has not stinted its admiration for the gallant manner in which she has confronted them. The Duc Decazes administers the foreign affairs of his country in a way which inspires Europe with confidence in his sagacity and prudence. And the appointment of the present French ambassador in London may be regarded as a friendly move towards the present Administration. But we cannot forget the celebrated saying of Napoleon, "When France is satisfied, Europe is at peace." The satisfaction of France, and therefore the peace of Europe, depend at the present moment mainly upon the circumstances that France is comparatively powerless, and that Germany for the present is exceedingly strong. If the alternative were to present itself, whether Germany should relapse into being what a

celebrated English statesman called a mere geographical expression, or whether it should remain as now, a strong military and united empire, there cannot be a doubt which would be most in the interests of European peace and English contentment. It is unnecessary to recall the correspondence published at the commencement of the last war, which disclosed the designs of Napoleon upon Belgium. In the recent correspondence revealed in the proceedings at Count Arnim's trial, there is this ominous passage attributed to M. Thiers whilst President of the Republic, in conversation reported by Count Arnim: "Of course, a time may come when France will have recovered from her misfortunes, and when Germany in her turn will be involved in difficulties. At such a juncture, France might endeavour to square accounts with Germany; but even this need not lead to war, as France, far from being an implacable enemy, would be sure to ally herself with Germany in the eleventh hour, provided Germany were to accord her a *compensation for recent losses*." If this again points to Belgium, as we presume that it does, sympathy with France must be tempered by some of that cynical selfishness or prudent regard for the main chance, whichever it may be called, which so ruthlessly pervades the whole of Prince Bismark's despatches.

The opening of the German Parliament was full of that interest which a political situation of extreme difficulty and even peril is sure to excite. The iron hand which united Germany will not, or cannot, release its grasp. In all that he says and does, Prince Bismark seems to show that he considers his authority to rest upon sheer physical force and mastery of will. What will become of the Empire without the Chancellor, is a speculation which the

future will solve. The visible union of the Germanic States is preserved under his despotic hand; but the rancour and animosities which are scattered far and wide around him, scarcely do credit to Prince Bismark's statesmanship and capacity for government. It was inevitable that the new Empire should be surrounded by implacable foes: it was founded upon the ruins of its neighbours. But the same angry and incurable animosities are excited within as well as without the heterogeneous community which now acknowledges the sway of the German Emperor; and apparently they are all centred upon the same devoted head, which does not preserve that steadiness of temper and power of self-control which the crisis demands. The measures announced from the throne were weighty and important. A code of civil procedure for the whole Empire; the vast re-organisation of the enormous military system, together with the provisions for calling out the *Land-sturm* in time of peace; and the measures for the government of Alsace and Lorraine, together with the projected legislation concerning civil marriage,—are large demands upon the vigour and capacity of the new Empire; and some spirit of conciliation, some approximation to the tone and temper which an English House of Commons expects at the hands of its leader, might have been at least as efficacious an instrument as the sledge-hammer violence with which the German Chancellor invariably seeks to effect his purposes. At the beginning of last year there were ominous forebodings of another war with France, because of some pastoral letters issued by French bishops. Later on, the murder of Captain Schmidt by the Carlists led to the intervention of Germany in the affairs of Spain. "We should have

been perfectly justified," said the Chancellor, "from an international point of view, and we should only have treated those butchers according to their deserts, had we landed in Spain, captured some Carlist officer or other, and hung him up on the sea-shore." The same high-handed tone, more fitted to sustain or exhibit the supremacy of the individual, than to assist in laying the foundation of a lasting system of government for a recently united but still heterogeneous empire, has been displayed on more than one occasion since the opening of the Parliament. If, as has been said by their great philosopher Fichte, the commonwealth of United Germany can only be established upon a basis of personal and intellectual liberty, some more conciliatory policy would seem to be required than is suited to the combative and overbearing temper of Prince Bismark. Europe will be slow to forget the extraordinary scene in which he endeavoured to fix upon the Centre Party a complicity in the guilt of the assassin Kullman. "Discard the man as much as you like, he is hanging on to your coat-tails nevertheless." The retort of Herr Windhorst was equally bad, to the effect that if religious excitement drove people to crime, those who caused the excitement had only themselves to thank for it. We should lose all our pride in the House of Commons if it even condescended, under any circumstances, to permit charges of complicity in the guilt of assassination to be bandied backwards and forwards on its benches; and we should lose all confidence in the leader under whose auspices and by whose example, in a critical condition of public affairs, such a desecration of political debate, and such a violation of statesmanlike wisdom and moderation, could be perpetrated. We do not undervalue

the enormous importance of the controversy between the German Government and the Ultramontane forces. All our sympathies and convictions are with the Government; but it is impossible to be assured that the astute Court of Rome has really met its match in the hot-brained Minister who is so easily transported beyond the bounds of decency and discretion.

The extraordinary outburst, moreover, could not very well have been worse-timed; it would almost seem that the Chancellor fell into a trap laid for him by his not very scrupulous opponents, who certainly did all in their power to aggravate the tumult of the scene. For some time past Prince Bismark, notwithstanding that the Catholic Powers of Germany fought bravely for him in the contest with France, and now form no inconsiderable part of his united subjects, has done all in his power to deepen and embitter the feud existing between the Government and the Church. In doing so, and in the attempt to subordinate the Church to the State, and to compel the Roman Catholic subjects of the Empire to be Germans first and Catholics after, he has sought to recast the whole relation of the Church to the State, and to enforce his policy by persecution, and imprisonment, and expulsion, and the rest of the coarse machinery which Englishmen have long since ceased to use, or at least to approve of, in combating any ecclesiastical or so-called spiritual influences. If the contest does not end in a drawn game between the parties—as it probably will, considering that the combatants fight with totally different weapons, and that their controversy has no common ground upon which compromise is possible—at least the ulterior result will be to perpetuate animosities, and render no other union possible than that

between a conqueror and a thoroughly prostrate foe. Already the menace is heard, that it is of no use raising or maintaining Bavarian regiments, for in any future war they will assuredly desert to the enemy. With internal strife of this portentous character on his hands, resulting from a policy of confronting the Ultramontane influences in the Empire by sudden but permanent legislation violently carried into effect, and by determined attempts to compel subjection, the Chancellor allows himself to be betrayed into an outburst of indecorum and temper, which challenges Europe to attribute his almost desperate policy to any causes rather than a far-seeing and comprehensive political conception.

Accordingly, the next day Prince Bismark, anxious, no doubt, to obliterate the effects of his singular indiscretion, went down to the House, and in a less stormy sitting, under cover of explaining his resolution to cancel the post of envoy to the Vatican, made disclosures intended and calculated to restore that public confidence in his policy which would otherwise have been rudely shaken. He charged upon the Pope, that as a true member of the Church militant he had thought fit to revive the ancient struggle of the Papacy with the temporal power, and more especially with the German Empire. He had a secret to disclose: that in 1869, when the Würtemberg Government complained of the action of the Papacy, the Papal Nuncio had retorted that the Roman Church was free only in America, and perhaps England and Belgium, and that in all other countries it had to look to revolution as the sole means of securing her rightful position. This statement was confirmed by Herr von Varnbüler, the Würtemberg Premier of 1869. Instead however, of a revolution be-

falling Germany, the war of 1870 was inflicted upon them instead. "Gentlemen," he continued, "I am in possession of conclusive evidence proving that the war of 1870 was the combined work of Rome and France; that the Ecumenical Council was cut short on account of the war; and that very different votes would have been taken by the Council had the French been victorious. I know from the very best sources that the Emperor Napoleon was dragged into the war very much against his will by the Jesuitical influences rampant at his Court; that he strove hard to resist their influences; that in the eleventh hour he determined to maintain peace; that he stuck to this determination for half an hour, and that he was ultimately overpowered by persons representing Rome." It is evident from this that the German Government believes that it has good grounds for imputing to the Papacy and its agents an unflagging and implacable hostility to the interests of the Empire, and for believing that the strife between them is no transitory or temporary outburst. But it goes no way at all for the purpose of proving that Prince Bismark is conducting this momentous struggle—which involves principles which are of importance to all, and in which English sympathies are sure to be on his side—with temper, wisdom, and discretion, and with an eye to the permanence of the Empire which he is seeking to consolidate. It is a struggle in which he cannot have a Moltké on his right hand; nor is it one which in the long run can be determined by sheer brute-force. It is one in which moral influence, free discussion, and, above all, time itself, might have been appealed to with confidence in the result. Some accounts say that the people stand passively by while the Government

fights out with the priests the question of superior authority with pertinacity and unflinching resolution. The Duke of Norfolk and the Catholic Union of this country stand sponsors for this version of the outcome of the strife. Five bishops have been thrown into prison; fines have been imposed upon all the bishops in Prussia, except the Bishop of Osnabruck. Eight more have suffered from domiciliary visits from the police, or from the officers who sold their furniture. Since the beginning of the Falk laws, up to the 3d of December, 1400 priests have either been fined or sent to prison on account of those laws; some have been driven from their countries; some for returning without leave have been banished to the Isle of Rügen. It is also stated that, while some of them have been treated in prison as merely political offenders, others have been kept in the same room with criminals, and treated in the same manner. It is further stated that 784 persons have been ordered by Prince Bismark to be summoned before the judge for having offended him in Catholic newspapers. That the policy of the Court of Rome, and the whole spirit and conduct of the Ultramontane party, justify the policy and object of the Falk laws, and called for a patient and determined effort on the part of the Government to make the supremacy of the civil power felt in the State, we do not for one moment doubt. But that such a mode of carrying out that policy, and executing such laws, is wise or calculated in the end to ensure permanent success, we take leave to doubt. The struggle, momentous as it is, after all, is a stale one; and the way in which civil and spiritual functions have been mixed up together in this legislation, and the blows which have been struck at religion, which were

only aimed at arrogant ecclesiastics, show that the world does not outgrow the blunders of statesmen any more than the controversies of the past. Government cannot always be carried on at the point of the bayonet; and there have been several signs that Prince Bismark's majority is unsteady in its allegiance; while it cannot be doubted that a reaction of sympathy with the dangerous opponents to social order and imperial power, is imminent, and ought never to have been provoked.

It may well be a matter of pride and satisfaction to Englishmen that the meeting of our own Parliament will not open the gates of any controversy at all to be compared with that which distracts the new Empire of Germany. The affairs of the still greater empire which obeys the sceptre of Queen Victoria are in that calm and prosperous condition, always excepting the turmoil and confusion which disorganise the Opposition deprived of its leader, that the Cabinet is able to postpone its meetings till within a fortnight of the commencement of the Session. In an old-established State, with its well-ordered machinery of government, it would be impossible for the public to be enlivened by a scandal of so grave a nature as that involved in the trial of Count Arnim. The rivalries of English statesmen are fought out in an open arena; and the spectacle of a Prime Minister and Ambassador competing for the favour of their sovereign in important diplomatic despatches and reports, and carrying on an acrimonious warfare under cover of official correspondence upon the delicate subject of international relations, is happily to us inconceivable. Moreover, if we are not entirely freed from ecclesiastical contentions, they are mildness itself compared to Prince Bismark's Ultramontane war. The contest in this country has not

fallen into the hands of the Administration, nor does there seem any prospect of collision between Ministers and the Roman Catholic authorities. The fight is waged between Mr. Gladstone and his quondam supporters. According to Mr. Gladstone, it was the paramount duty of the British Legislature, whatever Rome might say or do, to give to Ireland all that justice could demand, in regard to matters of conscience and civil equality. When Parliament had passed the Church Act of 1869 and the Land Act of 1870, there remained only, he adds, under the great head of Imperial equity, one serious question to be dealt with—that of the higher Education. In respect thereof, the Liberal Government and the Liberal party formally tendered payment in full by the Irish University Bill of 1873. That tender was refused, and that measure was rejected by the Roman Catholic pre-lacy. "From that time forward I have felt that the situation was changed, and that important matters would have to be cleared by suitable explanations. The debt to Ireland had been paid: a debt to the country at large had still to be disposed of; and this has come to be the duty of the hour." We may presume, therefore, that the standing grievances of Ireland are at length disposed of, and that justice to that country is satisfied, and will not again be emblazoned on the banners of the Liberal party, otherwise Mr. Gladstone will be in amongst them, scattering havoc and dismay in their ranks. The spirit of strife which the Ultramontane influence arouses in every civil society, may usefully and beneficially in this country evaporate in mutual recrimination and mutual explanations between the ex-Liberal leader and his exasperated and discarded allies. As regards the Romanising faction in the Church

of England, the sacerdotal simoom which rages in Germany is answered by a comparatively feeble whisper in these islands; and the ecclesiastical legislation abroad has no more exciting counterpart here than the Public Worship Regulation Act of last Session. We have no doubt that that Act will be worked with discretion as well as firmness, and if any supplemental legislation be found necessary, that it will be resorted to in no spirit of domination, but like the Act of last year, with the unanimous consent of Parliament and the country. If that Act required any vindication, it could be found in the singular correspondence which has recently been published in the London 'Times,' in which the Roman Catholics, by the mouth of Monsignore Capel, charge the Ritualistic party in the English Church, on excellent evidence, that they are "unintentionally, but not less assuredly, disseminating several of the doctrines of the Roman Church;" and in which Canon Liddon, the accomplished dignitary of our great Protestant Cathedral, though considering it a "gross insult" to have his name coupled with them, replies on behalf and in excuse of the Ritualists, that in adducing this evidence the Monsignore "will have done a good service if he leads any of our brethren to abandon language or practices unauthorised by the Church of England, and tending to bring about a result that we must all unfeignedly deplore, however desirable he may think it." And then the Canon adds in reference to the evidence adduced by the Monsignore in rebuke of these Protestant plagiarisms of a Roman ritual and worship—"He has succeeded, as I cannot but think, in putting his finger upon some expressions which I would respectfully ask the writers and editors of devotional books to reconsider in the

light of the public formularies of the Church of England." Now this is all that the supporters of the Public Worship Regulation Bill have ever said. Only, instead of trusting to a Roman Catholic Monsignore to do "good service" to our clerical brethren, and restrain them from language and practices which amount to superstitious interpretations of Christian doctrine, we have preferred, without creating a single new ecclesiastical offence, simply to render the old law more cheaply and expeditiously administered. So far from there being anything in the nature of persecution about the remedy proposed,—so far from the archbishops being really amenable to all the abuse which was poured upon them,—we have now the admission of Canon Liddon himself—and a most valuable admission it is—that some such restraint was necessary, only that he would apparently have preferred that a Roman Catholic Monsignore, instead of an English tribunal, should differentiate a Protestant clergyman from a sham Roman Catholic priest. It was the practices of those who, we are now told, are indiscreet and uninstructed writers, and their ignorant adherents, which Mr. Gladstone would do nothing to restrain, and in virtual and indirect support of which he moved his six famous resolutions, and wrote his celebrated article. Fortunately the common-sense of Englishmen seems likely to prevail, and the Public Worship Regulation Act, so far from creating any schism or insuperable difficulties, will now be worked with the sympathy and approval of Canon Liddon himself. Mr. Disraeli is entitled to the undivided credit of having carried this measure and secured to it unanimous support; but in his most sanguine moments even his sagacity could hardly have foreseen that his determination "to put down ritualism"

would be effected with the sanction of such high approval.

We observed this sinister rumour published on authority the other day—"That the small committee at Birmingham, who have been so mischievously astir in other fields, are bent on advising a Disestablishment Campaign; but it is thought that they will be open to reason, and will be overruled for their own good." This, coupled with a previous rumour that Mr. Bright had been informed—doubtless in the interests of an ambitious and intriguing gentleman—that Birmingham would no longer consent to be partially disfranchised, and taken in connection with various articles and speeches with which the public have been recently favoured, looks like a desperate hoisting of the black flag. If the State once lets go its connection with and control over religion,—if it lays down the preposterous principle that it has nothing to do with the subject,—it will eventually find that it has left outside itself a power greater than any which it possesses within, and may have to confront an enemy which has proved strong enough to baffle Prince Bismarck, and may yet rend in twain the colossal strength of the new German Empire. We have solved the greatest problem of modern times, or rather inherit its solution; and whether or not it be true that the Roman Catholic Church is the inevitable residuary legatee of Anglican disestablishment, these are not the times in which England can afford to part with its ecclesiastical settlement and State control of the national Church.

The most prominent feature about the opening of our own Parliament is the general unanimity of political sentiment which pervades the country, and which seems to render the contentions which marked the good old times absolutely im-

possible. Not merely do the lion and the lamb lie down together in unsuspecting confidence, but it seems difficult for any but the most practised observers to say which is the lamb and which is the lion. According to Sir William Harcourt, "the Liberal party, vanquished at the hustings, had led captive the fierce Conservative reaction, and infused even Liberal ideas into the hearts of the country gentlemen." In other words, the ideas of "the country gentlemen," without inquiring into their origin, obtain the inexpressible advantage of his august approval; he speaks, as we understand, on behalf of the old Whig and moderate Liberal school, which refuses to submit to Radical dictation. He has not words enough to express his contempt for that class of politicians whose aim is to manufacture new opinions and new views, for the sole purpose of differentiating themselves from the Conservatives, who admittedly monopolise all the sense and intelligence of the situation. "The frozen-out fox-hunters swearing for a thaw" are recommended to support the Ministerial policy, and content themselves with entertaining "a pleasant confidence in the vicissitudes of the political atmosphere." It is a miserable spectacle which the Liberal party is in peril of presenting, and from which Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. Goschen, and all their most respected and respectable leaders, would save them—viz., of undue despondency on the one side, and adopting in panic an extreme policy on the other. He denounces the prolonged continuance of that "earnest treatment," with which we are all familiar, and which consists, he says, "in cramming down the throats of mankind all sorts of stuff, without the least consideration of the capacity of the people to assimilate or

digest it." And it is really refreshing to listen to this view propounded by a distinguished Liberal, for it only shows how, under Conservative ascendancy, common-sense may triumph in minds which have not always recognised its sway. "The priests and the philosophers had between them kept natures of the shuttlecock order in an everlasting seesaw between superstition and unbelief. Shocked by the dreary vacuity of the one, weak minds had taken refuge in the degrading stimulants of the other." Why, the Radical philosophers and the Irish priests have been the backbone of the Liberal strength for years. The outspoken denunciation of both the one and the other, on high Liberal authority, is indeed a sign that times are changed: the "ideas" are sound, and they are in the ascendant; but it is only recent events which have infused them into the Liberal mind. It seems that all the elements of confusion in this country are at rest, or exist only within the ranks of the divided, distracted, and deserted party of Opposition.

France, on the other hand, finds her affairs in radical disorder. While the Count de Chambord, the Prince Imperial, and M. Gambetta divide between them the allegiance of Frenchmen, there is an Assembly and a President which between them divide sovereign power, and hold it by a most precarious tenure. The Assembly at any moment may be dissolved, Marshal McMahon may at any moment die. Meanwhile they cannot agree even to discuss the constitutional laws, or to provide for the transmission of power. The Assembly is incapacitated for action by its divisions; the Marshal by himself is a mere fragment of a constitution, which it is impossible to form. All parties concur in the prolonged

anarchy, for every one of them shrinks from the decisive encounter involved in an appeal to the country.

The National Assembly met on the 3d of December. The Marshal-President has repeatedly pledged himself that, for the next six years, he will carry on the Executive. He appealed, at the opening of his Parliament, to all sections which it contains to help him in conducting public affairs during the interregnum, or, as it may be called, during his six years' temporary sovereignty. The attitude towards him in return is embarrassing to the last degree, for though all parties agree in supporting the Septennate, yet the agreement merely means that parties are at a deadlock.

Meanwhile the Marshal considers that he only accepted power on the condition—formally stipulated by him, and formally agreed to by the Assembly—that constitutional laws voted within a short interval, would give his power the strength, authority, and means of action which he declared necessary. His chief demand is for the establishment of a Senate in order to arbitrate between two independent and sovereign powers—his own and that of the Assembly—in case any conflict should arise. The demand itself has given occasion for that conflict. The Marshal sent down a message demanding that the Assembly should at once decide upon the question of a Second Chamber, as an institution equally necessary to the Government of France, whether or not the Marshal were armed with the power of dissolution. On the subject of the transmission of power—which, of course, was like throwing a torch into a powder-magazine—he confined himself to saying that it should be settled that, when his term of office expired, the Assembly then in existence should have "the full

and entire liberty of defining the form of Government." In other words, till 1880, the truce between all parties should be renewed, as a means of securing the co-operation of all moderate parties in the work of national reformation. Not merely is the country powerless to decide upon its form of Government at present, all that the most sanguine politicians can hope for is to secure a machinery of administration which will work until France can make up her mind. Even that hope is baffled. The Marshal is the chief of the execution, with some portion of the sovereign power delegated to him—tied, as it were, to the stake, responsible for the administration. The actual sovereign of France is the Assembly, which is so distracted by party divisions that it has no will of its own, except to negative every proposal which may be made. It is *de jure* capable of dismissing the Marshal and removing the Government; but it is *de facto* quite incapable of any vigorous action. On the other hand, the Marshal cannot dissolve it without a *coup d'état*. The Government must go on living from hand to mouth; the moment it takes thought for the future, even to prevent the clashing of those rival powers during the continuance of this provisional arrangement, and still more when it seeks to look beyond it, one crisis after another occurs, and the scene is one of the direst confusion. In the present instance, the proposal was defeated by a majority of 420 against 250. The result shows that the Marshal must be content with being a stop-gap—the impersonation of French indecision, of that paralysis which has fallen upon French political action, which renders it impossible to reconstitute the State. His only other alternative, unless he resigns, is a violent dissolution,

which is a remedy worse than the disease which he wishes to cure. As long as he is content with remaining what is called the fragment of a constitution, he may reckon on the support of nearly all parties. The Legitimists and extreme Republicans alone are hostile to him. The moment he seeks to frame a constitution, and proposes the concurrence of the Assembly, he is at once confronted by an overwhelming coalition. This unsatisfactory position, as it must be to him, can only be terminated (unless he resigns) by a dissolution; and no single party in the State would welcome that expedient. The Imperialists prefer delay on account of the extreme youth of the Prince Imperial; the Orléanists are encumbered by the Count de Paris's understanding with the Count de Chambord; the Republicans have nothing to gain by precipitation, and are anxious to cancel the memory of past excesses by present moderation, before they appeal to a final verdict. Even the Legitimists may perhaps consider that the longer this deadlock lasts, the greater the chance of the White Flag being at last considered the indispensable condition of the final restoration of order.

What the future may have in store for the French in regard to their form of government, no human sagacity can foresee. What is wanted is the power of the individual—some man of capacity and will, who can arrest the confidence of the people. Meanwhile, in forecasting events, it is as important to attend to the *personnel* in France as it is amongst ourselves. Here is Count Arnim's testimony in one of the private despatches to the Emperor of Germany, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to the disclosures made at his recent trial:—"France is at this moment (April

11, 1874) being governed by persons whose political education began under Louis Philippe; they were subsequently condemned to a twenty years' inactivity, and many of them like, if not absolutely as, *émigrés*. By a reversal of the wheel of fortune, they are now placed at the head of the party whose junior adherents they were when Louis Philippe fell. With these persons, who have learned but little in their forced retirement, there are united others whose political reminiscences belong to the period before 1830, when their fathers were among the *classes dirigeantes*. They are all very respectable, but, with the exception of the Duc Decazes, very unfit for the cares of government. Most of them are men between fifty-five and sixty-five, and, from their political inexperience and increasing years, will after a little while cease to play their part should the Empire be restored under Napoleon Quatre. The more aged servants of the late Emperor will hardly be young and active enough to support the renovated throne. Rouher, Fleury, Gramont and others, though they may lay claim to lucrative posts, will no longer be fit to render effective service. Between the aged servants of Napoleon III. and the younger adherents of his son there is a wide gap, as the men between forty-five and fifty-five mostly belong to another party. Accordingly, the Empire too will be obliged to rely upon younger men. It is the same thing with the Republic: if Gambetta assumes the reins of government, he will have to surround himself chiefly with young men. However venture come it will be to prophesy, it is still pretty certain that less than ten years hence few of those now influential will be alive or politically active."

The provisional Government, therefore, will tend to clear the politics of France of all the weeds and baneful associations which have grown up round the memories of those forms of government which were successively closed by the Revolutions of 1830, 1848, and 1870. If, when that time arrives, the white flag still casts a deadly shadow over Bourbon and Orleanist alike, there will remain, according to present appearances, the rival pretensions of the Prince Imperial and M. Gambetta. The former will have an advantage which his father in exile never possessed—namely, that he represents an established and recognised dynasty. He may dissociate himself from the crimes and errors of the Second Empire, and the men of that Empire will have mostly passed away. And as the representative of constitutional monarchy, he will represent a system which, with all its faults, secured to France internal order and external influence; while its corruption and shortcomings may well be deemed the accidents of the system. The latter has a purely personal position, and he is weighted with great responsibility in regard to the past. A revolution in the presence of hostile armies, and the continuance of war long after the disappearance of the regular army, involved his country in disasters which will never be forgiven. And the Third Republic has only increased the horrors which fill the associations connected with that form of government in France. A new Empire need not necessarily be surrounded by all the injurious influences which were at work in Louis Napoleon's Court; and, above all, it would be an act of miserable folly to revive those Jesuitical influences to which not Prince Bismark alone attri-

butes the war of 1870 and the fall of Napoleon.

The scene of political confusion and impending anarchy has never been equalled in England since the Revolution of 1688, and contrasts most forcibly with the established order which now prevails amongst us, and the utter impotence of any of the disturbing elements which possibly exist. The English political mind was employed for nearly twenty years upon a trifling question of a pound or two more or less in regard to lowering the then franchise. Even the questions which now distract and divide the unfortunate Liberal party, are mere questions of detail compared with the fundamental differences which separate factions in France. And as regards the immediate future, the most interesting topic is that same question of *personnel* upon which Count Arnim lays so much stress in Paris. The severe illness of Mr. Disraeli reminds the country of the fact, which his vivacity and intellectual freshness have concealed, and which they would willingly have forgotten, that he is in his seventieth year. Mr. Gladstone, at sixty-five, declares that "retirement is dictated to him by his personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of his life." The long and ardent rivalry between these two celebrated men, who have sustained the conflict on either side

"with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between,"

draws to its close. The one has withdrawn from the scene, which he will occasionally revisit as a private member; the other remains at his post, a veteran leader, the last of the great Parliamentary chiefs of Queen Victoria's reign, who has experienced every variety of political fortune, and has proved to be equally ready to wage a hopeless

struggle with gallantry and dauntless spirit, and to sustain a triumph with dignity and moderation. Whatever may be the verdict of history upon the comparative merits and achievements of their respective careers, there cannot be a second opinion as to which of the two is the greater leader of men, and deserves best at the hands of his party.

Mr. Gladstone's eloquence and personal achievements have made him one of the most famous men of this century; but it will not enhance his reputation if he abandons himself to that vanity of literature in high places which besets, one after the other, our foremost public men. The determining cause of his retirement must be some more urgent reason than the wish for rest and quiet. In the last year or two of his leadership of Opposition, Mr. Disraeli lived, as he himself said, in seclusion, and only appeared in public at intervals, in obedience to paramount public duty. It is no very great tax upon an experienced political chief to retain in his hands the ultimate control of Opposition tactics and leave the lieutenants to fight the campaign. It is very seldom in political warfare that a chief occupies the exceptional position which enables him, on the one hand, to withdraw from active service and perpetual presence in the field; and, on the other, to retain the allegiance of his party, over whom he can resume his power at will. If any one compares the incessant activity of Mr. Disraeli in conducting the opposition to Lord Aberdeen's Government twenty years ago, with his attitude in the later years of Mr. Gladstone's Government, he will find an example of the manner in which an Opposition leader of established authority and declining years may usefully serve his party,

which, while he belongs to it, he must, by force of greater genius and experience, either intentionally lead or unconsciously baffle and weaken. Mr. Gladstone's name alone was a tower of strength to his party, present or potential, so long as he would allow them to conjure with it; and as he not merely withdraws that strength, but inflicts upon them the demoralising uncertainty that, at any moment, however critical, it may be turned against them, it is impossible to overestimate the disaster which has befallen them. It is hard to reorganise your army in the presence of a triumphant enemy; but the confusion is infinitely increased if an indispensable battalion withdraws from the van and fights for its own hand at the moment of serious encounter.

The total disorganisation of her Majesty's Opposition is a matter of so much public importance, that although ordinarily the relations of a party to its leader are not a legitimate subject of discussion and interference by their opponents, still the irreconcilable personal difference between Mr. Gladstone and the House of Commons Liberals, for such we take it to be, has been so forced upon the public attention as to render comment inevitable. "*On doit laver son linge sale en famille*" is, we conceive, by far the most prudent maxim for politicians to follow in the unfortunate circumstances which have befallen the Liberal party. But both in 1867, when his followers deserted him at a critical moment in the Reform campaign, also in the far more serious defection at the dissolution of 1874, the first thing that occurs to Mr. Gladstone is to chuck up the reins. The mere notion of such a man resigning the leadership, and at the same time remaining in Parliament a

member of the party, is absurd on the face of it. Who is there in the ranks capable of leading him? Who is there capable of carrying the strength of the party along a track or in pursuit of a policy which he forbids? In office, a titular chief may reign; but in Opposition, men follow the leader who will show them game. The new ruler of the Liberal party, whoever he may be, unless he develops unexpected qualities, must either obey Mr. Gladstone's will, or be prepared to quell his insubordination and defeat his resistance. In other words, he must prove himself the stronger man. Until he does so he is merely interim leader: Mr. Gladstone will be able to resume his authority whenever he chooses to appear. A man cannot resign his proved superiority in council and in action; and if Mr. Gladstone wished to withdraw from active service, and still to retain his seat in Parliament, the best way to do it would have been to have said nothing about it, have appointed his lieutenant, and retained his own freedom of action unhampered by a public announcement of an impossible resignation. The only mode by which his present determination can be carried into effect, and the Opposition regain that solidarity which is important for the transaction of public business, would be to accept a peerage. Otherwise the new leader must be either Mr. Gladstone's *locum tenens* or his successful rival. An abdication may be justifiable, and the reasons assigned in this case are sufficient, but it should be completed. If you retain your supremacy, which in this case is personal and not official, you must perform or delegate the duties which are incident to it: discipline cannot be established whilst a *vis major* may at any moment sever the bonds of allegiance.

The position is utterly unprecedented in political warfare. Sir R. Peel and Lord John Russell were both dislodged from the leadership of their party; but in each case the whole party of its own free will transferred its allegiance to another chief, competent to hold the ground as his own. In the present instance, all through the recess, especially since his pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, every Liberal meeting in England has rung with cheers for Mr. Gladstone. His supremacy in the party is unquestioned; and it remains to be seen whether he can put it from him, as a discarded cloak, and at the same time remain a member of that party.

The truth is, that with all his great qualities and transcendent powers, Mr. Gladstone has, throughout his life, been the spoiled child of political fortune. He never, till the eve of his leadership, had had to struggle to undergo "the stern discipline that chastens human vanity," and to learn the virtue of patience and the fortitude of self-control from standing on his own resources. As the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle, and the favourite pupil of Sir R. Peel for fifteen years, he was, with all his brilliant powers, nursed and coddled into statesmanship; as the gifted son of Oxford University, he found for another eighteen years a safe refuge from a popular constituency; and the first time he won a contested election against all comers was three months before Lord Palmerston's death. During those eighteen years his great financial battles were fought and triumphs won under the protecting ægis, first of Lord John Russell, and then of Lord Palmerston; and those who remember the campaigns of 1860 and 1861 will recall how his imperious temper and impatient

resolves were overruled for his own good by more experienced wisdom and more disciplined judgment. When at last he was brought face to face with his still greater rival, bereft of his protectors, each on his own resources, in four months he was ousted from power. During that time he never once got the large majority which he had inherited from Lord Palmerston into hand; the whole country was talking of his faults of temper and blunders in management; and in despair he resorted to resignation in order to teach his party obedience. Mr. Disraeli, dealing with a House which was returned on no definite issue, and emphatically called for guidance, won his legislative triumphs in the matter of Parliamentary Reform by sheer superiority over his rival in the management of men and the leadership of party. Until last year he has never had a majority; but he carried his measures over his rival's head, and with all the odds against him won the Premiership first. A temper which alternates between imperious dictation and brooding despondency, was ill fitted to conduct with success a Parliamentary campaign against a leader who was always master of himself, and always equal to the occasion. Accordingly, the Liberal candidate for power, beaten at all points, staked everything on one desperate throw and won; but it is a game which cannot be repeated. The country gave him a splendid majority, and Mr. Gladstone used his power with the constituencies to rule his followers with a rod of iron. As his influence with the country waned, the true relations between leader and followers again became apparent. On the one side was a lofty, and almost Vatican, claim to absolute submission, and lately an implacable

resentment against desertion and defeat; on the other, the real attitude of mind was disclosed in the fulsome flattery, cajolery, denunciation, and sarcasm which have been alternately expended upon him in Parliament and in public. The relationship between them has never approached to that spirit, on the part of the followers, of deference and loyalty which Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston, on different grounds, uniformly commanded. Under these circumstances, there is no correlative cordiality in the mind of the leader, and he accordingly sees no public advantage in undertaking a task for which none of his antecedents fit him in point of acquired temper or natural sympathies—viz., that of a patient reconstruction of the party fortunes. A man who has squandered two large majorities in less than ten years, and exhausted an overpowering enthusiasm in his favour, has become unfitted, especially in his declining years, for the task of leading a forlorn-hope, and renovating the spirit and confidence of his defeated followers. The Liberals have no right to expect that he should devote himself heart and soul to this task; but it is an aggravation of their difficulties and disasters that by his presence he should render the task impossible to others.

And if the leader, with all his unrivalled genius, has twice fought a winning game with imperiousness and failed, and now recoils from the irksome task of fighting a losing game with patience and something of that majestic self-control which he has never learnt, what are we to say to the followers, now reduced to a condition so justly entitled to the indulgence of compassion? We say that they richly deserve their fate; and we trust that the severe lesson

which they have received will teach them more moderation and respect for others than they have learnt in the heyday of prosperity.

The divisions which they have established and encouraged in their ranks have not merely ruined their strength, but have placed them before the world in a position of absurdity and ridicule. In five years the party passed from an attitude of mere servile obedience to Mr. Gladstone's dictation to one of tumultuous competition for the honour of denouncing his policy, dictating his future course, or of preparing to supersede him. Any member of the party anxious for distinction found a short cut to notoriety by starting some impossible croquet, and threatening defection and irreconcilable hostility if it were not forthwith inscribed on the Liberal banner. Even provincial mayors, with no moral or intellectual authority, were heard loudly demanding that a great crisis should be immediately produced in the interests of the party, and as a modest opening for themselves; and that if the great leader, who was a statesman before they were born, was not at once prepared to advance, he must get out of the road and make way for younger and more active men. The total anarchy which prevailed was brought to their notice long before the dissolution. Their friends implored them to learn moderation and wisdom; their opponents, ourselves included, protested against the affairs of the country remaining in the hands of a divided, discredited, and obsolete faction. In their adversity they have as yet learned nothing. The children of Israel murmuring in the desert would be as promising a subject for political guidance. Every man amongst them, however little known to fame, or sustained by the posses-

sion of political ability, considers himself entitled to deplore Mr. Gladstone's shortcomings or his ecclesiastical proclivities, and to flaunt "Liberal principles" in his face—that convenient and elastic expression which was always the favourite platform from which to assail the Minister, just as any ritualistic priest will flourish "the Church" in the face of his Bishop. Unfortunately a Liberal Party Regulation Bill was out of the question; and accordingly, the strained relations between leader and followers have burst asunder, and their former chief deserts them at the commencement of a campaign, and does not even condescend to the ceremony of transferring his mantle to a successor.

The result is, that for a time the Liberal party has ceased to exist. The time has not yet arrived for reviewing its career with the im-

partiality of the future. It has produced or attracted to its ranks many great men; and it has a long catalogue of achievements and failures to arrest the attention of history. But its collapse has been signal and complete. We stand now at the commencement of a new epoch in history. New, or rather very old questions are coming to the front: and what is known as Liberalism has now ceased to cast its spell over the intellect and sympathies of the age. Fortunately this crisis in the fate of our opponents has found the Tory party renovated, united and strong; and, thanks to the guidance through so many years of doubt and despair by its two great leaders, the late Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, it is now established as the party of the future to which England gladly intrusts its fortunes and looks for the guidance of its destinies.



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VOL. CXVII.

LORD LYTTON'S SPEECHES.

By the prompt publication of his father's collected speeches, Lord Lytton has earned that double portion of gratitude which is accorded to him who, when he gives, gives quickly. We hailed with satisfaction the early announcement that they were to be given to the world with as little delay as possible; and we have perused them with delight, and with a sense of profit which we think will be shared by many sorts and conditions of readers. The general public—more familiar with other sides of Lord Lytton's intellectual life than with that which finds expression in these volumes, and turning to them rather as a literary recreation than a political study—will find their expectations more than fulfilled. Here they will discover all that scholarly finish of style, all that width of erudition, those graceful excursions of a delightful fancy, and those luminous results of earnest thought, with which his other

works have familiarised them. And let us hope that, with such, something more than a pleasant literary recollection will remain after perusal, and that the ideas which animate these pages will bear fruit in many lives. For politicians—for those who are occupied, either as theorists or as practical men, in the science of politics—it would be difficult to overestimate their interest. But the full force and importance of this book is for those who are about to enter on a political career, with the honest desire to do their duty as Englishmen.

Exhumed from the pages of Hansard—which, for the general public at least, constitute the tomb rather than the museum of our parliamentary eloquence—or rescued from less authorised receptacles, or now published for the first time, the contents of these volumes take their place by the side of Lord Lytton's other works, and complete the case

Speeches of Edward Lord Lytton, now first collected; with some of his Political Writings hitherto unpublished, and a Prefatory Memoir by his Son. In Two Vols. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1874.

with which his fame stands before the bar of contemporary opinion exactly as it will appear before that of posterity. Second to none of his other performances as evidences of mental power, they possess a higher moral significance than any of them, inasmuch as they display, in a clearer light, the *motive*, and touch with a firmer emphasis the *keynote*, which formed the inspiration and the basis of all his intellectual achievements.

All readers of Lord Lytton's novels must have been struck with the motives and the philosophy which guide the ideal lives and enrich the sage utterances of the best of those philosophic heroes and heroic philosophers who live and move, and act and teach, among the splendid multitudes peopling that kingdom which he has added to the world of fiction. But as no author can be held as sympathising with the depravity, in sentiment or action, which he attributes to characters introduced as types of bad men and women; so, on the other hand, he cannot expect to be credited with all the excellences of his virtuous types. Indeed, it is perhaps not too much to say that the higher the genius of the writer—the greater the individuality of his characters—the less chance will there be that, either for praise or blame, his own moral attributes shall be confounded with those of his creations. Hence, valuable though fiction may be as an indirect instrument for moral and philosophical teaching, much of its force is lost, not merely by lack of concentration, but, and chiefly, by the absence of *authority*. To be completely authoritative, a teacher must be personally responsible for his own doctrine. Now the sentiments of imaginary personages, however much they may combine elevation with solidity, are inevitably discredited in the eyes

of the general reader by the medium through which they reach him. He is too apt to look upon them as merely the dramatic attributes of certain characters which the author proposes to delineate. As a rule, he seeks only amusement; and if his attitude is critical at all, it is rather that of the art-critic than of the philosophical inquirer: and so he regards them less from the point of view of their *instructiveness*, than of their fitness or unfitness to assist the development of the writer's design. In these volumes, however, we have the teacher speaking in his own character, under every condition of responsibility, in language most emphatic and distinct; and, side by side with the records of what he thought as the political theorist, we read the records of what he did and said as the practical politician. Thus we are able to remark how the issues of his own career grew forth, as legitimate fruit, from the doctrines which he taught. And hence the higher moral significance of this book, wherein we find practice vindicating for precept the authority which sincerity gives, and without which sanction, hearing ears will not be lent to the voice of the teacher, nor the lives of men be submitted to the influence of his lessons.

We have said that the fullest value of this publication is for the rising generation of politicians; and we say so in no partisan spirit, as implying the desire that all the rising generation should move in one groove, as the disciples of one political school. But we say so for the following reasons. Let us remember that such doctrines and opinions as profoundly affect the lives of nations are seldom the product of a single generation. They require more—sometimes many more—than one, to fill in what was sketchy or to mature what was crude.

The spirit of each age through which they pass before reaching axiomatic rank, constitutes the moulding and correcting influence. Necessarily, therefore, if the spirit of an age be morbid, its influence upon doctrines will be pernicious; whereas, if it be healthy, it will either suppress unsound doctrines altogether, or transmit them to the next stage of their development purged of impure elements. And so of the gravest importance, as affecting the political spirit of an age, must be the influence which the teaching and example of a great public man exerts upon the youth of the generation, while still unwarped by the bias of party, while still warm with the generous aspirations of youth. The influence may be for good or for evil—it will certainly be great; and where, as in Lord Lytton's case, their young enthusiasm is awakened by the splendid achievements and successes of the man, while their attention is conciliated by his constant sympathy with youthful hopes and efforts, the influence must be very great indeed; and happily, in the instance before us, it will be in the highest degree salutary. For what will they learn from this book, which contains the epitome of Lord Lytton's political philosophy and the record of his political actions? with what kind of spirit ought its pages to inspire them? Anticipating the result of a critical analysis, we venture to say that it will teach them that it is impossible to aspire too nobly; but that aspiration without effort is not only fruitless, but poisonous to the moral and intellectual life. Inculcating the heroic standard, it will at the same time show them that, to harmonise the results of a life with such a standard, nothing will avail but earnestness in purpose, and patience, perseverance,

and *thoroughness* in action. It will offer them the exemplar of a career in which the true ends of political life were felt to be the good and improvement of the body politic, and not personal aggrandisement, and in which political action was constantly dictated by sincere, and, because sincere, unselfish patriotism. It will teach them that though "party," as an institution, is essential to the equilibrium of the State, party allegiance ought to be subordinated, on questions of vital moment, to a conscientious conviction of what is necessary for the good of the country.

It appears to us that these are noble lessons, worthy of acceptance by all who, of whatever party, seek to be guided by sincere patriotism. That prime element of political morality ennobled Lord Lytton's political career from its commencement to its close; and we cannot breathe a better wish for our country than that its youth may listen to his teaching and follow his example. Important, therefore, as we consider this publication, the importance, from the point of view in question, of its early publication, was in a direct ratio with its intrinsic value. And we feel that, in resisting the temptation to reserve for the comprehensive history of his father's life some valuable illustrative matter, Lord Lytton has done a loyal service to the country, and has thereby all the more piously executed the trust bequeathed him by the illustrious testator.

The contents of the volumes before us naturally resolve themselves into three divisions: the prefatory Memoir, illustrated by a few fragmentary letters and memoranda, and a remarkable essay on the Genius of Conservatism; the parliamentary speeches, either spoken or prepared for delivery; and lastly, the occa-

sional addresses upon topics connected with literature and social science.

The Memoir itself infringes but little on the province of that complete biography which we are promised. It is a history of opinions rather than of the events of a life; and the latter are chronicled not so much for their own sake as explanatory of the development or modification of the former. What we are told as to the events, may be very briefly summarised. A political apprenticeship, served in the Union Debating Society at Cambridge, prepared the then Mr. Edward Bulwer to commence his political career at an early age; and the connection between university life and public life (arising out of the system of nomination boroughs) which then existed, but which was dissolved by the Reform Act of '32, procured his entrance into the Legislature as member for St. Ives, in 1831. So that it was through the medium of what his son calls "the one felicitous accident of a system otherwise condemnable," that he was brought into the House just in time to inaugurate his career by assisting to overthrow the system in question.

Among his contemporaries in the University Debating Society were several men afterwards distinguished; and among others, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, Winthrop Praed, Dr. Kennedy of Shrewsbury, Charles Buller, and Charles Villiers. And, on one or two occasions, Macaulay, though their senior, and not then in residence at Cambridge, came to take part in their discussions. From what his son says, we gather that although Bulwer passed through all the grades of official distinction at the Union, his eminence was not due so much to mere oratorical excellence as to the thoroughness with which he mastered all the details of a subject,

and the force with which he grasped the real merits of a question.

On entering Parliament in 1831, he took his place in the Liberal ranks, mainly influenced, no doubt, by the attitude of that party with regard to the question of Parliamentary Reform. His son tells us that he was all his life "a reformer aiming at improvement;" and for a young man of such a bias, the anomalies which marked the old electoral system would stand out in such strong relief as to blind him to its other elements of compensation and advantage. At the general election which followed the passing of the Reform Bill in '32, he received overtures of support from no less than three constituencies, attention having been attracted to him by his agitation for the removal of taxes upon knowledge—a reform which he was the first to advocate in Parliament, and which he supported with his vote from the Conservative benches when a Liberal Minister carried it in 1855. Of the three seats placed at his disposal, he selected Lincoln, guided in his choice by the identity of his views with those of that constituency—and which were opposed to the repeal of the Corn Laws.

The question of Constitutional Reform being settled by the Act of '32, he continued during the next few years to work zealously for reforms of other descriptions, inaugurating and supporting several measures which aimed at the moral and intellectual improvement of the people.

In 1834, on the dismissal of the Whigs from office, he published his celebrated "Letter to the late Cabinet Minister on the Crisis." The influence of this publication upon the opinion of the country was so great, that Lord Melbourne attributed to it, in no small degree, the result of the general election issuing in the restoration of the

Liberal Government; and in acknowledgment of this service, Mr. Bulwer had an offer of office pressed on his acceptance. This promotion was declined, partly from unwillingness to surrender political independence, and partly because his literary labours at that time were of most engrossing interest to him. The offer, we may remark, was not renewed at any subsequent period by the Liberal chiefs; and, indeed, his son states that, during the eleven years (1841-1852) of his father's absence from Parliament, he had to complain of something more than neglect at the hands of the party, whose agents and leaders consistently strove to prevent his return to the Legislature.

In 1841 the first section of his political life was brought to a close by the loss of his seat at the general election in that year.

His son sums up the amount of his labours, in and out of Parliament, while he sat on the Liberal side of the House, and justly pronounces his intellectual industry and fertility to have been astonishing during this period. Not only was he taking an energetic part in the legislation of the day in his place in the House, but indirectly, through the press, he was influencing the Legislature, and suggesting schemes and ideas which were destined to form the bases of many admirable measures. Among the chief objects of his activity, we may again mention the removal of imposts upon knowledge—his efforts in which cause reached, during this period, the first stage of their success; the Act conferring copyright on dramatic authors, which he originated; the reform of our Poor-Law system, which was indebted to him for many valuable suggestions; the amendment of the Factory Act of 1833, which he strongly supported; and the aboli-

tion of property in slaves, still corruptly tolerated — on which question he achieved what his son describes as his greatest parliamentary success, by a speech which had the rare fortune to decide the result of a division, and procure a majority for the side on which it was delivered. There are many others besides these, which we have not space to enumerate; but on all of them his conduct, let us remark, was obviously inspired by that love of improvement so characteristic of the man.

Retiring, as he did, from Parliament in 1841, and not returning to it till 1852, the intervening period of his life does not come within the cognisance of a purely political memoir; but, during this interval, though engaged in producing the most distinguished of his literary works, and in the management of a large property now inherited, his interest was never withdrawn from public events, whether domestic or foreign. Evidences of this are supplied in some of the political and other fragments which illustrate the Memoir, but of which we will speak farther on.

In 1852, he (now Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton) returned to Parliament as one of the three Conservative members for the county of Hertford. His son very lucidly vindicates the implied change of party. He reminds us that the programme of the Whig section of the Liberal party was exhausted when those constitutional reforms which his father advocated were carried into effect. Henceforth any movement in the same direction was likely to be dictated by the Radical adherents of the party, with whose advanced views on such questions Sir Edward Lytton, content with what had been achieved, could not agree. Moreover, the Liberalism of

the day was vitally affected by the tenets of the Manchester school; and certain economic doctrines which he opposed throughout his entire career had grown from open questions into tests of party allegiance. On the other hand, the disruption of the party formerly led by Sir R. Peel had all but annihilated Toryism—in the original sense of the term. Many of Peel's followers had gone over to the Liberal ranks; joining a party for the moment, as Lord Lytton puts it, "less identified with the constitutional reforms which the Tories had opposed, than with the principles of economic reform to which they had been converted."

The remnant of the late Tory party, opposed in principle to these economic doctrines, but accepting the constitutional reforms which the old Tory party had resisted, now appealed, again to quote directly from Lord Lytton, "to popular sympathy, as the Conservatives of a reformed constitution, which had, twenty years before, been presented to the nation as the perfection of popular freedom and political sagacity."

It is quite obvious that, unless Sir Edward Lytton chose to stultify himself by sacrificing all his own principles for the sake of fidelity, not to a party—for it had half lost its identity—but to a mere party name, it was with this Conservative party that he must now act. He had prepared the way for this movement by refusing to stand for the Liberal borough of Westminster, on the ground that he was at variance with the Liberal party on economic questions; and in 1851, in his "Letters to John Bull," he manifested the opinions which for seventeen years he had entertained on these matters, and indicated that, in acting up to them and his other principles, he was impelled to support the party which Lord Derby now led. Such is, in effect, the case

which the son submits for the father—a satisfactory answer, it seems to us, to the charge of political apostasy. One party left him, another came to him—he moved but little himself. His change was geographical, simply: "*sedem non animum mutavit.*"

In all the grave questions which made memorable the ten years succeeding his return to public life, Sir Edward Lytton was actively and authoritatively engaged; and this part of his parliamentary career was by far the richest in those oratorical efforts which it is the main object of this publication to preserve.

The Crimean war—its origin, its conduct,—the negotiations which marked its progress, its close, and its net results for the nations engaged in it, and for Europe in general; no subject, during the last fifty years, has more profoundly occupied the thoughts and interests of Englishmen, or provoked more bitter controversy, lasting even to this day. How much Sir Edward Lytton occupied himself in public about it, will be seen by the numerous speeches which he devotes to its various phases; and not the least interesting of the private letters and memoranda embodied in the preface are those which bear upon the same topic.

Next after the discussions on the Crimean war, those on the war with China, which he opposed, on the transference of India to the Crown, which he also opposed, and various fiscal questions connected with the Excise Duties and the Income Tax,—were the principal matters in which he took part prior to his promotion, as Secretary for the Colonies, in Lord Derby's Government of 1858. Without any previous training to official life in subordinate capacities, he threw himself into the duties of that onerous position with characteristic zeal and thoroughness,

which so amply compensated for the want of a routine experience that his son is justified in pronouncing his brief career of office to have been "pregnant in results." His principal achievement, as Colonial Secretary, was undoubtedly "the calling into existence of the magnificent colony of British Columbia;" but further on, our attention will be more fully directed to this point of his career.

In 1859, the question of Parliamentary Reform having been again brought before Parliament, and by the Conservative party, Sir Edward Lytton was able, from the nature of the bill introduced, to co-operate cordially with his colleagues' efforts to expand the electoral system.

In the following year, with still greater vigour, he opposed Lord John Russell's measure on the same subject, believing the principle on which it rested an extension of the franchise to be unsound.

In 1866, he resisted a similar bill on similar grounds, and made his last speech in the House of Commons in opposition to it.

In July of that year he was called to the House of Lords, by the title of Baron Lytton of Knebworth, having, as we are led to understand, declined to enter Lord Derby's Cabinet, on the ground that his physical strength was unequal to the strain of official life. From various fortuitous circumstances, he never addressed the Upper House in a formal speech, though we find in this collection six speeches, upon as many subjects (among others, one in support of the Reform Bill of 1867), which were prepared for delivery in that assembly; and his son tells us, that these are merely selections from numerous drafts of speeches composed with the same view. After his elevation to the peerage, his old infirmity of deafness increased so as to interfere with his power of fol-

lowing a debate; and this, with other bodily ailments, inclined him, in his latter years, to forego public life in favour of those labours of the study which resulted in that splendid aftermath of his literary genius still so fresh to the public.

Such is the skeleton outline of Lord Lytton's political career, which the contents of these volumes enable us to fill in, so that we have it before us in complete form and substance, and with it the vital principles which gave it energy and direction. If we were to define generally the great motive power which influenced his life, we should say it was a passion for *improvement*; and the forces by which this principle was to be carried out were patient labour, perseverance, and thoroughness—all inspired by that enlightened patriotism which is one of the expressions of pure philanthropy. The application of his master-principle began with himself. Self-culture was his life-long habit. We find him inculcating it on all who came under his influence, and inviting the co-operation of others that the range of its efficacy might be extended. Whether he is addressing an assembly of schoolboys or the *comitia* of a university, or the members of a mechanics' institute; whether he is instructing a colonial governor who is his subordinate, or suggesting schemes to his own political chief,—for all he has the same adjurations, "Improve yourselves," or "Enlarge for others the means and the motives for self-improvement." The incentive to self-improvement in his own case was, his son tells us, in comparing a trait in his character with a corresponding one in that of Goethe, "always an intense desire to be instrumental in the improvement of his fellow-creatures;" and he says of himself, that "his ideal aim, in relation to popular liberty, was to elevate the

masses in character and feeling," and "to aristocratise the community." The nearer this heroic standard could be approached by the English people, the greater would be the influence exercised by England over other nations—an influence which he desired, because, if so obtained, it could not fail to be beneficial to mankind.

Thus, with him, the spheres as well as the motives for self-improvement were personal, patriotic, and philanthropic—three links completing the chain which connects the sympathies and destinies, moral and social, of the unit with those of the race.

It has been remarked of Lord Lytton that, distinguished as his intellectual history was by growth and progress, there was a singular maturity in his youth, and a remarkable youthfulness in his maturity; and this was to some extent due to the firm grasp which, while young, he took of the principle we have been discussing, and which, strengthening with his own development, gave a perennial vigour to all his efforts. The general motive power of his life being thus *improvement*, the motive power of his political life was simply the application of this principle to that special department of his activity.

Now, between this spirit of improvement which implies healthy progress—at fitting times—and the spirit of restless change which involves perpetual progress, no matter in what direction, there is, of course, the widest distinction. No one recognised the distinction more clearly than Lord Lytton—and his recognition of it affected, as we have seen, his relations with parties. But whatever tends really to improve a Constitution, must tend to preserve it; and thus, in political matters, improvement by healthy and well-timed progress is equivalent to the

doctrine of conservation by improvement, which was the logical issue of Lord Lytton's master-principle, and the cardinal point alike in his political creed and in his social philosophy.

Let us now look into these volumes and verify, as we are confident we can do, all that we have attributed to Lord Lytton as the motives of his public conduct. The highroad to every sort of national improvement is, obviously, education. Education was therefore the first object of his attention; and the earliest of the fragments which enrich the prefatory Memoir are portions of letters on this subject addressed to Lord John Russell, then (in 1846) at the head of affairs. Lord John had included "Social Reform" in his Ministerial programme; and his distinguished correspondent had designed to direct his attention, by these letters, to that branch of the subject which contemplates improved instruction for the people. His views were confined neither to merely intellectual education nor to the instruction of children: they took a wider scope.—comprehending, in addition, a special system of industrial training, varying with the requirements of localities; and also Government aid in affording to adults the means of acquiring instruction in such sciences as might bear upon their daily avocations. From this complex scheme he perceived that, besides all the other advantages of education, two grand national gains would directly issue,—1st, the national wealth would be immensely multiplied; and 2d, the growth of a criminal population in the great towns would be promptly arrested.

He contemplated, therefore, such a system of education as should secure the moral and material, as well as the intellectual, progress of the nation. If we turn to his speeches,

we find that he never lost an opportunity of promoting the cause of popular enlightenment, which, indeed, of all public objects, was the one nearest to his heart. His four speeches on the Newspaper Stamp Duty are remarkable for their argumentative lucidity, and for the familiarity which they evince with the practical details of a question somewhat clouded in its moral and political aspects by contact with fiscal considerations. But they are still more remarkable for the warmth with which he demands for the people freedom of access to every channel through which instruction and intelligence may reach them. The restrictions upon newspaper circulation which formerly existed, were so severe as to be, in so far as the great body of the people were concerned, altogether prohibitory. Endless evils resulted from this state of things. The people were not only deprived of that knowledge of passing events—including changes in the laws bearing on their condition and conduct—which it was essential for them to possess; they also lost, in being shut out from the newspapers, an easy system of mental training, which familiarised uncultured minds with the habit of reading, and smoothed the way, while it furnished an inducement, to more extended study. Nor was this all, nor even the worst. By the excessiveness of a tax, smuggling is invariably engendered; and by the excessiveness of the imposts upon newspapers, the country was flooded with all manner of contraband publications. Violating the law by their very existence, it was vain to expect from them sound opinions or wholesome doctrines; and as a matter of fact, what the people did find in them were distorted statements of public events, and social and political theories which, however crude

and untenable they might be, yet exercised a dangerous and depraving influence upon the ignorant classes to whom they were addressed. No correcting influence was available. The newspaper stamp duty withheld the replies of order and respectability from those who stood in need of guidance; and since respectability and order could not adopt illegal weapons to vindicate themselves against their antagonists, the very illegality of the contraband sheets insured for them an undisputed sway over the popular mind. The price of the illegal sheet was one penny, that of the legal newspaper was sevenpence: thus, as Bulwer epigrammatically put it, "the poison sold for a penny, and the antidote for sevenpence." His speeches against the taxes upon knowledge, although they have no longer the interest which attaches to a subject still unsettled, are well worthy of the closest attention. They illustrate to perfection many of his political motives, and bring out in a strong light his hatred of class antagonism, and that reliance on the fundamental right-mindedness of the English people which distinguished him, as it distinguishes his friend and colleague, the present Premier. One or two short extracts will illustrate the point of view from which he regarded the effects of education upon the relations between the governing and the governed:—

"Do not let us believe that there is anything in the diffusion of information which is hostile to our political security! At this moment, when throughout so many nations we see the people at war with their institutions, the world presents to us two great, may they be impressive, examples! In Denmark, a despotism without discontent—in America, a republic without change! The cause is the same with both—in both the people are universally educated. What con-

soles mankind for inequality in condition like the consciousness that there is no barrier at least to equality in intelligence? We have heard enough in this House of the necessity of legislating for property and intelligence; let us now feel the necessity of legislating for poverty and ignorance! At present we are acquainted with the poorer part of our fellow-countrymen only by their wrongs, their murmurs, their misfortunes, and their crimes; let us at last open happier and wiser channels of communication between them and us."

A little further on he inquires, "Is it not time to consider whether the printer and his types may not provide better for the peace and honour of a free State than the jailer and the hangman? whether, in one word, cheap knowledge may not be a better political agent than costly punishment?" In another of these speeches he says, "I call upon the noble Lord to repeal this tax, because it is the great national obstacle to knowledge;" and again:—

"It is above all things necessary that whatever changes may be forced by the multitude upon their rulers, shall emanate from their enlightenment, and not from their passion or their blindness. If there is a spectacle which all true patriots, all statesmen of large views, behold with exultation or delight, it is the gradual rise of a great people into power by the necessary and safe consequence of knowledge alone. But if, on the other hand, there is one prospect from which all honest men recoil with dread, it is, in times of difficulty and trouble, the advance of the giant force of a democracy from whom the opportunities of knowledge have been carefully excluded; who, therefore, have only the stimulus of want, without the perception of relief, and who are exactly calculated to frustrate the objects of liberty, because they are impatient of restraint. I call upon the noble Lord to preserve us from that danger; I call upon the noble Lord to fulfil the pledge which his public character, for

nearly thirty years, has given to the country in favour of his attachment to the diffusion of knowledge; I call upon the noble Lord to be alive to the high ambition worthy his principles and his name—to open the prison-house of the mind—to remove the fiscal chains that now fetter and cramp opinion—and finding knowledge the monopoly of the rich, to leave it the inheritance of the poor."

All these quoted words were spoken from the Liberal benches; but he carried the same sentiments to the Conservative side of the House, and showed that, even from a party point of view, the Conservatives ought to share them. Speaking, in 1855, for the last time, on the newspaper stamp question, then on the eve of settlement, he asks:—

"Are we not bound, we Conservatives bound especially, to justify resistance to wanton inroads on that constitution, by showing that it needs no hazardous Reform Bill to give to the people every access to knowledge—every facility to make themselves better and wiser? And it is because I believe this to be our duty and our policy as true Conservatives; it is because I hail an occasion to show that we do not dread the good sense of the humblest class of our countrymen in any fair discussion between them and us; it is because I am convinced that, as we widen the field of literature, we raise up new champions for ourselves, and best counteract the poison to which a worthless law now forbids the antidote—that I give to the main principle of this measure my most cordial and hearty support."

The crusade against the taxes upon knowledge, in which Mr. Hume and Mr. Milner Gibson deserve to be remembered with Lord Lytton as champions on the popular side, was carried on somewhat intermittently for a period of thirty years; but each renewal of the agitation was marked by a partial success for the cause of enlightenment. After a series of reduc-

tions, the stamp duty was finally abolished in 1855; the advertisement duty had been previously removed; and the fall of the paper tax in 1861 cleared away the last restriction imposed by the Legislature upon the diffusion of knowledge. We have now had fourteen years' experience of this complete emancipation. Evils, indeed, there may be to deplore in connection with it, as with all other human arrangements; still the net result is so unequivocally beneficent, that Lord Lytton, who justified his action on the question by predicting issues which have actually followed, derives therefrom as strong a claim to the credit of political prevision as to the nobler renown of a generous philanthropy. It is not likely that in the last generation there were many who entertained such a jealousy of the masses as inspired them with a conscious desire to keep the people down by keeping them ignorant; it is at least certain that few among the number had the courage of their opinions. The proverbial danger of "a little learning" was relied upon by the opponents of popular enlightenment as a substantial reason for shutting out the light altogether; that is to say, from fear of incurring the risk of some concomitant evils, they were willing to forego certain grand advantages, altogether out of proportion to the disadvantages, which were, after all, not essentially, but only contingently, concurrent.

A little learning is of course, in one sense, a dangerous thing; but it is not questionable that total ignorance is, in every relation, a far greater evil. Yet, even supposing that this were not the case, there was no warrant for assuming that knowledge among the people must continue crude or elementary. The possession of light begets the desire for more light, and the demand for

knowledge increases in a direct ratio with the growth of knowledge; for the early revelation that knowledge is power gives a magical impulse to the energy of its pursuit. But Lord Lytton was, of all men, unlikely to shun the consideration of points which might tell against the object which his temperament led him to favour. Prejudice and predilection had nothing to do with his convictions, which were based upon conclusions arrived at by processes of research and induction singularly patient and philosophical. And indeed it is quite obvious, from the fulness and elaboration of his speeches, that he never made a public appearance upon any question until all sides of it had been scrutinised with judicial impartiality. It was this thoroughness which made him at once the most candid and the most formidable of antagonists; for, so far from avoiding the strongest positions of his opponent, he constantly addressed himself primarily to them, and only began to build up his own case when that of the opposition lay in ruins before the assaults of his logic. This "little learning" difficulty was therefore not at all likely to escape him; and so, when all legislative restrictions upon the spread of intelligence had been removed, he was not satisfied to leave knowledge to develop itself according to the natural law by which its progress, when thus freed, though gradual, would be inevitable. He sought to assist the action of the natural law, to stimulate the growth (to use his own metaphor) of "the divine plant of education," by artificial expedients. He wished to foster the desire for education by encouraging "its results carried to the highest"—that is to say, by offering to art, literature, and science, the supreme encouragement of rewards and honours conferred by the

State; and he suggested a variety of methods whereby this principle might be carried out. Other purely material inducements to self-culture were directly involved in that branch of his dual system of education which contemplated industrial training and Government support for mechanics' institutes. And lastly, recurring to his firm faith in Englishmen—to his belief that, underlying all their grave defects of character, there is a deep-rooted sympathy with what is upright and generous and good—he insisted that, if all the influences of educated intelligence were consistently directed to keeping before the nation an ideal standard of excellence in connection with the national character, the quickened moral sense of the people would materially aid those other and less heroic incentives to self-culture. In all his own efforts as a public man, he aimed unceasingly at this object. Love for England and pride in England—these were the watch-words he proposed for every Englishman; and that the words might not be mere unmeaning sentimentalisms, he wished to make every Englishman feel himself responsible for the national credit—responsible that, in so far as his own individual action could affect the matter, England should be increasingly worthy of love and pride. In this sense he addressed himself to individuals as well as to classes of all kinds—high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, young and old. There is scarcely a speech in this collection where the idea is not brought forward and reiterated. It is the stimulant which he offers to the efforts of the veteran statesman; it is the aspiration with which he seeks to kindle the young ambition of the schoolboy. All his motives and actions are so instinct with this wide and living patriotism

that he rises above class distinctions. He is for England first of all, and not for any special section of English society. In one of his speeches he tells the members of a mechanics' institute that there is not a single class in the country of which he would not have been proud had he been born a member of it, of which he could not have said, "I belong to the class which has made England great." Thus he had an indisputable right to approach all sections of the community, and to claim their sympathy when he demanded from each an unenvious concession of the rights of others, and a loyal acceptance of that bond of brotherhood with which he thought that the common name of Englishman should unite the entire nation. Men may smile at such beliefs as utopian, and ridicule as illusory such expedients for promoting the national culture; and, indeed, in an age like this, with its cosmopolitan ideas and utilitarian scepticism, the words may sound somewhat anachronistic. But, after all, may it not be that they are only utopian and illusory because the educated intelligence of the day which moulds the plastic mind of the people has chosen to adopt a baser standard, and to inculcate less exalted motives? and only anachronistic, because the man has come, but not the hour? We do not abandon the hope that the hour will come. If we could believe that the voice of Lord Lytton's patriotism was but an echo from the past, which might have had import and virtue for a bygone age, but which can have nothing to do with us, or with those who are to succeed us—then, indeed, we should despair of the destinies of the country. But this we refuse to believe; we prefer not to abandon hope; we had rather run the risk of being

over-sanguine with Lord Lytton, than accept the alternative which would join us to the scepticism of smaller men.

Having thus seen how his master-principle of improvement was developed in relation to the intellectual, moral, and material wellbeing of the community, let us now consider it as it bore upon the condition of the people, considered as the body politic. With all his broad and generous views—liberal in the truest sense of the term—for the culture and general improvement of the people, Lord Lytton was, heart and soul, an aristocrat. But so far from his aristocratism and his liberalism being antagonistic to one another, the latter was a direct corollary from the former. His aristocratism was national—not sectional, nor exclusive; for his theory was to aristocratise the whole community. His liberalism was thus also national, and not sectional nor destructive; for it contemplated the elevation of all and the subversion of none.

In his "Essay on Conservatism," which is printed for the first time in this collection, he tells us that, on examining the vital principles of the English State, "the characteristic that will most strike an intelligent observer is the prevalence of aristocracy. But it is an aristocracy very peculiar in practice, and realising to a considerable extent the ideal *ἀριστοκρατεία* of the Greeks."

Aristocracy means, as he further on explains it, the "general influence, both on laws and on society, of the chief men or the best, whether in character, intelligence, property, or birth;" and to aristocratise the community implies the elevation of the masses "in character and feeling to that standard which Conservatism seeks in aristocracy, so that the greatest liberty to the greatest number should not be the

brief and hazardous effect of a sudden revolutionary law, but the gradual result of that intellectual power to which liberty is indispensable." And here we are struck with the harmony which subsists between his social and his political philosophy, observing how the virtue of education and intelligence are fundamentally recognised in both,—in the former, as being the most reliable bulwark of the social fabric; in the latter, as the cardinal principle upon which our political system ought to hinge.

The first grand desideratum for the solid foundation of the social fabric is, of course, to obtain guarantees for order; and the surest—because the most permanent—guarantee for order is, that all classes, and especially the lower strata of society (from which quarter order is most likely to be assailed), should be freed from the influences of prejudice and passion by enlightenment. From this point of view, therefore—if, in seeking after social stability, you go to the root of the matter—you must educate the people; and this is what Lord Lytton wished to do. Again, that which a sound political system mainly contemplates is, to preserve the wellbeing of the social fabric by such machinery as shall secure the largest amount of liberty compatible with order. In our political system, complex as it is, and combining in itself many nice adaptations from other and even antagonistic systems, the will of the people is admitted, by an organic law of the constitution, to be a grand power in the State. Now it must be remembered that the democratic element, when once admitted, and however admixed it may be, is never an element of repose. If left without any definite check or control, its tendency is perpetually to advance and to ag-

grandise itself—sometimes with the spasmodic action of a revolutionary convulsion, sometimes by the slow but sure method of scarcely perceptible, yet continuous, aggression. Left without check or control, it progresses till despotism is invoked to save society from the terrors of anarchy; and liberty, confounded with license, is offered up with it on the altar of social order and public security. Under such a condition of things a community oscillates perpetually between liberty without order—that is to say, anarchy—and order without liberty, which is the death-in-life of nations. In a mixed constitution like ours, therefore, no political consideration is so momentous as this—how the action of the democratic element is to be regulated, so that it may work, in due and harmonious proportion, with the complementary elements, and without risk of disorganising the whole political machine.

And here again, Lord Lytton, in seeking for a theoretical solution of the problem, turned his eyes to education and intelligence. His theory was, that in our constitution popular power should be proportioned to popular intelligence; and that thus education and intelligence should be the controlling and checking influences upon the democratic element. And if an entirely new system had to be constructed, this theory might perhaps be simply enough carried out by such an elastic electoral contrivance as should, while preserving the principle, at the same time satisfy the popular aspirations.

But in Lord Lytton's time a task more difficult and complicated than the construction, *ab initio*, of an electoral system, confronted those who approached with critical eyes and improving designs the representative department of our con-

stitutional machinery. They found there an old system full of anomalies of gradual but ancient growth—with principles affirmed in theory which were latent or neutralised in practice, and with forces practically at work which were not in harmony with the theory of the original scheme. And in addition to this, the whole was so interwoven with the habits and life of the nation, and so buttressed by the prejudices of powerful classes, that no sagacious reformer could have hoped to gain, in a remodelled system, more than a partial recognition or embodiment of any abstract theory of amelioration—however philosophical it might be—nor even to gain that without compromises, and the continued toleration of anomalies. Lord Lytton's theory, that the power of the people should be proportioned to their intelligence, was not, therefore, brusquely obtruded. And, indeed, at the commencement of his career as a reformer, it would have been impolitic in him to advance it; for, between the earlier and later stages of that career, there was this grand difference, that, in the former, he considered that the constitutional rights of the people had to be asserted and fought for, while in the latter their claim to what he thought an unconstitutional preponderance in the State seemed to him to call for resistance. So that his theory was developed in the later period by the requirements of the times—that is to say, when it became evident that a checking influence upon the democratic element was necessary.

It is essential, if we would do justice to the *real* consistency of his political career, that we should bear in mind the varying circumstances which made him at different times the friend and the opponent of measures of reform. To the superficial observer those variations may.

naturally enough, suggest inconsistency; but a very slight investigation will show that, whether he opposed or supported this or that Reform Bill, his action was always consistent with the principle of giving to every class (by their *qualified* representatives) a fair and equal share of electoral power, but no more than a fair and equal share.

According, therefore, as a class was at one time unfairly eclipsed, and at another unduly preponderant, his efforts would be for or against the class in question.

The speeches in the collection before us are so numerous and so heterogeneous that, within the limits of our space, it would be impossible to undertake even a cursory glance at many of them. We shall select, therefore, for more special consideration, one or two groups of speeches, turning first to those which bear on the topic which we have now reached—that is to say, Parliamentary Reform. It is unquestionable that Lord Lytton brought his parliamentary energies to bear more upon that than upon any other question which came before the Legislature in his time; and in selecting his speeches on that topic, we feel that we not only make choice of his best oratorical achievements, but also adopt the readiest method of illustrating the points of view from which his moral and intellectual instincts, and the growing experiences of his life, led him to regard all constitutional questions.

Entering public life under the inspirations noted above, and with a temperament at once ardent and philosophical, his eyes were naturally turned to those points in our political machinery where reform seemed necessary. The defects in our representative system had resisted for generations the attacks of reformers. The fears of

revolution, inspired by Continental events, the preoccupations of a gigantic war, the prejudices of the privileged classes—these were all potent influences in favour of the *status quo*. But beyond these, and of greater moment, was the absence of unanimity among reformers themselves, and the wide disproportion between the aims which the programme of reform contemplated from time to time. From Lord Chatham's first advocacy of an inquiry into the representative system in 1766, to the passing of the Act of 1832, Reform may be said to have been in the attitude of a person who constantly raises his hand to strike—sometimes with vigour, sometimes with hesitancy—and as constantly drops it without striking the blow. There was no steady growth of opinion in a definite direction. The movement was all spasmodic, inconsistent, and irregular. At the commencement of the controversy we find doctrines more advanced than those which were apologised for or condemned as it approached its close. Thus, in 1780 the Duke of Richmond presented a bill for establishing annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and equal electoral districts; while, forty years later, Lord John Russell, then the rising apostle of Reform, was able to satisfy his zeal by no larger a proposal than that boroughs in which bribery was proved to prevail should be disenfranchised, and their rights transferred to towns with a population of 15,000.

In 1820, however, many circumstances arising out of the passing of the Catholic Relief Act—such as the disorganisation of parties, the resentment of the Tories against their leaders, &c.—had brought over a large accession of adherents to the cause of Reform; and when Belwer entered Parliament, what

was to be the final struggle was in full progress. Joining, as we have seen, the Liberal party, he sided with the Reformers. To a youthful philosopher of his complexion, the existence of anomalies indefensible upon abstract principles would appear more to be deprecated than the hazards of a change the issues of which could only be dimly foreseen. The speech which he delivered on the second reading of the second Reform Bill of 1831, is the first in this collection. It was also, we believe, his maiden speech in Parliament, and as such it is chiefly to be noted; for it falls far short of the merit of his other appearances on later Reform measures. It must be remarked, however, that its scope is avowedly far more restricted. The battle, at that time, had been fought over and over again, and the great arguments had been exhausted by the great leaders. His main object, in the speech in question, was to combat the position of anti-Reformers that the result of the bill would be to paralyse, not merely the illegitimate power of the aristocracy, but also their due and wholesome influence; and it is to be noted that, although the tone of the speech is *popular*, its motive is constitutionally Conservative.

Bulwer left Parliament, as we have seen, in 1841, and did not re-enter it till after the miscarriage of that Reform Bill which, notwithstanding the finality doctrines of the old Whigs, Lord John Russell yielded in 1852 to the pressure of his Radical supporters. The discussion of that measure does not, therefore, fall within the scope of this paper; nor shall we dwell upon that other bill (of 1854) which faded away before the absorbing interest of the Crimean war, since, in these volumes, there is no record of Bulwer's participa-

tion in the controversy which marked its languid progress to extinction. With the Reform Bill of 1859 we meet him, for the second time, as a constitutional reformer.

It will be remembered that when the Conservatives acceded to office in 1858, the question of Reform was in this condition of intermittent vitality, that it only cropped up when there was no other national issue of even moderate importance to occupy the attention of Parliament and the country. The question, however, had formed the subject of more than one Ministerial measure, and had come to be looked upon as something that could not well be dispensed with in the contrivance of any Cabinet programme. The Conservatives retaining office during 1858, rather because the Opposition was disorganised than because it was forbearing, were in such a condition of weakness that they could not well avoid any course, within the lines of Conservatism—liberally defined—which appeared to be the popular course, however partially public opinion expressed itself; and they accordingly undertook to produce a Reform Bill.

There was no inconsistency in this line of conduct. They had yielded, as a party, to the logic of facts accomplished in 1832; and never having made finality a party dogma, they were as free as any other political combination to deal with the improvement of the representative system. The bill they brought forward was distinctly such as a Conservative Government was entitled to produce. They thought the limit had been reached below which the borough franchise could not be reduced, without subordinating the principle of property, which it expressed, to that of numbers, which it would then disproportionately represent. Without mak-

ing any reduction in that quarter, therefore, they aimed at the identification of the franchise in counties with that in boroughs; while the county constituencies were to be modified by transferring from them to the town constituencies those forty-shilling freeholders who, their residences being urban, had hitherto voted in the counties. With these elements of compromise, there was to be no total disfranchisement of any borough, but only a numerically trifling interference with such as enjoyed a double representation. But by far the most interesting features in the bill were those new franchises which it was proposed to create, the principle of which was, it is fair to say, borrowed from the bill of 1854. We allude to those provisions in the bill which sought to recognise the claims of intelligence and education by enfranchising all legal practitioners, all properly registered medical practitioners, all university graduates, ministers of religion, and certificated schoolmasters; while intelligence and probity, as evidenced by foresight and frugality, were to be farther represented in the electoral body by the admission of those who, from the invested fruits of their labours, enjoyed a certain income in dividends, owned a certain savings-bank deposit, or who were entitled to a small annual pension. These provisions—the principle of which admitted of their extension in committee, so as more fully to satisfy the claims of increasing intelligence and education—were entirely in harmony with Lord Lytton's reforming theories, which contemplated conservation by progressive improvement, and the proportioning of popular power to popular intelligence. And, indeed, it has always seemed to us that, in proposing these new tests of fitness to exercise the

suffrage, an opportunity offered itself of establishing the nucleus of a self-acting system, in accordance with which, finality in legislation might have been readily reached, and upon rational principles—a self-acting system, whereby the electoral body would have continuously enlarged itself in a direct ratio with the expansion of education and intelligence. But finality was, of course, the last thing which the Radicals really desired; to keep Reform in their own hands, to keep it an open question, and to keep it open by piecemeal legislation—such were notoriously their objects. And so the opportunity was lost by party selfishness, and these valuable new franchises were treated with contemptuous indifference. The opposition to the bill, strengthened by the secession of two Cabinet Ministers, was chiefly directed against the clause which assimilated the county to the borough franchise, and against the transfer of the forty-shilling freeholders; while it was contended that the £10 borough suffrage now excluded large numbers whose other qualifications to vote were undeniable. It mattered little, however, what were the ostensible grounds on which the bill was opposed. Its fate was a foregone conclusion, the Liberal party having selected opposition to it as a rallying-ground for their disunited forces.

Lord Lytton's speech, in the debate on the amendment to the second reading of the bill, is an exceeding brilliant one. Though full of spirit and animation, the reasoning is wholly unclouded by party prejudice, and nothing can be more candid than the way in which the bearing of the measure upon the respective interests of the contending parties is stated. "It is a compromise," he says; "of course, it is a compromise.

The apathy of the general public on the question, and the extravagance of opinion entertained by that small section of the public which was not apathetic, made it evident, either that no bill should be brought forward at all, or that none could succeed which was not of the nature of a compromise.

Addressing himself to those evils which were admitted by candid men on all sides to require redress,—viz., first, that some large constituencies were unrepresented; and, second, that some large classes did not possess the franchise,—he claims, with regard to the first, that the grievances of the large towns are, in fact, redressed by the bill; and that in committee the redressal, if incomplete, can be perfected; while, with regard to the second, he urges that the provisions of the bill extend the franchise on a far more logical and comprehensive principle than that contemplated in the amendment by the mere lowering of the borough suffrage. The difference between the spirit of the bill and of the amendment is, he says, that the former extends the general franchise of the nation, while the latter merely lowers abruptly the borough franchise, so as to admit the working classes in undue proportion. Which, he asks, is more likely to produce beneficial results for the commonwealth? Is it the system which will return a legislative assembly, representing, as equally as possible, all interests—wherein property, intelligence, education, and population have all their just influence—or that which, by its nature, tends to make paramount a class most unfitted, by the very conditions which constitute it a class, to exercise a supreme control in the counsels of the nation? And here, in objecting to the political pre-

ponderance of any one class, he as usual guards himself from the imputation of class-antagonism by paying a discriminating tribute to the merits of the working man:—

“We country gentlemen, by the nature of our pursuits, by the habits of our lives, are brought of necessity into an intercourse with the village workmen around us, more familiar, more friendly, than can well exist between the employer and the operative in great towns. We are not likely to fear the working man. And for my part, I am proud of the English workman, whether he be the simple village peasant, with his homely virtues, or that more agitated, but, amid all his faults, that noble human being, the skilled mechanic of our manufacturing towns, with his thirst for knowledge and his dreams of some political Utopia quite as rational as Plato himself had dreamed before him. But it is one thing to admire the individual, to respect the class he belongs to—one thing to devise modes by which every individual amongst it who gives proof of intelligence by forethought for the morrow, or who by the investment of earnings, however modest, wins a stake in the preservation of order, shall come welcome and honoured into the franchise—and it is another thing to say that to that class you will intrust all the destinies of England.”

Addressing himself to the effect upon parties which the lowering of the borough franchise would produce, he adroitly suggests that it would probably tell more against the party proposing it than against their opponents; because while, on the one hand, the urban spirit is already so democratic that a further debasement of the borough suffrage would not materially weaken the position of the Conservatives, it might, on the other hand, probably render the Liberals less formidable as candidates for power, by swamp- ing the intelligence of the party in

the House of Commons with the ignorance and passion of demagogic delegates. Pursuing his argument addressed to party selfishness, he further points out that the logical tendency of this method of extending the franchise would be to annihilate the small boroughs; in which case, as statistics clearly proved, a redistribution must in justice assign the majority of the seats taken from them to the counties—the strongholds of Conservatism. At the conclusion of the speech, he makes a very telling allusion to the middle class as the one most interested in the success of the bill:—

“The bill therefore, I own it, is emphatically a bill for the middle class. The cause is theirs; it is not the cause of the aristocrat; it is not the cause of the Conservative country gentleman, who, of all parties concerned, now tenders the largest concession. The cause is that of the middle class, down to the verge at which the influence of that class would melt away amidst the necessities of manual labour and the turbulence of concentrated numbers. If they of the middle class like to abandon that cause, they abdicate their own power, and with it all which has hitherto made the resources of England unshaken amidst the vicissitudes of commerce and the calamities of war. If they honestly think the time has come when it is safe to accept the counter-principle which you advance—namely, that political power should descend to the working class—not knowing, so far as I can judge by the language of popular meetings, where that principle, once adopted, can stop till it reaches manhood suffrage,—then, I say, with the middle class the responsibility must rest. Meanwhile you in this House will determine whether it is your duty thus abruptly to sign away the influence of that class of which you are still the representatives and trustees,—whether you really secure the title-deeds of their commerce, and take solid guarantees for the safety of their old English freedom, by accepting an amendment which commits you

to a pledge to the working class—a pledge which you can never redeem to their satisfaction until you have placed capital and knowledge at the command of impatient poverty and uninstructed numbers.”

Lord John Russell's Bill of 1860 embodied the principles of his amendment on that of 1859, lowering the borough franchise to £6, and substituting, in counties, for the old £50 occupation franchise, one based upon a £10 *bona fide* holding. It encountered the opposition of the Conservatives, on whose side by far the most effective speech delivered was that which stands third of the Reform series in this collection. In this magnificent oration, though many arguments are necessarily reproduced from the speech of 1859, we see the impress of thought still more fully matured, and of conviction more intensified. The treatment of the subject is absolutely exhaustive; without check or flaw, the line of argument runs from beginning to end perspicacious, trenchant, and, in our opinion, as unanswerable as it was, in fact, unanswered. While sophism after sophism is demolished, while false issues are exposed, while political cant and hypocrisy are pointed to with a contempt that almost daunts to be contemptuous, fair argument is, at the same time, fairly met, and honest motives invariably receive the most candid and respectful recognition. The fulness of political knowledge which the speech evinces is not more remarkable than the aptness of its employment, and notably in the introduction of historical parallels to subserve the elucidation and development of the argument. With the light touch of a master's hand, the ancient republics and the modern are brought before us—Athens, Rome, Venice, France, America;

they all appear as witnesses, and from the testimony of each we read the justification of Lord Lytton's grand position, that a free State is sustained and advanced by securing to its legislative council "the highest average degree of the common-sense of the common interest;" and that this can never be reached by the electoral predominance of any one class—much less of a class swayed by ignorance and passion,—the class, in a word, which this bill proposed to make paramount. Pleading the cause of intelligence, of property, of purity, of independent opinion, as against ignorance, poverty, corruption, and intellectual subjection, he proves that under a system of government by mere numbers, which this bill would inaugurate, the former qualities are crushed by the deadly weight of the latter. Yet, again, there is no lack of sympathy with the lower orders of society. He repeats and emphasises his eulogium on the working man. He will do everything to raise him, to educate him, to make him, if possible, his equal in intelligence; but this one thing he will no more do for him than for any other single class—he will not make him master of the political situation. To our thinking, there is more symmetry of build and contour in this speech than in any other which he spoke or wrote. The rhetoric is better tempered to the uses of the logic; the march of the argument is never clouded by a pomp of words; and the oratorical excursions neither overpass nor fall short of the limits prescribed by the severest sense of what is harmonious and effective. It is indeed a splendid piece of parliamentary speaking, in the highest class of that kind of oratory which recommends itself to the House of Commons.

When Lord Palmerston eulogised it to the Queen in enthusiastic terms, we can well believe that he spoke sincerely. We can picture to ourselves how, from his safe coign of vantage on the Treasury bench, he listened to it, in fullest sympathy with the arguments which demolished those of his own subalterns—an intellectual sympathy none the less keen that it was quickened by the instincts of self-interest. For the "*quieta non movere*" policy was, by this time, the doctrine of his old age; and the opponent who, with blows so trenchant, smote down a measure so likely to disturb the repose of the body politic, must have been, at the moment, more to the astute veteran than many lieutenants.

We extract from the speech the two following specimens, selected almost at random, of its tone and spirit:—

"But this bill is to amend the representation. How will it do that? Will it make the House of Commons wiser? Will it make our councils more enlightened? Will it increase the knowledge, the integrity, the pecuniary independence, and the mental discipline, without which we should have no strength in public opinion if ever we had to protect our freedom against an able tyrant and a standing army? We read in that masterly contribution to our history which Mr. Forster has just published, that when Charles I. attempted illegally to seize five members of this House, all London rang with cries of 'Parliament! Privilege!' and why? Because at that moment this House represented property, station, and knowledge, as well as patriotism and valour; and therefore it had strength in public opinion. But a few years later Cromwell expelled all the members, and locked up the House itself; and there were then no cries of 'Parliament! Privilege!' There was scarcely a murmur heard out of doors. Why

was that? Because the House was then only a Rump Parliament. It had ceased to represent property, station, and knowledge; and therefore it had no strength in public opinion, though its majority, even then, were staunch reformers; nay, they were actually discussing a new Reform Bill, not altogether different from that of the hon. member for Birmingham, at the very moment Cromwell and his pikemen entered. Is there any gentleman here who will tell us he expects to return to Parliament a wiser man—a sadder man, perhaps, he may be—when he knows he has ceased to represent property, station, and knowledge, and has become the delegate of the poorest householders in the borough he represents?"

"Well, then, I think this change will not make the representative body wiser, nor the constituent body purer. But an hon. member said in the former debates that 'this was an age of progress;' and from that fact he argued that, because we had railways and steam, therefore we ought to have a £8 constituency. I do not see the *sequitur*. Steam and railways are produced by the science of the learned and the capital of the rich; and I cannot understand by what principle of logic I am to call that a progress which places our legislation at the mercy of men who are the reverse of learned and the opposite of rich. The Home Secretary says he supports the bill 'because the time has come to make some further progress in the same direction in which we made so great an advance in 1831.' But by this bill you do not advance; you go back, and in the direction from which that great reform so resolutely departed you go back by one long stride towards the old scot-and-lot voters, whom the great Reform Bill was originally designed to get rid of—go back to the very constituency which the experience of centuries had proved to be venal. It seems to me that we thus engender the coarsest vices of democracy without any of its redeeming grandeur."

During the next six years, as all will remember, the question of Reform, with other burning questions, enjoyed an all but unbroken slumber, under the administration

which terminated with Lord Palmerston's life, late in 1865.

The Radicals, under his mesmeric influence, ceased from troubling; and the Conservatives, having nothing to oppose, and the Whigs, being in office, were alike at rest. But no sooner was the quiescent influence removed, than the period of storms was reinaugurated. Earl Russell, acceding to office, was true to the reforming instincts of his career (illustrated as it was by the success of one Reform Bill, and the destruction or miscarriage of four), and lost no time in announcing and introducing a sixth Ministerial scheme destined to add another to the list of abortive measures.

The excitement and passion which marked its progress through the House, till it perished with the Ministry, were in marked contrast with the real apathy and spurious enthusiasm which waited on its predecessor; and the fierce democratic spirit which its collapse awakened out of doors, testified to the power which influential agitators can command, when they do not scruple, in reaching their ends, to trample on the securities for public order, and to court degrading alliances.

The main feature of the Bill—the lowering of the borough franchise, was identical with that of its predecessor; for the difference between a £7 and a £8 franchise was too trifling to conciliate any opponent who, for the sake of a temporary settlement, might have accepted a principle of extension which he disapproved.

But it was against the principle as an unsound one, that the attack was mainly directed, and the various side issues which were raised were merely technical expedients to give effect to an hostility inspired by the democratic tendencies of the measure. It was against this principle

that the "Cave" sent forth its memorable exhibitions of reasoning and invective; and the same motive inspires the two speeches which Lord Lytton prepared (though one of them was not delivered) for the occasion. It will be remembered that Government employed a peculiar method in submitting their measure to the House, proposing to introduce it in two separate instalments—the first of which dealt exclusively with the franchise, while the second was (when the question of the franchise had been settled) to deal with the redistribution of seats and the new definition of boundaries. Lord Lytton, in his first speech (on the first instalment), took a preliminary objection to this peculiar form of proceeding; and indeed it was clear that all calculation as to the effect of a bill which dealt with the franchise alone, might be nullified by the provisions of the redistribution and boundaries bill which was to follow. He urged, therefore, that unless the two sections of the measure were dealt with concurrently, and passed into law simultaneously, the following dilemma would arise:—

"We should be literally members without constituencies. We should have extinguished our old constituencies, and be without authority to act for the new constituencies, that have never chosen us. Suppose we did deal with some 20 or 30 seats, and in so dealing failed to satisfy the next Parliament, chosen by a more democratic suffrage, would not our successors say with truth, that when we extinguished our constituencies we had lost the right of representatives to pre-judge questions affecting the electoral bodies to which we were without any existent responsibilities? And with what heart should we set about the most ordinary work of legislation! With what uncertainty of temper should we address ourselves, no longer to the men who sent us here, but to

that Virgillian threshold of souls not yet launched into the world, whom we must seek to propitiate before they are even born!"

It will not be forgotten that Lord Grosvenor's amendment, embodying these objections, obtained so strong a support, that Government yielded to the opinion of the minority, and a concurrent redistribution bill was soon introduced, in accordance with which, forty-nine seats, obtained partly by operating on boroughs with a double representation, and partly by the grouping of smaller boroughs, were placed at the disposition of larger constituencies.

In the former of his two speeches, after making the preliminary protest above alluded to, he addresses himself to the distinction, which the supporters of the bill were disposed to magnify, between the numbers of the working-classes which would be admitted by a £6 and a £7 franchise respectively. In the discussions on the bill of 1860, Mr. Gladstone had challenged the accuracy of his computation that a £6 franchise would give to the working classes the lion's share of the representation—which, according to Mr. Gladstone, Government did not contemplate, and would never concede. But statistics, subsequently obtained, had proved the correctness of Lord Lytton's allegation; and so, he says, on this occasion, as the lowest verge to which Government can venture to descend, they content themselves with a £7 franchise. He then contends that, though this franchise will immediately give the working classes nearly one half of the borough constituency, that is only the first result; for, from the operation of causes which he traces with much skill and felicity, a £6 rental is raised by time so rapidly—even without parliamentary interference—to the level of a £7

franchise, that, in three years, the results of this so-called more moderate measure, would be identical with those accruing from its predecessor. Out of their own mouths, therefore, he convicts the Government of introducing a measure, the logical results of which they repudiated. After reiterating his objections to the preponderance of the democratic element, and showing that, in our constitution, there is no equipoise provided to check it, he says that this bill is the inevitable step to democracy, not merely by the actual franchise which it concedes, but also, and even more especially, from the abstract principles which, in defending it out of doors, eminent members of the Government had enunciated. Referring to Mr. Gladstone's well-known "flesh-and-blood" utterance, "How," he asks, "can Mr. Gladstone oppose universal suffrage, consistently with his own declarations?" "What has he to say to the millions who will ask him one day—

" 'Are we an invading army? Are we not fellow-Christians? Are we not your own flesh and blood?' Does he think it will be answer enough to give that kind of modified opinion which he put forth last night, and to say, 'Well, that is very true. For my own part, in my individual capacity, I cannot see that there is any danger in admitting you; but still, you know, it is wise to proceed gradually. A £7 voter is real flesh and blood, but you are only gradual flesh and blood. Read Darwin on the Origin of Species, and learn that you are fellow-Christians in an imperfect state of development'? That which is an amiable sentiment when applied to the claim of all mankind to our humanity and compassion, becomes a doctrine formidable to those who dislike universal suffrage when it is applied to a principle of political franchise by the most conspicuous Minister of the British Crown."

When the whole Ministerial scheme

was before him, he denounced it, in his second speech—which is worthy of his other appearances on the question—as a deliberate attempt to eliminate all conservative influence from the electoral body, first, by directly swamping it, in the boroughs, by the overdue admission of the working classes; and next, by the lowering of the county franchise to such a limit (£14) as would exclude the humbler classes whose interests are bound up with the land, while it would admit a deluge of urban voters who regard agricultural owners and occupiers with the jealousy of an antagonistic class.

The speech is mainly devoted to proving the vital necessity for a strong Conservative party in the State, and the disastrous effects upon the public welfare which its total subversion would involve; and it completes Lord Lytton's case against such schemes and methods of reform, as would, in his opinion, secure, not reform, but revolution.

We now approach the final stage of the Reform controversy, in which Lord Lytton took no active part, although he wrote, for delivery in the House of Lords, the unspoken speech which is reproduced in this collection. Every one remembers the position of the Conservative party when they found themselves in office as a result of the defeat of the last measure. Confronted by an angry majority, subjected to an overwhelming pressure from without, expressing itself in violent and seditious turbulence, and weakened in their vindication of public order by the cynical indifference—or at least silence—of the Opposition leaders, the consideration of Reform was forced upon them as the only solution of a political dead-lock. Every one remembers how their scheme of household suffrage in

boroughs, and of a reduced occupying franchise in counties, reached the House of Lords shorn of nearly all those counterbalancing securities—consisting in the educational and tax-paying franchises, in the compensation of the dual vote, and in voting papers—without which, it is probably not too much to say, the Minister who introduced it to the House of Commons could not have induced his party to accept the main principle of the bill. Every one remembers how, as a ball of snow held in the hand, gradually diminishes in bulk, the measure which originally contained provisions intended to please all parties, passed into law, favoured by none save those extreme democrats whose numerical and general insignificance made their pretension to dictate so advanced a measure to the House and to the country, a thing that would have been laughed to scorn had it been gravely advanced. With them, however, remained a victory resting upon accomplished facts.

Every one remembers all these things; but can any one exactly explain how they all happened?

This will be a curious speculation for the politicians of a succeeding age. We prefer not to discuss it now. Let us look at the measure, in so far as we can, with Lord Lytton's eyes—let us see his attitude in regard to it. But here we must observe, that his attitude with regard to the question was entirely altered by the new position which he now occupied in the Legislature. He was no longer in the House of Commons—he was a Peer, reviewing the accomplished work and verdict of the Lower House. His conduct in this new capacity affords, therefore, no clue to what his conduct might have been had he encountered the measure in another place. His speech was written in support of

the Government, against an amendment by Lord Grey aiming at a wider scheme of redistribution than that embodied in the bill sent up from the Commons. He rests his argument mainly on the ground that the passing of the Reform Bill after the verdict of the Lower House, supported by events out of doors, was now inevitable; and that the success of the amendment would only tend to create delay—the delay of “another year of angry agitation—of such agitation as would do more evil than the wisdom of centuries could retrieve.”

He does not enter into the general merits of the scheme: his tone is one of regretful submission to the unavoidable. Maintaining that the preservation of public order ought, in a statesman's eyes, to be superior to every other consideration—even to the conservation of liberty—he recognises that the moment has arrived when a sacrifice must be made to that paramount consideration.

“I confess, for my part, that I consent, or rather submit to it with great reluctance; and I am only reconciled to it by the conviction at which I believe most of your Lordships have also arrived, that the time has come when the question of Reform must be settled, and that the scheme to which both parties have agreed in the House of Commons has become the only mode by which that settlement can be practically effected.”

Not with him, therefore, nor with those whose conduct was directed by similar principles, rests the responsibility for evils which, in the future, may accrue from this hazardous measure. Rather does it rest with those whose machinations within the House, and whose manipulation of mobs out of doors, led up to the necessity for this “leap in the dark.” His conduct and his principles, on the whole

question, thus appear to have been consistent from first to last—though, had he sat in the House of Commons, and enjoyed a voice in the original discussion of the scheme, his acquiescence in the measure there might have appeared to some to tarnish a reputation which is certainly not affected by his submission in the Upper Chamber. We have now exhausted our consideration of the Reform question and Lord Lytton's relations with it; and we think that those who peruse his splendid series of speeches on the subject will agree with us that alone they would suffice to make a great political and oratorical reputation. Looking at them merely as specimens of oratory, the most critical must admit their surpassing merits; while those who wish to examine them as exponents of political doctrine, will be satisfied, from the candour with which all sides of a question are looked at, that they are entitled to rank as grave philosophical deliverances rather than, as some pretend, the brilliant special pleadings of a brilliant partisan. They combine, indeed, all the authority and weight of the thoughtful disquisitions of a most earnest thinker, on an important branch of political science, with those graces which the orator's art casts around the severest scholastic outlines of the student's deductions.

And if there is one blemish from which they are, above all others, free, it is a tone of narrow partisanship. The interests of party are not undervalued; but they are asserted in the spirit of one who ennobles and purifies partisanship, by subordinating it to patriotism: for the claims of any party to influence are never advocated on any other ground than in so far as its influence will subserve the national welfare.

Eminent men are, by a sad law of human nature, inevitably as-

sailed by the shafts of malice and envy; and Lord Lytton had, perhaps, more than a common share of this kind of distinction. In his political capacity he was attacked, from diametrically opposite quarters, with charges that were necessarily as inconsistent with each other as they were inconsistent with the truth. This body of his revilers called him a "Radical," and that condemned him as a "Tory:" to these he was a political scientist, incapable of profound political thought; to those he was a bookish student and philosopher, unfit for the duties of practical statesmanship. Much stress was laid upon his change of party; but no accusation could have rested upon a more slender foundation. From what we find in those "Newspaper Stamp" speeches, and in those Reform speeches which we have fully discussed, we form a very clear conception of what Lord Lytton's abstract political theories and creed were, and see that he uniformly acted up to them, with only such deviations as are necessarily involved in the recognition that it is impossible to carry into practice every part of every theory which is maintained in the abstract. We should say that he was as little in harmony with Toryism as with Radicalism. He appears to us to have been, during the whole of his public life, a Conservative in the purest sense of the term—a Conservative who thought that the objects of Conservatism were to preserve liberty, by preserving the equilibrium of the constitution; to preserve that equilibrium by reforming what in the constitution was faulty, or out of harmony with the progressive conditions of the national life, and by seeking to rest it on the broadest possible basis compatible with the constitutional

theory; to enlarge that basis, gradually, as new elements for the structure became available; to prepare these new elements by the diffusion of knowledge among the "residuum" not included in the electoral body; and, by the incessant influence of culture and improvement, to make an upward progress from the social "residuum" to the political basis, and from the political basis to the upper strata of the political and social superstructure, coincide with each other; and thus, progressively aristocratising the community, to produce political equilibrium and social harmony by placing the destinies of the country in the hands of such a representative body as should (again and again, to quote his memorable words) represent "the highest average degree of the greatest common-

sense of the greatest common interest."

This will hardly be called Radicalism by the most inveterate Tory; it will hardly be called Toryism by the most rampant of Radicals. It is the creed of a Conservative, but not an extreme Tory—of a Reformer, but not a Radical—of a politician who is progressive, but not destructive, who advances, not for the mere sake of movement, but for improvement's sake, or who stands still, not for the mere sake of obstructing, but because progress in a given direction at a given time appears to be inexpedient. By whatever nicknames such a creed may be called, its preponderance would insure the political vitality and harmony of any State.

(To be continued.)

ANDROMACHE.—THE DAUGHTERS OF PRIAM.

THE *Iliad* sets before us in Helen and Andromache two distinct types of female character, both attractive and engaging, both entitled to the beholder's love and pity; but only one commanding his esteem. Each has been depicted since Homer's time (whether under the old or under new names) by many another hand, but seldom with the same delicacy and grace. Succeeding Helens have been bolder than Homer's, their faults less excusable, the redeeming features in their characters fewer; they have lacked the timid shrinking gentleness, the mournful penitence which made old Priam love the daughter-in-law who had wrought his realm such woe, and which forbade Hector to upbraid by word or look the fatal beauty who was, as he foresaw, to cost him his life before the Scæan Gates. Other Helens may have been followed by admiring whispers like those with which the Trojan elders greet Homer's; but seldom, indeed, has a frail fair one so borne herself as to deserve like the Helen of the *Iliad* to stand third with the blameless wife and mother to wail its slaughtered hero at the close, or to be restored, like the Helen of the *Odyssey*, to her forfeited home and honours without exciting strong feelings of indignation in the hearts of those who listen to her tale. And it has fared with Andromache as with Helen. The model of domestic virtue in later fiction seldom gains our love along with our respect so completely as does Homer's. Round few impersonations of feminine goodness and devotion to duty float the nameless charm, the inexpressible tenderness, the perfection of maternal and conjugal affection which make Homer's lovely Andro-

mache so sweet and pleasant to our memories. We see less of her in the *Iliad* than we do of Helen; but we remember her as distinctly, and we admire her more unreservedly. That mournful and tender interview between herself and her wedded lord near the spot where he is shortly doomed to fall, is deeply printed on the memory of every reader of the *Iliad*. When Andromache, imploring her husband not to risk his life, tells him that in him live yet for her, the father, mother, brethren she has lost, her words paint to us her very self—a wife perfect in her love and her devotion. When Hector, best of fathers and of husbands, anticipates with joyful prayers the future glories of his little son; still more when, looking at his "white-armed" queen in her long and goodly robe, he groans to think of the fate to which his defeat may doom her, wishing to sleep in dust rather than hear her cries for help, and have to leave them unanswered,—we feel instinctively that we are gazing on the fairest monument raised by antiquity to parental and conjugal affection. Still, unapproachable as is the beauty of Homer's delineations, they are so short that we cannot wonder that later writers seized on that briefness as an excuse for making, what in their hearts they must have known would prove comparatively unsuccessful, attempts to fill up what they left undescribed; that, not content with figures, vaguely indicated by Homer in the Trojan palace, and more fully drawn by the Cyclic poets, such as Cassandra and Polyxena, the Greek dramatists aspired to paint Helen at the hour of Troy's capture, or on her return to Sparta; and that Hector's

mournful prophecy supplied them with a text from which to unfold the after-sorrows of Andromache. Hector's forebodings had pictured to him his widow, arrayed in servile garb, bearing water or labouring at the loom, pointed at by scornful fingers, and hearing scornful tongues exclaim, "Lo! this was Hector's wife." Euripides undertakes, in a play conspicuous for its pathos even among *his* pathetic tragedies, to show us how those forebodings were realised.

In his *Troades* we see Andromache mourning over the cruel death of the young Astyanax, and consigned, as his share of Troy's living spoil, to Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. But in the *Andromache* of Euripides we trace her later fortunes. She has spent some few years in Epirus as the unacknowledged wife of its king. She has born him a son, Molossus, and she is exposed to the jealous rage of the childless Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen, wedded to Pyrrhus, but conscious of not possessing his love; and accusing his barbarian slave, as she scornfully calls her rival, of alienating her husband's affection from her, and of rendering their union fruitless by magic charms and spells.

Pyrrhus is absent from home, on a vain attempt to appease Apollo's wrath at Delphi, and is never brought on the stage during the whole course of the play until he is carried in dead at its close. Racine, in his clever imitation of this drama of Euripides, remedied this and many other of its defects from a modern point of view. He, as the readers of his '*Andromaque*' will remember, puts Pyrrhus forward as his fair captive's champion against the Greeks who wish to take Astyanax's life, and makes him answer Oreste when he comes to demand it, as his father answered

the order to resign Briseïs in the *Iliad*. Not free from the reproach of unchivalrous conduct towards Hermione (his engagement to marry whom he repudiates even after her arrival at his court), the Pyrrhus of Racine treats Hector's widow with the reverence of a knight-errant towards the lady of his heart. He sues for her hand as respectfully as though she were still an independent princess; he offers for her sake to defend her son and Hector's, if need be, against the united armies of Greece, at the risk of seeing his city and palace destroyed like a second Troy; if only he may hope that she will look more favourably on his suit than she yet has done:—

Mais parmi ces périls où je cours pour
vous plaire,
Me refuserez vous un regard moins sévère ?
Hâi de tous les Grecs, pressé de tous côtés,
Me faudra-t-il combattre encore vos cru-
autés ?
Je vous offre mon bras. Pute-je espérer
encore
Que vous accepterez un cœur qui vous
adore ?
En combattant pour vous me sera-t-il
permis
De ne vous point compter parmi mes
ennemis ?

It is true that after these respectful entreaties are refused, Pyrrhus resorts to more unjustifiable means of subduing Andromache's resolution of perpetual widowhood. He threatens to abandon Astyanax to the Greeks. She then consents to the marriage on which he has set his heart, secretly resolving, however, to kill herself directly after, as the only means of preserving her fidelity to Hector. The catastrophe occasioned by Hermione's jealousy comes just in time to avert her fate: and Pyrrhus falls beneath the swords of Oreste and of his followers at the moment when he has placed his own diadem on the Trojan captive's head, with these words,—

Je vous donne . . . ma couronne et ma
fol ;
Andromaque, regnez sur l'Empire et sur
mol.

Thus, according to Racine, Andromache, though discrowned and afflicted, is never degraded : she is the undisputed mistress of her own destiny, and her captor never even dreams of dispensing with her own consent to her union with himself. The shame and suffering to which a female captive of the highest rank was exposed in the heroic age of Greece, the representation of which appeared natural and not unpleasing to the contemporaries of Socrates, would have shocked Racine's audience ; and he dared not set it before them in its terrible truth.

It is the strong contrast between Christian and Pagan times in their treatment of the vanquished that strikes the student of Euripides when he opens Racine. After reading in the one how the most civilised nation of antiquity thought it becoming and appropriate to behave towards captive women, the generous anachronisms of the other remind him how men have learned from a teaching which to the Greeks at first seemed foolishness, to set a higher value than of old on purity, to reverence weakness, and to venerate misfortune. To enable persons un-conversant with Greek to appreciate for themselves this vast and beneficial revolution of sentiment, by comparing Racine with Euripides, we propose to offer them some account of the most striking scenes in the *Andromache* of the latter.*

It begins, like others of his plays, by a shrine and a suppliant. The shrine is that of Thetis, the goddess-mother of Achilles ; the suppliant who clings to her statue's feet is

Andromache, the unowned wife of her grandson Pyrrhus, left desolate by her lord's absence, and exposed to the persecution of his queen, Hermione. She, aided by her father Menelaus, is preparing to take the life of the rival whose gentle submission and tearful loveliness have made the slave-wife dearer than the haughty Spartan princess to the son of Achilles. And no sooner have the audience learned Andromache's danger from her discourse with a fellow bond-maid (her servant in happier days) whom she despatches with news of her peril to the aged Peleus, than Hermione presents herself to their gaze. Numerously attended, robed and crowned as befits a queen, younger though not fairer than the woman whom she hates, the daughter of Helen surveys with the proud glance of the prosperous her pale and shrinking victim, and bids her quit her hold of the statue of Thetis and submit herself unreservedly to the will and pleasure of her mistress. "A princess before I came hither," says Hermione, haughtily, "honoured in a nobler state and a more august city than this, how can a wretched slave like you dare to resist my commands ? And how was it that you, a barbarian woman, dared to draw aside a Greek from the right path, and to make my own husband unfaithful to me his wedded wife ?" Then follow accusations of poor Andromache's imaginary spells, and cruel taunts at her connection with her first husband's slayer. She does not answer these, as she might, by pleading the force that was put upon her. Pyrrhus is now sacred† to her as the father of her boy, Molossus. But she so far forgets her present condition as to

* Mr. Donne, in his interesting account of Euripides ('Ancient Classics for English Readers'), rather unkindly dismisses his *Andromache* with a page and a half. Some of his readers may not be unwilling to hear more of her now.

† As yet. She puts in the plea later.

speaking words of reproof and admonition to the girl who, possessing all the advantages of youth, greatness, and friends which were once her own, has yet failed to win her husband's love, and is foolish enough to try to regain it by force. Her advice to Hermione to seek the affection of Pyrrhus by humility and forbearance is prudent and good; but she goes farther, and does what Homer's Andromache assuredly would not have done, for she cautions her by the example of Helen, insinuating that daughters are apt to be like their mothers. The taunt stings Hermione, as Mary Stuart's similar taunt stings Elizabeth in Schiller's play; and after a few more bitter words she closes the discussion with—

Thou art wise truly, wise; yet must thou die.

Andromache appeals against the sentence to the protecting statue:—

Seest thou the face of Thetis gazing on thee?

Hermione.

Hating thy country for Achilles slain.

Andromache.

Helen, thy mother, 'twas, not I, who slew him.

At this repeated insult Hermione's wrath boils over; yet, though threatening Andromache with fire and sword, she dares not incur the guilt of actually having her forced from her refuge. She withdraws, muttering that she knows of a bait which will make 'her leave it; and vowing that she shall do so ere the son of Achilles in whom she trusts can return to his palace.

These threats are soon explained. After the Chorus of captive Trojan women have sung a familiar lament over the ill Paris wrought his country, a tramp of soldiers is heard, and King Menelaus enters with his guard. He has discovered the

hiding-place in which Andromache had fondly hoped that her child was safely concealed, and he brings the young Molossus forward to extort the submission of his mother; to whom he perfidiously offers the choice between her own own and her son's death—really designing to slay them both. The hapless mother's answer to this summons to quit her sanctuary is as follows:—

Andr.

Alas! a bitter lottery thou appointest
And choice of lives to me; which lot
soever

I draw, await me misery and woe.
Oh, doer of great crime for little cause,
Bethink thee; wherefore dost thou take
my life?

What town betrayed I! slew what child
of thine?

What palace burned I? 'twas by force I
wedded

My master; yet thou slayest me, not
him

The cause of this; dost the beginning
leave

To rush in force against its last result.
Alas! my grief is great. Sad fatherland,
Behold my sufferings! why did I bring
forth

Only to heap redoubled woe on woe?
But why lament for this, and leave un-
wept,

And unrecounted, ills now close at hand?
I, who saw Hector slain and dragged
along

By chariot-wheels, saw wretched Ilium's
flames,

I, who, a slave on board an Argive ship,
Was drawn by the hair, who, when I came
to Pthia,

Was wedded there to Hector's slayer's
son—

How can I find it sweet to live? where
turning,

Whether to present fortune or to past?
This one last child was left to light my
life,

Him also now men stand prepared to kill.
Nay, truly, not to save my wretched life,
For all my hope was in his safety hid,

And, for my child's sake, not to die were
shame.

Behold, I leave the altar, yield me to you
To kill, to slaughter, bind, or hang at
will.

O child! that thou die not, I go, thy
mother,

To Hades; thou, if thou escape this
death,

Remember me, my sufferings, and my
end,

And to thy father tell, amid thy kisses,
With tears embracing him, what I have
done.

How much more natural and pathetic than any of the courtly speeches of Racine's dignified heroine are these most touching words; this cry of one about to perish, yet clinging in her life's total shipwreck to that last plank, maternal love!

But the mother's self-devotion is ill repaid. Menelaus gives her in charge to his attendants to be shortly led to execution; but retracts his promise of her child's life. On that, he says, Hermione shall decide; and in this purpose he persists, turning a deaf ear to Andromache's indignant exclamations against Spartan fraud and breach of faith, which, like the subsequent vituperation of the women of Sparta, placed in the mouth of Peleus, must have fallen agreeably during the Peloponnesian war on the ears of an Athenian audience. Nor does Hermione vindicate their character by proving herself less cruel than her father. After a brief delay, during which she may be supposed to have pronounced her sentence, the Chorus cease their song to gaze on a woeful sight:—Andromache led forward bound and ready for execution, and her little son clinging to her robe in order to die by her side; the nestling, in her own touching words, beneath the mother-bird's wing. It is thus that the lyric plaint resounds from the victims, mingled with the stern exultation of their mortal foe:—

Andromache.

With hands fast bound, from sharp cords
bleeding,
I follow where fierce foes are leading—
My journey's end the grave.

Molossus.

Mother, mother, I go, clinging
To thy sheltering wing.

Andr.

Ye Pthian chiefs, these men are bringing
An evil offering.

Mol.

Father, come, help and save.

Andr.

Thou, dear child, full soon shalt rest,
Close clasped to thy mother's breast,
Dead beside the dead.

Mol.

Why on my wretched head,
Mother, and thine, are such woes
pressed?

Menelaus.

Go die; for from foes' towers ye came—
Two judges you twain doom to death.
I condemn thee; thy child sinks beneath
Hermione's wrath all aflame.
'Tis folly to leave alive
The sons of our foes when they stand
Beneath our strong hand,
When their death from us fear might
drive.

Andr.

O husband, husband, would defending
Thou, spear in hand, thine aid wert lend-
ing:
O mighty Priam's son:

Mol.

Where shall I, ill-fated, seeking,
Hand of helper find?

Andr.

Clasp thy lord's knees, my child, bespeak-
ing
From him a pitying mind.

Mol.

Bid not my life be done.

Andr.

Bitter tears rain down mine eyes,
Like some fount 'neath rocks that lies,
Where no sunbeams come.

Mol.

Sad is my woeful doom;
Whence shall a healing hand arise!

Men.

Peace, peace! thou hadst better implore
For pity the rock and the wave,
My work is from ill my friends to save:
Thee hate I for time I outwore,
And days consumed in alarms,
Ere thy mother was ours and Troy—
Her fond love enjoy;
Go to Hades down in her arms.

The guards are on the point of hurrying the mother and son to their doom, when, to the joy of the Chorus, an aged form is seen advancing; and Peleus, warned just in time by Andromache's faithful friend, totters on to the stage, leaning on his staff, to save his great-grandson's life. Andromache tells

him her woeful tale," and supplicates his aid. The kind old man looks with indignation at the bonds (fit, as he says, to restrain an ox or a lion) which wound her soft white arms, and himself helps to loose them. Menelaus forbids in vain, and has to hear many sharp home truths from Peleus concerning the origin of that Trojan war which cost Achilles and many brave men their lives, but Helen's husband nothing but his honour. Hermione, brought up like other Spartan women in habits fatal to modesty, has, says the old man, by her conduct approved the wisdom of the maxim which counsels wooers to seek out the daughter of a good mother. She had better now depart with her father, rather than abide her husband's vengeance when he returns, indignant with the "barren heifer" who sought to slay his only son because born to him by another. That child, the last hope of his house, Peleus embraces fondly, and promises to breed up as a strong champion against his mother's foes. The Chorus admire the old man's courage, accrediting as it does all they have heard of his youthful exploits; and after the departure of Menelaus, worsted and sullen, they joyfully see Andromache and her son go with Peleus, who tells her that he will find for her a peaceful harbour after the fierce storm in which she has been tossed. It is thus that the Chorus salute his retreating footsteps :—

Chorus.

1.

Better not be, than not of fathers good,
and wealthy house be sprung;
For even in worst evils cannot fall
Help to the nobly-born.
Whom of good houses proclaims the her-
ald's tongue,
No time shall leave forlorn
Of Honour and Renown
From worthy sires inherited. Death pale
Gains light from virtue's crown.

2.

Better no ill-famed victory than by force
from trampled right earn blame;
Such conquests unto men at first seem
sweet;
But with advancing days
Dry up, leaving their house reproach and
shame.
That life I choose and praise
Which never uses power
To do to neighbour's house a deed un-
meet,
Or force great Justice' tower.

3.

O aged Æacide!
Now I believe thine exploits, wrought in
that dim, distant war
Of Lapithæ with Centaurs; and that
far
'Twixt dashing rocks on Argo's ship thou
sought'st the waters wide:
And that, when Ilium's pride
First felt Jove's son's avenging hand,
Thou, sharer of his glory, at his side,
Returned to Europe, didst in honour
stand.

No sooner has this strain of congratulation to the aged hero ceased, than Hermione's attendant comes forward to bespeak the compassion of the Chorus for her mistress, deserted by her father, too late repentant of the ill she designed to do, and terrified at the thought of her husband's return and vengeance. Hardly has her nurse been able to restrain Hermione from seeking a refuge from her ills in death; and, when she shortly after presents herself to the eyes of the audience, it is in a state bordering on distraction, with dishevelled hair, bleeding cheeks, and cries of anguish; the strongest possible contrast to the pomp and circumstance of her first appearance on the stage. But she sees an unhopèd-for deliverer advance towards her in the person of her cousin Orestes; to whom indeed she had been once affianced, though her father's will had separated them. Travelling to the shrine at Dodona, in the course of his expiation of Clytemnestra's blood (as we may presume), Orestes says that he has desired to visit his young

kinswoman, and to learn of her welfare. At once Hermione confides to him her troubles, frankly confesses the errors into which, she says, evil counsellors have led her inexperienced youth, and beseeches his protection. Orestes promises to lead her back safely to her father, saying,

Great are the claims of kindred blood;
In woes
No aid is better than a kinsman's aid.

Hermione modestly refers the future disposal of her hand to her father; but that Menelaus would not refuse it to Orestes a second time is the impression left on the mind of the audience. The cousins depart; not without dark intimations from Orestes that from Pyrrhus neither pursuit nor vengeance need be dreaded; such is the entangling web left spun for him at Delphi by the man whom he robbed of his betrothed bride.

These are the hints on which Racine has founded his powerful picture of the jealousy of Hermione, the despair of Oreste, and the assassination of Pyrrhus, commanded by the outraged love, repented of as soon as perpetrated by the inextinguishable affection, of the Spartan princess. No such portraiture suggested itself to Euripides. In point of art Racine's catastrophe is much more skilfully brought about, much more closely connected with the incidents which precede it, than is his. Its germ is to be found in the earlier play; but no more. Still there is a stronger irony in the destiny which dooms Pyrrhus to die for the privilege which he prizes so little, of being called Hermione's husband, in the Greek tragedy, than in that which in the French play makes him purchase with his life-blood the dearly-valued delight of calling Andromaque his wife. Racine's hero interests us as much as either of his heroines. The invisible Pyrrhus of Euripides only affects us,

as his fate changes the destiny of Andromache, or saddens the old age of the noble father of Achilles.

The Choric strain which prepares the mind of the listening audience for the fast-coming catastrophe, carries us in swift retrospect through the woes of Troy, and the retributive sorrows of its overthrowers,—the latest of which even now is at the doors. It is thus they sing:—

1.

O Phœbus, bulwark of the Ilion citadel,
And thou, sea-god, whose car
Black coursers speed o'er the salt sea—
Why helped ye Mars your own great work
to mar,
When friendless 'neath his spear in
misery
Your Troy deserted fell?

2.

Ye bade on Simois' banks full many a
charloteer
Seek victory and find death;
Ordn'd the fight, refused the crown:
Now breathes no Ilion chief with living
breath,
Nor altar of the gods through all Troy
town
Its grateful steam can rear.

3.

Atides' wife by guile destroyed her lord,
And guerdon meet, of death for bloody
deed,
Received from her son's sword.
A god, a god, commanded him to speed.
Led by the oracle
From Argos came Orestes, stood
Above his mother in her blood,—
O god, O Phœbus, had he read thee
well?

4.

The cities of the Greeks resound with
groans,
And mothers wailing for their children
dead.
The widow turns with moans
To unfamiliar hearth. Not on thy head,
O Troy, nor on thy friends',
Came woes while Hellas felt no pain—
Hellas whence moved that cloud whose
rain
On Phrygian fields, in bloody storm de-
scends.

A messenger comes forward to interpret Orestes' threats by declaring to the unhappy Peleus the fate

of Troy's captor, his grandson Pyrrhus; slain at Delphi by the contrivance of his disappointed rival. As he finishes his story of the assassination, the murdered king's body is carried on to the stage by the followers who have only been able to rescue it lifeless; and the aged grandsire and the sympathising Chorus join in lamentation over the heir of Achilles' glory, the mainstay of his house, cut off in the flower of his days. We may presume that his little son, and the captive mother, who has suffered so much on his account, join in the tears and wailings; but they do not come prominently forward.

Chorus.

Now comes our king to his land,
From Delphi they carry him here.
For the son of Achilles thine arms expand,
Take him, grandsire, not after thy wish,
but after thy fear.
Thy grasp has met his; face to face they stand.

Peleus.

Woe is me! for great is the ill that I see,
The grief of my house which mine arms embrace.
Woe for my fate!
We have perished, city of Thessaly!
Not a son, nor offspring of my race
Left in my gate.
Wretched and sad, now what well-loved head
Can gladden mine eye as before?
Loved hands, loved lips, dear dead face!
Would that some god had slain thee instead,
'Neath Troy, on Simois' shore.

Then follow wailings over the ill assorted marriage which has wrought death to Pyrrhus, and over the other cause of his ruin: the rashness with which he challenged Phœbus to answer for the blood of his father Achilles. "Thou," cries Peleus to his dead grandson, "hast left me desolate indeed—childless in my old age. Shall I not tear my hair and beat my head, since Phœbus has deprived me of two such sons?" The Chorus, as usual in a Greek

play, deepen his despair by their assenting lamentations, and by reminding him of those bright early days in his life when he was wedded to a goddess amidst assembled gods. The unequally-mated mortal cries out, with no hope, only with despair, to the now far-distant, ever radiant partner of his vanished joys to behold the sad end of a once so happy life; and thus unexpectedly occasions one of the best-introduced, and most satisfactory, of divine apparitions at the close of a Greek play. The concluding wailings and their joyful interruption resound after this fashion:—

Chor.

O elder, who hast seen and felt such ill,
What kind of life shalt thou henceforward spend?

Pei.

Childless and lonely I must suffer still,
Till to the grave in sorrow I descend.

Chor.

Vainly the gods thy nuptials blessed.

Pei.

My joys away are flown,
My boasts on earth lie strown.

Chor.

Thou wilt walk lonely! in thy lonely hall.

Pei.

Of country dispossessed,
I fling my sceptre down:
O Nereid, from thy dim cave hear
my call,
And see me fall
Undone on earth's cold breast.

Chor.

Behold! behold!
What is stirring? what thing divine
Makes itself felt? maidens, look and see;
Some goddess is present, she passes free
Through the bright air, till her flight's decline
Has set her to stand on our Pithian mould.

It is even so: Thetis, the silver-footed lady of the sea, is seen in her glorious beauty, which no tears can soil, no age make dim, hovering over the mortal spouse on whom years and sorrows have told so

heavily. At her voice Peleus lifts up his head once more, and then the immortal accents drop their sweet consolations into the aged mourner's heart. The goddess bids him remember their joint tears for Achilles, and not bewail Pyrrhus too long and too passionately, seeing that it is not for mortal parents to marvel at bereavements which immortals have had to bear. Rather let Peleus first take care for his grandson's funeral, and then provide for the safety of the young Molossus (his sole surviving descendant) by wedding his mother Andromache to Helenus, last of the sons of Priam, and by making them rulers over the Molossians. The sceptre so prepared for the child shall be safely transmitted by him to a late and prosperous posterity. But, these duties discharged, Peleus may betake himself to a trysting-place near the sea, whence his faithful Thetis, with her fifty attendant nymphs, will come to fetch him to a glorious home in the palace of Nereus himself; where living, both happy and both immortal, they may once more enjoy the company of their beloved Achilles, and go to pay him visits in his blissful island home.

When we compare this beautiful conclusion of a sorrowful life with the cheerless views of old age and death current in Greek literature, it becomes doubly striking. To it might be prefixed, as no unfit motto, those hopeful words, "At evening time it shall be light:" nay, the whole picture is pervaded by a marvellous sense of life and immortality, which goes even beyond the holy calm of the close of the *Œdipus Coloneus*. And the poetical justice which so richly rewards Peleus for his generous defence of the hapless Andromache, is as satisfactory to the mind as is the doom which befalls her ungenerous and thoughtless captor. Still it must be owned

that the unity of the conception of the drama is not obvious, and only becomes apparent (if at all) after thoughtful consideration. At first sight the play has three parts—the peril of Andromache, Hermione's removal by Orestes, and the lament over Pyrrhus; and these three divisions seem but loosely connected. It is only by an enlarged view which supposes the gods to be procuring the restoration of Hector's widow to her own family, through the revenge of Orestes and the consolation of Peleus, that the latter events of the play (interesting as they in themselves are) can be maintained in proper connection with the former. Andromache herself is lost to us (at least as a speaking personage) from the moment when she obtains a shelter under the care of the generous father of Achilles. Nor is the fate which his goddess-mother apportions to her altogether satisfactory to our sense of the fitness of things. Virgil thought of it as we do. How different is his interview between *Æneas* and Andromache, in the Third Book of the *Æneid*, to its companion-picture in the *Odyssey*, the visit of Telemachus to Helen! There is a serene cheerfulness about Homer's delineation of his erring heroine's latter days, which Virgil has not emulated in his beautiful but mournful portrait of the best woman of the *Iliad* in her hard-won haven. His Andromache, though "honoured and crowned once more," is a mourner still. *Æneas* meets her bearing libations to the two cenotaphs which she has raised in Epirus to Hector and Astyanax, the sleepers beside the Scamander. "If in thee I see the ghost of *Æneas*," is the tried woman's first exclamation, "why is not Hector's with thee?" When she parts from him, she loads his boy Ascanius, with rich gifts, the work of her own hands, in memory of

his playmate, who, had he lived, would now resemble him—her lost Astyanax. And when she is questioned by Æneas as to how it has fared with her since the fall of Troy, it is with eyes cast down and lowered voice that she says that she wishes that she had died, as died Polyxena, rather than lived on to bear what she has borne:—

O felix una ante altas Priamæia virgo,
Hostilem ad tumultum Trojæ sub mœnibus
 altis *
Jussæ mori, quæ sortitus non pertulit
 ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!

Every reader will say the same who compares (as we propose to do) with the Andromache of Euripides his description of the fate of her beautiful sister-in-law, Polyxena. It forms the early portion of his 'Hecuba,' from which, however, it can be readily detached. The remainder of the play consists of the infusion of the last drop into Hecuba's overflowing cup of sorrows by her youngest son's murder, and of the savage revenge which she takes on his destroyer. But its fine commencement depicts the horror of the hapless queen on learning that, as Achilles was deceived to his destruction by the pretence of a marriage with her child Polyxena, so the Greek chieftains have resolved to wed her to him in death; and to pour the blood of that fairest daughter of Priam over the tomb of his great enemy. The phantom form of the mighty chieftain, clad, as in life, in his golden armour, has restrained the Greek fleet from departure till this honour has been paid to his shade; and his old companions have resolved not to let him accuse them, before Proserpine, of the ingratitude of refusing his demand. The captive Hecuba has been led to forebode

this terrible doom of her fair young daughter from a night vision; she learns its certainty from the Chorus of Trojan women, so lately her subjects. Bereft already of husband and sons, she feels herself now wholly abandoned by the gods. She rushes to her tent, and, with wild shrieks, summons forth Polyxena to hear her sentence. The maiden comes out like a scared bird (to use her own expression), and listens to the fearful tidings. But she does not receive them as her mother expects. From the first, the girl, amidst all the horror of so strange a fate, discerns even in such a death an escape from yet worse ills; and bewails the mother whose miseries she may no longer comfort, more than her own young life cut short. It is thus, after her first cry of terror, that her thoughts find utterance:—

Polyxena.

O my mother! after woes
All-embracing, terrible,
What, oh what, the list to close,
Fiercest grief too bad to tell,
 Darts some god at thee!
I, thy child, may nevermore
Help thine age, though burdened sore,
 Thou a slave, I free!
Since, like mountain-nourished
Calf, thou soon must see me torn
(Both in anguish) from thy side;
By the sharp knife sent to glide
Through deep glooms; there, 'mid the
 dead,
 Left to lie forlorn.
Mother, yet thy misery,
 Thine alone, I mourn:
Not mine own life's ruin:
Nay, for death is gain to me
 Now, and life undoing.

Ere Hecuba can reply, Ulysses is seen advancing to claim the victim, and lead her to the altar in the sight of the assembled Greeks. The hapless mother pours forth a stream of supplications to him for the life of the child, whom she pathetically calls her one and sufficient consola-

* "O happy she, her virgin-bed who made
'Neath Trojan wall to please Pelides' shade," &c.

—King's *Æneid*.

tion after so many sorrows—the nurse, the staff, the guide of her weary old age. In vain: Ulysses pays no heed to her. She then gives rise to one of the noblest speeches in the tragedies of Euripides, by calling her daughter forward to plead for her own life:—

Hecuba.

O daughter! all my words to stay thy death
Are vain—have vanished into empty air:
Try if thou canst do more than could thy mother,
Like the sad nightingale thy voice uplift-
ing,
Speaking each word that may preserve thy life.
Fall at Ulysses' feet, and stir his pity;
Persuade him; use this plea—he, too, has children,
So that he should feel moved by fate like thine.

Polyxena.

I see thee hide thy hand from me, Ulysses,
Within thy robe, and turn thy face away,
Lest, as a suppliant, I should touch thy cheek.
Be of good cheer; not upon Zeus, the friend
Of suppliants, call I, but will follow thee,
Not only forced, but willing, too, to die.
Were I not, I should craven be, and coward.
For what have I to live for? I, whose father
Was king of all the Phrygians (so my life
Began)—who was nourished up amid fair hopes,
A bride for monarchs, who vied eagerly
To wed, and lead me to their home and hearth!—
I, who, though wretched now, was lady once
Of Ida's women, gazed on among virgins,
Equal of gods, except for death alone!
But now am I a slave. 'Tis first that name,
Unwonted, makes me feel in love with death;
Next, that perchance my lot might be to serve
Master of cruel mind, bought by his gold,
Who might constrain me—me, sister of Hector
And many another prince—to bake his bread,
And sweep his house, and at the loom to toil,
Mean, sorry days; nay, to some slave might wed me—

Me—deemed till now a worthy spouse for kings.

No, verily; still free, I bid this light
Farewell, and give my body to the grave.
Lead me away, Ulysses,—lead, and slay me;

Since not a hope is left, or flattering thought,

To whisper to me of good days to come.
And thou, my mother, do not hinder me,
By word or deed; yea, counsel me to die
Ere I can fall into shame not my due.

For one unused to taste of ill may bear it,
But needs must feel his neck galled by its yoke,

And must be happier far to die than live,
Since life dishonoured is a sore distress.

There is a burst of applause from the Chorus at these sentiments, so unwonted among those to whom life ever seemed the most precious of possessions. Hecuba herself ceases, after hearing her high-minded child, to beg any longer for her life. At least, after one wild entreaty to be allowed to die in her stead, she goes on to implore Ulysses for leave to die along with her; and declares her resolution to cling to her in death, like the ivy to the fallen oak. Her daughter prevails on her at last to desist from her purpose; and then ensues a parting like that of Clytemnestra and Iphigenia, only in some respects more pathetic, in which Polyxena's truthful words show us that though she has freely chosen death as the least of two great evils, yet that, in her eyes, it is a terrible evil still:—

Polyx. O my loved mother! give me thy sweet hand,
And lay thy cheek on mine; for never more,

t for the last time now, I look upon
The sun and his bright rays. Take my last greeting.

O mother mine, I go down to the grave!

Hec. But I, my child, a slave behold the light.

Polyx. Rest of the spouse, the bridal meant for me.

Hec. Sad is thy case, my child; mine, too, is wretched.

Polyx. Parted from thee, I must lie far,—in Hades.

Hec. Alas! what shall I do? where end my life?

Polyx. Enslaved I die, though a free father's child.

Hec. Of all my many children none is left me.

Polyx. What word to Hector sendst thou or thy husband?

Hec. That of all women I am wretchedest.

Polyx. O bosom, breasts that me so sweetly fed!

Hec. O daughter, doomed to an untimely fate!

Polyx. Mother, farewell! farewell Cassandra too!

Hec. Let others fare well; wish it not thy mother.

Polyx. Lead me away, Ulysses; veil my head,

Lest, ere I bleed, my mother's sad laments Melt all my heart, my wallings melting her.

O light! I greet thee now, while yet I may,

This last brief moment, while I walk to meet

The sword and great Achilles' funeral fire.

So amidst the tears of the Chorus the devoted maiden turns from her fainting mother, and goes with her stern guardian to where Pyrrhus stands with his weapon bared to receive her. There, in presence of the whole army, he first pours his libations on his father's funeral mound, and then bids the august shade come and drink a more precious draught of virgin blood, and requite it by a favourable voyage homewards for the Greeks. Then he makes a sign to his attendant youths to seize the victim; but she, royal to the end, forbids them to touch her, and claims the privilege of being sent a free offering to the gods, and of bearing no servile name among the dead. This is allowed her; and she bares her bosom to the blow, and bids the son of Achilles smite where he deems it best. He, half dazzled by the revealed beauty of a form such as sculptors had seldom imaged, is all but mastered by his compassion, and can scarcely bear to sever that fair throat. But at last he does so; and, gathering her robe in

seemly wise round her, the princely virgin falls amid the plaudits of the vast assembly. Better so than live to drink poor Andromache's cup of long and bitter humiliation. But still Polyxena dies unavenged, and not revenging her country.

Not so a third captive princess, Cassandra the prophetess, whom none believed until the fall of Troy sadly accredited her predictions; the consecrated priestess of Apollo, in seizing whose dedicated charms King Agamemnon incurred the guilt of sacrilege, and committed that last inexpressible offence which Clytemnestra made him pay for by his life. Very fine are those scenes in the great tragedy of *Æschylus*, which depict Cassandra, arrived in Greece, as starting back from the door of her master's palace at the scent of blood from within: the blood shed there in old time, and that which her prophetic instinct tells her must flow so soon from her own and from Agamemnon's veins. And very awful is its concluding scene, in which, standing over their two dead bodies, Clytemnestra partly founds the justification of her own crime in the wrong done to her by her husband when he slighted her for a Trojan captive. Now it is this scene, familiar of course to every Athenian's memory, which Euripides, in the finest passage of his *Troades*, supposes to be present to Cassandra's foreboding gaze. It fills her, according to his conception of her character, with a wild and fierce exultation. She is after all, then, the destined avenger of Troy. Agamemnon, its proud captor, is to die on her account. Welcome the intermediate steps if so, however painful in themselves. Her death may be less beautiful than that of Polyxena; but it will be more fruitful in results. No sooner, therefore, does she hear that the herald Talthybius has come to

claim her for Agamemnon, than she kindles a nuptial torch, and rushes forth wildly from her tent, with hair dishevelled and eyes fiercely glittering, bearing it in her hand. Mother and attendants stand amazed as they listen to her chant flowing forth in irregular measure; Phœbus inspiring his priestess to declare the destined vengeance for the wrong she is about to suffer:—

Cassandra,

1.

Hold high the flame! lift up! bring light!
 I set on fire
 (Behold! behold!)
 This temple with my torches bright.
 Hymen! King Hymen! sing,
 My bridegroom blest,
 Me blest, in Argos who shall wed a
 king.
 Hymen! King Hymen! sing.
 While thou, my mother, grief
 oppressed.
 Dost weep and moan my slaughtered
 sire.
 Groan o'er our fatherland,
 I have kindled this brand
 To burn all my marriage night,
 A lustre, a light,
 Hymen, O Hymen! bright for
 thee.
 Give flames, O Hecate!!
 Light up my bridal torch, the maid-
 en's right.

2.

Lift up your feet, lift up; begin the jo-
 cund dance,
 The used of old,
 As in my father's prosperous days.
 Lead on, King Phœbus, lead
 The Chorus now.
 Upon thine altar shall my victim
 bleed
 Where laurels shade the mead.
 Hymen! O Hymen! great art thou!
 Dance, mother, now thy foot advance,
 Circling around with mine,
 Let us our steps entwine.
 Still shouting loud Hymen's praise,
 Still chant your glad lays
 Unto the bride. Sing, maidens,
 sing
 My marriage: to the king,
 My fated husband, songs of triumph
 raise.

The Chorus and Queen Hecuba
 stand aghast at this mad burst of

untimely gaiety, when they had expected to see the priestess sadly take the sacred fillets from her hair, and lay down her key of office with weeping and sorrow. Her mother takes the torch from her hand, and bids the bystanders respond by tears only to this weird and ill-omened strain of nuptial melody. But Cassandra, growing calmer, stands forth to explain and justify it by words of clear and well-defined prediction:—

Cass.

Crown, mother, crown my conquest-bear-
 ing head,
 Rejoice thou at my nuptials with the
 king,
 And send me forth; yea, if I would not
 go
 Force me hence. For, if Phœbus can
 divine,
 The glorious Agamemnon, King of Greeks,
 Weds worse in me than he who wedded
 Helen:
 For I shall slay him and lay waste his
 house,
 Avenging so my sire and brethren slain.
 But hold: I will not sing the sharpened
 axe
 Which waits my throat, but waits an-
 other's too,
 The matricidal conflict, by my marriage
 Proclaimed, the overthrow of Atreus'
 house.

She adds much more, but to the same effect, till Talthybius (to whom of course these predictions sound simply incredible) marvels at the folly which has led his master to love so mad a woman. At last, when his patience is exhausted, he bids Cassandra follow him to the ship, and Hecuba awaits the summons of her own future master, Ulysses. Then the prophetic fire burns up once more brightly in the Trojan maiden, and she unfolds, with strange precision, the sufferings which await Ulysses, and, with a yet more terrible distinctness, her own far-seen end.

Cass.

Say'st thou my mother to Ulysses' home
 Shall come? Nay, then where would be
 Phœbus' word,

Revealing to me that she here should die?
 I would not taunt; yet ill remain for him
 To bear, weighed against which my woes
 and Troy's
 Seem light; for, having spent ten years
 beside
 The ten spent here, he shall go home
 alone;
 First, having hardly passed Charybdis'
 Strait,
 'Neath Scylla's rock, escaped the savage
 away
 Of Cyclops, and the spells of Circe, men
 into swine changing, shipwrecked on salt
 sea,
 Delayed by lotos-fruit, and by the flesh
 Of the Sun's sacred oxen, which shall
 sing
 Notes to Ulysses bitter. In one word,
 He shall alive go into Hades; 'scape
 The sea to find ten thousand ills at home.
 But why more words on Ulysses' labours
 I away should fling?
 Go, that with all speed in Hades I be
 wedded to the king.
 Thou shalt find an evil burial, by the
 night and not by day,
 Foremost leader of the Greeks who march-
 eet in thy proud array.
 Me, too, shall the mountain-torrents,
 swollen by the winter's rain,
 Sweep, a naked, cast-out corpse, where
 lies entombed my bridegroom slain,
 That wild beasts may feed upon me—
 handmaid of Apollo's fane.
 Garlands of the god I loved best, holy
 ornaments and bright,
 Fare ye well! the feasts are over, once
 my glory and delight:
 Lo! I fling your fragments from me, while
 as yet unstained I dare
 Bid the swift wind these unto thee, O
 my prophet-king! to bear.
 Where is then the chief's ship? let me
 hasten on its deck to stand.
 Quick, all sails set, woo the breezes, king,
 and lead me from this land.
 One (to thee unknown albeit) of the
 Furies' dreadful band.
 Farewell, mother! weep not for me, O
 my country, loved so well!
 Ye, my brethren, and thou, father, who
 beneath the earth now dwell,
 Shall ere long receive me, coming bearing
 victory to my dead,
 Having spoiled Atides' palace, and laid
 low our waster's head.

With this dread prophecy, and
 with the wild light of revenge in
 her eye, Cassandra follows the
 herald out of sight of the audience,

who remain to witness more mourn-
 ful farewells, and to listen to the
 Choric wailings over fallen Troy,
 which go up at every pause in the
 action from the surrounding band of
 captive women. But we should
 only injure the effect of Cassandra's
 grand monologue by quoting more
 from the play which contains it.
 As in the tragedy which sets forth
 at length the fate of Polyxena,* so
 the 'Troades,' the bereaved mother's
 thoughts turn to vengeance: in this
 last case to the wish to strike in
 Helen the cause of the ruin of her
 house. She rouses herself from the
 stupor of her sorrow to strengthen
 the purpose of Menelaus to punish
 his unfaithful wife; and her long
 and finally unsuccessful pleadings
 for this purpose, diminish the effect
 produced on the beholder's mind by
 her previous anguish. In fact, the
 great interest of the 'Troades' begins
 and ends with Cassandra, as does
 that of the 'Hecuba' with Polyxena.
 Both plays, therefore, are, like the
 'Andromache,' inferior to the master-
 pieces of the Hellenic drama, not
 only on account of their want of
 unity of interest, but also because,
 by the premature occurrence of their
 most exciting scenes, they expose
 those which follow to the reproach
 of comparative insipidity.

But the same rules of art which
 condemn each of these tragedies
 considered as a whole, lead us to pro-
 nounce a very different judgment on
 their detached portions. To begin
 with the 'Andromache'; we have
 remarked already on its inferiority,
 as to compactness of design, to its
 modern imitation by Racine. But
 what do we find in the French play
 which lives in the memory like the
 mother's choice of death for her
 child's sake, as delineated by Euri-
 pides? or the pathos of her lamen-

* The 'Hecuba' of Euripides.

tation as she is being led to execution? or again, like the wail over the slaughtered Pyrrhus, and the sudden gleam of light shot through the gloom which encompasses the close of the drama from the glory of the descending Thetis?

Still more perfect, in its own line, is that portion of the 'Hecuba' which tells the tale of Polyxena. With few, but masterly strokes, it paints to us an ideal of feminine beauty and dignity; a nature which, like the ermine of fable, prefers death to any stain on its pure whiteness; a princely heart which, rather than drag the honours derived to it from kingly ancestors in the dust, prefers to water that dust with the blood transmitted to it by them. Had we still the lost 'Polyxena' of Sophocles, it is hard to see how we could pronounce him to have here surpassed Euripides. Only we should, in all probability, have had to award to him the praise of a more prudent economy, in keeping back his heroine's courageous resolution, and that mournful farewell, which discloses the young girl's regrets for life to the mother from whom she has no secrets, to a place nearer his play's end, and therefore more befitting their immense pathos. The sense of an unfulfilled destiny, of a life cut short before it could be crowned by the wedded joys that were its due, pervades the last words of his noble 'Antigone,' as it does those of the 'Polyxena' of Euripides. But the farewell of the Theban princess is spoken to the public; she has no mother to sympathise (as only a mother can) with her disappointed hopes. She is a grander character than Polyxena, but less lovable than the maiden who, with childlike impetuosity, disregards Hecuba's selfish sorrow when it interrupts the free flow of her lamentation with com-

plaints of her own destiny; but who, nevertheless, could have borne to live if she might have been her mother's fellow-slave; and who cuts short her own leave-taking rather than overwhelm that wretched mother with her anguish.

Nor is it possible for a poet to have drawn two partings of a mother and daughter with finer shades of distinction and more exquisite beauty of contrast, than this of Hecuba and Polyxena, and that of Clytemnestra and Iphigenia, in the 'Iphigenia in Aulis' of Euripides.*

Agamemnon's daughter is sustained by hope (for her country, though not for herself); Priam's by despair. The young Iphigenia is willing to bleed to win honour for a living father; Polyxena to preserve the honour of a dead one. Clytemnestra is forbidden to weep by her high-hearted child, who yet cannot always restrain her own tears; Hecuba and Polyxena, mingle theirs without restraint. For the Trojan maiden's blood is to be poured forth as an offering to the dead; the Greek girl's to an ever-living goddess. Polyxena's sweet young life is to expire amid the ashes of her ruined country; Iphigenia's is to be given as a ransom to insure the homes of Hellas against barbarian outrage. Accordingly, Clytemnestra assents when her daughter forbids her mourning for her; Hecuba makes this hopeless answer when hers bids her "fare well:" "Bid others, child, thy mother cannot fare well." And Iphigenia departs with hymns and songs of triumph; Polyxena with head veiled and a silence more expressive than many words.

Less touching, but in some respects more striking than either of these two parting scenes, is that between Hecuba and Cassandra.

* See Blackwood's Magazine for July 1862.

There the daughter sees before her a more evil fate, a darker doom, than that which awaited the victims in the 'Iphigenia,' and in the 'Hecuba;' but it is less apparent than theirs to the mother's eye. Hecuba is therefore a less prominent character here than in her separation from Polyxena: Cassandra, too, is lifted by her prophetic enthusiasm above the sense of ordinary sorrows and natural human griefs. The pathos is therefore less; the sense of awe and terrific sublimity comes in as a compensation. The degradation from which Polyxena rejoiced to escape even by death lies full before Cassandra; but she is content to undergo it for the sake of its consequences to the foes of her house and country. Death awaits her too, and a death as void of honour as her sister's is full of it; but it is a death which the oppressor is to share with her. For that death the *woman* is therefore ready; it is only the *priestess* who starts with momentary horror at the thought of it as an insult to the mighty god whom she has served. Like Iphigenia, Cassandra is upheld by hope rather than by memory; only her hope wears the blood-red hues of the leaves of autumn, not the fresh green livery of the spring. Iphigenia looks to make the walls of Mycenæ stronger; Cassandra to avenge the ruined walls of Troy by their overthrow. Polyxena and Iphigenia sigh as they see their bridal torches quenched ere well lighted; Cassandra grasps hers with a firm hand, knowing that the

Furies have kindled it for her, and that it will set on fire King Agamemnon's palace. Polyxena can carry nothing to her slain father and brethren but the tidings of her mother's hopeless wretchedness; Cassandra aspires to bear them the trophies of the death of their mightiest foe. Apollo's gift of prescience, so fatal to the happiness of his priestless in sunnier hours, acquires a new character when all has grown dark around her; and she who wept when Troy was glad, has a joy reserved for herself alone, when the sound of mirth and laughter is hushed for ever amid its walls. Andromache, the type of perfect womanhood, Polyxena, of perfect maidenhood, in Troy, surpass Cassandra during its prosperous days in happiness and in charm; for she is the type of genius in woman, with its hard struggles for recognition, and with the baneful influence of its laurel shades to blast the spring flowers of love and joy.

"Happier, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,
She who makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth."

True; but when Troy has fallen, and there is no fire left on any hearth whether high or humble, nor even on any temple altar within its walls, the meaning of the consecrating laurel may be seen more plainly, its unfading leaf be prized when all flowers have withered, and Cassandra's swan-song (as Æschylus calls it) rise clear among weaker women's groans.

A DOG WITHOUT A TAIL.

I.

THAT blue sea at my feet is the Adriatic. I have read of it in histories and geographies, and now I see it—and it is a curious sensation to find that classic gulf so singularly like any other sea. It is like being introduced to one of Plutarch's heroes, and being surprised to find that, apart from the toga, he closely resembles the member for my county or the captain of my company of volunteers. I am in Molfetta, a place of which I had never read even in a newspaper; and that is a more curious sensation still.

I am not going to describe Molfetta. Murray does, and advises his traveller, in effect, to shake the Molfettese dust from his feet, and to pass on to better quarters. Therefore, who cares for Molfetta? Not I. I did not like it when I was there, and shall never be there again. It is near Bari, but otherwise out of the world. There are no shops, there is no meat, no bread, no anything to eat save turnip-tops and macaroni; no anything else except a THEATRE. "*Voilà*"—to adapt the style of the French zoologist—"*Voilà Molfetta—voilà le chameau!*"

It is not unadvisedly that the word "theatre" is written large, while the name of the town that holds the theatre is written small. Molfetta was the frame, the suburb; the theatre was the picture, the citadel. Molfetta was the body, the theatre was the soul. In the theatre, and in the theatre alone, the people lived and breathed. I speak in the past tense, but of a past so recent, that I have no doubt the present would apply just as

well. Operatic affairs formed the staple topics for debate and consideration in the municipal council, which met to discuss what stars should be brought from Naples or Milan at the public expense, and when the season should begin and end. The political parties of the place were distinguished, not by the paltry questions that agitate the rest of the world, but by partisanship with *la Ranuzza* or *la Barbagianni*—the rival *soprani* who in my time divided households and separated friends. The great public did not pay very dear for its whistle, but enjoyed it hugely, and, so to speak, lived shut up in its own ear, like an oyster in its shell, careless of the winds and waves that stormed outside. This is no ideal exaggeration of a musical Arcadia, but the true character of the place, as accurately stated as if I were contributing to a gazetteer. And so, being at Molfetta, I did as the Molfettese do. I left the sweet Italian air, in which the aromatic peculiarities of the town almost overpowered the cosmopolitan fragrance of the sea—and the blue Italian sky, almost as blue as I have known that of England—and went to the theatre. I can occasionally tolerate operatic music, and there was nothing else to do. Besides, I don't like being set down as a madman; and as a madman I should have been most certainly set down if it ever got about that I had preferred listening to the song of the sea.

Why was I at Molfetta, despite my guide-book's warning? Why was I not at Trani, or Foggia, or Rome, or Margate, or the sources of the Nile? Ah, why are we ever any-

where—why are we in the world? But, if I can just tolerate music, I abhor metaphysics. This is the story of a dog, not of a man. Dogs despise metaphysics, and they are wiser than we, if honesty is any part of wisdom.

Mademoiselle Ranuzza was going to sing. The opera was one that I had once heard before, even in my native land, whither novelties travel slowly. It was called "*Il Trovatore*." I was pleased; for if there is one thing that I hate even more cordially than metaphysics, it is

an opera in which I do not know all the tunes beforehand. I am an Englishman, and yet I am not ashamed. I can speak Italian with an accent which, as Italians say, "smells English"—and why not? Nobody blames a signor for talking English with a shrill accent that "smells Italian;" it is held graceful and interesting, and I have always held that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. But I am in Molfetta; and I shall be there for ever unless I pass through the theatre doors.

II.

The curtain had not risen when I found myself seated comfortably enough in a stall in the second row from the stage, looking round at the audience and waiting for the orchestra to finish tuning. All the world was there—the Prefect, the Sub-Prefect, the Sindaco, the Count and the Cobbler. The Countess too was there, and the Cobbler's wife, and the wife of the Sindaco, and the sons and daughters of each and all. I, too, was there, sitting between a tall elderly gentleman with a red ribbon and grey moustache on one side and vacancy on the other. The two stalls immediately on my left hand were as yet unfilled. Was it possible that as many as two seats should be empty in Molfetta on the same day?

No. A young man in full evening dress, white-gloved and white-cravated, entered at the end of some five minutes and took the next seat but one to mine. He was what most women—all English-women—would call a handsome young man. He was tall and lean, with a very long, thin nose, very black, expressionless eyes, sunken cheeks, and fearfully sallow complexion, and a strong short crop of

jet-black bristles on his chin. There was something tragic, melodramatic, sombre, conspirator-like, in a word *Italian* in his air—not real Italian, but book-Italian; he might have stepped straight from a school-girl's brain, like Minerva from the skull of Jove. It is such as he who have ere now turned the heads of young heiresses with their methods of conjugating *amare*, and have afterwards turned out not quite so fascinating in the character of husband as they were when simply professors of grammar. I like Italians—but not in my capacity of father to a family of growing girls; and this Italian was of the exact kind to which I, in such capacity, entertain the strongest natural antipathy. It was while fixing my first impressions of this formidable young man that I thoughtlessly placed my hat and cloak upon the seat that intervened between myself and him.

"Pardon me, signor," he said with the utmost politeness, "this seat belongs to a friend of mine, who will soon be here."

I apologised, and was about to remove my hat and cloak, when I was anticipated in a manner which, I venture to say, is new to the

experience of any play-goer who has never been in Molfetta.

A black, shining nose, projecting from a tangled mass of rough grey hair, emerged from under the row of stalls before me, and two rows of yellow teeth caught hold of my cloak and pulled it into a heap on the dusty floor. My hat was treated, or rather ill-treated, in the same way; and then, before I could recover from my start, the seat beside me was occupied by the queerest of all the people that ever sat in an opera-stall—and queer enough people have sat in opera-stalls to give point to the comparison.

He was a large, rough dog, of no breed that I could recognise; it may have been indigenous and peculiar to Molfetta, but I am inclined to class him as *sui generis*, even there.

Poor fellow! He could not help the intermediate ancestors that separated him from the canine Adam and the canine Eve who originally fathered him and mothered him as well as the noblest St. Bernard or the daintiest King Charles. For my part, I rather prefer mongrels—I am proud of being an Englishman. My fellow-mongrel was ugly and rough; he had treated my new hat and my old cloak not too respectfully; his teeth looked strong and sharp, in spite of the yellow hue that told of a long career of bones—and, alas! some dire mischance had deprived him of the badge of every dog's self-respect—his tail. But, tail-less or not tail-less, a dog's eye is a dog's eye; and it turned on me and said, more plainly than words can speak,—

"Who are you, that interfere with the comforts of a gentleman?"

Yes—you are a gentleman, although a mongrel, my next-door neighbour: I could see that with half an eye; and I murmured, "I beg your pardon, signor."

But a dog in a theatre, with a stall to himself, and taking it as of right! That was the curious part of the matter. Church-going dogs I have known, but a play-going dog I never knew. I always supposed it to be against theatrical manners and customs to allow *cani*—as the Italians style good dogs and bad singers—to exhibit themselves in front of the scenes. What was yet more curious, nobody but myself took the least notice of this curiosity.

I am a timid Englishman, but I plucked up courage.

"Sir," said I, this time to my neighbour's neighbour, "this gentleman—your friend—is he an *habitué*?"

"A regular subscriber. He takes two stalls—one for himself, one for me. It is kind of him, signor. I love music, and if it were not for him——"

"Pardon me, your hearing music depends upon him? I don't quite understand."

"Without Muffino I go nowhere. Yes, signor, I once lost a whole week of the divinest music because the Town Council was considering whether Muffino should be admitted to the stalls or no. Signor, it almost caused a revolution!"

"A revolution?"

"Yes, signor. I threaten to organise a *claque* that shall close the house for a whole season. They compromise. I withdraw my threat on condition that Muffino shall be admitted; they withdraw their refusal on condition that Muffino shall pay. I see you are a foreigner, signor, or you would have heard all this long ago."

I ventured to introduce myself to Signor Muffino by laying my hand on his grey wig.

"He is a handsome dog," I said, thinking better of Muffino's master, or friend, than before. "It is a pity he has lost his tail."

The young man's brow clouded, his dark eyes grew darker, and he scowled.

"Signor," said he, "courtesy demands that we should not take notice of personal defects before the face of the unfortunate. Pardon me, signor, if I observe that you are growing bald, very bald indeed, and that your whisker on this side contains already six grey hairs."

The rebuke was just. I was ashamed,—partly for my breach of good manners—partly, it may be, for those six grey hairs. I had thought there were but five. I held my tongue, and the curtain rose.

Would, O my reader, that you had seen the intelligent, eager eyes of Muffino blink and warm up when the music began! It was he, not I, that looked at the stage. I looked at him. The human audience listened to the music *à l'Italienne*: that is to say, they talked and laughed and let the music flow on, like tourists who find in beautiful scenery a sauce for sandwiches and bottled beer. The canine auditor

was silent and absorbed. Who can say what miracles sound, as well as sight, scent, taste and touch, may not set working in a brain so much more acutely, intensely, sensitively receptive of outward things than the introspective mind of man? True, a dog cannot create; but the less the creative faculty the greater the appreciative power, as all the world knows. You have, of course, seen your terrier lift up his nose and howl as the German band played outside your window, or as your daughter practised finger-exercises or ran up and down the scale? You think it was because he hates music. Why? Do you expect him to show his pleasure by clapping his paws? Watch his tail, curling and vibrating tightly with excitement, and remember how closely akin are intense pleasure and intense pain. He may suffer, but it is the ecstatic suffering of emotion that finds vent in that long-drawn, unconscious howl—in that snake-like writhing of the tail.

But, alas for Muffino! He had no tail!

III.

Such was my first introduction to Signor Muffino of Molfetta.

Love me, love my dog. Conversely, as a dog would say, Love me, love my man. I liked what I came to know of Signor Muffino. He was a gentle fellow and a loving—as gentle as he was ill-bred; and as loving as he was ill-favoured. Not that he wanted proper spirit,—he was not one of those painfully large-hearted dogs that practise universal philanthropy and bestow their best caresses upon the boots that come oftenest and hardest on their hides. His was not that feminine love which takes kicks and gives kisses, but the masculine as-

pect of love that is called friendship when we wish to honour it with its highest name. I saw him bite once, poor fellow, when some clumsy foot in a crowd trod upon the toes of—his master. I once saw him make a desperate charge to the rescue when some absent-minded philosopher, with his eyes doubtless upon the stars, was walking off with his master's gold-headed cane. He had to desert the substance of a bone in order to pursue the retreating shadow of the philosopher, and he never saw the bone again. It had been carried off by her ladyship the spaniel of the lady of the Sindaco. It was hard; for poor Muffino

did not get too many bones, as I came to find out in course of time.

I am proud to say that I had the honour of being numbered among Muffino's friends. But I could not, somehow, swallow that cardinal point in his creed, Love me, love my man.

The dog's name we know: the man's was Benvenuti. To distinguish him from the half-hundred other Benvenuti in Molfetta he had been christened Onofrio. To distinguish him from the five-and-twenty fellow-townsmen named Onofrio Benvenuti he was called di Saverio, from his father's Christian name. To distinguish him from the twelve named Onofrio Benvenuti di Saverio, he had received the nickname of *La Jettatura*. So much the worse for him, for *La Jettatura* means the Evil Eye. My first disagreeable impression was somehow confirmed by his *sobriquet*. I did not like Don Onofrio Benvenuti di Saverio la Jettatura.

Everybody knows what a terrible thing it is to get a reputation for the Evil Eye. It may blight the happiness of the most amiable, nay, of the otherwise best beloved of men. But when the brand is fixed to one who is the reverse of beloved, it is a horrible thing indeed: and, in this case, nobody liked *La Jettatura*. My prejudice was justified by public opinion.

He was a *mauvais sujet*, a black sheep, a ne'er-do-weel, a *valniente*. To adapt a celebrated passage of Macaulay, what the black sheep is to the mere ne'er-do-weel, what the *mauvais sujet* is to the black sheep, what the *valniente* is to the *mauvais sujet*, what the Molfettese *valniente* is to other *valnienti*,—such was *La Jettatura* to the other *valnienti* of his native town. Ever since he had been born, as I made out from my friend the Sindaco, he had borne a bad name, independently of his

sobriquet. Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths, as we all know; but we do not know as well as we ought that some are born with ne'er-do-weel, or black sheep, or whatever the synonym may be, marked as clearly on their foreheads as if it were tattooed there in sepia or gunpowder. Do what they will, the unfortunate victims can never get rid of their birth-brand, though they may lead the life of St. Anthony. For the most part, however, they do not lead the life of St. Anthony; they feel, and not unreasonably, the force of the maxim, "as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," and act accordingly.

On making more minute inquiries into the matter, however, it seemed to me that *La Jettatura* had been thus labelled less on account of anything he had done than of much that he had not done. He was very unlucky and very poor.

His poverty was perhaps his own fault, for it was possible at Molfetta to keep body and soul together for the price of his kid gloves and opera-stalls. But then, if he had not made the theatre the first and paramount charge on his little income he would have been scarcely an Italian of the south—certainly no Molfettese. To sit anywhere but in a stall would have appeared to him a contradiction in terms; and as to the expense of the second stall, I only wonder he did not buy kid gloves for Muffino. Whether his want of luck can be so easily accounted for, I am less sure. He had been more than once suspected, once caught red-handed in the fact, of cheating at dominoes. Yet, none the less, he was a chronic loser in games of chance. It was the winners, in his case, who found out the loser, and they laughed who won. He it was who played the part of hero in a certain *comediotta* where-

in an irate peasant of the neighbourhood found somebody hidden away in a cupboard, of which his wife kept the key. He was not the only Onofrio Benvenuti who called upon the peasant's wife, but the others were not found out, and La Jettatura had to bear the sins of them all. It was he, grave, wise, stern as he looked with those deep-set eyes of his, that went so far as to draw a knife upon one who had provoked him beyond mortal endurance. He was, nevertheless, obviously the turbulent aggressor: his opponent had been guilty only of using the weapon which, though sharper than a sword, is not held to justify the reply of naked steel. In a word, he was an idle, not over-wise, singularly unlucky young man, who, in a very laxly laced place, had somehow contrived to earn the character of a rogue, a *roué*, and an assassin. He was a weak vessel filled with water, which his friends and neighbours were doing their best to turn into the gall and vinegar of misanthropy.

Wretches that we are—to be the only created beings that have a word to express hatred for our fellow-wretches. Apes have no word for it; nor even parrots, despite the bad language we have managed to teach them. And as for Misanthropy—dog-hating—there is no such barbarous, no such impossible word: there could not be, even if to the dogs should go the language of him who sang of the Dog of Ulysses. But forward!

The young man, without luck for good management to make up for his want of principle, found in Muffino alone one who never found him out, who never provoked him to anger, who never betrayed him. I never, in his presence, ventured to refer to the loss of the tail again; but I heard the story from another and more reputable acquaintance

of mine—one of the numerous priests with which Molfetta, the seat of a seminary, swarms. It is a terrible legend. Englishman as I am to the backbone, it makes me shudder from my sensorium all the way down the series of vertebræ which should in the human race, and does in the canine race, terminate in a tail.

The cupboard of La Jettatura was bare—very bare. "Come, my Muffino," he said, "let us have a shake at the dice-box." He thought of ivory in its relation to silver. Muffino pricked up his ears and wagged the tail of which he then was proud. He thought of ivory in its relation to Bone.

Their way to the dice-box led them past the church of San Genaro: and La Jettatura, as pious a youth in his way as Schiller's Fridolin, thought, "I will ask a blessing on the ivories for luck; it can do no harm. What is more,—for every time I throw double sixes, Sant' Onofrio shall have a taper—long sixes on my honour," or whatever these terms of commerce may be in Molfettese. So they went in—there was plenty of time before the breakfast-hour, at which they expected to find one or two young men from the *Commune* whom they might induce to try a throw or two before returning to the labour of carrying on the municipal government of Molfetta.

The church was nearly empty. One priest, my informant, was engaged in some duty at the high altar, of the nature of which I am not informed. La Jettatura took his place in a side chapel before the altar of Sant' Onofrio. Muffino pattered about here and there, thinking, I doubt not, "I have heard of church mice: are there church rats, I wonder—and if so, where?"

Suddenly a loud exclamation, in language singularly inappropriate to

a church, startled La Jettatura from his knees.

My informant, the priest, knew not whether he was on his head or his heels. He was only aware of a leap and a spring—of two rows of sharp teeth that struck against his fingers—it might have been dog, it might have been devil, for aught he knew. The red light still burned before the high altar, but the wafer was gone. It was not he that had cried out—he was too thunderstruck to cry. But, before he was fairly on his feet, La Jettatura was surrounded by the unfailing little crowd that, when there is the least pretence for excitement, springs up from the flag-stones of an empty church as inevitably as from the paving-stones of London, or from the sands of a desert island. Six old women, eight boys, the sacristan and a gendarme, formed a circle round La Jettatura. And between him and them stood Muffino, holding a wafer delicately in his teeth, as if to say: "See what I have found! Here is food for us both; the cake for you—the crumbs for me."

I am aware that what I have just told may savour a little of irreverence to some to whom I would not give any real cause of offence for the world. All I can say is that the story is Truth's, and not mine. If I am right in my doubts, still I may not insult her by making apologies that she scorns. If I am wrong—as I trust I am—I apologise, most humbly, for insulting any of my readers by supposing them capable of seeing harm in the anecdote of a good and self-denying heart, whatever it may be. Truth could not be irreverent even if she tried.

Meanwhile, while I am standing hat in hand, and begging pardon before I am blamed, the Church, by the hands of the law, had grasped poor Muffino under her strong arm.

La Jettatura was the most horror-stricken of all. If the earth had opened and swallowed up both himself and Muffino he would not have been surprised. He was indeed an unlucky young man; and from that day forward he rejected the patronage of Sant' Onofrio.

What was to be done? The crime could not be expiated, save in one way. *Muffino must die*; and justice was sixteen to one.

No—not to one! La Jettatura was a weak, even a timid man, when face to face with a gendarme. But, were Muffino to be condemned to Malebolge, then Malebolge must be the doom of Muffino's master too. *Ora e sempre*—in life and in death these two were one: and now, against the crowd, the one was two.

"Let him go—let Muffino go!" exclaimed La Jettatura. "I will give you——"

"What will you give?" asked the gendarme, with a wink at the sacristan.

The young man hung his head—there would be no use in promising wax tapers to a gendarme, and his pockets were empty of all but vows. But meanwhile Muffino began to struggle—he was strong, and it was as much as his captors could do to keep him in hand. The sacristan grasped him by the scruff of the neck—the gendarme laid hold of his tail—the old women began to draw back, and the boys danced round and round them all. But there was little hope for Muffino. He was strong, but so was the sacristan and so was the gendarme.

Muffino's master was filled with despair. In imagination he already saw the corpse of his faithful friend, his only believer, swinging in the piazza, or swollen with salt water and tossed about in derision by the blue waves of the Adrian Sea. Only a dead dog—but what did not that mean to him? Muffino meant to

him home, sympathy, and even conscience. For, bad as he might be, and luckless as he was, he was accompanied in the person of his dog with a constant, though unapproachable, standard of honour and honesty.

He prayed, he threatened, but the sacristan was too horrified to listen; and the gendarme, though less horrified, was not going to be beaten by a dog, and bullied by a fellow that could not afford a *buona mano*. He was an officer of justice; and justice, in one sense or another, must be "done."

At last a sudden thought struck La Jettatura.

"I am very sorry," he said, quietly, letting the arms with which he had been energetically gesticulating fall down by his sides. "It is not the dog I'm trying to save—it's all of you. But never mind. You can't say it's my fault when you, Sacristan, or you, Gendarme, take to bark like a dog, and foam, and go into fits at the sight of water, and die in agony. He's *mad*—that's all."

As chance would have it, Muffino at the moment snapped at the fingers that clutched his throat. The

sacristan let go, and started back with a yell.

"Now! now, Muffino! Run!" cried La Jettatura, pointing to the open door.

But, alas! he spoke too soon. His head, indeed, was free—but he could not run. The gendarme, who had been on the point of letting go with as much speed as the sacristan, saw through the game. He grinned, and held on like grim death to Muffino's tail.

"The mad dog!"—"The Evil Eye!" cried out the little crowd; but the gendarme, being at the safe end of the dog, and wearing an infallible charm, made of coral, and shaped like a horn, against the eye of the dog's master, held on like a hero.

But it is wonderful what presence of mind, when summoned by love, will do. In one moment, more quickly than I can call up the scene, the ready knife of La Jettatura was in his hand. The blade flashed—Muffino was off and away. The gendarme fell prostrate on the stones of the church—his feet flew up—and he grasped in his hand a dog's tail.

La Jettatura sheathed his knife, and cried like a child.

IV.

So ended that adventure, if adventures can ever be said to end. La Jettatura wept, the eight boys laughed, the six old women screamed, the sacristan stood agape, the priest recovered his wits, and Muffino was saved.

But the gendarme did not like being laughed at by the eight small boys. His *prestige* was gone.

"You shall pay for this, signor!" he grumbled, as he walked away, with his own tail between his legs and Muffino's in his hand.

The poor Jettatura! No wonder

he was sore when I remarked upon the personal peculiarity of Muffino. Worse than stabbing himself to the heart had been that severance of Muffino's body from Muffino's tail. He did not go to throw dice at the *café*—he had no heart for food. He went home to his bare cupboard, and his soul sank within him when he opened the door. He had followed a track of gore up the stairs.

I once knew a dog who loved all men save one; and that one was a country surgeon who had performed upon him the villainous operation

of cercotomy, or tail-shortening, which certain would-be improvers upon nature think an addition to canine beauty. He had done it treacherously, and under the guise of friendship, and he was never forgiven. His gentle victim somewhere found a special look for him that said, as plainly as words could speak, "Fool—to think you could mend what wagged at you in love! You shall be punished by seeing my stump still wag for all but you:" and the surgeon never met the eyes that excluded him alone from their kindness without remorse and shame. But this was not the story of Muffino and La Jettatura. The two poor fellows came up crouching one to another, saying, "Muffino, forgive me"—"Onofrio, thou art forgiven." I should not like to count the tears they shed between them before that sad day was over.

"A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart;
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh what omen, dark and high,"

fell over Molfetta that day! The young man wept despite his beard; but you have not seen the most touching sight upon earth till you have seen a dog shed tears. Think not he cannot, for he can.

And so they at last went to bed, not only without breakfast but without supper, but dearer friends than ever, if that could be.

But, alas! after the battle of San Gennaro, La Jettatura obtained more than ever an evil name. There were tongues that scrupled not to charge him with having set on his dog to commit sacrilege, and of having drawn his knife on the representative of the law. In quarters where to be called Freethinker or Garibaldino was to be abused, he received those titles; while the party of progress asked, "What was he doing

in a church at all?" Thus his presumed impiety condemned him with the conservative admirers of La Ranuzza: his presumed piety with the liberal following of La Barbagianni. For a long time he hung his head whenever he was spoken to, as if it were he and not Muffino that had lost his tail. By-and-by—there is no explaining the course of such things—it became "bad form," as we say in English, to associate with Muffino's master. Those who did were held to reflect a little of his blackness, while he in reality caught more and more of theirs, for it was only the disreputable who tolerated him now. It must have been unspeakably painful to the poor young man, whose heart was not very far out of the right place, to see mothers catch up and hide their children when the tail-less dog and the Evil Eye passed by.

How he clung to the cur for whose sake he was sinking into outlawry—into an Italian Coventry, which is even more cold and desolate than that of Warwickshire! When I think of it, I almost feel my own eyes begin to swell. It was touching to see how jealous he grew if Muffino chanced to lick any hand but his own; it made him quarrel with me for three days, and would have made him angry with me for four if I had not made peace by bringing Muffino some little luxuries in the shape of some particular cakes of which he was passionately fond. Even then, when regarding Muffino's watering mouth, he seemed to be thinking, "*Timeo Danaos*," but he grasped my hand. I did not like the man, but for Muffino's sake I could not help being his friend. He lived for Muffino.

Which loved the other best I do not know. In love, they say, it is always one of the two that loves, while the other consents to be loved.

In grammar, as we know, the two voices of "to love" mean different things. But it was all one in the end. Dog's love is the best love; but it is not easy to say in this case which was the most perfect dog's love—the dog's or the man's. If La Jettatura should die, Muffino would never be consoled: he would probably break his heart upon his master's grave. But—if Muffino were to die! . . .

And so, during my stay at Molfetta, they lived on—always in the

hottest water, always in the coldest shade: always in scrapes, and never getting out again. And yet somehow, in spite of all, I am sure they were not unhappy. La Jettatura never did anything right—but then he had Muffino. Everybody scorned him—but Muffino; everybody avoided him—but Muffino. He had no brains, no thoughts, no knowledge, no luck, no friend, no self-respect, no money, no aims, no hopes, but he had—Muffino. And Muffino had La Jettatura.

v.

The summer was unusually hot that year; so hot that I began to think the pleasure of our English summer is not so highly rated as it ought to be. "Three hot days and a thunderstorm" is better than thirty red-hot days without a shower of rain, in spite of foreign sneers at us and our ways. It was not without much joy, tempered with singularly little regret, that I was at last on the eve of leaving Molfetta—as I hope and trust—for ever. I was surfeited with "*Il Trovatore*," while beef had become a memory. Half a stone of me had gone to feed the sweet but greedy southern air—that vampire atmosphere that intoxicates with dreary siestas and robs us of blood and sinew. I was in a Capua of macaroni and turnip-tops, and was home-sick for a glass of beer.

I was paying a visit to the Sindaco, *pour prendre congé*, and was carrying on a lively and interesting conversation with the better half of that functionary—the owner of the little spaniel that had once robbed Muffino of his bone. As I have called our conversation lively and interesting, I must explain. It was about what we had respectively had for dinner during the last seven

days—a topic, next to the opera, of unfailing interest to the Molfettese mind. What music was to our politics, such was the alternation of macaroni and turnip-tops to our weather. We had just come to the conclusion that, having fared precisely alike on five days out of the seven, we were a curiously sympathetic couple, when we were startled by the firing of a gun.

Scarcely had we recovered from the start, when a young man from the *Commune*, with whom we were both acquainted, rushed into the room in a state of wild excitement—wild even for the excitement of a Molfettese.

"Ah, Don Ulisse!" exclaimed the lady, "what was that gun—is it the Revolution?"

"The Revolution! It is worse than the Revolution ten thousand times—it is a Mad Dog!—and if I am bitten——"

"*Diaminè!* My Fida — where is she?—oh, if she is bitten——"

"Calm yourself, dear signora," I said. "And you also, Don Ulisse. I will go and look for Fida. Muffino!" I thought, as I seized my hat and hurried off to warn La Jettatura. "Muffino—all the curled Fidas in the universe, nay in Molfetta, are

not worth a hair of thy tail that used to be—and if thou art bitten——”

I hastened to the piazza, and learned the cause that had thrown the whole town into a wilder commotion than if Garibaldi himself, with all his red shirts, had come marching into Molfetta. A strange dog—who had come, none knew whence—and had gone, none knew whither, had passed through the street, straight as an arrow, like a Malay running a-muck, with foaming lips and haggard eyes. He must have been a very canine Proteus—a dog-fiend. Some said he was as black as Cerberus—some painted him white, some grey, some brown, some tan. He was long-haired, short-haired, rough, smooth, long-legged, short-legged, everything, all at once, that a dog could be.

“Are you sure there was such a dog at all?” I asked one of the chattering, gesticulating crowd.

“It is as sure as that he is mad, Eccellenza!”

“And are you sure that he was mad?” I asked another.

“It is as sure as that he lives, signor!”

Well—any way, the dog was not in Molfetta now. Fact or fiction, mad or not mad, he had vanished into the nowhere whence he had sprung. But with him the peace of that peaceful town had vanished too. Who knew what other dogs he had bitten on his course, and thus infected with his horrible sin? Perhaps one only—but then which one? Perhaps none—but who could tell? Doubt was worse than certainty: and every dear domestic friend had been transformed into a suspected public foe.

At last, suddenly, the word went round that the municipal authorities were met in solemn session at the *Commune* to consider the best means of calming the public mind. We

breathed more freely—Molfetta could trust its Sindaco.

Another report. A councillor—who kept no dogs—had moved: “Considering that some or any dog may have been infected with hydrophobia; considering that the delinquent is and must remain unknown: it is decreed that every dog who has been seen in the streets this day within our jurisdiction, without regard to rank, sex, or age, shall be forthwith arrested and condemned to death as suspect; and the police are charged with the execution of this decree.”

Third report. Molfetta is divided into two factions: those who, owning no dog-favourites, approve the resolution *verbatim et literatim*, and those who would add, by way of amendment, “except my own.” I have not seen La Jettatura.

Fourth report. The council grows stormy. The Sindaco is pleading for Mademoiselle Fida.

Fifth report. The wife of the Sindaco has sent a message. “If Fida is not excepted, declare Molfetta in a state of siege.” The Sindaco, though he hates Fida, is battling in a minority of one.

Sixth report—very late in the afternoon. The Sindaco has yielded. Like Brutus, he sacrifices Fida, and his own domestic tranquillity, upon the altar of his native town. The decree is voted, *nenime contradicente*. The death-warrant of every dog in Molfetta is signed.

“But not Muffino’s!” I said, when the latest news was told. “I am an Englishman—the Union Jack shall protect Muffino.” Alas! my vaunt was vain.

I was on my way to the lodging of La Jettatura when I met my poor friend hanging by the nape of his neck from the hand of a tall, strong gendarme. He caught sight of me, and turned upon me his pleading eyes.

"My friend," I said to the gendarme, "you will oblige me by selling me that dog for ten *scudi*."

The fellow grinned. "You are joking, Eccellenza—a dead dog is not worth a *centesimo*, and I am an honest man."

"Twenty *scudi*, then. Thirty. Forty. Take fifty, and give me Muffino."

"Not a hundred, Eccellenza. This is the mad dog—the mad dog, Eccellenza! He himself, for whose arrest a reward and promotion is promised at the *Commune*."

"Nonsense. The mad dog—if there ever was one—had smooth hair."

"This is smooth hair, Eccellenza."

"What? Then I tell you the mad dog had rough hair."

"Eccellenza, this is rough hair—very rough, indeed."

"Gendarme!" I said sternly, "tell me—are you the—the—the—man who once held Muffino's tail?"

The poor captive raised his nose to the pitiless stars and whined—such a despairing, protesting, appealing whine! The gendarme, the brute, grinned again and passed on.

Muffino, the gentlest, tenderest, truest, sanest of gentlemen, to fall a victim to the miserable revenge of a scoundrel of a gendarme! It was not to be borne. I spent that evening, the whole night indeed, in striving to gain a reprieve, but in vain.

I might as well have spoken to the stars, or to the sea. Had not La Jettatura himself cried out "Mad dog" in the church of San Gennaro? Had not the gendarme, the perjured scoundrel, seen the strange dog snap at Muffino? Did he not look mad? Were not his jaws perceptibly foaming? Was there not already a dangerous gleam in his eye?

Ah! and so there would be in your eye or mine were we, by a jury of dogs, condemned to suffer on the scaffold for what we had never done.

"The ordeal of water!" I demanded.

Water was brought. He drank greedily. "See how mad he is!" they said; "they always drink like that before the paroxysm comes on." And then there was that horrible decree. How should Muffino escape when Fida was doomed? If the decree itself were repealed for others it could not be repealed for him.

I began to hear the name of "Mad dog" coupled with that of "Mad Englishman." And then I remembered that he, whether dog or man, whose name has once been joined with the epithet of mad, may as well cut his throat and hold his tongue. I yielded to the only power that is stronger than the will of man—I was conquered by the injustice of the world.

VI.

The next day was the 24th of August. The 24th of August is the feast of Saint Bartholomew.

I dared not call on La Jettatura to tell him the result of my advocacy. My heart would not carry me beyond a visit to the mistress of Fida. She was, by nature, no deeper than a saucer: but the saucer held a storm. I called on her be-

cause her window looked upon the piazza; and I had not long to wait for what I came to see.

I have seen all the remarkable public spectacles in the world—a bull fight in Seville, a carnival in Milan, a revolution in Paris, Lord Mayor's Day in London. But I never have seen, and never shall see, so strange a sight as the *cortège* that I

witnessed in Molfetta that day. I see it slowly filing before me as I write: it haunts my dreams.

By a strange coincidence, some heavy bell is tolling when a gendarme enters the piazza, carrying under his arm a handsome white dog, of some Pomeranian breed, who bore to his untimely death that air of placid indifference which marks the half-civilised races: his fox-like features betray no emotion, and his feathery tail curls jauntily over his back, like the plumage of an Indian brave who goes to the stake as calmly as he sends others there. But, if he is calm for himself, there is one who is not calm for him. Near enough to give him a last caress if she dared, follows the brown face of his little playmate—a girl of some ten years old, whose large brown eyes overflow with tears for one whom her warm heart no doubt loves all the better for his snowy calm. I think, for that hour, she believes herself beyond the reach of comfort until she dies. Round her neck, unheeded, is thrown the arm of a lad a little taller than she. He ought to feel jealous of such grief for another, and he looks tenderly, not upon the Pomeranian, but on her. But there is a proud flash in his eye that bespeaks him a generous rival, and I suspect that, when he grows up, Law and Order will have gained another foe. Many a Beppo or Tonio has turned brigand or rebel for less cause than because the gendarmes took away Marietta's dog and made her cry. But another group follows upon the scene.

Here is a second gendarme, leading by a frayed rope a prince of royal blood—perhaps a king. He is a splendid retriever, gorgeously combed and curled, with a silver chain round his neck, in melancholy contrast with the knotted halter. There is no indifference about him, but there, in the calm of his mourn-

ful dignity, I read the pride of fallen majesty. He is followed to the scaffold by my right-hand neighbour in the theatre—a tall, soldier-like, grey-moustachioed colonel. I know him at once—he had fought at Solferino and Magenta for Italia and Nero, and this is his reward. Still there is no rebellion in the old soldier's face: it is bowed not with anger but with sorrow. Even so would he follow the *Rè galant-uomo* to his grave.

But from this noble pair my attention is drawn by a sharp cry. Kicking, struggling, biting, yelping in the hands of three gendarmes is a tiny terrier, who seems to have been endowed all at once with the agility of a monkey and the strength of a lion. There is neither stoicism nor majesty about this little rebel; as if prescient of his coming fate he makes a last frantic fight for life and liberty. He to be cut off by public tyranny in the flower of his years; he to be torn from the dear old bones that lie cunningly buried in a certain corner of the yard at home; he to be destroyed before the work of his life—the worrying of that cat—is but half performed. No wonder he yelps and kicks, and makes fearful havoc with the fingers of his captors. Behind and around him run friends scarcely less frantic than he: they vociferate, gesticulate, threaten, and implore—children, father, grandmother, neighbours, make a tumult as if the end of one little terrier meant the end of the world.

Now comes a pitiable sight—a houseless vagabond of the streets, grey, toothless, half bald with mange, to whom death should come as a relief—he has no mourners to see him die. Pass on, poor dog, to death, the friend of the friendless and the poor! Then—the wife of the Sindaco turns away her eyes. It is Fida. The child of luxury

follows the outcast to a common grave.

But for shame ! I also turn away—the pampered little tyrant looks up in the gendarme's face, and licks his hand. I blush for my order. *A bas les aristocrats, à la lanterne !* Then follows—yes, a pug—a Silenus, bloated with fat, with black, flat nose, and ungainly gait, waddling rather than marching to his doom, and by his side a graceful lady, beautiful I am sure, though I cannot see her face for the handkerchief she holds to her eyes. Then a whole boat's crew of fishermen and lads—one with a sweetheart—following a mongrel with measured tread, black looks, and ominous silence : then three generations of mourners bewailing a poor little sleek, soft, fat, curly puppy, not two months old, who whines and whimpers and fights about feebly with his innocent baby paws, not struggling, but feeling and crying for the mother who has not yet left off loving him, and follows after, howling her protest to the sky—to the heaven that gives from the earth that takes away. I think these two might have been tied with the same cord. And so on and on they come—

“Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And cur of low degree”—

mourned—most of them—with tears, every one of which was honest and true. So honest is a dog that hypocrisy dares not stand even by his tomb. But then, except a loving memory, he has nothing to leave.

Stop, my own heart turns sick. It is Muffino.

How dare I tell the rest ! I read in his more than human face tears wrung from the soul—not for himself, but for the unhappy young man who, in him, is about to lose

his only friend. Ah, but you say, how does he know that he is being led to die ? How should a dog—only a dog—know what death means ?

He knows not ; but he knows the Shadow that tells of a long, long parting. What dog is there who does not wander sadly about the house, from room to room, when he sees the boxes being corded, and the chairs covered up, that tell him of a journey on the morrow he is not to share ? It is the same even if he knows not what parting means till now, though but for a day. And does not the coming shadow of that parting which dogs are told to believe is eternal—should not that shadow be felt as no other shadows are ? Whatever the master feels does not the dog transmute into sympathy ? Muffino knew not death, but he knew his master's soul.

May I never, while I live, again behold such wistful, unselfish sorrow in the eyes of a dog—such blank despair in those of a man. The dog, without the sign of canine honour, the man, without the badge of human self-respecting pride, clung to one another with the love of those who, but for one another, stand alone in the world : with eyes in which shone the love that passeth the love of man for woman, ay, and the love of woman for man. They were but a witless man, a tail-less dog ; but each to each was all in all.

And—oh shame once more !—it was round MUFFINO that surged the crowd of those miserable beings who had no dogs to mourn. It was he whom the vile mob mocked and jeered as the MAD DOG who had brought about the panic and the massacre and the woe—the mad dog obeyed the Evil Eye. I could foresee the howl of execration that would go up from the mourners

themselves when death, public and ignominious death, came to the turn of him who had robbed them of those who were less dear to them than Muffino was to La Jettatura. That howl would be his requiem—he had lived a martyr to faithful love, and would die a victim to the injustice of man. . . .

"*Cielo!* what an ugly cur!" said the wife of the Sindaco. "I knew he was hideous; but I never knew what a hateful brute he was till now."

"It is all over," said Don Ulisse, entering the room at the end of about an hour.

"And Fida?" asked the wife of the Sindaco.

Don Ulisse shrugged his shoulders. "Fida is no more."

"Then go at once to Bari and get me another spaniel instantly. And mind he is pretty—prettier than Fida."

I left without a word. Indeed when I left Molfetta I left no *addio* for the lady, who no doubt sets me down as the rudest of Englishmen. Let her—I don't care. But I did care about La Jettatura.

"He won't send for another dog to Bari," I thought as I took my way towards his lodging. "He would no more do so than Muffino would have sent to the antipodes for another man. Poor fellow! I fear he's but a lost soul now. I see it all before me—down and down

and down he will go till he deserves the worst names they can give him, and all because they gave an ill name to a dog that gave him something to live for. Down to the dogs he will go,—“Pardon, signor—ten thousand pardons; no—ten thousand thrashings, I mean!” I exclaimed, on seeing that the man against whom I had run in my brown study was the gendarme. “Man—you are a murderer! You have slain a human soul!”

“I—I—I—Eccellenza—no—*Diaminé!*” he cried out. “How could I tell—who ever heard of a man—”

“Speak out—don't stand stammering and staring like a madman. What is it you want to say?”

“Eccellenza—pardon—I am going to San Gennaro—I must do penance for hanging a cur, Eccellenza—and—”

Whether La Jettatura was weak in the heart as well as in the head I know not. Though past forty I am not yet a physician. But this I know, that as soon as the breath had left Muffino's body, La Jettatura fell down in a swoon, and his pulse, once stopped, forgot to beat again. I have read many stories of dogs dying broken-hearted on human graves—why, then, should not the heart of a man break upon the grave of *his* master, of *his* friend, his only friend—though only a dog without a tail?

Basta!—It was just as well.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

ZANSKAR.

I SHALL touch very briefly indeed upon Lahaul, in order to pass almost at once into the more secluded and interesting province which affords the subject and the title of this paper. Lahaul is pretty well known, being traversed every year by Himáliyan tourists on their way to Ladák. If we were to take it for a Hindústhani word (a subject on which I have no information), the proper translation of it would be "a howling wilderness;" and that is exactly what Lahaul is, in one respect important for travellers. As compared with other parts of the Himáliya, it is far from being a howling wilderness in any physical sense of these words; because it is comparatively rich in trees and fields, and among the inner Himáliya the valleys are much more open than in the outer, where it is too often impossible to see the mountains because of the mountains. After the scenery around, there is a delightful sense of relief in entering its more open valleys and getting pretty full views of the great snowy ranges; there is also comfort in travelling along a cut road, however narrow it may be; but these advantages are counterbalanced by the disposition of the Lahaulese towards travellers, which is so bad that the tourist requires to be forewarned of it. There is, however, a great set-off to that in the presence of the Moravian missionaries, who at Kaelang have created an oasis amidst the squalor and wildness of this Himáliyan province, and have done as much for its improvement as the difficult circumstances of their position would allow. A Yarkand merchant had complained bitterly

to me of the exactions and other annoyances which he was experiencing in Lahaul; and this conjoining with my own experience—which I found afterwards to be in accordance with that of other English travellers, some of high official position—induced me to inquire of the Moravians the cause of such a state of matters, which presents a serious obstacle to the development of trade between Yarkand and British India. One reason they assigned was, that the people of Lahaul were irritated at the making of the cut road, which allowed ponies and mules to traverse their province, and so deprived them not merely of their rights of portorage, but also of certain vested rights of pilfering from packages, which they valued much more. Another reason assigned was the hostility of the Tschö, or larger zemindars; but, I believe, the difficulty is intimately connected with the general position assumed by the British Government. It has been so successfully instilled into the minds of the people by the Tschö, that the British rule will come to an end, that when the Meravians purchased some land at Kaelang a few years ago, they could only obtain it on the condition being formally inserted in the title-deed, that it should revert to the original owners whenever British rule came to an end in Lahaul. A fact like this, hardly requires comment, and I may leave it to speak for itself. I shall only mention further, in general connection with this province, that at Gandla, and still better, about half-way on the road to it from Sísú, magnificent avalanches of snow may be both

heard and seen. On the opposite side of the Chandra river there rises, to the height of 20,356 feet, the extremely precipitous peak M of the Trigonometrical Survey; and from the great beds of snow upon it, high above us, avalanches were falling every five minutes, before and after mid-day, on to two long glaciers which extended almost down to the river. As the bed of the Chandra is here under 10,000 feet, the highest peak must have risen up almost sheer more than 10,000 feet, in tremendous precipices, hanging glaciers, and steep beds and walls of snow; though on its north-western shoulder the ascent was more gradual, and was covered by scattered pines. Immediately in front the slope was terrific; and, every few minutes, an enormous mass of snow gave way and fell, flashing in the sunlight, on steep rocks. A great crash was heard as these masses struck the rocks, and a continuous roar as they poured downwards, until they broke over a precipice above the glaciers, and then fell with a resemblance to great cataracts of white foaming water, and sending up clouds of snow-spray as they struck the ice. The volume of one of these avalanches must, so long as it lasts, be greater than that of any known cataract, though they descend thousands of feet, and their final thundering concussion is as the noise of many waters in the solitudes around. "They too have a voice, you piles of snow," and truly these are—

"Sky-pointing peaks,
Off from whose feet the mighty avalanche
Sheets downward, glittering through the
pure serene."

From the junction of the Chandra and Bhaga rivers the pilgrim has the choice of several routes to Kashmir, but they are all of such a character that even Hopeful might be excused for contemplating them

with some dismay. The easiest, undoubtedly, is that by Leh; but it is much the longest and dreariest, involving thirty-seven marches to Srinagar, and an 18,000 feet pass, besides several more of lesser height. A shorter, and, on the whole, a much easier road, goes by way of Chamba and Badrawar; but the difficulty is how to get into it, because (not to speak of a *jhila* over the Chandra, which beats all the bridges I ever saw, and the mere sight of which makes the blood run cold) the best way into it is across the fearful Barra Bhagal Pass, over which beasts of burden cannot cross, and where there is a dangerous *arrête*, which can only be passed with the aid of ropes. The usual route taken is that in twenty-seven marches, down the Chandra-Bhaga river to Kishtwar. But though that route has been improved of late years, there is one part of it which is impassable for mountain ponies, and it involves a descent to 5000 feet down a close warm valley. So I set to inquire whether my old idea of following the lie of the Himáliya, and always in its loftier valleys, could not be carried out on this part of my journey; and was delighted to hear from Mr. Heyde, the accomplished head of the Moravian Mission, that it was quite passable; that he himself had traversed about the first half of the way, and that it led through Zanskar, a country of the very existence of which I was then as ignorant as my readers probably are now. Mr. Heyde was quite enthusiastic in praise of this route, and he even spoke of its leading over flowery *maidans* or plains. I am bound to say, however, for the benefit of future travellers, that this was a delusion and a snare. Men who have lived for many years among the Himáliya come to have very peculiar ideas as to what constitutes

a *maidan* or plain. There were no difficulties on this route? I inquired. Oh, there were none to speak of, except the Shinkal Pass which led over into Zanskar. It was of unknown height; it required four days to cross it; there were no villages or houses on the way, and the top of it was an immense glacier. He (Mr. Heyde) had once crossed it in company with Brother Pagell, and Bruder Pagell had fainted whenever they got off the glacier. But there had been snow on the ground, which was very fatiguing; and at the end of the fourth day I would descend upon Kharjak, the first village in Zanskar, which I would find to be a nice hospitable place, about 14,000 feet high. Were there other passes? Well, there was the Pense-la Pass, but that was nothing. A flowery *maidan* led up to it (my experience was that a glacier and six feet deep of snow led up to the top of it); but he did not know farther, and there might be places a little difficult to get over between Súrú and Kashmir. I mention this to show how regular Himáliyans look upon such matters; for Mr. Heyde was careful to warn me about the lateness of the season, to inquire into the state of my lungs and throat, and to give me all the information and assistance he could. It took me exactly twenty-eight marches and thirty-one days to reach Srinagar from Kaelang by this route, and it could not well be done in less; but my difficulties were much increased by a great snowstorm which swept over the Himáliya in the middle of September, and which need not be counted on so early in the season.

The selection of this route nearly caused a mutiny among my servants, who had been promising themselves the warm valley of the Chandra-Bhaga. So unknown a country as Zanskar frightened them,

and Silas unfortunately heard of Mr. Pagell's fainting fit, which almost made the eyes start out of his own head, since he knew that gentleman's endurance as a mountaineer. The only doubt I had was about the weather, which began to look threatening; but I finally resolved on this interesting route, and found good cause to congratulate myself on having done so.

On the 3d September I took farewell of Brothers Heyde and Redslob, the Moravian missionaries, of their kind ladies, and of Mr. Theodor, who was suffering intensely from the exposure he had incurred in constructing the road to Leh over the Barra Lacha. It was cold and gloomy the day I left Kaelang. The clouds that hung about the high mountains added to the impressiveness of the scene. Through their movements an icy peak would suddenly be revealed for a few moments; then a rounded snow-dome would appear, to be followed by some huge glacier, looking through the clouds as if it were suspended in the gloomy air. For two days we pursued the road to Leh—namely, to the village of Darcha, from which the path over the great Shinkal Pass into Zanskar diverges to the left, or north-west, up the valley of the Kado Tokpho river. This was the last human habitation before reaching Kharjak four days' journey off; and though the most of my coolies had, by Mr. Heyde's advice, been engaged at Kaelang to take me as far as Kharjak, their number had to be supplemented at Darcha. To secure that, a representative of British authority, a policeman so called, had been sent with me to Darcha; but the policeman soon came back to my tent in a bruised and bleeding condition, complaining that the people of the village had given him a beating for his interference; and

the men who did engage to go, tried to run away when we were well up the desolate pass, and gave me other serious trouble. The first day of our ascent was certainly far from agreeable. The route—for it would be absurd to speak of a path—ran up the left bank of the Kado Tokpho, and crossed some aggravating stone avalanches. My *dandy* could not be used at all, and I had often to dismount from the large pony I had got at Kaelang. Our first camping-ground was called Dakmachen, and seemed to be used for that purpose, but had no good water near. On great part of the next day's journey, granite avalanches were also a prominent and disgusting feature. Indeed there are so many of them in the Kado Tokpho valley, and they are so difficult and painful to cross, that I was almost tempted to wish that one would come down in my presence, and let me see what it could do. They were very like Himá-liyan glaciers, but had no ice beneath; and an appalling amount of immense peaks must have fallen down into this hideous valley. An enterprising *dhirzie* or tailor, well acquainted with the route, was our guide, and the owner of my pony, and I could not help asking him if this was one of the *maidans* of which Mr. Heyde had spoken; but he said we should meet one presently, and found one wherever there was a narrow strip of grassy land. At one place we had to work up the side of a sort of precipice, and met coming down there a naked Hindú *Bawa*, or religious devotee, who was crossing from Zanskar to Lahaul, accompanied by one attendant, and with nothing but his

loin-cloth, a brass drinking-pot, and a little parched grain. He was a young man, and appeared strong and well-nourished. It was passing strange to find one of these ascetics in the heart of the Himáliya, far from the habitations of men; and when I went on without giving him anything, he deliberately cursed both my pony and myself, and prophesied our speedy destruction, until I told him that I had slept at the foot of the Dread Mother, which seemed to pacify him a little.*

The first day and a half were the worst part of this journey over the Shinkal Pass. Its features changed greatly after we reached the point where the Kado Tokpho divides into two branches, forded the stream to the right, and made a very steep ascent of about 1500 feet. Above that we passed into an elevated picturesque valley, with a good deal of grass and a few birch bushes, which leads all the way up to the glacier that covers the summit of the pass. The usual camping-ground in this valley is called Ram-jakpúk, and that place is well protected from the wind; but there are bushes to serve as fuel where we pitched our tents a mile or two below, at a height of about 15,000 feet. Towards evening there was rain and a piercing cold wind, with the thermometer at 36° Fahr., and many were the surmises as to whether we might not be overtaken by a snowstorm on the higher portion of the pass next day.

In the morning the thermometer was exactly at freezing-point, the grass was white with hoar-frost, and there was plenty of ice over the streams as we advanced upwards. For some way the path was easy;

* Kalika, the most inaccessible peak of the holy mountain Girnar, in Kathiawar. It is consecrated to Kali, or Dúrga, the goddess of Destruction; is frequented by Aghoras—devotees who shun all society, and are said to eat carrion and human flesh. The general belief is, that of every two people who visit Kalika, only one comes back.

then there was a long steep ascent, and after that we came on the enormous glacier which is the crest of this awful pass. The passage on to the glacier from solid ground was almost imperceptible, over immense ridges of blocks of granite and slabs of slate. Some of these first ridges rested on the glacier, while others had been thrown up by it on the rocky mountain-side; but soon the greater ridges were left behind, and we were fairly on the glacier, where there were innumerable narrow crevasses, many of them concealed by white honeycombed ice, numerous blocks of stone standing on pillars of ice, and not a few rills, and even large brooks, the sun having been shining powerfully in the morning. It was not properly an ice-stream, but an immense glacial lake, on which we stood; for it was very nearly circular; it was fed by glaciers and snow-slopes all round, and it lapped over into the villages beneath in several different directions. I was prevented by an incident, to be mentioned presently, from calculating the height of this pass, and the Trigonometrical Survey does not appear to have done so; but as Kharjak, the first village in Zanskar, is 13,670 feet, and it took me the greater part of next day to get down to Kharjak, though I camped this day at least 1500 feet below the summit of the pass, on the Zanskar side, I conclude that the Shinkal cannot be less than 18,000 feet high, and that it may possibly be higher. It must be distinguished from another and neighbouring pass, also called the Shinkal, which is to be found in the Topographical Sheet, No. 46, and which runs from Burdun Gonpa apparently nowhere except into a region of glaciers. As the word Shinkal thus occurs twice on the frontier of Zanskar, it is probably a local word either for a pass or a glacier. Of

course the difficulty of breathing at this height was very great; some of my people were bleeding at the nose, and it would have been hardly possible for us to ascend much higher. Humboldt got up on the Andes to 21,000 feet, and the Schlagentweits in the Himáliya to 22,000; but such feats can only be accomplished in very exceptional states of the atmosphere. Higher ascents have been made in balloons, but there no exertion is required. In ordinary circumstances, 18,000 feet, or nearly 3000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, is about the limit of human endurance when any exertion is required; and on the Shinkal I had the advantage of a strong sagacious pony, which carried me over most of the glacier easily enough; but I had a good deal of work on foot, and suffered much more from the exertions I had to make than any one else.

On reaching the middle of this glacial lake it became quite apparent where its sea of ice came from. On every side were steep slopes of snow or *névé*, with immense beds of snow overhanging them. It was more like a *Place de la Concorde* than the basin of the Aletsch glacier in Switzerland; and the surrounding masses of *névé* rose up in a much more abrupt and imposing manner than the surroundings of any scene amid the high Alps. On the right the snow-slopes were especially striking, being both beautiful and grand. A dazzling sheet of unbroken white snow rose up for more than a thousand feet, on a most steep incline, to vast overhanging walls of what I may call stratified *névé*, from which huge masses came down, every now and then, with a loud but plangent sound. So, all around, there were great ridges, fields, domes, walls, and precipices of snow and ice. No scene could give a more impressive

idea of Eternal Winter, or of the mingled beauty and savagery of high Alpine life. Even Pholeoram, my Kunáwar Múnshi, was struck by it. Up to this point I was not aware that he knew any English, and had not heard him speak in any language for days, he being rather sulky at having to walk for the most part; but on this occasion he suddenly turned round to me, and, to my intense surprise, said in English,—"I think this must be the region of perpetual snow." That was doubtless a reminiscence of old book-knowledge of English which had almost passed from his mind, but was recalled by the extraordinary scene around, and it came in quite ingenuously and very appropriately.

My attention, however, was soon recalled to a more practical matter. Knowing the danger of crossing a glacier at this height, and in the threatening weather which had been gathering for several days, I had given strict orders that all the *bigarries*, or porters, should keep together and beside me; but, on the very summit of the pass, in the middle of the glacial lake, I found that three of them were missing, and that they were the three who were the most lightly laden, and who carried my most important effects—namely, my tent-poles, my bedding, and the portmanteau which contained my money. The tent-poles might have been dispensed with; but still the want of them would have caused great inconvenience in an almost treeless region, where they could not have been replaced. I could only have supplied the want of the bedding by purchasing sheepskins, furs, or blankets alive with body-lice; and the loss of the rupees would have been worse than either. I have no doubt this was a planned arrangement, whoever planned it; for the *bigarries*, who

carried these light burdens, were strong men, and the obvious motive was that I should be compelled to turn back from Zanskar and take the Chandra-Bhaga route. On discovering this state of matters I was excessively angry, not so much because of the attempt to force my steps, as on account of the danger in which some ignorant fools had placed us all. Though the morning had been fine, bad weather had been gathering for several days; the sky was now obscured; clouds were rolling close round, and to have been overtaken by a snowstorm on that glacier would have been almost certain death to us all. So long as the sky was clear and we had the snow-walls to guide us, it was easy enough to cross it; but where would we have been, in a blinding snowstorm, on a glacier at least 18,000 feet high, with no central moraine, and lapping over on half-a-dozen different sides? Moreover, the snow would cover the rotten honey-combed ice which bridged over innumerable crevasses. All the people about me, except, perhaps, the *dhirzie*, were quite ignorant of the danger we were in, and that exasperated me more at this tricky interference. As I was determined not to turn on my steps, I saw that not a moment was to be lost in taking decided measures; so I made my servants and the *bigarries* continue across the glacier, with instructions to camp at the first available spot on the Zanskar side, and threatened them if they delayed; while I myself rode back, accompanied by one man, in search of the missing coolies and their loads. There was an obvious danger in this, because it involved the risk of being cut off from my people and baggage; but it was really the only thing to be done in the circumstances consonant with a determination to proceed. So I waited until my party disappeared

on the brow of the glacier, and then rode back in a savage and reckless humour over ice which I had previously crossed in a very cautious manner. I could easily retrace our track until we got to the great stony ridges, and then the man I had taken with me was useful. On getting off there, and descending the valley a short way, I found my three light-laden gentlemen quietly reposing, and immediately forced them to resume their burdens, and go on before me. Even then they showed some unwillingness to proceed; and I had to act the part of the Wild Horseman of the Glacier, driving them before me, and prodding whoever happened to be hindmost with the iron spike of my heavy alpenstock, which considerably accelerated their movements. There was the most urgent reason for this, because, had we been half an hour later in getting over the summit of the pass, the probability is that we should have been lost. It began to snow before we got off the glacier; and when we descended a few hundred feet it was snowing so heavily on the ice-lake we had just left that we could not there have seen two yards before our faces, and it would have been quite impossible to know in which direction to turn, the tracks of our party being obliterated, and the crevasses, which ran in every direction, affording no guidance. Even on the narrow glaciers of the Alps a number of people have been lost by being caught in snowstorms; so it can be imagined what chance there would have been for us on a great lake of ice above 18,000 feet high. Without the tracks and a sight of the surrounding snow-walls to guide us, we could only have wandered about hopelessly in the blinding storm; and if we did not fall into a crevasse, through rotten ice concealed by the new-fallen

snow, we might have wandered on to one of the outlets where the ice flowed over in steep hanging glaciers which it would have been impossible to descend. Fortunately, however, we managed to keep the proper track in spite of the snow which was beginning to blind us. On reaching our camp I found it pitched on a morass about 1500 or 2000 feet below the summit of the pass. The thermometer was two degrees below freezing-point, and a little snow continued to fall about us. I felt extremely exhausted after the exertion and excitement of the day; but some warm soup and the glow of a fire of birch branches revived me, and I soon fell into a deep refreshing sleep.

A little after midnight I was awakened by the intense cold; and went out of my tent, and a little way up the pass, to look upon the scene around. Everything was frozen up and silent. The pools of water about us had ice an inch thick; my servants were in their closed *rauti*, and the *bigarries* were sleeping, having, for protection from the cold, twisted themselves into a circle round the embers of their dying fire. There was the awful silence of the high mountains when the snow and ice cease to creep under the influence of the sunbeams. The storm had ceased;

“The mute still air
Was music slumbering on her instrument;”

the snow-clouds also had entirely passed away. The moon, which was little past its full, cast a brilliant radiance on the savage scene around, so that every precipice, snow-wall, and icy peak was visible in marvellous distinctness; and in its keen light the great glaciers shone gloriously; but, brilliant as the moon was, its light was insufficient to obscure the stars, which, at this

altitude, literally flamed above, displaying—

“All the dread magnificence of heaven.”

At night, amid these vast mountains, surrounded by icy peaks shining starlike and innumerable as the hosts of heaven, and looking up to the great orbs flaming in the unfathomable abysses of space, one realises the immensity of physical existence in an overpowering and almost painful manner. What am I? what are all these Tibetans and Paharries compared with the long line of gigantic mountains? and what the mountains and the whole solar system as compared with any group of the great fixed stars? But this whole stellar universe which we see around us, distinctly, extending beyond the limits of human conception—sparkling with stars on which the earth would be no more than a grain of sand is upon the earth, and including the undistinguished orbs which afford the light of the Milky Way—would be no more to our vision, if beheld from one of those dim nebular rings, composed of more distant stars, than the wreath of smoke blown from a cannon's mouth. Though the facts have long been known, modern thought appears to be only now realising the power and boundless extent of the physical universe; for the phenomenon of conversion, or the effective realisation of admitted truth, is by no means confined to purely religious circles, but is a process which extends over the whole range of human knowledge. It is no wonder that such a realisation should engross the thoughts of many minds, and appear almost as a new revelation. But, accustomed as I was to the questions which thus arise, a strange feeling came over me amid those snowy peaks and starlit spaces. How wonderful the order and perfection of the inorganic universe as

compared with the misery and confusion of the organic! Oxygen does not lie to hydrogen; the white clouds pass gently into exquisitely-shaped flowers of snow; the blue ocean laughs unwounded round our star, and is gently drawn up to form the gorgeous veil of blue air and many-tinted cloud which makes the rugged earth beautiful. With perfectly graduated power, the sun holds the planets in their course, and, to the utmost range of mortal ken, the universe is filled with glorious orbs. But when we turn to the organic life around us, how strange the contrast, and especially as regards its higher manifestations! A few individuals in every age, but especially at present, when they benefit by the exceptional standing-ground which such discoveries as that of the use of steam has given to the people of this century, may, arguing from their own experience, imagine that this is a satisfactory and happy world; but, unfortunately, it is only a select few who console themselves with that illusion. Not in selfishness nor in anger, but in sad necessity, in every age and clime, the voice of humanity has risen in wondering, sorrow, and questioning to the silent heaven, and a different tone is adopted chiefly by those who are tossed up for a moment on the wave into the sunlight. I need only refer to what the history of the animal creation (and, more especially, the human part of it) has been, and to the part which even its better tendencies play in augmenting the sum of wretchedness. The Hurdwar tigress, which held a boy down in her den, though his shrieks rang from the rocks around, while her cubs played with him, was gratifying a holy maternal instinct; and the vivisectioners of Europe are only slaking the sacred thirst for knowledge. Dr. Livingstone wrote in one of his last jour

nals, after witnessing a massacre of inoffending villagers—men, women, and children—on the shore of Lake Tanganyika: “No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright, sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell;” but still

“The heavens keep up their terrible composure.”

The scene to which he referred was far from being an abnormal one on the African continent, or different from its ordinary experience for countless generations; and when he referred to the locality in which such scenes are supposed to be natural, perhaps the great African traveller hit the mark nearer than he was himself aware of, though that would not prove that there may not be a worse place below. I merely give one or two illustrations, and do not attempt a proof which would require one to go over the history of the human race and of the brute creation which has been conjoined with it by the common bond of misery. I need scarcely say, also, that the view of organic life which I have thus mildly indicated is the same as that of all the great thinkers of the earth, and of all our great systems of religion. The ancient Hindú sages soon perceived and expressly taught that our life was utterly undesirable. It was his profound sense of the misery and worthlessness of life which drove Gautama Búdba from his throne into the jungle, which underlies all the meaning of the religion which he founded, and which finds forcible expression in the Búdhist hymn—“All is transitory, all is misery, all is void, all is without substance.” And the cardinal doctrine of Christianity has the same meaning, though it is often verbally accepted without being realised. Accepting it, I cannot conceal from myself

its true signification. That awful meaning plainly is, that the only way in which the Creator of the human race could redeem it, or perhaps only a portion of it, from utter perdition, was by identifying Himself with it, and bearing an infinite burden of sin and agony. Shirk the thought as we may, it cannot be denied that this is the real meaning of the Christian religion, and it finds innumerable corroborations from every side of our knowledge. The burden is shifted, but has to be borne. Human existence is redeemed and rendered tolerable, not from any efforts made out of its own great misery and despair, but from its Creator taking upon Himself the punishment and the agony which pursues His creation. Far be it from me to complain of the Providence which enabled me to pass through those tremendous scenes in safety, or to arraign the wisdom of the arrangements of the universe. I only suggest, that existence in itself implies effort, pain, and sorrow; and that the more perfect it is, the more does it suffer. This may be a Búdhist idea; but, as pointed out above, it is certainly a Christian doctrine, though the true meaning of it seems scarcely to have been understood. Of his own will, Deity is involved in the suffering of His creation, so that we cannot say where the agony ends. Our notions on this subject are confused by starting from the supposition that there is an effortless existence of pure unshadowed enjoyment for which no price has been paid; and the more we realise the actual state of the case, though doing so may have a saddening effect, yet it will not necessarily lead us to doubt that existence vindicates itself, much less to arraign Eternal Providence, or the ways of God towards man.

Thoughts of this character, however true they might be in them-

selves, were not fitted to give a cheerful aspect to that midnight scene on the Shinkal Pass. The 'Zartusht Namah' says that when Zoroaster lay one cold night under the stars, "understanding was the companion of his soul." I hope he found understanding to be a more agreeable companion than I did; for there are moments of depression when we seem to feel still in need of some explanation why organic life should exist at all.

"A life

With large results so little rife,
Though bearable, seems hardly worth
This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth."

Our civilisations reach a certain point, and then die corruptly, leaving half-savage races, inspired by coarse illusions, to reoccupy the ground and react the same terrible drama. Wordsworth put the usual answer admirably when he said,—

"Oh Life! without thy checkered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found,
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?"

But the difficulty of this argument, so far as our knowledge goes, appears to be the enormous waste and useless, endless cruelty of Nature, as also in the purely fanciful ground of the suppositions which have been brought to explain that cruelty, and which, even if admitted, do not really solve the mystery. Nor is there much consolation to be found in the views of the monadic school, which have been so forcibly expressed by Goethe in his poem *Das Göttliche*, which I may here translate, as it was on my mind on the Shinkal Pass:—

Noble be Man,
Helpful and good;
For this alone separateth him
From every being
We do know of.

Hail to the unfathomed
Highest Being
Whom we follow!
May He, too, teach us
All believing.

Ever Nature
Is unfeeling:
She lighteth the sun
Over evil and good;
And for the destroyer
Shine, as o'er the best,
The moon and the stars.

Storms and rivers,
Thunder and hail
Pursue their path,
Ever hasting,
Downward breaking
On the sons of men.

Also Fortune,
Wand'ring along,
Seizes the locks
Of the innocent child,
And empties her horn
Over the guilty.

For all of us must,
After eternal
Laws of iron,
Fulfil our being.

Man alone has power
To grasp the Impossible.
He separateth,
Chooseth and judgeth
And righteth the evils
The hour has brought forth.

He alone dare
Reward the righteous,
The evil punish,
Purify, and save;
And usefully govern
Doubting and error.

And ever we honour
Him whom we image,
In honouring men
Immortal in deeds
Over great and small.*

Let the noble man
Be helpful and good;
Unwearied, let him shape
The useful and right,
Be to us an image
Of the Eternal.

* This stanza differs somewhat from the original.

This is well in its way ; but when we consider what humanity has been able to accomplish in imaging the divine, it would seem as if a voice had said to us, as to the Prometheus of Æschylus, "Evermore shall the burden of the agony of the present evil wear thee down ; for he that shall deliver thee exists not in nature." There is some refuge, however, for the spirit in the order and beauty of this unfeeling inorganic nature. The Yliastron, or *materia prima*, has strange attractions of its own. So orthodox a thinker as John Foster could write—"There is through all nature some mysterious element like soul which comes with a deep significance to mingle itself with our own conscious being, . . . conveying into the mind trains and masses of ideas of an order not to be gained in the schools." Speaking of a departed friend and brilliant poet, Goethe said : "I should not be surprised if, thousands of years hence, I were to meet Wieland as the monad of a world—as a star of the first magnitude. . . . We can admit of no other destination for monads than as blessed co-operating powers sharing eternally in the immortal joys of gods." In like manner, when the most purely poetical genius of England foresaw his own passage from this troubled life, it was as a star that the soul of Adonais beacons from the abodes of the Eternal ; and in describing the gain of his brother-poet, he could only break forth—

"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind, in unascended majesty,
Silent, alone amid a heaven of song."

These may be something more than poets' dreams, but "the immortal mind craves objects that endure," and such are scarcely to be found in lower forms of life, or in the inorganic world, for even

"The lily fair a transient beauty wears,
And the white snow soon weeps away in tears."

Logical thought becomes impossible when we rise into these 18,000 feet regions of speculation ; and it may be safer to trust our instincts, such as they are. Apparently heedless of us, the world rolls through space,—

"While we, the brave, the mighty, and
the wise,
We men who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
Enough if something from our hands have
power
To live and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's
transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we
know."

Next morning was excessively cold, and we were glad to hurry down the pass. The way ran down a not very steep slope to a glacier-stream (which it might be difficult to ford during the heat of the day), then on a slight ascent to the end of an enormous spur of the mountains where there was a very long and extremely steep descent to La-kung—"the pass-house," a large, low, stone room, with no window but the door, and with open spaces between the stones,—which has been erected for the protection of shepherds and travellers. We were now within the watershed of the Indus, in the valley of the Kharjak Chu, one of the mountain streams which form the Tsarap Lingti river. There were very formidable-looking mountains to the right, through which the *dhirzie*, who was a great geographical authority, assured me there was no available pass to Ladak. In and descending from the mountains to the left—that is to say, on the left bank of the river down to Padam, and on the right bank of the river which

runs from the Pense-la Pass down to Padam on the other side—there is probably the most tremendous series of glaciers to be found in the world, out of Arctic and Antarctic regions. There are literally hundreds of them; they extend on through Súrú, and even within the boundary of Kashmir proper, and at some parts they come down into the large rivers threatening to block them up.

As the path runs down its right bank we had to ford the Kharjak Chu; but though broad and rapid, it is shallow at this place, and there was little difficulty in doing so; but in warmer weather it must be impossible to cross it during the day. The path now followed the windings of the stream, sometimes over grassy meads, and anon over aggravating stone avalanches. We were now fairly in the almost fabulous Zanskar; but no signs of human habitations were visible. At first we passed beneath tremendous cliffs of cream-coloured granite, which, as we got farther down, appeared as one side of an enormous detached pyramidal mass, high and steep as the Matterhorn, and so smooth that scarcely any snow lodged upon it, though it could have been little short of 20,000 feet high. From some points this extraordinary mountain looked almost like a column; and I am sure if any Lama, Bawa, or lover of inorganic nature could get up to the top of it, he would enjoy the most perfect seclusion. Of all the mountains I have ever beheld, those of Zanskar were the most picturesque, weird, astounding, and perplexing. For several marches, all the way down the valley of this river and through almost all the valley of the Tsarap Lingti, the precipice-walls were not only of enormous height, but presented the most extraordinary forms,

colours, and combinations of rock. Even the upper Spiti valley has nothing so wonderful. There were castles, spires, plateaus, domes, *aiguilles* of solid rock, and spires composed of the shattered fragments of some fallen mountains. At the entrance of many of the ravines there were enormous cliffs thousands of feet high, which looked exactly as if they were bastions which had been shaped by the hands of giants. Every mile or so we had to scramble across the remains of some stone avalanche which deflected the stream from its course, and under cliffs from which great rocks projected so that it looked as if a slight touch would send them thundering down. Then the colour of these precipice-walls was of the richest and most varied kind. The predominant tints were green, purple, orange, brown, black, and whitish-yellow, but I cannot say how many more there might have been; and green, purple and deep brown were most frequent. It can easily be imagined that, with such colours, the dazzling sunlight and the shadows of the mountains falling over the valley worked the most wonderful effects. Sometimes the sunlight came down through a dark-coloured ravine like a river of gold. In certain lights the precipices appeared almost as if they were of chalcedony and jasper. The dark-brown manganese-like cliffs looked exceedingly beautiful; but no sooner was one extraordinary vista left behind than a different but not less striking one broke upon the view. The geology of these valleys was rather puzzling; for a remarkable feature here, as elsewhere to a less degree among the Himáliya, is the way in which various rocks pass into each other, as the clay-slate into mica-slate—the mica-slate into granite, the quartzose conglomerate into grey-

wacke, and the micaceous schist into gneiss. I was unable to pay any special attention to the geology of this interesting region, and indeed I found the continuous journey I had undertaken rather too much for my strength. Could I have rested more frequently I would have enjoyed it more, and have observed more closely. As it was, I had continually to press onwards, and being alone caused a great strain on my energies, because everything in that case depends on the one traveller himself. He has to see that proper arrangements are made; that his servants do not practise extortion; that his camp is roused at an early hour in the morning; and he has almost to sleep with one eye open. Anything like an examination of these Zanskar cliffs would have required several days specially devoted to them, which I could by no means spare. Some of them were composed of rocks which I had never met with before; and others, judging from the fragments in the valley below, were of quartzose conglomerate, passing into greywacke of grey and greenish colour, of clay-slate, very fine grained mica-slate, gneiss, greenstone, smooth soapy talc, and porphyry. There seemed to be much zeolite, and probably other minerals abounded. This part of Zanskar does not seem to have been examined by the Trigonometrical Survey, and is nearly a blank in all our maps.

After passing down the valley for several hours, we came at last upon Kharjak or Khargia, the first village of Zanskar, comprising little more than about a dozen houses, and with only two or three poor fields. There were a great number, however, of yaks and ponies, and no signs of poverty about the place. The people are Tibetan-speaking Lama Búdhists, and differ from those

of the other Tibetan provinces of the Himáliya only in being more pastoral, more primitive, more devout, more hospitable, and less democratic. Kharjak is a dependence of the larger village of Theseur, about a day's journey down the valley. The principal Talúkdár of both was in it when I arrived; and his reception of us, as well as that given by all the people, formed a very pleasing contrast to the inhospitality of the Lahaulies. The Talúkdár gave me a rupee as a *huzúr* or act of obeisance, and insisted on furnishing my servants with horses for the next two days' journey, purely out of the hospitality of a mountaineer. He himself accompanied us these two days, with three times the number of men that I required or paid for, merely to show me respect, and he was very kind and attentive in every way. Any sportsmen who have gone into Zanskar have done so from Kashmir, and only as far as Padam, so that in this part of the country Sahibs are almost unknown. I am not aware that any one has passed through it since Mr. Heyde did so, and, in these circumstances, hospitality, though pleasant, is not to be wondered at. Kharjak, as I have mentioned, is 13,670 feet high, and it is inhabited all the year round. The sky was overclouded in the afternoon, some rain fell, and a violent wind arose, which continued through great part of the night.

Around this highly-elevated village there is an unusual number of large Choten, nearly solid edifices, generally composed of large square platforms, placed one above another, and surrounded by the larger half of an inverted cone which supports a tapering pillar bearing a Dharma emblem. These Choten were originally receptacles for offerings, and for the relics of de-

parted saints, and they thus came to be considered a holy symbol, and to be made large without containing either offerings or relics. They are sometimes of nearly a pyramidal shape. According to Koeppen, the proper names for them are *m Tsch-hod*, *r Ten*, or *g Dung*, *r Ten*; and General Cunningham says that the latter word denotes the proper bone-holders, or depositaries of holy relics; but Choten, or something very like it, has come to be generally applied to all edifices of this kind. There are more than a dozen of them about Kharjak, some nearly twenty feet high, and they do not seem to be associated with any particular saint. Some of them had what by courtesy might be taken for a pair of eyes figured on the basement; and this, Cunningham informs us, means that they are dedicated to the supreme Búdha, "the eye of the universe." One also frequently finds among the Tibetans small Choten three or four inches high, and I was shown one of these which was said to contain the ashes of a man's wife.

Zanskar is rich, too, in the Mani which are to be found sometimes in the most desolate situations. These are long tumuli or broad dykes of stones, many of which stones are inscribed or sculptured. They are met with even high up among the mountains, and vary in length from thirty feet to so many as a thousand and even more. Their usual height is about five feet, and the breadth about ten. I suppose I must have passed hundreds of these Mani on my journey; and the Tibetans invariably pass so as to keep them on the right-hand side, but I have been unable to discover the meaning of this practice. The stones are beautifully inscribed for the most part with the universal Lama prayer, "Om mani pad me haun;"

but Herr Jaeschke informs me that sometimes whole pages of the Tibetan Scriptures are to be found upon them, and they have, more rarely, well-executed bas-reliefs of Búdha, of various saints, and of sacred Búdhist symbols. These stones are usually prepared and deposited for some special reason, such as for safety on a journey, for a good harvest, for the birth of a son; and the prodigious number of them in so thinly peopled a country indicates an extraordinary waste of human energy.

In a certain formal sense the Tibetans are undoubtedly a praying people, and the most pre-eminently praying people on the face of the earth. They have praying stones, praying pyramids, praying flags flying over every house, praying wheels, praying mills, and the universal prayer, "Om mani pad me haun," is never out of their mouths. In reference to that formula, Koeppen, in his '*Lamaische Hierarchie und Kirche*,' p. 59, makes the following striking remarks, the truth of which every Tibetan traveller will allow: "These primitive six syllables which the Lamas repeat are, of all the prayers of earth, the prayer which is most frequently repeated, written, printed, and conveniently offered up by mechanical means. They constitute the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words which the stammering child learns, and are the last sighs of the dying. The traveller murmurs them upon his journey; the herdsman by his flock; the wife in her daily work; the monk in all stages of contemplation, that is to say, of nihilism; and they are the cries of conflict and triumph. One meets with them everywhere wherever the Lama Church has established itself—on flags, rocks, trees, walls, stone monuments, utensils, strips of paper, human skulls,

skeletons, and so forth. There are, according to the meaning of the believer, the essence of all religion, of all wisdom and revelation; they are the way of salvation, and the entrance to holiness. 'These six syllables unite the joys of all Búddhas in one point, and are the root of all doctrine. They are the heart of hearts out of which everything profitable and blessed flows; they are the root of all knowledge, the guide to rebirth in a higher state of being, the door which the curse of birth has closed up, the ship which carries us out of the mutations of birth, the light which illumines the black darkness, the valiant conqueror of the Five Evils, the flaming ocean in which sins and sorrows are destroyed, the hammer which shatters all pain'—and so forth."

That is pretty well for a glorification of "Om mani pad me haun," and one becomes impatient to know what these mystic syllables mean, and how they come to possess such tremendous power. It is rather disappointing to find that the closest English version of them which can be given, is—"O God! the jewel in the lotus! Amen." I have gone carefully into this subject, and little more can be got out of it. Substantially the prayer, or rather exclamation, is not of Tibetan, but of Sanscrit origin. Koeppen translates it simply as—"O! das Kleinod im Lotus! Amen." But that is quite insufficient, because the great force of the formula lies in "Om," the sacred syllable of the Hindús, which ought never to be pronounced, and which denotes the absolute, the supreme Divinity. In order to show the literal meaning, the words may be translated into their English equivalents, thus—

Om Mani Pad me Haun.
O God! the jewel lotus in Amen!

I need not go into the mystic ex-

planations of this formula, as, for instance, that each of the five syllables which follow the sacred "om" is a preservative against a particular great class of evils. Suffice to note that the repeating of this prayer—whether vocally or by various mechanical means—has become a sacred and protecting symbol, such as making the sign of the cross is among Roman Catholic Christians. However it may be with the more intelligent of the Lamas, to the ordinary Tibetan mind, "Om mani pad me haun" is only known in that sense, and as a prayer for the well being of the six classes of creatures,—to wit, human beings, animals, evil spirits, souls in heaven, souls in purgatory, and souls in hell. Koeppen does not seem to have been aware of this special application of the prayer as it is now used, but that is really the meaning universally associated with it; and so it comes to be an aspiration of universal benevolence, which is supposed to have a protecting influence on those who give utterance to it, or reproduce it in any way. The original meaning of a charm of this kind does not much matter when once it obtains general acceptance; and it is quite in accordance with the peculiar value attached to it, that the reproduction of it on stones, flags, and rolls of paper, should be regarded as religious worship, as well as the oral repetition of it.

It is in this way that the prayer-wheels and prayer-mills are used. These cylinders are filled with rolls of paper, on which this prayer, and occasionally other charms, are written many times, and the turning them from left to right is supposed to be a means of offering up the prayer. The Lamas keep constantly repeating it when turning their hand-cylinders upon an axis which they grasp below. These cylinders are very often shortly called

"Mani," a word which is loosely applied to many matters connected with the Lama religion; but, according to Cunningham, their proper designation is "Mani—chhos—khor," or the "precious religious wheel." This agrees with Koeppen, who adds that they are not originally Tibetan, but were used in India four hundred years before the Christian era. On that latter point, however, he gives no authority for his statements, which is opposed to the opinion of Klapproth, and of such an experienced archæologist as Cunningham, who says of the prayer-cylinder, "I can vouch that I have never seen it represented on any piece of Indian sculpture." I understand that about Dárjiling it is not difficult to get prayer-cylinders, but they are probably manufactured specially for the foreign market. Mr. Heyde told me that the only way in which he had been able to supply the demand of friends for them was to get them manufactured; and all my efforts to purchase from Lamas a specimen which had been in use were entirely fruitless.

Our next day's journey to the Talúkdár's village of Thesur was a sort of honorary procession, and the path was pretty good, though there were some ugly ravines and high banks above the river. Before reaching Thesur we had to cross to the left bank of the Kharjak Chu, and this was not easily accomplished. The stream was broad, and so rapid that a single man on horseback might have been swept away; so we had to join hands and go over in an extended line, the riders, so to speak, supporting the horses, and the action of the whole party preventing any individual steed from being carried down. There were no trees at this village, but the houses were large, and there were a

number of sloping but hardly terraced fields. The next morning took us to the junction of the Kharjak Chu with the Tsarap Lingti, before which we passed the Yal bridge, one of single rope, on which a man had all the appearance of flying through the air, as the slope from one side was considerable. The junction of the two rivers was a beautiful scene. On the right, the Pune Gonpa, or monastery, had a picturesque castellated appearance; and the water of the Tsarap Lingti was of a clear deep blue, with long, large, deep pools. The stream we had descended was of a muddy grey colour; and for some way after their junction, the distinction between the water of the two rivers was as marked as it is at the junction of the Rhone and the Arve beneath the Lake of Geneva; but (as is usual in unions between human beings of similarly dissimilar character) the coarse and muddy river soon gained the advantage, and polluted the whole stream. Probably there is a lake up in that unsurveyed part of the mountains from whence the Tsarap Lingti descends, and hence its waters are so pure; for the rocks between which it ran are of the same character as those of its muddy tributary. Shortly after we passed Char (12,799 feet), perched most picturesquely on the other side of the river, but connected with our side by a very well constructed and easy *jhúla*. Immediately after, there was a camping-ground, and some attempt was made at a change of *bigarries*, but the Char people refused to have anything to do with the burden of our effects. I found my tent pitched at the little village of Suley, on a very small, windy, exposed platform about a thousand feet above the river, and had it moved on again. We then passed down into a tremendous ravine, at the bottom of which

here was a narrow deep gorge choked up with pieces of rock, beneath which a large mountain stream foamed and thundered. Soon after, we reached a bad, but sheltered and warm camping-ground, on the brink of the Tsarap Lingti, and there stayed for the night, the Suley people bringing us supplies. The next day took us over very difficult ground, with no villages on our side of the river, but with Dargong and Itchor on the other. We camped at the village of Mune, beside a fine grove of willow-trees, the first I had seen in Zanskar, and near the Mune Gonpa, the Lamas of which were indisposed to allow me to examine their retreat. The next day took me to Padam, over similar ground. We descended by a steep slope, dangerous for riding, into the valley of the Tema Tokpho, and crossed that river just above its confluence. Soon after, the great Burdun Gonpa appeared, where also objection was made to my admission; and, on approaching Padam, I had the great pleasure of seeing a few square miles of level ground which, though it was in great part covered with white stones, afforded much relief to a mind somewhat overburdened with precipice-walls and gorges. At Padam we were told to camp in a very unsuitable place half a mile from the town, among fields which next morning were flooded with water; but I would not do so, and found a delightful camping-ground about a quarter of a mile to the west of the town, on a fine grassy terrace under the shelter of an immense rock, which completely protected us from the wind.

This capital of Zanskar may be called a town, or even a city, as matters go in the Himáliya, and was at least the largest village I had seen since leaving Shipki in Chinese Tibet. It has a population of about

2000, and is the residence of a Thanadar, who governs the whole province as representative of the Maharaja of Kashmir, and who is supported by a small force of horse and foot soldiers. In the afternoon this Mohammedan official called, and presented a *hazúr* of Baltistan apricots, and said he would send a *sowar* or trooper with me to Súrú, in order to prevent any difficulty on the way. He was civil and agreeable, and was specially interested in my revolver; but I did not get much information out of him beyond learning that in winter the people of Padam were pretty well snowed-up in their houses; and, if that be the case there, at the height of only 11,373 feet, what must it be in the villages which are over 13,000 feet high?

No province could be much more secluded than Zauskar is. The tremendous mountains which bound it, the high passes which have to be crossed in order to reach it, and its distance (both linear and practical) from any civilised region, cut it completely off from the foreign influences which are beginning to affect some districts of even the Himáliya. There is a want of any progressive element in itself, and its Tibetan-Búdhist people are in opposition to the influence of Mohammedan Kashmir. It yields some small revenue to the Maharaja; but the authority of his officers and soldiers in it is very small, and they are there very much by sufferance. It is the same in the Tibetan portion of Súrú; but when I got over the long, wild, habitationless tract which lies between the Ringdom monastery and the village of Súrú, among a population who were more Kashmir and Mohammedan than Tibetan and Búdhist, I found an immense change in the relations between the people on the one hand and the soldiers on the other. The former were ex-

ceedingly afraid of the soldiers, and the latter oppressed the people very much as they pleased. There was nothing of that, however, visible in Zanskar, where the zemindars paid little respect to the soldiers, and appeared to manage the affairs of the country themselves, much as the zemindars do in other districts of the Himálya which are entirely free from Mohammedan control.

According to Cunningham, Zanskar has an area of 3000 square miles, and a mean elevation of 13,154 feet, as deduced from seven observations made along "the course of the valley;" but in no sense can it be correctly spoken of as one valley; for it is composed of three great valleys. Taking Padam as a centre, one of these runs up the course of the Tsarap Lingti which we have just descended; another, which we are about to ascend, lies along the upper Zanskar river, up towards the Pense-la Pass and Súrú; while a third is the valley of the Zanskar river proper, which is formed by the junction of the two streams just mentioned: these when conjoined, flow in a nearly northern direction towards the upper Indus. In shape, this province is something like the three legs of the Maux coat of arms. Its greatest length must be nearly ninety miles, and its mean breadth must be over fifty; but this gives no idea of what it is to the traveller who has to follow the course of the rivers and meets with difficult ground. It took me ten marches to get from one end of Zanskar to the other; and no one with loaded coolies could have done it in less than nine. Cunningham translates the name Zanskar, or rather "Zanga-kar," as "white copper" or brass; but an enthusiastic Gaelic scholar suggests to me that it is the same as Sanguhar of the Scottish Highlands, and has a similar meaning. This latter supposition

may seem very absurd at first sight, Tibetan being a Turanian, and Gaelic an Aryan language; but his contention only is that the names of innumerable places in Tibet and Tartary are identical with the local names of the Gaelic language: and for almost every Tibetan name I mentioned to him he found a Gaelic synonym, having a meaning which suited the character of the Tibetan localities very appropriately. I cannot do more than refer to this matter here, but should not be surprised if this view were borne out by a strictly scientific investigation of the subject; for it struck me forcibly before I left Zanskar that there must be some unknown relationship between the people of that province and the Scottish Highlanders. The sound of their language, the brooches which fasten their plaids, the varieties of tartan which their woollen clothes present, and even the features of the people (which are of an Aryan rather than a Tartar type), strongly reminded me of the Scotch Highlanders. The men had tall athletic forms, long faces, aquiline noses; and the garments of the women in particular presented many of the clan tartans, though the check was not so common as the stripe. Division of races and of languages have been employed of late to an unscientific extreme; and there is nothing improbable in the supposition that a particular Himályan tribe, of mixed Aryan and Turanian blood, speaking a mixed language, which became almost entirely Aryan as they advanced, but preserving especially the local names of their Tibetan birthplace, with some peculiarities of dress and custom, may have pushed their way along the "Stony Girdle of the Earth" to the islands (if they were then islands) of the Western Sea. *R* and *n* being interchangeable, and as words signi-

fying crossing or weaving across, it is not absolutely impossible that tartan may have some relationship to Tartar, the name of the cloth being taken from that of the people who wore it. This is about as likely as the usual derivation of tartan from the French *tiretaine*; but it would be almost as unwarrantable to affirm it without some positive indication of its having been the case, as it would be to accept the derivation of an ingenious and learned friend who insists that the word tartan obtained its present application when the Assyrian General Tartan (Isa. xx. 1-4) took Ashdod and carried away the Egyptians captive in an imperfectly clothed condition, which must have made them bear a striking resemblance to Scotch Highlanders in their national costume.

Starting from Padam in the afternoon of the next day, we proceeded in a north-westerly direction up the pretty, level, open valley of the upper Zaskar river, and camped at Seni Gonpa, where there is a small village. The next day also, on the journey to Phe, the road was good, and the valley pleasant, but we had to cross to the left bank of the river by a long and difficult *jhûla*. It was amusing to notice the looks of the dogs as, wrapt in plaids, they were unwillingly carried over on the backs of coolies; and one of my servants became so nervous in the middle, that he was unable to go either backwards or forwards, until one of the mountaineers was sent to his assistance. After passing two villages, we came on a long stretch of uninhabited ground that extended to Phe, and here met with the commencement of a tremendous snowstorm, which, on and about the 16th and 17th September, swept over the whole line of the Western Himálya from Kashmir, at least as far as the Barra Lacha Pass, closing

the passes, and preventing the Yarkand traders from getting down to Simla, as noted in the Indian newspapers at the time. Such a snowstorm is not usual so early in the season, but the Zanskaries said it occasionally occurred. It had often struck me how little attention the people of the Himálya paid to the weather, and how ignorant they were of its signs; and the present occasion was no exception to that rule, as the storm appeared to take our party quite by surprise. The morning had been cold and dark, but with that peculiar thickening of the air which indicates the gathering of snow. As we advanced up the valley, an ocean of mist began to hurry across it from the glaciers and snowy mountains on the left or south-western side; but admitting, at first, occasional gleams of sickly sunlight, which soon disappeared altogether. At first, also, there was almost no wind where we were, though it was blowing a hurricane above, and the mist rushed over from the one snowy range to the other with marvellous rapidity. After a time, however, violent gusts of wind and blasts of rain came down upon us; the rain changed into sleet; a violent wind blew steadily; and before we reached the village of Phe it was snowing heavily. To camp in our tents in these circumstances was not desirable; and the *sowar* whom the Thanadar of Padam had given me, prevailed on the principal zemindar of Phe to allow us to take up our quarters in his house; and there we had to stay until the day after next, when the force of the storm had exhausted itself.

This house, which was a typical Tibetan residence of the better class, was built of stone, without mortar, but interspersed by large beams, which must have been brought from a distance, and which add to the

security of the edifice. It occupied an area of, I should think, about eighty feet in length, and sixty in breadth, was two-storeyed, and had a small courtyard in front. All the lower rooms were occupied by ponies, sheep, and cattle; and savoury were the smells, and discordant the cries, which they sent up-stairs, or rather through the roof of their abode, during my two days' confinement above. The upper storey was reached by a stone staircase, which ascended partly outside the house and partly inside, and which, in its latter portion, required one to stoop painfully. Part of this storey, fronting the courtyard, had no roof, and so formed a kind of balcony, one end of which, however, was roofed over, and afforded shelter and a cooking-place for my servants. From that, a low passage, on both sides of which there were some small rooms or closets, led into the principal apartment of the house, on one side of which there was another

large room, occupied by the women and children, with a very small window and balcony. On another side there was a store-room; and on the third there was a dark room which was used as a chapel, and in which a light was kept constantly burning. The principal apartment, in which I took up my residence, along with the husbands of the wife,* and apparently any one who might drop in, including a Balti wanderer, was about forty feet long by thirty. It had no window, properly speaking—light, air, and, I may add, snow, finding admission through a square hole in the roof, with sides each about six feet. Directly below this, but not so large, there was a corresponding hole in the floor, so that a sort of well ran down to the ground-floor, and served to carry off the rain and snow which are admitted by the hole in the roof. This is an ingenious arrangement, and shows that the human mind may have some

* The following letter, from the Professor of Chinese in King's College, London, has been received, having reference to my account of polyandry in the January number of the Magazine; and, while willingly giving it publicity, I must again remark that the immorality which appears to exist in Eastern Tibet is almost unknown in the Tibetan countries to the west:—

“*To the Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'*”

“SIR,—I was induced, by reading the article on Tibetan Polyandry, which appeared in the January number of your Magazine, to look into a Chinese work published at the end of the last century on the manners and customs of the people of Tibet, and I there found the original of the following passage, which so fully confirms the opinion expressed by the writer of the article that the polyandry as practised in Tibet is limited to the marriage of one woman to two or more *brothers*, and the statements he quotes from the work of the Abbé Desgodins as to the general immorality which prevails, that I send it you *in extenso*.

“The women of the labouring classes [in Tibet] are more robust than the men, and to their lot fall all the heavier kinds of work. As a result of this, it constantly happens that three or four brothers in a household take unto themselves conjointly one wife, whose offspring are divided by choice among her husbands. Such wives who succeed in living in harmony with three or four brothers are called “accomplished” in recognition of their capacity for governing their households. In addition to labour in the fields, all such work as spinning, weaving, and other domestic duties, are expected of the women, and those who are ignorant of such arts are objects of universal ridicule. Adultery is not considered shameful, and when a married woman forms a *liaison*, she frankly informs her husband or husbands that such and such a one has become her “*ying-tuh*” or “gallant bachelor.” The husband or husbands make no objection; and husbands and wife, “averting their eyes” from the doings of each other, contentedly follow their own devices.”—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
“ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.”

invention even when it is not equal to conceive of a chimney. The room was just high enough to allow of a tall man standing upright beneath the beams; and the roof was about four feet thick, being composed of thorn-bushes pressed very closely together, and resting on several large strong beams. Inside, the walls were plastered with a kind of coarse *chunam*; the floor was composed of rafters and slabs of slate; and on the floor, resting against one of the walls, there were two or three small stone fireplaces, which constituted the only furniture, except one or two chests, which served as seats.

To say that this was in itself a pleasant place of residence would be incorrect. The large aperture in the centre of the roof created a low temperature which required a fire to make it tolerable, but the smoke from the fire knew when it was well off, and showed a remarkable aversion to going out at the aperture. Consequently, there was the alternative of being starved with cold or being occasionally half choked and blinded with the pungent smoke of birch and thorn bushes. However, the smoke, after going up the wall, did collect pretty close to the roof, the inside of which it had covered with a thick layer of soot. That was not nearly so great an evil as the porous character of the roof itself, through which the snow soaked only too easily, and, being thoroughly melted by the time it got through the roof, fell everywhere into the apartment in large, black, dirty drops, so that it was somewhat difficult to find a spot on which one could keep dry or clean.

On the second day, when there was no appearance of the snowstorm ceasing, and there was great probability of my having to spend a winter of eight months in Phe, I began

seriously to consider what state I should likely be in after so prolonged a residence in such an apartment. The prospect was by no means a pleasant one, and I resolved, if I had to remain, to take up my abode in the half-covered balcony. My liquors were at their last ebb, and my tea was disappearing; but I could keep myself going in coffee by means of roasted barley, and there would be no want of milk, meal, and mutton. Perhaps a knowledge of the Tibetan language might prove more useful to me than that of English; and an intelligent being might find more satisfaction as a Nímapa Lama, than as either Primate or Prime Minister of England in the present age.

The polyandric wife and mother of this house kept to the inner room; but there was a delightful trio which kept me company in the public apartment, and was composed of the aged grandmother and two fine children, a girl and boy of five and six years old respectively. They were delicious children, fair almost as northern Europeans, frolicsome and wild whenever the grandmother was away or not looking after them, and the next moment as demure as mice when the cat is in the room. They ate with great gusto enormous piles of thick scones covered with fine rancid butter. No young lions ever had a more splendid appetite, or roared more lustily for their food. The old woman kept them winding yarn and repeating "Om mani pad me haun;" but the moment her back was turned they would spring up, dance about, open their sheepskin coats and give their little plump rosy bodies a bath of cold air; but when old granny, who was bleary-eyed and half blind, hobbled back, they were seated in their places in an instant, hard at work at "Om mani pad," and looking as if butter

would not melt in their mouths. Sometimes they would sit down beside me and gaze into the fire, with all the wisdom and solemnity of Búdha in their countenances; then the boy's naked foot would noiselessly steal out until he caught a burning branch between his toes, on which the girl would give him a violent nudge, push him over, and they would both jump up laughing and run away. The grandmother too was interesting. She said she had seen seventy years—she did not know how many more, and the Tibetans rarely know their own ages. There was between her and the children that confidential relationship we often see in Europe, and which, being born of love, creates no fear; and she also found room in her affections for a young kitten, which drove Djeóla almost mad. Though nearly blind she plied her distaff industriously, and she showed her piety by almost continuously repeating the great Lama prayer. It is true she never got any farther than "Om mani pad," thereby getting over more repetitions of it than would have been possible had she pronounced the whole formula; but let us hope the fraud on heaven was passed over. A less agreeable occupation in which she indulged was that of freeing her own garments and those of the children from unpleasant parasites; for, after doing so, she always carefully placed them on the floor, without injuring them; for it never would have done to neutralise the effect of the prayer for the six classes of beings by destroying any of them. To the looker-on, this placing of parasites on the floor is apt to suggest foreboding reflections. But, to tell the truth, one gets accustomed to that sort of thing. Whatever care be taken, it is impossible to travel for any time among the Himáliya without mak-

ing the acquaintance of a good many little friends. It is impossible to describe the shuddering disgust with which the discovery of the first is made; but, by the time you get to the five-hundredth, you cease to care about them, and take it as a matter of course. When our bedding and all our baggage is carried on the backs of coolies, there must be some transference of that class of parasites which haunt the human body and clothes; but they are easily got rid of entirely when the supply stops.

Though the children were so fair, the men of the house were dark and long-featured, with almost nothing of the Tartar in their countenances; but their language is quite Tibetan, and I should say that we have here a distinct instance of a people who speak the language of an alien race and that alone. It will be curious if my supposition be correct that these Zanskaries are the congeners of the Celtic race, and the subject is well worthy of examination. I was not admitted into the room dedicated to religious purposes, but saw there were Búdhist images, brass basins and saucer-lights similar to those used both by the Chinese and the Indians. The young Balti who had taken refuge with us from the storm displayed his honesty, though he was going in a different direction from ours; for, on my giving him four annas (sixpence) for quite a number of the apricots of his country which he had presented me with, he said that was too much, and brought me more of his dried fruit, which must have been carried over a difficult journey of weeks. I met several large parties of Baltis in this part of the Himáliya, and was struck by their Jewish appearance. Though Mohammedans, their language is Tibetan, and Nurdass had no difficulty in talking with them. Here is an-

other instance where a people, evidently not of a Tartar race, speak a Tartar language; and I must again protest against the extreme to which the philologists have employed the clue of language. The Jews of China have entirely lost their own tongue, and their nationality has been recognised only by two or three customs, and by their possession of copies of the Pentateuch—which they are unable to read. Such matters are often as well treated by men of general knowledge and large capacity of thought as by the devotees of some particular branch of knowledge.

On the second morning after our arrival at Phe the storm had entirely passed off, and a council of the villagers was held to determine whether or not we could be got over the Pense-la Pass. I should have been delighted to remain in Zanskar all winter, though not in such an apartment as I have described, but was, in a manner, bound in honour to my servants to proceed if it were possible to do so; and the villagers were anxious to see us off their hands; for it would have been a serious matter for them had we remained all winter. So, with a strong body of *bigarries* and a number of ponies and cows, we started at nine in the morning. The open valley presented a most lovely scene. Pure white snow rose up on either side of it nearly from the river to the tops of the high mountains, dazzling in the sunlight. Above, there was a clear, brilliant blue sky, unspotted by any cloud or fleck of mist, but with great eagles occasionally flitting across it. Close to the river the snow had melted, or was melting from the grass, displaying beautiful autumn flowers which had been uninjured by it; the moisture on these flowers and on the grass was sparkling in the sunlight.

Every breath of the pure keen air was exhilarating; and for music we had the gush of snow-rivulets, and the piping of innumerable large marmots, which came out of their holes on the sides of the valley, and whistled to each other. It was more like an Alpine scene in spring than in autumn, and reminded me of Beattie's lines describing the outbreak of a Lapland spring:—

“Thus on the chill Laponian's dreary
land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the seasons
bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are
bound,
From silent mountains, straight with
startling sound,
Torrents are hurled; green hills emerge;
and lo!
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers
are crowned,
Pure rills through vales of verdure war-
bling flow.”

On reaching the last village, called Abring, it was determined not to stay there, but to camp as high up on the pass as we could get before nightfall, in order to have the whole of the next day for getting over the deep snow with which its summit was covered. On ascending from the larger valley, we passed through a number of picturesque small vales, and then got on a more open tract, on one side of which, where there were some birch-bushes, we camped at eve. My tent had to be pitched on snow, and I may say that for the next seven days, or until I reached Dras, I was very little off that substance; and for six nights my tent was either pitched on snow or on ground which had been swept clear of it for the purpose. At this camp on the Pense-la, darkness came on (there being only a crescent moon in the early morning) before our preparations for the night were concluded. My thermometer sank

to 22°, and there was something solemn suggested on looking into the darkness and along the great snowy wastes. My *bigarries* were very much afraid of bears, saying that the place was haunted by them; but none appeared.

Starting early next morning, we passed through several miles of thick brushwood, chiefly birch and willow, just before we approached the col of the Pense-la Pass. A great glacier flowed over it, and for some way our ascent lay up the rocky slopes to the right side of this ice-stream; but that was tedious work, and when we got up a certain distance, and the snow was thick enough to support us, we moved on to the glacier itself, and so made the remainder of the ascent. The fall of snow here had been tremendous. I probed in vain with my seven-foot long alpenstock to strike the ice beneath; but every now and then a crevasse, too large to be bridged by the snow, showed the nature of the ground we were on. I fancy this was the most dangerous ground I rode over in all the Himáliya, for the snow over a crevasse might have given way beneath a horse and his rider; but several of the Zanskar men were riding and did not dismount, so I was fain to trust to this local knowledge, though I did not put any confidence in it. Not far from the top of the pass we came upon a beautiful little lake in the glacier, sunk within walls of blue ice, and frozen, but with the snow which had fallen and the upper ice of its surface all melted. For by this time the power of the sunbeams in the rarified atmosphere, and of their reflection from the vast sheets of pure

white snow, was something tremendous. I had on blue goggles to protect my eyes,* and a double muslin veil over my face, yet all the skin on my face was destroyed. After crossing this pass, my countenance became very much like an over-roasted leg of mutton; and as to my hands, the mere sight of them would have made a New Zealander's teeth water. On my Indian servants the only effect was to blacken their faces, and make their eyes bloodshot. The top of the Pense-la is only 14,440 feet high, but it took us a long time to reach it, our horses sinking up to their girths in the snow at almost every step, and the leader having to be frequently changed. We have been told to pray that our flight should not be in the winter; and certainly in a Himáliyan winter it would not be possible to fly either quickly or far without the wings of eagles. The deep dark blue of the heavens above contrasted with the perfect and dazzling whiteness of the earthly scene around. The uniformity of colour in this exquisite scene excited no sense of monotony; and, looking on the beautiful garment of snow which covered the mountains and glaciers, but did not conceal their forms, one might well exclaim—

"It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood."

Especially striking was the icy spire of one of the two Akun (the Ser and Mer) peaks, the highest of the Western Himáliya, which rose up before us in Súrú to the height of 23,477 feet. I did not get another glimpse of it; but from this side it appeared to be purely a spire

* There was another use to which I found goggles could be put. Tibetan mastiffs were afraid of them. The fiercest dog in the Himáliya will skulk away terrified if you walk up to it quietly in perfect silence with a pair of dark-coloured goggles on, and as if you meditated some villany; but to utter a word goes far to break the spell.

of glittering ice, no rock whatever being visible, and the sky was

"Its own calm home, its crystal shrine,
Its habitation from eternity."

But instead of attempting further description, let me quote an older traveller, and give Hiouen Tsang's description of what he beheld on the Musur Dabaghan mountain as applicable to what I saw from, and experienced on, the Pense-la, and still more especially on the Shinkal: "The top of the mountain rises to the sky. Since the beginning of the world the snow has been accumulating, and is now transformed into vast masses of ice, which never melt either in spring or summer. Hard and brilliant sheets of snow are spread out till they are lost in the infinite and mingle with the clouds. If one looks at them the eyes are dazzled by the splendour. Frozen peaks hang down over both sides of the path some hundred feet high and twenty or thirty feet thick. It is not without difficulty or danger that the traveller can clear them or climb over them. Besides, there are squalls of wind and tornadoes of snow which attack the pilgrims. Even with double shoes and with thick furs one cannot help trembling and shivering."

In front of us immense sheets of snow stretched steeply into a narrow valley, and down one of these we plunged in a slanting direction. It was too late to reach the neighbourhood of any human habitations that night; but we descended the valley for several miles till we came to brushwood and a comparatively warm camping-spot, well satisfied at having got over the Pense-la without a single accident. Where was I to go next, however, was a matter of some anxiety; for here the elevated valley theory began to break down, and we were in front of a confused

congeries of mountains which must be difficult enough to cross at any time, but tenfold so after such a snowstorm as had just swept over the Himáliya. I felt especially uneasy about those unknown places of which Mr. Heyde had said, "they might be a little difficult to get over." From this point where we now were, I had proposed to go, in a south-westerly direction, over the Chiling Pass, to Petgam in Maru Wardwan, from whence it would not have been difficult to reach Islamabad in the south of Kashmir; but the Zanskar men declared that there was no such pass, no passage in that direction; and it was at least clearly evident that the habitationless villages leading that way were so blocked up with prodigious masses of snow that they had become quite impracticable till next summer. I was thus compelled to proceed northwards, and to strike the road from Leh to Kashmir, and camped that day at a small village near to the great Ringdom Gonpa. I was permitted to enter and examine this monastery, but must reserve an account of it. From there it took me three easy marches, through beautiful open valleys, to reach the village and fort of Súrú. The first two days were over uninhabited ground, and we camped the first night at Gúlmatoṅgo, where there are some huts occupied by herdsmen in summer. This place is the most advanced post in that direction of the Tibetan-speaking people, and of the Lama religion: for the village of Parkatze, where we camped next night, is inhabited chiefly by Kashmiri Mohammedans, and at Súrú there are a Kashmiri Thanadar and a military force. In these valleys there are immense numbers of large marmots, called *pia* by the Tibetans, from the peculiar sound they make. We shot several of them, and found their

brown fur to be very soft and thick. There was no difficulty in shooting them, but some in gaining possession of them, for they were always close to the entrance of their holes, and escaped down these unless killed outright. The people do not eat them, considering them to be a species of rat; and though the skins are valued, this animal does not seem to be hunted. The skins I procured disappeared at Súrú, the theft being laid to the charge of a dog; and though half my effects were carried in open *kiltas*, this was the only loss I experienced on my long journey, with the exception of a tin of bacon which disappeared in Lahaul, and which also was debited to a canine thief. The Himá-liyan marmots were larger than hares, though proportionably shorter in the body. They were so fat at this season that they could only waddle, having fed themselves up on the grass of summer in preparation for their long hybernation in winter. They undoubtedly communicate with one another by their shrill cries, and have a curiously intelligent air as they sit watching and piping at the mouth of their subterranean abodes. The marmot

has a peculiar interest as one of the unchanged survivors of that period when the megatherium, the siva-therium, and the other great animals whose fossil remains are found in the Siwalick range, were roaming over the Himáliyās, or over the region where these now rise.

Shortly before reaching Súrú we had to leave the bed of the Súrú river, which takes its rise near Gúlmatongo, and had to make a *détour* and considerable ascent. The cause of this was an enormous glacier, which came down into the river on the opposite (the left) bank, and deflected the stream from its course. Splendid walls of ice were thus exposed, and here also there is likely to be a cataclysm ere long. Súrú is only a dependency of Kashmir, and there were more snow-covered mountain-ranges to be crossed before I could repose in the Valley of Flowers; but at this place I had fairly passed out of the Tibetan region, and without, so far as I am aware, having become either a Lama or a Bodhisavata. I may say that, while it has unrivalled scenery, its people also are interesting, and manage wonderfully well with their hard and trying life.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART XII.—CHAPTER LX.

SIR REMNANT CHAPMAN, in his dry old fashion, was a strongly-determined man. He knew the bitter strait of Coombe Lorraine for ready money; and from his father, Sir Barker Chapman (a notorious usurer), he had inherited the gift of spinning a disc into a globe. But, like most of the men who labour thus to turn their guineas, he could be very liberal with them for the advancement of his family. And though the Chapmans had gradually acquired such a length of rent-roll, their pedigree was comparatively short among their Norman neighbours. Nothing would cure that local defect more speedily, and permanently, than a wedlock with Lorraine; and father and son were now eager tenfold, by reason of Hilary's illness. They had made up their minds that he must die within a few months; and then Alice, of course, would be the heiress of Coombe Lorraine. But the marriage must be accomplished first, before the mourning stopped it. Then Hilary would drop off out of the way; and after Sir Roland's time was passed, and the properties had been united, there ought not to be any very great trouble, with plenty of money to back the claim, in awakening the dormant earldom of Lorraine, and enhancing its glory with a Chapin.

To secure all this success at once, they set forth in their yellow coach, one fine November morning. They knew that Sir Roland was fretting and pining (although too proud to speak of it) at his son's disgrace, and the crippled and fettered fortunes of the family. Even apart

from poor Hilary's illness, and perhaps fatal despondency, the head of the house of Lorraine would have felt (with his ancient pride and chivalry) that a stain must lie on his name until the money was made good again. And now the last who could prolong male heritage unbroken—of which the Lorraines were especially proud—was likely to go to a world that does not heed direct succession—except from the sinful Adam—for the want of £50,000.

Cut, and clipped, and cleft with fissures of adjacent owners, the once broad lands of Lorraine were now reduced, for the good of the neighbours. But even in those evil days, when long war had lowered everything, the residue of the estates would have been for that sum good security, being worth about twice the money. This, however, was of no avail; because, by the deed of settlement (made in the time of the late Sir Roger, under the Lady Valeria), nothing could be bound, beyond life-interest, while Alice was living, and under age. This point had been settled hopelessly, by reference to the highest and deepest legal authority of the age, Sir Glanvil Malahide, K.C. Sir Glanvil was not the man at all to stultify his own doings. He had been instructed to tie tight; and he was pleased to show now how tight he had tied, after his own remonstrance. "I am of opinion," wrote this great lawyer (after drawing his pen through the endorsement of a fifty-guinea fee on the case), "that under the indentures Lease and Release, dated Aug. 5th and 6th 1799, the

estates comprised therein are assured to uses precluding any possibility of valid title being made, until Alice Lorraine is of age, or deceased." There was a good deal more, of course; but that was the gist of the matter.

Having learned from the rector how these things stood, the captain devised a clever stroke, by which he could render the escape of Alice almost an impossibility. For by this contrivance he could make Sir Roland most desirous of the match, who up to the present, though well aware of the many substantial advantages offered, had always listened to his daughter's pleading, and promised not to hurry her. The captain's plan was very simple, as all great ideas are; the honour of the family was to be redeemed by the sacrifice of Alice. For, among other points, it had been arranged, upon the treaty of marriage, that £50,000 should be settled on Alice, for her separate use, with the usual powers of appointment.

Now the captain's excellent idea was, that on his wedding-day, this sum should be paid in hard cash to Sir Roland and Hilary, as trustees for Alice; and they, by deed of even date, should charge that sum on the Lorraine estate—"valeat quantum," as the lawyers say; for they could only bind their own interests. The solicitors would be directed to waive the obvious objections, which might lead to mischief, or might not, according to circumstances. Thus the flaw of title, which would be fatal to any cold-blooded mortgage, might well be turned to good use, when stopped by a snug little family arrangement.

Sir Remnant, with inherited instinct, saw the blot of this conception. "It comes to this," he said, as soon as ever he was told of it, "that you get the Lorraine property, saddled with a loss of £50,000,

which has gone to the scoundrelly Government! The Government rob us all they can. In a sensible point of view, young Lorraine is the first sensible man of his family. He has stolen £50,000, which the Government stole from us tax-payers. As for paying it back again—an idiot might think of it! It makes me kick; and that always hurts me."

Nevertheless, he was brought round (when he had kicked his passion out), as most of the obstinate old men are, to the plans and aims of the younger ones. Steenie was a fool—they all were fools—there was scarcely any sense left in anybody but himself, and the boy who stole all that money, and was dying for fear of being prosecuted. Sir Remnant could not bring himself to believe a word of the story, except as himself had shaped it. Thus he worked himself up, with his want of faith, to believe that poor Hilary had got the money buried somewhere on the Downs, and would dig it up like a mole, as soon as the stir of the moment was over. If so, there could be no loss after all; only it would have been very much better to make no fuss about the money stolen.

Revolving these things in his mind, and regretting the good old times when any one (if at all in a good position) might have stolen £50,000 without any trumpery scandal, this baronet of the fine old school prepared to listen, in a quiet way, to any plans that would come home again. And he thought that this plan of his son would do so, either in money or in kind. Yet having formed some misty sketch of the character of Sir Roland, each of these Chapmans wished the other to begin the overture.

It would have been pleasant for anybody, quite outside of danger, to watch the great yellow coach of

the captain, labouring up the chalky road, the best approach to Coombe Lorraine, now that the Steyning road was stopped, for all who could not walk a tree, by the outburst of the water. All the roads were drenched just now; and wet chalk is a most slippery thing, especially when it has taken blue stripes from the rubbing of soft iron, the "drag" of some heavy waggon sliding down the steep with a clank and jerk. Sir Remnant had very little faith in his son's most expensive gift of driving; and he jerked out his bad head at every corner in anxiety for his good body and soul. The wicked, however, are protected always; and thus this venturesome baronet was fetched out of his coach, with much applause, and a little touch of gout about him, such as he would not stop to groan at.

Sir Roland Lorraine was not glad to see them, and did not feign to be so. He wanted to be left alone just now, with such a number of things to think of. He perceived that they were come to hurry him about a thing he was not ripe with. Knowing his daughter's steadfast nature, and his mother's stubborn stuff, in the calm of his heart he had hoped good things. To balance one against the other in psychological counterpoise—as all good English writers of the present day express it—or, as our rude granddads said, "to let them fight it out between them."

"Over your books again, Lorraine! Well, well, I can understand all that. I was pretty nigh taking to such things myself, after I put my knee-cap out. Steenie is a wonderful scholar now. I believe a' can construe Homer!"

"That depends on the mood I am in," said the captain, modestly; "sometimes I can make out a very nice piece."

"Well, that is more than any

man can say in the county, that I know of. Except, of course, one or two new parsons, and Sir Roland here, and some ragamuffins that come about teaching their stuff in lodgings. Lorraine now, after all, how are you? How do you get through these bad times?"

Sir Roland Lorraine, for the third time now, shook hands with Sir Remnant Chapman. Not from any outburst of hospitality on his part, but because the other would have it so. A strong opinion had newly set in, that all good Britons were bound to shake hands; that dirty and cold-blooded Frenchmen bowed at a distance homicidally; and therefore that wholesome Englishmen must squeeze one another's knuckles to the utmost. And that idea is not yet extinct.

"And how is her ladyship?" asked Sir Remnant, striking his gold-headed stick on the floor very firmly at the mere thought of her. "Do you think she will see her most humble servant? Gadzooks, sir, she is of the true old sort."

"I was amazed the last time you were here," Sir Roland answered, smiling, "to find how thoroughly you and my mother seemed to understand each other. I am sure that if she is well enough to see anybody, she will see you. Meanwhile, will you take something?"

"Now that is not the way to put it. Of course I will take something. I like to see the glasses all brought in, and then the cupboard opened, and then the young women all going about with hot and cold water, and sugar-tongs."

"We will try to do those little things aright," the host answered very quietly, "by the time of your reappearance. Trotman is come to say that my mother will do herself the honour of receiving you."

"Steenie, you stop here," shouted Sir Remnant, getting up briskly,

and setting his eyebrows, eyes, and knees for business. "Steenie, you are a boy as yet, and Court ladies prefer the society of men. No, no; I can pick up my cane myself. Just you sit down quietly, Steenie, and entertain Sir Roland till I come back."

Sir Remnant, though somewhat of a bear by nature, prided himself on his courtly manners, when occasion called for them. "Gadzooks, sir," he used to say, "nurse my vittels, if I can't make a leg with the very best of them!" And he carried his stick in a manner to prove that he must have kissed hands, or toes, or something.

Entering Lady Valeria's drawing-room in his daintiest manner, the old reprobate (as he called himself, sometimes with pride, and sometimes with terror, according as his spirits were up or down) made a slow and deep obeisance, then kissed the tips of his fingers, and waved them, and, seeing a smile on the lady's face, ventured to lay his poor hand on his heart.

"Oh, Sir Remnant, you are too gallant!" said the lady, who in good truth despised him, and hated him also as the owner of great broad stripes of the land of Lorraine. "We never get such manners now; never since the Court was broken up; and things that it would not become me at all to hint at are encouraged."

"You are right, my lady; you are right all over. Gadzooks—ahem, I beg your ladyship's pardon."

"By no means, Sir Remnant. The gentlemen always, in the best society, were allowed to say those little things. And I missed them sadly when I came down here."

"Madam, my admiration of you increases with every word you speak. From what I hear of the mock-Court now (as you and I might

call it), and my son has been hand-in-glove for years with the P.R., indeed, the whole number of their Royal Highnesses,—in short, I cannot tell your ladyship. Things are very bad, very bad indeed." And Sir Remnant made a grimace, as if his own whole life had been purity.

"I fear that it is too true," the lady answered, looking straight at him. "We find things always growing worse, as we ourselves grow wiser. But come now, and sit in this chair, and tell me, if you please, Sir Remnant, how the poor things are getting on—your captain and my poor grandchild."

"Well, madam, I need not tell a lady of your high breeding and experience; the maids of the present day are not at all the same thing as they used to be. But, thank the Lord, they get on, on the whole, as well as can be expected. But Sir Roland will not help us; and the young maid flies and flickers, and don't seem to come to know her own mind. You know, my lady, the Lord in heaven scarce knows what to make of them. They will have this, and they won't have that; and they hates to look at anything but their swinging-glasses."

"Oh, sir, you have not been at Court for nothing. You have come to a very sad view of the ladies. But they deserve a great deal more than that. If you were to hear what even I, at this great distance, know of them—but I will say no more; it is always best, and charitable, not to speak of them. So let us go back, if you please, Sir Remnant; I have my own ways of considering things. Indeed, I am obliged to have them, in a manner now scarcely understood. But, I hear a noise—is it a mouse, or a rat, do you think?"

It was neither mouse nor rat; as Lady Valeria knew quite well. It was simply poor Sir Remnant tap-

ping on the floor with his walking-stick; which of course he had no right to do, while the lady was addressing him.

"It sounds like a very little mouse," he said; "or perhaps it was the death-tick. It often comes in these old rooms, when any of the people are going to die."

The old gentleman had not been at Court for nothing (as the old lady had told him); he knew how timid and superstitious were the brave women of the fine old time.

"Now, sir, are you sure that you never made a tap?" asked Lady Valeria, anxiously.

"Not a quarter of a tap, as I hope to be saved," the old reprobate answered, below his breath. "I pay no heed to nonsense; but a thing of this sort must mean something."

"There have been a great many signs of late," said the old lady after listening, with her keener ear brought round, and the misty lace of her beautiful cap quivering like a spider's web: "there seem to have been a great many signs of bad things coming, in their proper time."

"They will come before we are ready, madam; old Scratch waits for no invitation. But they say that the death-tick runs before him, and keeps time with his cloven heel."

"Oh Lord, Sir Remnant, how dreadfully you talk! I beg you to spare me; I have had no sleep since I was told of that horrible water, and of my poor grandson. Poor Hilary! He has done great things, and spent no money of his own; and indeed he had none of his own to spend; and having denied himself so, is it right that he should be disgraced and break his heart, because he could not help losing a little money, that was not at all his own? And he had taken

a town worth ten times as much; now, truly speaking, is it fair of them?"

"Certainly not, madam; pox upon them! It is the scurviest thing ever heard of."

"And you must remember, sir, if you please, that from his childhood upward, indeed ever since he could move on two legs, he always lost every sixpence put by kind people into his pockets. I gave him a guinea on his very fifth birthday; and in the afternoon what do you think he showed me? A filthy old tobacco-pipe, and nothing else—no change whatever. And his pride was more than he could set forth; though he always was a chatterer. Now, if such a thing as that could only be properly put at the Horse Guards, by some one of good position; surely, Sir Remnant, they would make allowance; they would see that it was his nature; at least they would have done so in my time."

"Of course they would, of course, my lady. But things have been growing, from year to year, to such a pitch of"—here Sir Remnant took advantage of the lady's courtly indulgence towards bad language—"that—that—they seem to want almost, gadzooks, they want to treat men almost all alike!"

"They never can do that, good sir. They never could be such fools as to try it. And bad as they may be, they must be aware that my grandson has done no harm to them. Why, the money he lost was not theirs at all; it was all for the pay of the common soldiers. It comes out of everybody's pocket, and it goes into nobody's. And to my mind it serves them all perfectly right. Who is that General—I forget his name, an Irishman, if I remember aright—who is he, or of what family, that he should put a Lorraine to look after dirty money?

The heir of all the Lorraines to be put to do a cashier's business!"

"Heaven save me from such a proud woman as this!" thought poor Sir Remnant Chapman; "if Alice is like her, the Lord have pity on our unlucky Steenie! He won't dare have his nip of brandy, even in a corner!"

"And now, poor dear, he is very ill indeed," continued the ancient lady, recovering from the indignation which had even wrinkled her firm and smooth forehead; he has pledged his honour to make good the money; and my son also thinks that the dignity of our family demands it; though to me it seems quite a ridiculous thing; and you of course will agree with me. And the doctors say that he has something on his mind; and if he cannot be relieved of it, he must die, poor boy. And then what becomes of the name of Lorraine, that has been here for nearly eight hundred years?"

"It becomes extinct, of course, my lady," answered Sir Remnant, as calmly as if the revolution of the earth need not be stopped; "but it might be revived in the female line, by royal licence, hereafter."

"That would be of very little use. Why, even your grandson might be a Lorraine! Is that what you were thinking of?"

"No, no, no! Of course not, my lady. Nothing could be further from my thoughts." The old baronet vainly endeavoured, as he spoke, to meet the suspicious gaze of the lady's still penetrating and bright eyes.

"We are not so particular about the spindle," she resumed with some condescension; "but in the sword-line we must be represented duly; and we never could be supplanted by a Chapman."

"Gadzooks, madam, are the Chapmans dirt? But in order to show how you wrong us, my lady, I will tell you what I am come to propose."

Herewith he looked very impressive, and leaned both hands on his stick, as if inditing of an excellent matter. And thus he set forth his scheme, which bore at first sight a fair and magnanimous face; as if all that large sum of money were given, or without security trusted, for no other purpose, except to save a life precious to both families. The old lady listened with prudent reserve, yet an inward sense of relief, and even a faint suspicious gratitude. She was too old now to digest very freely any generous sentiment. Blessed are they who, crossing the limit of human years, can carry with them faith in worn humanity.

CHAPTER LXI.

Of all trite proverbs, no truer there is in the affairs of men (perhaps because in the kingdom of the clouds so untrue) than this venerable saying—"It never rains, but what it pours." The Chapmans had come, with a storm of cash, to wash away Hilary's obstructions; and now on that very same day there appeared a smaller, but more kindly cloud, to drop its little fatness.

Just when Sir Roland had managed to get rid (at the expense of poor Alice perhaps) of that tedious half-born Stephen Chapman, the indefatigable Trotman came, with his volatile particles uppermost. "If you please, sir," he said, "I can't stop un at all. He saith as he will see you."

"Well, if he will, he must, of course. But who is this man of such resolute mind?"

"If you please, sir, I never have seed un from Adam. And I showed un the wrong way; to get a little time."

"Then go now, and show him the right way, John. I am always ready to see any one."

Sir Roland knew well that this was not true. He had said it without thinking. And, with his pure love of truth, he began to condemn himself for saying it. He knew that he liked no stranger now, nor even any ordinary friends; and he was always sorry to hear that any one made demand to see him. Before he could repent of his repentance, the door was opened, and in walked a man of moderate stature, sturdy frame, and honest, ruddy, and determined face, well shaven betwixt grey whiskers. Sir Roland had never been wont to take much heed of the human countenance; therefore he was surprised to find himself rushing to a rash conclusion—"an honest man, if ever there was one; also a very kind one."

The Grower came forward, without any sign of humility, awkwardness, sense of difference, or that which is lowest of all—intense and shallow self-assertion. He knew that he was not of Sir Roland's rank; and he had no idea of defying it; he was simply a man, come to speak to a man, for the love of those dependent on him, in the largeness of humanity. At the same time, he was a little afraid of going too far with anything. He made a bow (by no means graceful, but of a tidy English sort, when the back always wants to go back again), and then, as true Englishmen generally do, he waited to be spoken to.

"I am very sorry," Sir Roland said, "that you have had trouble in finding me. We generally manage to get on well; but sometimes things go crooked. Will you come,

and sit down here, and tell me why you are come to see me?"

Martin Lovejoy made another bow, of pattern less like a tenter-hook. He had come, with a will to be roughly received; and lo, there was nothing but smoothness. Full as he was of his errand, and the largest views of everything, he had made up his mind to say something fierce; and here was no opportunity. For he took it for granted, in his simple way, that Sir Roland knew thoroughly well who he was.

"I am come to see you, Sir Roland Lorraine," he began, with a slightly quivering voice, after declining the offered chair; "not to press myself upon you, but only for the sake of my daughter."

"Indeed!" the other answered, beginning to suspect; "are you then the father of that young lady——"

"I am the father of Mabel Lovejoy. And sorry I should be to be her father, if—if—I mean, sir, if she was anybody else's daughter. But being as it is, she is my own dear child; and no man has a better one. And if any one says that she threw herself at the feet of your son, for the sake of his name, Sir Roland, that man is a liar."

"My good sir, I know it. I never supposed that your daughter did anything of the kind. I have heard that the fault was my son's altogether."

"Then why have you never said a word to say so? Why did you leave us, like so many dogs, to come when you might whistle? Because we are beneath you in the world, is your son to do a great wrong to my daughter, while you sit up here on the top of your hill as if you had never heard of us? Is this all the honour that comes of high birth? Then I thank the Almighty that we are not high-born."

The Grower struck his ash-stick with disdain upon the rich Turkey carpet, and turned his broad back on Sir Roland Lorraine; not out of rudeness (as the latter thought), but to hide the tears that came and spoiled the righteous sparkle of his eyes. The baronet perhaps had never felt so small and self-condemned before. He had not been so blind and narrow-minded, as to forget, through the past two years, that every question has two sides. He had often felt that the Kentish homestead had a grievance against the South-Down castle; but with his contemplative ease, and hatred of any disturbance, he had left the case mainly to right itself; persuading himself at last that he must have done all that could be expected, in making that promise to Struan Hales. But now all the fallacy of such ideas was scattered by a father's honest wrath. And he was not a man who would argue down the rights of another; when he saw them.

"You are right, Mr. Lovejoy," he said at last: "I have not behaved at all well to you. I will make no excuses, but tell you fairly that I am sorry for my conduct; now that you put it so plainly. And whatever I can do shall be done, to make amends to your daughter."

"Amends means money, from one rank to another. Would you dare to offer me money, sir?"

"Certainly not; it is the very last thing I ever should dream of doing. Not to mention the scarcity of cash—just now. In such a case, money is an insult."

"I should think so—I should think so. What money could ever pay for our Mabel? If you had only seen her once, you would never have been angry with your son. Although I was; although I was—until I heard how ill he is. But bless you, sir, they will do these things—and there is no stopping

them. It puts one into a passion with them, until one begins to remember. But now, sir, I have heard all sorts of things. Is it true that Master Hilary lies very ill abed, for want of money?"

"You put it very shortly; but it comes to that. He has lost a large sum of the public money, and we cannot very well replace it."

"Then you should a' come to me. I'll cure all that trouble in a jiffy," said the Grower, tugging heavily at something well inside his waistcoat; "there, that's a very tidy lump of money; and no call to be ashamed of it, in the way you high folk look at things—because us never made it. Not a farden of it ever saw Covent Garden; all come straight without any trade whatever! He can't a' lost all that anyhow."

Martin Lovejoy, with broad-tipped fingers, and nails not altogether exempt from chewing, was working away, as he spoke, at a bag such as wheat is sampled in, and tied with whip-cord round the neck. Sir Roland Lorraine, without saying a word, looked on, and smiled softly with quiet surprise.

"No patience—I haven't no patience with counting, since I broke my finger, sir,—seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, no—well it must be right, and I've reckoned amiss; our Mab reckoned every penny—no longer than yesterday morning—twenty thousand pounds it must be, according to the ticket. There is one lot amissing; oh, here it is, in among my fingers, I do believe! What slippery rubbish these bank-notes be! Will you please now to score them all up, Sir Roland?"

"Mr. Lovejoy, why should I do that? It cannot matter what the quantity is. The meaning, is what I am thinking of."

"Well sir, and the meaning is just this. My daughter Mabel hath had

a fortune left her by her godfather, the famous banker Lightgold, over to the town of Tonbridge. No doubt you have heard of him, Sir Roland, and of his death six months ago. Well, no, I forget; it is so far away. I be so used to home, that I always speak as if I was at home. And they made me trustee for her—that they did; showing confidence in my nature almost, on the part of the laiyers, sir, do you think! At least I took it in that way."

"It was kind of you, so to take it. They have no confidence in anybody's nature, whenever they can help it."

"So I have heard, sir. I have heard that same, and in my small way proved it. But will you be pleased just to count the money?"

"I must be worse than the lawyers if I did. Your daughter Mabel must be the best, and kindest-hearted, and most loving——"

"Of course, of course," cried the Grower, as if that point wanted no establishing; "but business is business, Sir Roland Lorraine. I am my daughter's trustee, do you see, and bound to be sure that her money goes right. And it is a good bit of money, mind you; more than I could earn in all my life."

"Will you tell me exactly what she said? I should like to hear her very words. I beg you to sit down. Are you afraid that I shall run off with the trust-funds?"

"You are like your son. I'll be dashed if you arn't. Excuse me, Sir Roland, for making so free—but that was just his way of turning things; a sort of a something in a funny manner, that won the heart of my poor maid. None of our people know how to do it; except of course our Mabel. Mabel can do it, answer for answer, with any that come provoking her. But she hathn't shown the spirit

for it, now ever since—the Lord knows what was the name of the town Master Hilary took. That signifies nothing, neither here nor there; only it showeth how they do take on."

"Yes, Mr. Lovejoy, I see all that. But what was it your good daughter said?"

"She is always saying something, sir—something or other; except now and then; when her mind perhaps is too much for it. But about this money-bag she said—is that what you ask, Sir Roland? Well, sir, what she said was this. They had told me a deal, you must understand, about investing in good securities, meaning their own blessed pockets, no doubt. But they found me too old a bird for that. 'Down with the money!' says I, the same as John Shorne might in the market. They wouldn't. They wouldn't. Not a bit of it, till I put another laiyer at them—my own son, sir, if you please, a counsellor on our circuit; and he brought them to book in no time, and he laid down the law to me pretty strong about my being answerable. So as soon as I got it, I said to her, 'Mabel, how am I to lodge it for you, to fetch proper interest, until you come of age?' But the young silly burst out crying, and she said—'What good can it ever be to me? take it all, father, take every penny, and see if it will do any good to him.' And no peace could I have, till at last I set off. And there it is, Sir Roland. But I am thinking that, the money in no way belonging to me, I am bound to ask you to make a receipt, or give me your note of hand for it, or something as you think proper, just to disappoint the laiyers."

"You shall have my receipt," said Sir Roland Lorraine, with his eyes beginning to glisten. "Meanwhile place all the money in the bag, and tie it up securely."

The Grower fetched a quiet little sigh, and allowed the corners of his mouth to drop, as he did what he was told to do. It had cost him many a hard fight with Mabel, and many a sulky puff of pipe, to be sent on such an errand. Money is money; and a man who makes it with so much anxiety, chance of season, and cheating from the middlemen, as a fruit-grower has to struggle through,—such a man wants to know the reason why he should let it go all of a head. However, Martin Lovejoy was one of the “noblest works of God,” an honest man—though an honest woman is even yet more noble, if value goes by rarity—and he knew that the money was his daughter’s own, to do what she pleased with, in a twelvemonth’s time, when she would be a spinster of majority.

“I have written my receipt,” said Sir Roland, breaking in on Master Lovejoy’s sad retrospect at the bag of money. “Read it, and tell me if I have been too cold.”

It is a thing quite unaccountable, haply (and yet there must be some cause for it), that some men who allow no tone of voice, no pressure of hand, to betray emotion, yet cannot take pen without doing it,

and letting the fount of heart break open from the sealed reserve of eye. No other explanation can be offered for this note of hand from Sir Roland Lorraine. The Grower put on his specs; and then he took them off, and wiped them; and then as the shadow of the hill came over, he found it hard to read anything. The truth was that he had read every word, but had no idea of being overcome. And the note, so hard to read, was as follows:—

“MABEL,—I have done you much injustice. And I hope that I may live long enough to show what now I think of you. Your perfect faith and love are more than any one can have deserved of you, and least of all my son, who has fallen into all his sad distress, by wandering away from you. Your money, of course, I cannot accept; but your goodwill I value more than I have power to tell you. If you would come and see Hilary, I think it would do him more good than a hundred doctors. Sometimes he seems pretty well; and again he is fit for little or nothing. I know that he longs to see you, Mabel; and having so wronged you, I ask you humbly to come and let us do you justice.

“ROLAND LORRAINE.”

CHAPTER LXII.

It did not occur to Sir Roland Lorraine (as he shook Martin Lovejoy’s hand, and showed him forth on his way to meet the Reigate coach at Pyecombe) that Mabel’s rich legacy might be supposed to have changed his own views concerning her. Whether her portion was to be twenty thousand pounds or twenty pence, made very little difference to him; but what made all the difference was the greatness of her faith and love.

The Grower was a man who judged a man very much by eyesight. He had found out ever so many rogues, by means of that “keen Kentish look,” for which the Sidneys, and some other old families, were famous. And having well applied this to Sir Roland, he had no longer any doubt of him. And yet, with his shrewd common-sense, he was not sorry to button up his coat with the money once more inside it, in the sample-bag,

which had sampled so much love, and trust, and loyalty. Money is not so light to come by as great landlords might suppose; and for a girl to be known to have it is the best of all strings to her bow. So Master Lovejoy grasped his staff; and it would have been a hard job for even the famous Black Robin, the highwayman of the time, to have wrested the trust-fund from him.

Covering the ground at an active pace, and crossing the Woeburn by a tree-bridge (rudely set up where the old one had been), he strode through West Lorraine and Steyning, and over the hills to Pycombe corner, where he took the Reigate coach; and he slept that night at Reigate.

Meanwhile the Chapmans gathered their forces for perfect conquest of Alice. Father and son had quite agreed that the final stroke of victory might best be made by occupying the commanding fortress Valeria. They knew that this stronghold was only too ready, for the sake of the land below it, to surrender at discretion; and the guns thereof being turned on the castle, the whole must lie at their mercy.

Yet there were two points which these besiegers had not the perception to value duly, and seize to their own advantage. One was the character of Sir Roland; the other was the English courage and Norman spirit of Alice. "It is all at our mercy now," they thought; "we have only to hammer away; and the hammer of gold is too heavy for anything." They did not put it so clearly as that—for people of that sort do not put their views to themselves very clearly; still, if they had looked inside their ideas, they would have found them so.

"Steenie, let me see him first," said Sir Remnant, meeting his son, by appointment, at the sun-dial in the eastern walk (which for half

the year possessed a sinecure office, and an easy berth even through the other half). "Steenie, you will make a muddle; you have been at your flask again."

"Well, what can I do? That girl is enough to roll anybody over. I wish I had never seen her—oh, I wish I had never seen her! She dis-dis-dis——"

"Dislikes you, Steenie! She can never do that. Of all I have settled with, none have said it. They are only too fond of you, Steenie; just as they were of your father before you. And now you are straight, and going on so well! After all you have done for the women, Steenie, no girl can dislike you."

"That is the very thing I try to think. And I know that it ought to be so, if only from proper jealousy. But she never seems to care when I talk of girls; and she looks at me so that I scarcely dare speak. And it scarcely makes any difference at all what girls have been in love with me!"

"Have you had the sense to tell her of any of the royal family?"

"Of course I did. I mentioned two or three, with good foundation. But she never inquired who they were, and nothing seems to touch her. I think I must give it up, after all. I never cared for any girl before. And it does seem so hard, after more than a score of them, when one is in downright earnest at last, not to be able to get a chance of the only one I ever lov-lov-loved!"

"Steenie, you are a mere ass," said Sir Remnant; "you always are, when you get too much—which you ought to keep for dinner-time. I have settled everything for you up-stairs, so that it must come right, if only you can hold your tongue and wait. I have them all under my thumb; and nothing but your rotten fuss about the young maid

can make us one day later. Her time is fixed. And whether she dislikes——”

“Dis-dis-dis—what I meant to say was—despisea.”

“Pish, and tush, fiddlemarce! A young girl to despise a man! I had better marry her myself, I trow, if that is all you are fit for. Now just go away; go down the hill; go and see old Hales; go anywhere for a couple of hours, while I see Lorraine. Only first give me your honour for this, that you will not touch one more drop of drink until you come back for the dinner-time.”

“You are always at me about that now. And I have had almost less than nothing. And even that drop I should not have had, if Alice had not upset me so.”

“Well, you may have needed it. I will say no more. We will upset her pretty well, by-and-by, the obstinate haughty fagot! But, Steenie, you will give me your honour—not another drop, except water. You always keep your honour, Steenie.”

“Yes, sir, I do. And I will give it. But I must not go near either Alice or Hales. She does so upset me that I must have a drop. And I defy anybody to call upon Hales without having two or three good glasses. Oh, I know what I’ll do; and I need not cross that infernal black water to do it. I’ll call upon the boy at the bottom of the hill, and play at pitch-guineas with him. They say that he rolls every night in money.”

“Then, Steenie, go and take a lesson from him. All you do with the money is to roll it away—ducks and drakes, and dipping yourself. I would not have stuck to this matter so much, except that I know it for your last chance. Your last chance, Steenie, is to have a wife, with sense and power to steer you.

It is worth all the money we are going to pay; even if it never come back again; which I will take deuced good care it does. You know you are my son, my boy.”

“Well, I suppose I can’t be anybody’s else; you carried on very much as I do.”

“And when my time is over, Steenie—if you haven’t drunk yourself to death before me—you will say that you had a good kind father, who would go to the devil to save you.”

“Really, sir, you were down upon me for having had a sentimental drop. But, I think, I may return the compliment.”

“Go down the hill, Steenie—go down the hill. It seems to be all that you are fit for. And do try to put your neckcloth tidy before you come back to dinner.”

Sir Remnaut Chapman returned to the house, with a heavy sigh from his withered breast. He had not the goodness in him which is needed to understand the value of a noble maiden, or even of any good girl, taken as against man’s selfishness. But in his little way, he thought of the bonds of matrimony as a check upon his son’s poor rambling life; and he knew that a lady was wanted in his house; and his great ambition was to see, at last, a legitimate grandson. “If he comes of the breed of Lorraine,” he exclaimed, “I will settle £100,000, the very day he is born, on him.”

With this in his head, he came back to try his measures with Sir Roland. He knew that he must not work at all as he had done with Lady Valeria; but put it all strictly as a matter of business, with no obligation on either side; but as if there were “landed security” for the purchase-money of Alice. And he managed all this so well, that Sir Roland, proud and high-minded as he was, saw nothing improper in

an arrangement by which Alice would become an incumbent on the Lorraine estates, for the purpose of vindicating the honour of Lorraine, and saving, perhaps, the male heir thereof. Accordingly the matter was referred to the lawyers, who put it in hand, with the understanding that the trustees of the marriage-settlement would waive all defects, and accept as good a mortgage as could be made by deed of even date, to secure the £50,000.

Sir Roland had long been unwilling to give his favourite Alice to such a man as Captain Chapman seemed to be. Although, through his own retiring and rather unsocial habits, he was not aware of the loose unprincipled doings of the fellow, he could not but perceive the want of solid stuff about him, of any power for good, or even respectable powers of evil. But he first tried to think, and then began to believe, that his daughter would cure these defects, and take a new pride and delight in doing so. He knew what a spirited girl she was; and he thought it a likely thing enough, that she would do better with a weak, fond husband, than with one of superior mind, who might fail to be polite to her. And he could not help seeing that Steenie was now entirely devoted to her. Perpetual snubbings and supreme disdain made little difference to Steenie. He knew that he must win in the end; and then his turn might come perhaps; and in half an hour after his worst set-down, he was up again, on the arm of Cognac.

Alice Lorraine, with that gift of waiting for destiny, which the best women have, allowed the whole thing to go on, as if she perceived there was no hope for it. She made no touching appeals to her father, nor frantic prayers to her grandmother; she let the time slip on and on, and the people say what

they liked to her. She would give her life for her brother's life, and the honour of the family; but firmly was she resolved to be never the wife of Stephen Chapman.

The more she saw of this man, the more deeply and utterly she despised him. She could not explain to her father or even herself why so she loathed him. She did not know that it was the native shrinking of the good from evil, of the lofty from the low, the brave from the coward, the clean from the unclean. All this she was too young to think of, too maidenly to dwell upon. But she felt, perhaps, an unformed thought, an unpronounced suggestion, that death was a fitter husband for a pure girl than a rake-hell.

Meanwhile Hilary, upon whom she waited with unwearying love and care, was beginning to rally from his sad disorder and incipient decline. The doctors, who had shaken their heads about him, now began to smile, and say that under skilful treatment, youth and good constitution did wonders; that "really they had seldom met with clearer premonitory indications of phthisis pulmonum, complicated by cardiac and hypochondriac atony, and aggravated by symptomatic congestion of the cerebellum. But proper remedial agents had been instrumental in counteracting all organic cachexy, and now all the principles of sound hygiene imperatively demanded quietude." In plain English, he was better, but must not be worried. Therefore he was not even told of the arrangement about his sister. Alice used to come and sit by his bed, or sofa, or easy-chair, as he grew a little stronger, and talk light nonsense to him, as if her heart was above all cloud and care. If he alluded to any trouble, she turned it at once to ridicule; and when he spoke of

his indistinct remembrance of the Woeburn, she made him laugh till his heart grew fat, by her mimicry of Nanny Stilgoe, whom she could do to the very life. "How gay you are, Lallie; I never saw such a girl!" he exclaimed, with the gratitude which arises from liberated levity. "You do her with the stick so well! Do her again with the stick, dear Lallie." His mind was a little childish now, from long

lassitude of indoor life, which is enough to weaken and depress the finest mind that ever came from heaven, and hankers for sight of its birth-place. In a word, Alice Lorraine was bestowing whatever of mirth or fun she had left (in the face of the coming conflict), all the liveliness of her life, and revolt of bright youth against misery, to make her poor brother laugh a little and begin to look like himself again.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Hilary's luck was beginning to turn. For in a few days he received a grand addition to his stock of comforts, and wholesome encouragement to get well. For after the Grower's return to his home, and recovery from hard Sussex air (which upset him for two days and three nights, "from the want of any fruitiness about it") a solemn council was called and held in the state apartment of Applewood farm. There were no less than five personages present, all ready to entertain and maintain fundamentally opposite opinions. Mr. Martin Lovejoy, M.G., Mrs. Martin Lovejoy, Counsellor Gregory Lovejoy (brought down upon special retainer), Miss Phyllis Catherow, and Lieutenant Charles Lovejoy, R.N. Poor Mabel was not allowed to be present, for fear she should cry and disturb strong minds, and corrode all bright honour with mercy. The Grower thought that Master John Shorne, as the London representative of the house, was entitled to be admitted; but no one else saw it in that light, and so the counsel of a Kentish crust was lost.

The question before the meeting was, Whether without lese-majesty of the ancient Lovejoy family, and in consistence with maiden dignity, and the laws of Covent Garden,

Mabel Lovejoy might accept the invitation of Coombe Lorraine. A great deal was said upon either side, but no one convinced or converted, till the master said, "You may all talk as you like, but I will have my own way, mind."

Mrs. Lovejoy and Gregory were against accepting anything; a letter written on the spur of the moment was not the proper overture; neither ought Mabel to go at last, because they might happen to want her. But the father said, and the sailor also, and sweet cousin Phyllis, that if she was wanted she ought to go, dispensing with small formality, especially if she should want to go.

She did want to go; and go she did, backed up by kind opinions; and her father being busy with his pears and hops (which were poor and late this wet season), the fine young sailor, now adrift on shore—while his ship was refitting at Chatham—made sail, with his sister in convoy, for the old roadstead of the South Downs. Gregory (who had refused to go, for reasons best known to himself, but sensible and sound ones) wished them good luck, and returned to his chambers in the Middle Temple.

Now there is no time to set forth how these two themselves set forth;

the sailor with all the high spirit of the sea, when it overruns the land; the spinster inclined to be meditative, tranquil, and deep of eye and heart; yet compelled to come out of herself and smile, and then let herself come into her smile. It is a way all kind-hearted girls have, when they know that they ought to be grave, and truly intend to be so, yet cannot put a chain on the pop-gun pellets of young age, health, and innocence.

Enough that they arrived quite safely at the old house in the Coombe, with the sailor of course in a flurry of ambition to navigate his father's horse whenever he looked between his ears. The in-born resemblance between ships and horses has been perceived, and must have been perceived, long before Homer, or even Job, began to consider the subject; and it still holds good, and deserves to be treated by the most eloquent man of the age, retiring into silence.

Mr. Hales had claimed the right of introducing his favourite Mabel to his brother-in-law, Sir Roland. For amity now reigned again between the Coombe and the rectory; the little quarrel of the year before had long since been adjusted, and the parson was as ready to contribute his valuable opinion upon any subject, as he was when we began with him. One might almost say even more so; for the longer a good man lives with a wife and three daughters to receive the law from him, and a parish to accept his divinity, the less hesitation he has in admitting the extent of his own capacities. Nevertheless he took very good care to keep out of Lady Valeria's way.

"Bless my heart! you look better than ever," said the rector to the blushing Mabel, as her pretty figure descended into his strong arms, at the great house door. "Give me a

kiss. That's a hearty lass. I shall always insist upon it. What! Trembling lips! That will never do. A little more Danish courage, if you please. You know I am the Danish champion. And here is the Royal Dane of course; or a Dane in the Royal Navy; which does quite as well, or better. Charlie, my boy, I want no introduction. You are a fisherman—that is enough; or too much, if your sister's words are true. You can catch trout, when I can't."

"No sir, never. I never should dare. But Mabel always makes me a wonder."

"Well, perhaps we shall try some day, the Church against the Navy; and Mabel to bring us the luncheon. Well said, well said! I have made her smile; and that is worth a deal of trying. She remembers the goose, and the stuffing, and how she took in the clerk from Sussex. I don't believe she made a bit of it."

"I did I did! How can you say such things? I can make better stuffing than that to-morrow. I was not at all at my best, then."

"You are at your best now," he replied, having purposely moved her mettle; "come in with that colour, and those sparkling eyes, and you will conquer every one."

"I want to conquer no one," she answered, with female privilege of last word; "I only came to see poor Hilary."

The rector, with the fine gallantry and deference of old-fashioned days, led the beautiful and good girl, and presented her to Sir Roland. She was anxious to put her hair a little back, before being looked at; but the impetuous parson wisely would not let her trim herself. She could not look better than she did; so coy, and soft, and bashful, resolved to be by no means timid, but afraid

that she could not contrive to be brave.

Sir Roland Lorraine came forward gently, and took her hand, and kissed her. He felt in his heart that he had been hard upon this very pretty maiden, imputing petty ambition to her; which one glance of her true dear eyes disproved to his mind for ever. She was come to see Hilary; nothing more. Her whole heart was on Hilary. She had much admiration of Sir Roland, as her clear eyes told him. But she had more than admiration for some one on another floor.

"You want to go up-stairs, my dear," Sir Roland said, with the usual bathos of all critical moments; "you would like to take off your things, and so on, before you see poor Hilary."

"Of course, she must touch herself up," cried the rector; "what do you know about young women? Roland, where is Mrs. Pipkins?"

"I told her to be not so very far off; but she is boiling down bullace-plums, or something, of the highest national importance. We could not tell when this dear child would come, or we might have received her better."

"Oh, I am so glad! You cannot receive me, you could not receive me, better. And now that you have called me your dear child, I shall always love you. I did not think that you would do it. And I came for nothing of the kind. I only came for Hilary."

"Oh, we quite understand that

we are nobodies," answered Sir Roland, smiling; "you shall go to him directly. But you must not be frightened by his appearance. He has been a good deal knocked about, and fallen into sad trouble; but we all hope that now he is getting better, and the sight of you will be better than a hundred doctors to him. But you must not stay very long of course, and you must keep him very quiet. But I need not tell you—I see that you have a natural gift of nursing."

"All who have the gift of cookery have the gift of nursing," exclaimed Mr. Hales, "because 'omne majus continet in se minus.' Ah, Roland, you think nothing of my learning. If only you knew how I am pervaded with Latin, and with logic!"

These elderly gentlemen chattered thus, because they were gentlemen. They saw that poor Mabel longed to have their attention nicely withdrawn from her; and without showing what they saw, they nicely thus withdrew it. Then Alice, having heard of Miss Lovejoy's arrival, came down and was good to her, and their hearts were speedily drawn together, by their common anxiety. Alice thought Mabel the prettiest girl she ever had seen anywhere; and Mabel thought Alice the loveliest lady that could exist, out of a picture.

What passed between Mabel and Hilary may better be imagined doubtless, than put into clumsy words.

CHAPTER LXIV.

The darkness of the hardest winter of the present century—so far as three-fourths of its span enable us to estimate—was gathering over the South Down hills, and all hills and valleys of England. There

may have been severer cold, by fits and starts, before and since; but the special character of this winter was the consistent low temperature. There may have been some fiercer winters, whose traditions still abide,

and terrify us beyond range of test and fair thermometer. But within the range of trusty records, there has been no frost to equal that which began on Christmas-day, 1813.

Seven weeks it lasted, and then broke up and then began again, and lingered; so that in hilly parts the snowdrifts chilled not only the lap of May, but the rosy skirt of June. That winter was remarkable, not only for perpetual frost, but for continual snowfall; so that no man of the most legal mind could tell when he was trespassing. Hedges and ditches were all alike, and hollow places were made high; and hundreds of men fell into drifts; and some few saved their lives by building frozen snow to roof them, and cuddling their knees and chins together in a pure white home, having heard the famous and true history of Elizabeth Woodcock.

But now, before this style of things set in, in bitter earnest, nobody on the South Down hills could tell what to make of the weather. For twenty years the shepherds had not seen things look so strange like. There was no telling their marks, or places, or the manners of the sheep. A sulky grey mist crawled along the ground, even when the sky was clear. In the morning, every blade, and point, and little spike of attraction, and serrate edge (without any intention of ever sawing anything), and drooping sheath of something which had vainly tried to ripen, and umbellate awning of the stalks that had discharged their seed, were one and all alike incrustated with a little filmy down. Sometimes it looked like the cotton-grass that grows in boggy places; and sometimes like the "American blight," so common now on apple-trees; and sometimes more like gossamer, or the track of flying spiders. The shepherds had never seen this before;

neither had the sheep—the woolly sages of the weather. The sheep turned up their soft black eyes with wonder towards the heavens,—the heavens where every sheep may hope to walk, in the form of a fleecy cloud, when men have had his legs of mutton.

It is needless to say that this long warning (without which no great frost arrives) was wholly neglected by every man. The sheep, the cattle, and the pigs foresaw it, and the birds took wings to fly from it; the fish of the rivers went into the mud, and the fish of the sea to deep water. The slug and the cockroach, the rat and the wholesome toad, came home to their snuggeries; and every wireworm and young grub bored deeper down than he meant to do. Only the human race struggled about, without any perception of anything.

In this condition of the gloomy air, and just when frost was hovering in the grey clouds before striking, Alice Lorraine came into her father's book-room on the Christmas eve. There was no sign of any merry Christmas in the shadowed house, nor any young delighted hands to work at decoration. Mabel was gone, after a longer visit than had ever been intended; and Alice (who had sojourned in London, under lofty auspices) had not been long enough yet at home to be sure again that it was her home. Upon her return she had enjoyed the escort of a mighty warrior, no less a hero than Colonel Clumps, the nephew of her hostess. The Colonel had been sadly hacked about in a skirmish soon after Vittoria, when pressing too hotly on the French rear-guard. He had lost not only his right arm, but a portion of his one sound leg; and instead of saying his prayers every morning, he sat for an hour on the edge of the bed and devoted all his theological

knowledge to the execration of the clumsy bullet, which could not even select his weak point for attack. This choler of his made much against the recovery of what was left of him; and the doctors thought that country air might mitigate his state of mind, and at the same time brace his body, which sadly wanted bracing. Therefore it had been arranged that he should go for a month to Coombe Lorraine, posting all the way of course, and having the fair Alice to wait on him—which is the usual meaning of escort.

At the date of this journey, the Colonel's two daughters were still away at a boarding-school; but they were to come and spend the Christmas with his aunt in London, and then accompany her into Sussex, and perhaps appear as bridesmaids. Meanwhile their father was making himself a leading power at Coombe Lorraine. He naturally entered into strict alliance with his aunt's friend, Lady Valeria, and sternly impressed upon every body the necessity of the impending marriage. "What earthly objection can there be?" he argued with Mrs. Pipkins, now Alice's only partisan, except old Mr. Binns, the butler; "even if Captain Chapman is rather lazy and a little too fond of his wine-glass; both points are in her favour, ma'am. She will manage him like a top, of course. And as for looking up to him, that's all nonsense. If she did, he would have to look down upon her; and that's what the women can't bear, of course. How would you like it now, Mrs. Pipkins? Tut, tut, tut, now don't tell me! I am a little too old to be taken in. I only wish one of my good daughters had £50,000 thrown at her, with £20,000 a-year to follow."

"But perhaps, sir, your young ladies is not quite so particular, and romantic like, as our poor dear Miss Alice."

"I should hope not. I'd romantic them. Bread and water is the thing for young hussies, who don't know on which side their bread is buttered. But I don't believe a bit of it. It's all sham, and girlish make-believe. In her heart she is as ready as he is."

Almost everybody said the same thing; and all the credit the poor girl got for her scorn of a golden niddering, was to be looked upon as a coy piece of affectation and thanklessness. All this she was well aware of. Evil opinion is a thing to which we are alive at once; though good opinion is well content to impress itself on the coffin. Alice (who otherwise rather liked his stolid and upright nature) thought that Colonel Clumps had no business to form opinion upon her affairs; or at any rate none to express it. But the Colonel always did form opinions, and felt himself bound to express them.

"I live in this house," he said, when Alice hinted at some such phantasy; "and the affairs of this house are my concern. If I am not to think about the very things around me, I had better have been cut in two, than made into three pieces. He waved the stalk of his arm, and stamped the stump of the foot of his better leg, with such a noise and gaze of wrath, that the maiden felt he must be in the right. And so perhaps he may have been. At any rate, he got his way, as a veteran colonel ought to do.

With everybody he had his way. Being unable to fight any more, he had come to look so ferocious, and his battered and shattered body so fiercely backed up the charge of his aspect, that none without vast reserve of courage could help being scattered before him. Even Sir Roland Lorraine (so calm, and of an infinitely higher mind), by reason perhaps of that, gave way, and let

the maimed veteran storm his home. But Alice rebelled against all this.

"Now, father," she said on that Christmas eve, when the house was chilled with the coming cold, and the unshedden snow hung over it, and every sheep, and cow, and crow, and shivering bird down to the willow-wren, was hieing in search of shelter; "father, I have not much words to say to you; but such as they are, I must say them."

Sir Roland Lorraine, being struck by her quite unwonted voice and manner, rose from his chair of meditation, left his thoughts about things which never can be thought out by mankind, and came to meet what a man should think of foremost—his child, his woman child.

"Lallie, my dear," he said very gently, and kindly looking at her sad wild eyes, whose difference from their natural softness touched him with some terror—"Lallie, now what has made you look like this?"

"Papa, I did not mean to look at all out of my usual look. I beg your pardon, if indeed I do. I know that all such things are very small in your way of regarding things. But still, papa—but still, papa, you might let me say something."

"Have I ever refused you, Alice, the right to say almost everything?"

"No, that you have never done, of course. But what I want to say now is something more than I generally want to say. Of course, it cannot matter to you, papa; but to me it makes all the difference."

"My dear, you are growing sarcastic. All that matters to you matters a great deal more to me, of course. You know what you have always been to me."

"I do, papa. And that is why I find it so very hard to believe that you can be now so hard with me. I do not see what I can have done to make you so different to me.

Girls like me are fond of saying very impudent things sometimes; and they seem to be taken lightly. But they are not forgiven as they are meant. Have I done anything at all to vex you in that way, papa?"

"How can you be so foolish, Lallie? You talk as if I were a girl myself. You never do a thing to vex me."

"Then why do you do a thing to kill me? It must come to that; and you know it must. I am not very good, nor in any way grand, and I don't want to say what might seem harsh. But, papa, I think I may say this—you will never see me Stephen Chapman's wife."

"Well, Lallie, it is mainly your own doing. I did not wish to urge it, until it seemed to become inevitable. You encouraged him so in the summer, that we cannot now draw back honourably."

"Father, I encouraged him?"

"Yes. Your grandmother tells me so. I was very busy at that time; and you were away continually. And whenever I wanted you, I always heard 'Miss Alice is with Captain Chapman.'"

"How utterly untrue! But, O papa now, you got jealous! Do say that you got jealous; and then I will forgive you everything."

"My dear, there was nothing to be jealous of. I thought that you were taking nicely to the plan laid out for you."

"The plan that will lay me out, papa. But will you tell me one thing?"

"Yes, my dear child, a hundred things, if you will only ask them quietly."

"I am not making any noise, papa; it is only that my collar touched my throat. But what I want to know is this. If anything should happen to me, as they say; if I should drop out of everybody's

way, could the money be got that you are all so steadfastly set upon getting? Could the honour of the family be set up, and poor Hilary yet restored, and well, and the Lorraines go on for ever? Why don't you answer me, papa? My question is a very simple one. What I have a right to ask is this—am I, for some inscrutable reason (which I have had nothing to do with), the stumbling-block—the fatal obstacle to the honour and the life of the family?"

"Alice, I never knew you talk like this, and I never saw you look so. Why, your cheeks are perfectly burning! Come here, and let me feel them."

"Thank you, papa; they will do very well. But will you just answer my question? Am I the fatal—am I the deathblow to the honour and life of our lineage?"

Sir Roland Lorraine was by no means pleased with this curt mode of putting things. He greatly preferred, at his time of life, the rounding off and softening of affairs that are too dramatic. He loved his beautiful daughter more than anything else on the face of the earth; he knew how noble her nature was, and he often thought that she took a more lofty view of the world than human nature in the end would justify. But still he must not give way to that.

"Alice," he said, "I can scarcely see why you should so disturb yourself. There are many things always to be thought of—more than one has time for."

"To be sure, papa; I know all that; and I hate to see you worried. But I think that you might try to tell me whether I am right or not."

"My darling, you are never wrong. Only things appear to you in a stronger light than they do to me. Of course, because you are younger and get into a hurry about

many things that ought to be more dwelt upon. It is true that your life is interposed, through the command of your grandmother and the subtlety of the lawyers, between poor Hilary and the money that might have been raised to save him."

"That is true, papa; now, is it? I believe every word that you say, but I never believe one word of my grandmother's."

"You shocking child! Yes, it is true enough. But after all, it comes to nothing. Of the law I know nothing, I am thankful to say; but from Sir Glanvil Malahide I understand, through some questions which your grandmother laid before him, that the money can only be got—either through this family arrangement, or else by waiting till you, as a spinster, attain the age of twenty-one—which would be nearly two years too late."

"But, papa, if I were to die?"

"Lallie, why are you so vexatious? If you were to die, the whole of the race might end—so far as I care."

"My father, you say that, to make me love you more than I do already, which is a hopeless attempt on your part. Now you need not think that I am jealous. It is the last thing I could dream of. But ever since Mabel Lovejoy appeared, I have not been what I used to be; either with you, or with Hilary. In the case of poor Hilary, I must of course expect it, and put up with it. But I cannot see, for a moment, why I ought to be cut out with you, papa."

"What foolish jealousy, Alice! Shall I tell you why I like and admire Mabel so much? But as for comparing her with you——"

"But, papa, why do you like, and admire, her so deeply?"

"You jealous child, I did not say 'deeply.' But I like her, because she is so gentle, so glad to do what

she is told, so full of self-sacrifice and self-devotion."

"While I am harsh, and disobedient, self-seeking, and devoted to self. No doubt she would marry according to order. Though I dreamed that I heard of a certain maltster, who had the paternal sanction. 'Veni, vidi, vici,' appears to be her motto. Even grandmamma is vanquished by her, or by her legacy. She says that she curtsies much better than I do. She is welcome to that distinction. I am not at all sure that the prime end and object of woman's life is to curtsy. But I see exactly how I am placed. I will never trouble you any more, papa."

With these words, Alice Lorraine arose, and kissed her father's forehead gently, and turned away, not to worry him with the long sigh of expiring hope. She had still three weeks to make up her mind, or rather to wait with her mind made up. And three weeks still is a long spell of time for the young to anticipate misery.

"You are quite unlike yourself, my child," Sir Roland said with

perfect truth; "you surprise me very much to-day. I am sure that you do not mean a quarter of what you are saying."

"You are right, papa. I do not mean even a tenth part of my spitefulness. I will try to be more like Mabel Lovejoy, who really is so good and nice. It is quite a mistake to suppose that I could ever be jealous of her. She is a dear kind-hearted girl, and the very wife for Hilary. But I think that she differs a little from me."

"It is no matter of opinion, Alice. Mabel differs from you, as widely as you differ from your cousin Cecil. I begin to incline to an old opinion (which I came across the other day), that much more variety is to be found in the weaker than in the stronger sex. Regard it thus——"

"Excuse me, father. I have no courage for regarding anything. You can look at things in fifty lights; and I in one shadow only. Good-bye, darling. Perhaps I shall never speak to you again, as I have to-night. But I hope you will remember that I meant it for the best."

CHAPTER LXV.

According to all the best accounts, that long and heavy frost began with the clearing of the sky upon Christmas-day. At least it was so in the south of England, though probably two or three days earlier in the northern counties. A great frost always advances slowly, creeping from higher latitudes. If the cold begins in London sooner than it does in Edinburgh, it very seldom lasts out the week; and if it comes on with a violent wind, its time is generally shorter. It does seem strange, but it is quite true, that many people, even well-informed, attribute to this severity

of cold the destruction of the great French army during its retreat from Moscow, and the ruin of Napoleon. They know the date of the ghastly carnage of the Beresina and elsewhere, which happened more than a year ere this; but they seem to forget that each winter belongs to the opening, and not to the closing year. Passing all such matters, it is enough to say that Christmas-day 1813 was unusually bright and pleasant. The lowering sky and chill grey mist of the last three weeks at length had yielded to the gallant assault of the bright-speared sun. That excellent knight

was pricking merrily over the range of the South Down hills; his path was strown with sparkling trinkets from the casket of the clouds; the brisk air moved before him, and he was glad to see his way again. But behind him, and before him, lay the ambush of the "snow-blink," to catch him at night, when he should go down, and to stop him of his view in the morning. However, for the time, he looked very well; and as no one had seen him for ever so long, nobody cross-questioned him.

Mr. Struan Hales was famous for his sermon on Christmas-day. For five-and-twenty years he had made it his grand sermon of the year. He struck no strokes of enthusiasm—which nobody dreamed of doing then, except the very low Dissenters—still he had always a strong idea that he ought to preach above the average. And he never failed to do so—partly through inspiration of other divines, but mainly by summing up all the sins of his parish, and then forgiving them.

The parish listened with apathy to the wisdom and eloquence of great men (who said what they had to say in English—a lost art for nearly two centuries), and then the parish pricked up all its ears to hear of its own doings. The rector preached the first part of his sermon in a sing-song manner, with a good see-saw. But when he came down to his parish-bounds, and traced his own people's trespasses, he changed his voice altogether, so that the deafest old sinner could hear him. It was the treat of all the year to know what the parson was down upon; and, to be sure, who had done it. Then, being of a charitable kind, and loving while he chastened, the rector always let them go, with a blessing which sounded as rich as a grace for everybody's Christmas dinner. Everybody went out of church,

happy and contented. They had enough to talk about for a week; and they all must have earned the goodwill of the Lord by going to church on a week-day. But the rector always waited for his two churchwardens to come into the vestry, and shake hands and praise his sermon. And, not to be behindhand, Farmer Gates and Mr. Bottler (now come from Steyning to West Lorraine, and immediately appointed, in right of the number of pigs killed weekly, junior churchwarden)—these two men of excellent presence, and of accomplished manners, got in under the vestry arch, and congratulated the rector.

Alice Lorraine was not at church. Everybody had missed her in her usual niche, between two dark marble records of some of her ancestors. There she used to sit, and be set off by their fine antiquity; but she did not go to church that day, as her father could not take her.

West Lorraine Church had been honoured that day by the attendance of several people entitled to as handsome monuments as could be found inside it. For instance, there was Sir Remnant Chapman (for whom even an epitaph must strain its elastic charity); Stephen, his son—who had spent his harm, without having much to show for it; Colonel Clumps, who would rise and fight, if the resurrection restored his legs; a squire of high degree (a distant and vague cousin of the true Lorraines), who wanted to know what was going on, having great hopes through the Woeburn, but sworn to stick (whatever might happen) to his own surname, Bloggs; and last, and best of all, Joyce Aylmer, Viscount Aylmer's only son, of a true old English family, but not a very wealthy one.

"A merry Christmas to you all!" cried Mr. Hales, as they stood in the

porch. "A merry Christmas, gentlemen! But, my certy, we shall have a queer one. How keen the air is getting!"

They all shook hands with the parson, and thanked him, after the good old fashion, "for his learned and edifying discourse;" and they asked what he meant about the weather; but he was too deep to tell them. Even he had been wrong upon that matter, and was now too wise to commit himself. Then Cecil, who followed her father of course, made the proper curtses, as the men made bows to her; and Major Aylmer's horse was brought, and a carriage for the rest of them.

"Are you coming with us, rector? We dine early," said Sir Remnant, with a hungry squeak. "You can't have another service, can you? God knows you have done enough for one day."

"Enough to satisfy you at any rate;" the rector answered, smiling; "but I should have my house about my ears, if I dined outside of it on a Christmas-day. Plain and wholesome and juicy fare, sir—none of your foreign poisons. Well, goodbye, gentlemen; I shall hope to see all of you again to-morrow, if the snow is not too deep." The rector knew that a very little snow would be quite enough to stop them, on the morning of the morrow—the Sunday.

"Snow, indeed! No sign of snow," Sir Remnant answered sharply; he had an inborn dislike of snow, and he wanted to be at home on the Monday. "But I say, Missie, remember one thing. Tuesday fortnight is the day. Have all your fal-lals ready. Blushing bridesmaids—ah! fine creatures! I shall claim a score of buesses, mind. Don't you wish it was your own turn, eh?"

The old rogue, with a hearty smack, blew a kiss to Cecil Hales,

who blushed and shivered, and then tried to smile, for fear of losing her locket; for it had been whispered that Sir Remnant Chapman had ordered a ten-guinea locket in London for each of the six bridesmaids. So checking the pert reply which trembled on the tip of her tongue, she made them a pretty curtsy as they drove away.

"Now, did you observe, papa," she asked, as she took her father's arm, intending to gossip with him all up the street, "how terribly pale Major Aylmer turned when he heard about the bridesmaids? I thought he was going to drop, as they say he used to do when he first came home from America. I am sure I was right, papa, I am sure I was, in what I told you the other day."

"Nonsense, fiddlesticks, romantic flummery! You girls are never content without rivalry, jealousy, love, and despair."

"You may laugh as much as you like; but it makes no difference to me, papa. I tell you that Major Aylmer has lost his heart to Alice, a great deal worse than he lost his head in America."

"Well, then, he must live with no head and no heart. He can't have Alice. He has got no money; even if it were possible to change the bridegroom at the door of the church."

"I will tell you what proves it beyond all dispute. You know how that wretched little Captain Chapman looks up when he bates any one, and thinks he has made a bit of it. There—like that; only I can't do it until I get much uglier. He often does it to me, you know. And then he patted his wonderful waistcoat."

"Now, Cecil, what spiteful things girls are! It is quite impossible that he can hate you."

"I am thankful to say that

he does, papa; or perhaps you might have sold me to him. If ever any girl was sold, Alice is both bought and sold. And Sir Roland cannot love her, as she used to think, or he would have had nothing to do with it. It must be fearfully bitter for her. And to marry a man who is tipsy every night, and tremulous every morning. Oh papa, papa!"

"My dear, you exaggerate horribly. You have always disliked poor Steenie; perhaps that is why he looks up to you. We must hope for the best; we must hope for the best. Why, bless my heart, if every man was to have the whole of

his doings raked up, I should never want the marriage-register!"

"Oh, but, papa, if we could only manage to change the man, you know! The other is so different, so kind, and noble, and grand, and simple! If any man in all the world is worthy to marry dear Alice, it is Major Aylmer."

"The man might be changed, but not the money," said the rector, rather shortly; and his daughter knew from the tone of his voice that she must quit the subject; the truth being (as she was well aware) that her father was growing a little ashamed of his own share in the business.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Dark weather and dark fortune do not always come together. Indeed the spirit of the British race, and the cheer flowing from high spirit, seem to be most forward in the worst conditions of the weather. Something to battle with, something to talk about, something to make the father more than usually welcome, and the hearth more bright and warm to him, and something also which enlarges by arousing charity, and spreads a man's interior comfort into general goodwill—bitter weather, at the proper season, is not wholly bitterness.

But when half-a-dozen gentlemen, who care not a fig for one another, hate books (as they hated their hornbooks), scorn all indoor pursuits, but gambling, gormandising, and drinking, and find little scope for pursuing these—when a number of these are snowed up together and cannot see out of the windows—to express it daintily, there is likely to be much malediction.

And this is exactly what fell upon them, for more than a week, at Coombe Lorraine. They made a

most excellent dinner on Christmas-day, about three o'clock, as they all declared; and in spite of the shortness of the days, they saw their way, till the wine came. They were surprised at this, so far as any of them noticed anything; for, of course, no glance of the setting sun came near the old house in the winter. And they thought it a sign of fine hunting-weather, and so they went on about it; whereas it was really one of the things scarcely ever seen down here, but common in the arctic regions, the catch and the recast, and the dispersion of all vague light downward, by unmeasurable depth of gathering snow-vapour.

The snow began about seven o'clock, when the influence of the sun was lost; and for three days and three nights it snowed, without taking or giving breathing-time. It came down, without any wind, or unfair attempt at drifting. The meaning of the sky was to snow and no more, and let the wind wait his time afterwards. There was no such thing as any spying between the

flakes at any time. The flakes were not so very large, but they came as close together as the sand pouring down in an hour-glass. They never danced up and down, like gnats or motes, as common snowflakes do, but one on the back of another fell, expecting millions after them. And if any man looked up to see that gravelly infinitude of pelting spots, which swarms all the air in a snow-storm, he might just as well have shut both eyes, before it was done by snowflakes.

All the visitors, except the Colonel, were to have left on Monday morning, but only one of them durst attempt the trackless waste of white between the South Down Coombe and their distant homes. For although no drifting had begun as yet, some forty hours of heavy fall had spread a blinding cover over road and ditch, and bog and bank, and none might descry any sign-post, house, tree, or hill, or other landmark, at the distance of a hundred yards, through the snow, still coming down as heavily as ever. Therefore everybody thought Major Aylmer almost mad when he ordered his horse for the long ride home in the midst of such terrible weather.

"I don't think I ought to let you go," his host said, as the horse came round, as white already as a counterpane. "Alice, where is your persuasive voice? Surely you might beg Major Aylmer to see what another day will bring."

"Another day would only make it worse," Joyce Aylmer replied, with a glance at Alice, which she perfectly understood. "I might be snowed up for a week, Sir Ronald, with my father the whole time fidgeting. And after all, what is this compared to the storms we had in America?"

"Oh, but you were much stronger then. You would not be here were it not so."

"I scarcely know. I shall soon rejoin if I get on so famously as this. But I am keeping you in the cold so long, and Miss Lorraine in a chilly draught. Good-bye once more. Can I leave any message for you at the rectory?"

In another second the thick snow hid him and his floundering horse as they headed towards the borstall, for as yet there was only a foot-bridge thrown over the course of the Woeburn, and horsemen or carriages northward bound were obliged to go southward first, and then turn to the right on the high land, and thus circumvent the stream; even as Alice, quickly thinking, had enabled poor Bonny to recover his Jack.

Alice went back, with a sigh, to her own little room to sit and think awhile. She knew that she had seen the last of a man whom she could well have loved, and who loved her (as she knew somehow) much too well already. Feeling that this could do no good, but only harm to both of them, he had made up his mind to go ere any mischief should arise from it. He had no idea how vastly Alice scorned poor Steenie Chapman, otherwise even his duty towards his host might perhaps have failed him. However, he had acted wisely, and she would think no more of him.

This resolution was hard to keep when she heard a little later in the day that the Major had sent back his groom, after making believe to take him. The groom brought a message from his master begging quarters for him for a day or two on the plea that his horse had broken down; but Alice felt sure that he had been sent back, because Major Aylmer would not expose him to the risk which he meant himself to face. For she knew it to be more than twenty miles (having studied the map on the subject)

from Coombe Lorraine to Stoke-Aylmer. And all in the teeth of a bitter wind now just beginning to crawl and wail as only a snowy wind can do.

The rest of the gentlemen plagued the house. It was hard to say which was the worst of them—Sir Remnant (who went to the lower regions to make the acquaintance of the kitchen - maids), or Colonel Clumps (who sat on a sideboard, and fought all his battles over again with a park of profane artillery), or Squire Bloggs (who bit his nails, and heavily demanded beer all day), or Steenie, who scorned beer altogether, and being repulsed by Onesimus Binns, at last got into Trotman's "study," and ordered some bottles up, and got on well. He sent for his groom, and he sent for his horn (which he had not wind enough to blow), and altogether he carried on so with a greasy pack of cards and a dozen grimy tumblers, that while the women, being strictly sober, looked down on his affability, the men said that they had known much worse.

For a week Sir Roland Lorraine was compelled to endure this wearing worry—tenfold wearisome as it was to a man of his peculiar nature. He had always been shy of inviting guests; but when they were once inside his door, the hospitality of his race and position revived within him. All in the house was at their service, including the master himself, so far as old habits can be varied. But now he was almost like the whelk who admits the little crab for company, and is no more the master of his own door. No man in all England longed that the roads might look like roads again more heartily and sadly than the hospitable Sir Roland.

With brooms of every sort and shape, and shovels, and even pick-axes, all the neighbourhood turned

out, as soon as ever a man could manage to open his own cottage-door. For three days it had been no good to try to do anything but look on; but the very first moment the sky left off, everybody living under it began to recover courage. The boys came first in a joyful manner, sinking over their brace-buttons in the shallow places, and then the girls came, and were puzzled by the manner of their dress, till they made up their minds to be boys for a time.

And after these came out their mother, for the sake of scolding them; and then the father could do no less than stand on his threshold with pipe in mouth, and look up wisely at the sky, and advise everybody to wait a bit. And thus a great many people managed to get out of their houses. And it was observed, not only then, but also for many years to come, how great the mercy of the Lord was. Having seen fit to send such a storm, he chose for it, not a Wednesday night, nor a Thursday night, nor a Friday night, but a Saturday night, when He 'knew, in His wisdom, that every man had got his wages, and had filled his bread-pan.

As for the roads, they were blocked entirely against both wheels and horses until a violent wind arose from the east, and winnowed fiercely. Sweeping along all the bend of the hill, and swaying the laden copses, it tore up the snow in squally spasms, and cast white blindness everywhere. Three days the snow had defied the wind, and for three days now the wind had its way. Vexed mortals could do nothing more than shelter themselves in their impotence, and hope, as they shivered and sniffed at their pots, that the Lord would repent of His anger. It was already perceived, and where people could get together they did not hide it, that Mr.

Bottler must go up, [and Farmer Gates come down a peg. For although the sheep were folded well, and mainly fetched into the hollows, as soon as the drift began, it was known that the very precaution would murder them. For sheep have a foolish trick of crowding into the lee of the fold, just where the drift must be the deepest. But pigs are as clever as their mother, dirt—which always gets over everything. So Farmer Gates lost three hundred sheep, while Bottler did not lose a pig, but saved (and exalted the price of) his bacon.

When the snow, on the wings of the wind, began to pierce the windows of Coombe Lorraine (for in such case no putty will keep it out), and every ancient timber creaked with cold disgust of shrinking, and the "drawing" of all the fireplaces was more to the door than the chimney, and the chimneys drew submissive moans to the howling of the tempest, and chilly rustles and frosty taps sounded outside the walls and in—from all these things the young lady of the house gained some hope and comfort. Surely in such weather no one could ever think of a wedding; nobody could come or go; it would take a week to dig out the church, and another week to get to it. Blow, blow, thou east wind, blow, and bury rather than marry us.

But the east wind (after three days of blowing, and mixing snow of earth and sky) suddenly fell with a hollow sound, like the "convolutions of a shell," into deep silence. Clear deep silence settled on the storm of drifted billows. As the wind left them, so they stopped,

until the summer rose under them; for spring there was none in that terrible year, and no breath of summer until it broke forth. And now set in the long steadfast frost, which stopped the Thames and Severn, the Trent and Tweed, and all the other rivers of Great Britain. From the source to the mouth a man might cross them without feeling water under him.

Alas for poor Alice! The roads of the weald (being mainly unhedged at that time) were opened as if by "Sesame." The hill-roads were choked many fathoms deep wherever they lay in shelter; but the furious wind had swept the flat roads clear, as with a besom. Their brown track might be traced for miles, frozen as hard as an oaken plank, except where a slight depression, or a sudden bend, or a farmer's wall, had kept the white wave from shoaling. So, as soon as a passage had been dug through the borstall, and down the dell to the westward, the Chapmans were free to come and go with their gaudy coach as usual.

Alice took this turn of matters with all the calmness of despair. It was nothing but a childish thing to long for a few days' reprieve, which could not help her much, and might destroy all the good of her sacrifice. In one way or the other, she must go; standing so terribly across the welfare of all that was dear to her, and seeming (as she told herself) to have no one now to whom she was dear. With no one to admire or aid her, no one even to feel for her, she had to meet the saddest doom that can befall proud woman—wedlock with an abject.

CHAPTER LXVII.

And now there was but one day left; Monday was come, and on the

morrow, Alice was to be Mrs. Stephen Chapman.

"You call yourself an unlucky fellow," said Colonel Clumps to Hilary, who was leaning back in his easy-chair; "but I call you the luckiest dog in the world. What other man in the British army could have lost fifty thousand guineas, escaped court-martial, and had a good furlough, made it all snug with his sweetheart (after gallivanting to his heart's content), and then got the chance to get back again under Old Beaky, and march into Paris? I tell you they will march into Paris, sir. What is there to stop them?"

"But, Colonel, you forget that I can scarcely march across the room as yet. And even if I could, there is much to be done before I get back again. Our fellows may go into winter quarters, and then the General's promise drops; or even without that, he may fail with the Duke of York, who loves him not."

"Stuff and rubbish, my dear boy! You pay the money—that's all you've got to do. No fear of their refusing it. Of course it will all be kept very quiet; and we shall find in the very next 'Gazette' some such paragraph as this: 'Captain Lorraine, of the Headquarter Staff, who has long been absent on sick leave, is now on his way to rejoin, and will resume his duties upon the Staff.'"

"Come now, Colonel, you are too bad," cried Hilary, blushing with pleasure, "they never could put me on the Staff again. It is impossible that they could have the impudence."

"Don't tell me. Why, they had the impudence never to put me on it! They have impudence enough for anything. You set to and get strong, that is all. Are you going to your sister's wedding to-morrow?"

"I will tell you a secret. I mean to go, though I am under strict orders not to go. What do I care

for the weather? Tush, I have settled it all very cleverly. You will see me there when you least expect it. Lallie has behaved very badly to me; so has everybody else about it. Am I never to be told anything? She seems to be in a great hurry about it. Desperately in love, no doubt, though from what I remember of Stephen Chapman I am a little surprised at her taste—but of course—"

"Of course, of course, one must never say a word about young ladies' fancies. There was a young lady in Spain—to be sure there are a great many young ladies in Spain—"

The Colonel dropped the subject in the clumsiest manner possible. He was under medical orders not to say a word that might stir up Hilary; and yet from the time he came into the room he had done nothing else but stir him up. Colonel Clumps was about the last man in the world that ought to stump in at any sick man's door. "Dash it, there I am again!" he used to say as he began to let out something, and stopped short, and jammed his lips up, and set his wooden apparatus down. Therefore he had not been allowed to pay many visits to Hilary, otherwise the latter must soon have discovered the nature of the arrangement pending to retrieve his fortunes. At present he thought that the money was to be raised by a simple mortgage, of which he vowed, in his sanguine manner, that he would soon relieve the estates, by getting an appointment in India, as soon as he had captured Paris. Mabel of course would go with him, and be a great lady, and make his curries. He was never tired of this idea, and was talking of it to Colonel Clumps, who had seen some Indian service, when a gentle knock at the door was heard, and a soft voice said, "May I come in?" As

Alice entered, the battered warrior arose and made a most ingenious bow, quite of his own invention. Necessity is the mother of that useful being; and the Colonel having no leg to stand upon, and only one arm to balance with, was in a position of extreme necessity. Of late he had almost begun to repent of serving under Lady Valeria; the beauty and calm resignation of Alice had made their way into his brave old heart; and the more he saw of Captain Chapman, the more he looked down on that feather-bed soldier.

"Good-bye, my lad. Keep your pecker up," he said, beginning with his thick bamboo to beat a retreat; for Hilary was not allowed two visitors; "we'll march into Paris yet, brave boys; with Colonel Clumps at the head of the column. Don't be misled by appearances, Alice; the Colonel has got good work in him yet. His sword is only gone to be sharpened, ma'am; and then he'll throw away this d—d bamboo."

In his spirited flourish, the Colonel slipped, not yet being master of his wooden leg, and down he must have come, without the young lady's arm, as well as the aid of the slighted staff. Alice, in spite of all her misery, could not help a little laugh, as the Colonel, recovering his balance, strutted carefully down the passage.

"What a merry girl you are!" cried Hilary, who was a little vexed at having his martial council routed. "You seem to me to be always laughing when there is nothing to laugh at."

"That shows a low sense of humour," she answered, "or else an excess of high spirits. Perhaps in my case, the two combine. But I am sorry if I disturbed you."

"I am not quite so easily disturbed. I am as well as I ever was. It is enough to make one ill,

to be coddled up in this kind of way."

"My dear brother, you are to be released as soon as the weather changes. At present nobody ventures out who is not going to be married."

"Of that I can judge from the window, Lallie; and even from my water-jugs. But how is your very grand wedding to be? I have seen a score of men shovelling. You seem to be in such a hurry, dear."

"Perhaps not. Let us talk of something else. Do you really think, without any nonsense, that all your good repute and welfare depend on the payment of the money which you lost?"

"How can you ask me such a stupid question? I never could lift up my head again—but it is not myself, not at all for myself—it is what will be said of the family, Alice. And I do not see how the raising of the money can interfere at all with you."

"No, no, of course not," she said, and then she turned away and looked out of the window, reflecting that Hilary was right enough. Neither loss nor gain of money could long interfere at all with her.

"Good-bye, darling," she said at last, forgiving his sick petulance, and putting back his curly hair, and kissing his white forehead—"Good-bye, darling; I must not stay; I always seem to excite you so. You will not think me unkind, I am sure; but you may not see me again for ever—oh, ever so long; I have so much to do before I am ready for—my wedding."

Hilary allowed himself to be kissed with brotherly resignation; and then he called merrily after her—"Now Lallie, mind you must look your best. You are going to make a grand match you know. Don't be astonished if you see me there. Why don't you answer?"

She would not look round, because of the expression of her face, which she could not conceal in a moment—"I am not at all sure," said the brother wisely, as the sister shut the door and fled, "that the man who marries Alice won't almost have caught a Tartar. She is very sweet-tempered; but the good Lord knows that she is determined also. Now Mabel is quite another sort of girl," &c., &c.—reflections which he may be left to reflect.

Alice Lorraine, having none to advise with, and being in her firm heart set to do the right thing without flinching, through dark days and through weary nights had been striving to make sure what was the one right thing to do. It was plain that the honour of her race must be saved at her expense. By reason of things she had no hand in, it had come to pass that her poor self stood in everybody's way. Her poor self was full of life, and natural fun, and mind perhaps a little above the average. No other self in the world could find it harder to go out of the world; to be a self no more peradventure, but a wandering something. To lose the sight and touch, and feeling of the light, and life, and love; not to have the influence even of the weather on them; to lie in a hollow place, forgotten, cast aside, and dreaded; never more to have, or wish for, power to say yes or no.

This was all that lay before her, if she acted truly. As to marrying a man she scorned—she must scorn herself ere she thought of it. She knew that she was nothing very great; and her little importance was much pulled down by the want of any one to love her; but her purity was her own inborn right; and nobody should sell or buy it.

"I will go to my father once more," she thought; he "cannot

refuse to see me. I will not threaten. That would be low. But if he cares at all to look he will know from my face what I mean to do. He used, if I had the smallest pain, he used to know it in a moment. But now he cares not for a pain that seems to take my life away. Perhaps it is my own fault. Perhaps I have been too proud to put it so. I have put it defiantly, and not begged. I will beg, I will beg; on my knees I will beg, I will cry as I never cried before, oh, father, father, father!"

Perhaps, if she had won this chance, she might even yet have vanquished. For her last reflection was true enough. She had been too defiant, and positive in her strength of will towards her father. She had never tried the power of tears and prayers, and a pet child's eloquence. And her father, no doubt, had felt this change in her attitude towards him, and had therefore believed more readily his mother's repeated assertions, that nothing stood in the way of a most desirable arrangement, except the coyness of a spirited girl, whose fancy was not taken.

But the luckless girl lost all the chances of a last appeal, through a simple and rather prosaic affair. Her father was not to be found in his book-room; and hurrying on in search of him she heard the most melancholy droue, almost worse than the sad east wind. Her prophetic soul told her what it was, and that she had a right to be present. So she knocked at the door of a stern, cold room, and being told to enter, entered. There she saw seven people sitting, and looking very miserable; for the bitter cold had not been routed by the new-made fire. One was reading a tremendous document, five were pretending to listen, and one was listening very keenly. The reader was a

lawyer's clerk; three of the mock-listeners were his principal, and the men of the other side; the other two were Sir Roland Lorraine and Captain Stephen Chapman. The real listener was Sir Remnant, who pricked up his ears at every sentence. Upon the table lay another great deed, or rather a double one, lease and release,—the mortgage of all the Lorraine estates, invalid without her signature, which she was too young to give.

Alice Lorraine knew what all this meant. It was the charter of her slavery, or rather the warrant of her death. She bowed to them all, and left the room; with "And the said, and the said—doth hereby, doth hereby"—buzzing in her helpless brain.

Now followed a thing which for ever settled and sealed her determination. Steenie, on the eve of his wedding-day, really felt that he ought to do something towards conciliating his bride. He really loved (so far as his nature was capable of honest love), this proud and

most lovable maiden, who was to belong to him to-morrow. And his father had said to him, as they came over to go through the legal ceremony, "Nurse my vittels, now Steenie, for God's sake, try to be a man a bit. The mistake you make with the girl, is the way you keep your distance from her. Why, they draw up their figures, and screw up their mouths on purpose to make you run after them. I have seen such a lot of it. And so have you. All girls are alike; as you ought to know now. Why can't you treat her properly?"

The unfortunate Steenie took this advice, and he took (which was worse) a great draught of brandy. And so, when the lawyer's drone had driven him thoroughly out of his patience, at the sight of Alice he slipped out and followed her down the passage.

She despised him too much to run away, as he had hoped that she would do. She heard his weak step, and weaker breath, and stopped, and faced him quietly.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Standing in a dark grey corner of the old stone passage, below a faded and exiled portrait of some ancestor of hers, Alice looked so calm and noble, that Steenie (although he "had his grog on board," with his daily bill of lading) found it harder than he expected to follow his father's counsel. In twenty-four hours he would have this lovely creature at his mercy; and then he would tame her, and make her love him, and perhaps even try to keep to her. For he really did love this poor girl, in a way that quite surprised him; and he could not help thinking that if she knew it, by Jove she must be grateful!

"Alice, dear Alice, sweet Alice!"

he said, as at every approach she shrank further away; "lovely Alice, what have I done, that you will not yield me one beautiful smile? You know how very well I have behaved. I have not even pleaded for one kiss. And considering all that is between us——"

"Considering the distance there is between us, you have shown your judgment."

"You do not understand me at all. What I meant was entirely different. There should be no difference between us. Why should there be? Why should there be? In a few hours more we shall both be alike; flesh of one flesh, and bone of one bone. I am not quite

sure that I have got it right. But I am not far out at any rate."

"Your diffidence is your one good point. You are very far out when you overcome it. Have the kindness to keep at a proper distance, and hear what I have to say. I believe that you mean well, Stephen Chapman; so far as you have any meaning left. I believe that you even mean well by me; and, in your weak manner, like me. But if you had gone all round the world, you could not have found one to suit you less. I used to think that I was humble; as of course I ought to be; but when I search into myself, I find the proudest of the proud. Nothing but great misery could have led me to this knowledge. I speak to you now for the last time, Stephen; and I never meant to speak as I do. But I believe that, in your little way, you like me, and I cannot bear to be thought too hard."

Here Alice burst into bitter crying, at the thought of the name she might leave behind.

"What shall I do? Whatever can I do?" cried Stephen, not being such a very hard fellow, any more than the rest of us; but feeling himself unworthy even to touch her pocket-handkerchief.

"You have nothing to do, I should hope, indeed," answered Alice, recovering dignity; "I am very glad that, whatever happens, you may blame other people. Please to remember that I said that. And good-bye, Captain Chapman."

"Good-bye, till dinner-time, my darling—well, then, good-bye, Miss Lorraine."

"At any rate I am glad," she thought, as she hastened to her room, "that, even to him, I have said my last as kindly as I could manage it."

When she entered her room, it was three o'clock, and the day al-

ready waning; though the snow from hill and valley, and the rime of quiet frost, spread the flat pervading whiteness of the cold and hazy light. Alice looked out, and thought a little; and the scene was by no means cheering. The eastern side of the steep straight coombe (up which clomb the main road to the house) lay thirty or forty feet deep in snow, being filled by the drift that swept over its crest, for nearly the breadth of the coombe itself. But under the western rampart still a dark-brown path was open, where the wind, leaping over the eastern scarp, had whirled the snow up the western. And here, through her own pet garden, fell a direct path down to the Woeburn.

She had long been ready to believe that here her young and lively life must end. Down this steep and narrow way she had gazed, or glanced, or peeped (according to the measure of her courage), ever since the Woeburn rose, and she was sure what it meant for her. Now looking at it, with her mind made up, and her courage steadfast, she could not help perceiving that she had a great deal to be thankful for. Her life had been very bright and happy, and it had been long enough. She had learned to love all pleasant creatures, and to make them love her. She had found out that nature has tenfold more of kindness than of cruelty; and that of her kindness, all the best and dearest ends in death. Painless death, the honest and the peaceful end of earthly things; noble death, that settles all things, scarcely leaving other life (its brief exception) time to mourn.

All this lay clear and bright before her, now that the golden mist of hope was scattered by stern certainty. Many times she had been confused by weak desires to escape her duty, and foolish hank-

erings after things that were but childish trifles. About her bridal dress, for instance, she had been much inclined to think. Of course, she never meant to wear it; still, she knew that the London people meant to charge to a long extreme; and she thought that she ought to try it on once more ere ever it was rashly paid for. She truly cared, no more than can be helped by any woman, whether it set her off or not; but she knew that it must be paid for, and she wanted to know if the Frenchwoman had caught any idea of her figure.

To settle this question, she locked the door, and then very carefully changed her dress. Being the tidiest of the tidy, and as neat as an old maid in her habits, she left not a pin, nor a hair on the cloth, nor even a brush set crooked. Then being in bridal perfection, and as lovely a bride as ever was seen, without one atom of conceit, she knew that she was purely beautiful. She stood before the glass, and sadly gazed at all her beauty. There she saw the large sweet forehead (calm and clear as ever), the deep desire of loving eyes for some one to believe in, the bright lips even now relaxing into a sadly playful smile, the oval symmetry of chastened face, in soft relief against the complex curves and waves of rebellious hair. To any man who could have won her love, what a pet, what a treasure she might have been, what a pearl beyond all price—or, as she simply said to herself, what a dear good wife! It was worse than useless to think of that; but, being of a practical turn of mind, she did not see why she should put on her lovely white satin, and let no one see it.

Therefore, she rang for her maid, who stared, and cried, "Oh, laws, Miss! what a booty you do look!" and then, of course, wanted to put in a pin, and to trim a bow here,

and to stroke a plait there; "it is waste of time," said Alice. Then she told her to send Mrs. Pipkins up; and the good housekeeper came and kissed her beautiful pet, as she always called her (maintaining the rights of the nursery days), and then began some of the very poor jokes supposed to suit such occasions.

"Pippy," said Alice, that the old endearment might cure the pain of the sudden check, "you must not talk so; I cannot bear it. Now just tell papa, not yet, but when the dinner is going in, give him this message—say with my love that I beg him to excuse me from coming in to dinner, because I have other things to see to. And mind, Pippy, one thing: I have many arrangements to make before I go away; and if my door should be locked to-night, nobody is to disturb me. I can trust you to see to that, I know. And now say 'good-bye' to me, Pippy dear; I may not see you again, you know. Let me kiss you as I used to do, when I was a dear good little child, and used to coax for sugar-plums."

As soon as her kind old friend was gone, Alice made fast her door again, and took off her bridal dress, and put on a plain white frock of small value; and then she knelt down at the side of her bed, and said her usual evening prayers. Although she made no pretence to any vehement power of piety, in the depth of heart and mind she nourished love of God, and faith in Him. She believed that He gives us earthly life, to be rendered innocently back to Him, not in cowardly escape from trouble, but when honour and love demand it. In the ignorance common to us all, she prayed.

Then, when all the house was quiet, except for the sound of plates and dishes (greasily going into deep baskets, one on the head of another).

Alice Lorraine, having gathered her long hair into a Laconian knot, put her favourite garden hat on, and made the tie firm under her firm chin. She looked round her favourite room once more, and nodded farewell to everything, and went to seek death with a firmer step than a bride towards a bridegroom.

Attired in pure white she walked through a scene of bridal beauty. Every tree was overcast with crystal lace and jewellery; common bushes and ignominious shrubs stood up like sceptres; weeping branches shone like plumes of ostrich turned to diamond. And on the ground wave after wave of snowdrift, like a stormy tide driven by tempestuous wind, and bound in its cresting wrath by frost.

Although there was now no breath of wind, Alice knew from the glittering whiteness that it must be very cold. She saw her pretty bower like a pillow under bed-clothes; and on the clear brown walk she scattered crumbs for the poor old robin as soon as he should

get up in the morning. Then for fear of giving way, she gathered up her dress and ran. She had no overwhelming sense of fate, necessity, or Até—the powers that drove fair maids of Greece to offer themselves for others. She simply desired to do her duty, to save the honour of her race, and her pure self from defilement.

The Woeburn was running as well as ever, quite untouched by any frost, and stretched at its length like a great black leech who puts out his head for suction. Gliding through great piles of snow, it looked sable as Cocytus, with long curls of white vapour hovering, where the cold air lay on it. The stars were beginning to sparkle now; and a young moon gazing over Chancton Ring avouched the calm depth of heaven.

Then Alice came forward, commended her soul to God in good Christian manner, and without a fear, or tear, or sigh, committed her body to the Deathbourne.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

THE second session of this Parliament has begun in earnest. Since we last addressed our readers, nothing very eventful has occurred except the inevitable selection by the Liberal party of a new leader, to fill the place vacated by Mr. Gladstone. Just twenty years ago, as suddenly and unexpectedly as now, at the beginning of the session of 1855, the same leadership passed from the hands of Lord John Russell to those of Lord Palmerston. England was then at the very darkest hour of its history (it was shortly after the battle of Inkerman, and even our national position was imperilled) since the close of the Peninsular war. The Liberal party, however, was powerful and victorious; and the reins, as they fell, or were thrown, from the hands of Lord John, were grasped by those of the strongest man of this generation, who enforced obedience on the most recreant followers, and vindicated with spirit and dauntless courage the fortunes of the country. The transfer of the hour is made at a very different era both of national and party history. The country is at the zenith of prosperity, and the Liberal party possibly, though by no means certainly, at the lowest ebb of its fortunes. Lord Hartington succeeds to a heritage of difficulty, though of a very different order from that which Lord Palmerston had to face and surmount. We trust that he will prove equal to the occasion; and we have no doubt that he will maintain the dignity of public life, if with less success and power than some of his predecessors, at all events with the qualities which befit an English statesman.

The mind of the Liberal party was much exercised in its choice; but the issue of their divided sentiments was never really in doubt. All their traditions, and, as we conceive, the necessities of their existence as an influential body, point to their being led by a man of rank and fortune, belonging to one of the great oligarchic families who for a century stamped upon the government of England the principles of exclusion and restriction. The ten years during which they have been led by a commoner of undoubted genius and the highest parliamentary renown, may serve to convince them that they are fit only to be led by a lord. The speeches of the Duke of Somerset and Earl Grey at the beginning of last session, when Parliament first met after the dissolution, disclosed the feeling of the Whig oligarchy towards Mr. Gladstone. The attitude of the Birmingham Leaguers and the rest of the pretentious gentlemen who form the rank and file of the Radicals, has exhibited a restless vanity and spirit of self-assertion which can only be soothed into self-complacency by patrician influences, and are quite beyond the spell of intellect and genius. A leader of Lord Hartington's rank inherits far more durable sources of influence and authority over both the most powerful sections of the party, than Mr. Gladstone by a lifetime of illustrious achievement could possibly acquire. It seems almost absurd that Mr. Forster should hope to succeed when Mr. Gladstone had admittedly failed. But, nevertheless, our sympathies as Tories are with the man of intellect and parliamentary distinction. Tories have throughout their career admitted as a principle and a fact,

that the aristocracy of rank bows before the aristocracy of intellect whenever it is real aristocracy on both sides. Our party has placed at its head, and followed with ungrudging loyalty the Pitts, Addington, Perceval, Canning, Peel, and Disraeli. But such is not the habit of Liberals, and they have under all the circumstances done well and wisely in placing Lord Hartington at their head.

It will be seen from the foregoing observations that we are disposed to congratulate the Liberal party on their choice. And as everything done by a confederacy so famous in time past, and which in the distant future may be powerful again, is of public interest, we may presume to express our humble opinion that their mode of electing him was a perfect marvel of confusion and maladroitness. Of course everything was done with the utmost publicity, so that all the world might see and wonder. Had it not been for Mr. Forster's self-denial and devotion to his party, which led him to abandon his distinctly superior claims, our opponents would have gone more utterly and hopelessly to pieces on the subject of a new leader than upon any one of the half-dozen great questions of public policy, which between them have ruined their power. The vituperations of public meetings and newspapers, used to discredit the rival candidates, would have culminated in a scene of turbulence and confusion, of which even the smoking-room of the Reform Club had seldom seen the like. It seemed that no one dared to take the initiative. Lord Russell formally handed over the leadership to Mr. Gladstone, at Carlton House Terrace, in 1867. Mr. Gladstone, this year, apparently never condescended even by a hint to nominate his successor. And Lord Granville, when

his leader had bounded off the political stage, gave out that he had not even authority to summon the party, for it would be assuming that they had elected him for their chief. There was a squib years ago at the expense of an Oxford undergraduate, who hesitated to save a drowning comrade, on the ground that he had never been introduced. Lord Granville for twenty years has led the party in the House of Lords; in 1859 he was "sent for" by the Queen, and Lord Palmerston himself consented to serve under him; and if, at a moment of great emergency, he cannot even call the party together for fear of giving them offence, it only shows to what a depth of disorganisation and disorder they are reduced. They showed their fitness for conducting the affairs of the nation by allowing their own to drift along at a crisis of their fate, without any attempt on the part of their wiser and more experienced heads to control them. A dozen gentlemen, remarkable according to the complaints of one of the unfortunate "sheep without a shepherd," for nothing so much as "the violence of their opinions and the smallness of their influence," accordingly assumed the right to "caucus" the party, and expose it to the risk of a brawling meeting, out of which, escaped by the skin of his teeth from the vituperative energies of his future followers, the new candidate for the confidence of the nation should emerge. The fastidious delicacy of Lord Granville, but for the timely withdrawal of Mr. Forster, would have led to the fortunes of the party being flung down to be scrambled for at the smoking-room of the Reform Club, as it certainly stimulated several public meetings, and notably our friends of the Birmingham League, to bluster out a veto upon one particular selection. The

appointment of an Opposition leader merely means that the members of the party delegate the management of business in a particular House of Parliament to the most competent man, who represents them in arranging combined action with their party in the other House, and in arranging with the Government for the conduct of public business. It is difficult to understand how, consistently with any wise and dignified conduct of their affairs, the right of selection can devolve either upon public meetings in the provinces, or on a "caucus" of the party. The initiative, of course, rested with Lord Granville and the most influential members of Mr. Gladstone's late Cabinet, who knew the qualities wanted and the qualities possessed; and they should have nominated their man, and left it to the party to reject the nomination at their peril. A very slight effort, assuming they are by this time on speaking terms with one another, would have insured sufficient unanimity amongst Mr. Gladstone's late colleagues, and rendered the nomination of a second candidate impossible. As it was, their proceedings were a scandal to the country, and narrowly escaped being most disastrous to themselves. Rival pretensions amongst themselves seem to render party subordination and order impossible: however serious the predicament, it seems that opinions can never be weighed; on all occasions noses must be counted, and every issue decided by clamour and in confusion.

However, all's well that ends well; the new leader is installed in his office, where from the height of almost ducal serenity he can wait and watch. But what are his followers to do, assuming that he has any followers? It appears that they are to enjoy a noble freedom, and each one can harmlessly enforce his

own crotchet, while the new chief will survey their efforts with a gentle melancholy, and endeavour, as a sort of equitable set-off, to infuse a Conservative spirit into the general tendencies and tactics of Opposition. The Whigs may fairly be satisfied. Their supremacy is admitted. Mr. Bright himself presided at the election, at which, by the way, only 135 members attended; and, supported by the most extreme men of the party, passed joyously under a yoke which in times past had galled and fretted him, but which he now recognises as the salvation of his party. And doubtless, in the absence of a policy, of party discipline and unity, and of common purposes, it is eminently advantageous to have a highly reputable name and House round which to rally; the tribunes of the people with their vocation gone may cherish that humble hopefulness of being asked to dine with their new chief, on which the 'Daily News' or some other penny paper was prompt to chaff them; and some of our blustering friends at Birmingham may possibly forget their passion for disestablishment while "simpering in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons."

The opening of Parliament by Royal Commission on the 5th February, found the political world in a state of profound serenity, or, as Sir W. Lawson phrased it, of "holy calm." Not a single topic could either Lord Granville or Lord Hartington find upon which to allege a grievance against the Ministry. The peace of Europe is unbroken and unthreatened. The Conference at Brussels, and the projected recognition of Alfonso XII., were the only two European events alluded to in the Queen's Speech; and in both, the policy pursued by England is approved. The measures for the repres-

sion of the East African slave trade, the adjustment of differences between China and Japan, the affairs of the Gold Coast, Natal, and Fiji, the famine policy in Bengal, and the unbroken prosperity of our colonial empire, were necessarily noticed, and attest the widespread power and activity of the government of these islands. As regards the legislation of the session, a series of useful measures has been propounded, not quite so stimulating and *piquante* as, but far more salutary and beneficial than, any which have ever been, or are ever likely to be, inscribed in a Radical programme. Foremost amongst them in importance stands the measure which was foreshadowed in the acts and speeches of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Cross last session—namely, the Bill which is intended to facilitate the improvement of the dwellings of the working-classes in large towns. If that Bill is passed together with an Act consolidating and amending the existing sanitary laws, and another to prevent the pollution of rivers, the Government will have well redeemed their pledge to regard sanitary legislation as a chief object of public concern.

Mr. Cross's Bill is one of the best that has been introduced to the notice of the House of Commons for many years. The working-classes, as they consider its provisions and experience its effects, may reasonably conclude that their social condition and well-being are at least as likely to be attended to and improved by a Conservative Government, as by those who have perpetually assumed that they alone are the true friends of the recently enfranchised masses. Of words the Liberal party have given them enough and to spare; but when it comes to deeds, all they can achieve is to clamour for disestablishing Churches and lowering the suffrage

—schemes which at least tend as much to the benefit of their promoters as to the advantage of the people. They have received with cold disdain the earnest efforts of their opponents to improve the condition of the poorer classes. Yet the measure is one which is of the very first importance, and one which ought to have been produced years ago. We are often alarmed by the predictions of those who tell us that England is rapidly losing all the relative natural advantages which gave her a long priority in competition with other races and nations. She has been, however, at the same time gaining immense relative acquired advantages in point of accumulated wealth and comparative national indebtedness. Our pecuniary burdens, relative to other nations now, will not stand a moment's comparison with what they were in 1815, at the close of the great war. But, nevertheless, every one must feel that the greatest source of national strength is to have a healthy, vigorous, and educated working population. And what the houses of the people are, the people themselves will be found to be. The survey of their actual condition is nevertheless intolerable. The dwellings of the poor in large towns are described as perfect hot-houses of physical and moral disease; and we are afraid that, as regards the latter outgrowth, agricultural dwelling-houses are in many parts of the country little better. The Conservative Home Secretary has taken this great national evil into serious consideration, and has tasked all his energy to meet and surmount it. He personally visited Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, in order to collect the evidence and watch the true dimensions of the evil, which the Government is determined to check. The total death-rate of the larger northern towns

is appalling; but if the exceptionally unhealthy districts are selected, the rate of mortality can only be compared to that of a plague. In one district in Manchester it is 67 per thousand, and in another, now happily swept away, Mr. Cross is reported to have said that the death-rate amounted to 70 per thousand. In certain courts at Liverpool a fifth of the population is sick every year of fever, and there is not one house in which there has not been a death annually for five years. In the west end of London, it appears that for every 12 children who grow up healthy in the rich districts, only one child grows up among the poor, and the main cause of this frightful waste of life is generally admitted to be the poisonous air which the children breathe. In St. Giles' district in London there are seventy streets close together without one single thoroughfare through which the residents can get a breath of pure air. In some cases the houses are engrained with disease, so that family after family as it enters catches the fever which has killed off the previous occupants. In other cases houses are built on ground which is saturated with everything that is malarious and pestilential. We have ourselves insisted, from the first advent of this Government to power, that the chief legacy which it had inherited from Liberal administration was to improve the condition of the people, and notably the condition of their dwellings. Edinburgh itself has set a vigorous example. It obtained an Act of Parliament in 1866. It has opened thoroughfares and cleared out some 1400 houses, and the result has already shown a reduction in crime and other proofs of class degradation. The principles upon which Mr. Cross's proposed legislation is based are (1) only to help those

who will help themselves, and to avoid the dangerous lesson that any class is to be provided with its dwellings by the State; and (2) that companies and other bodies are not to be encouraged to provide them with these dwellings at rents greatly below the market value. The Government will only interfere on sanitary grounds at the instance of medical officers. The Town Councils must then provide Improvement Schemes, and when the land has in consequence been obtained by compulsory powers, private enterprise will be invited to assist, and only in default of private efforts will the local authority be called upon to build. The bill therefore is distinctly sanitary in its character and objects. It facilitates the acquisition of sites and the making a clean sweep of pestilential districts. Having provided purified building room, it leaves the ordinary law of supply and demand in the first instance to its own course, merely imposing the condition that the dwellings built should be suitable to the working classes; and only when that law fails for some special reasons confined to a particular locality will the State interfere and provide the required accommodation. Mr. Cross does not pretend, in his own words, to be, "doing a magnificent and a showy work." There is nothing sensational and nothing exciting, or likely to give to orators or agitators what they call a platform; but it is a measure which will do a great and beneficent work silently and surely. It is an endeavour made after patient industry and laborious mastery of details to root out an evil which has been the work of generations. If it succeeds, as we trust it will, it will be one of the greatest measures that this generation has produced, and will do more to mitigate moral and physical degradation, and lessen

sickness and death amongst a very large class of the community, than any Act which Parliament has passed for years.

The next great sanitary measure was that introduced by Mr. Sclater-Booth for the purpose of consolidating all the Acts relating to public health in England, which has been passed during the last twenty-five or thirty years. They began two years before one passed in 1848, when, under alarm with respect to the invasion of cholera, great powers of local administration were granted especially in the urban and populous districts. Since that time a number of Acts have been passed with more or less conflicting provisions, some for the purpose of removing nuisances, others for the purpose of establishing local authorities, constructing works, borrowing money, and improving towns. According to the report of the Sanitary Commission, the law relating to public health is in a state of unusual complexity. As usual in such cases, existing Acts were enlarged and extended, here a bit and there a bit, till only by piecemeal arrangement could the meaning of the Legislature be ascertained. Nearly all our statute law grows up in that haphazard fashion, not merely in this country, but in India and the Colonies; and when the confusion becomes intolerable, a laborious effort to consolidate is imperatively required. The general public has no conception of the labour involved in this class of work; but those who, when it has been neglected for any length of years, are baffled or exasperated in their endeavours to find out what the law is, know that it is only by periodical consolidation and amendment that Statute Law can ever be made to fit the wants of the country. Laws like garments go to rags and tatters in time, and when patching and mending have staved off repeal and

re-enactment for a sufficient interval, and when society has at last completely outgrown the legislation originally devised, it is time to have a new and more elaborate code. In this matter of sanitary legislation there was a Public Health Act passed in 1872, and in order to work it a digest had to be prepared and circulated among the local authorities; and last session an obscure or incomprehensible Act had to be passed in order to bring the previous measure into working order. Consequently the time has come to rebuild the work from its foundations. The new bill proposes to make a clean sweep of twenty-nine sanitary statutes passed since 1846, and to take advantage of the opportunity by adding amendments, which would facilitate the removal of nuisances. Thirty years is in fact too long an interval during which to allow this undergrowth of legislation to proceed unchecked. But Liberal Governments we all know have other work to do; and the state in which our whole system of local government and local taxation is placed is a disgrace to an intelligent age and nation. This Consolidated Act will be one step in the right direction, looked upon in the light of the great question of a reform in local government. And as Mr. Disraeli pointed out on the first evening of the session in reply to some cavils on the part of Lord Hartington: "There are four bills mentioned in her Majesty's Speech, which will shortly come before the House, all of which indirectly touch upon that question. You will establish an improved system of administration more expeditiously if you endeavour to overcome gradually the immense difficulties in the way than if you brought forward some large showy measure, which after it left the hands of the committee would be altered to such an

extent that the devisers of it would hardly recognise in it any of its original features, and which the country would receive with the greatest reluctance and disappointment. These measures will lay the foundation for a system of local taxation." And then he promised Sir Stafford Northcote's Bill respecting loans for public works, which was subsequently introduced, and which turned out to be another consolidating and amending bill. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in introducing it again referred to the question of local administration and taxation. These statements have not received the attention they deserve. They conclusively show that this powerful Government is not resting on its oars, but has a distinct and comprehensive policy, which is advancing by slow and steady steps to a successful issue. If there is no revival of those burning questions "which were the pride of the Ministry of the noble lord and his colleagues," and if "ecclesiastical misconceptions" will lie forgotten at Hawarden Castle, this session will be one distinguished for legislative activity of a useful and beneficial character, as contrasted with those showy and exciting projects which disturb the balance of the Birmingham mind.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said: "An impression appears to have got abroad in some quarters that, because no mention was made in the speech from the throne of the subject of local taxation, the Government have lost sight somewhat of that great question, and that their former zeal in respect of it has grown cold. But such an impression would be entirely unfounded. It is impossible that we can lose sight of the question, because it is a question which we run against in almost every one of the measures

that we have to consider and propose to introduce for improving administration of any kind in the country." It is unnecessary to inquire how far his Public Works Loan Bill goes in the direction of local reform. It only aims at placing the details of public loans more under the supervision of Parliament, and preventing, or at least regulating, the large increase of local indebtedness. It was not even named in the Queen's Speech; and we do not lay stress upon it as part of a general scheme. But Sir Stafford Northcote's observations, taken in conjunction with the Prime Minister's speech on the first night of the session, clearly point to a preconceived policy, the development of which will be carefully watched, and we trust will prove advantageous to the country. He pointed out that the late Government persistently declined to revise in any degree the system of local taxation until that of local administration had been recast and improved. The present Government discard that doctrine. They consider that by a great scheme for reorganising the whole of the local constitution of the country, which was officially described by Mr. Goschen as "a chaos as regards authorities, a chaos as regards rates, and a worse chaos than all as regards areas," though they might create sensation they would be hindering the work of reform. To try and sweep away this enormous and unshapely pile of institutions, and enforce in its stead a cut and dried new constitution, would be a work of insuperable difficulty, and would create probably a vigorous opposition. The policy of the Government on this subject is to effect by degrees important modifications and improvements. That which Sir Stafford Northcote himself under-

takes is to endeavour to bring the particulars of local finance more thoroughly before the country. He says that the total real indebtedness is about seventy-two millions, and that it is advancing at the rate of something like three millions a-year. His scheme points to the introduction of an annual local budget, the ultimate object in view being to draw the attention of the country and of Parliament to the administration of local finance, to the progress of rating, the progress of expenditure, and, above all, the progress of the contraction of debt.

There is much to be done before uniformity of administration can be even attempted. But we trust that the whole energy of the Government will not be absorbed by these piecemeal efforts. If neither the question of authorities, nor of rating, nor of areas, is to be touched at present, and if no attempt is to be made this session to adjust these large inequalities, still there is a very important, and probably less difficult, question of uniformity of valuation. This would be going to the root of the matter, and would begin the work of simplification in a matter which everybody would recognise at once. At present there are, as was recently pointed out by Sir Edward Kerrison, three different valuations of property made in many parts of the country for three different purposes, where one valuation is and ought to be sufficient, and might serve as a uniform basis of three different classes of taxation. There is the valuation made by the Commissioners in order to assess a property-tax; there is a second valuation made by assessment committees, each following its own method, in order to assess the poor's-rates; then there is a third valuation arrived at

by the Justices, with the sanction of Quarter Sessions, in order to assess the county-rates. If one uniform valuation, made on an uniform principle, were adopted generally in England as in Ireland, it would conduce to a greater and more equal incidence of taxation, and would promote economy in collecting and enforcing it. These are two of the main objects in view in all wise systems of taxation; and we hope that, if not in this particular way, at least some effort will be made in the direction of greater uniformity of local government and taxation. Mr. Disraeli rejected the imputation that there was "nothing in Her Majesty's speech which holds out the prospect of a system of local control for taxation;" and he proceeded, "at the proper time we shall state what we propose to do with regard to local taxation; but that time is certainly not the first day of the session."

The Ministerial programme is by no means limited to this important subject of sanitary legislation, or of piecemeal local reform. And as the Government has a secure working majority, and the measures themselves are mostly those which have already been fully considered and matured, we trust that the session will really be fruitful of achievement as well as of promise. The Lord Chancellor's measures with regard to the Transfer of Land and the reconstruction of the Judicature were swamped last year to make room for the Public Worship Regulation Bill; and, warned by that misadventure, there can be no good reason for not pushing these measures through the House of Lords at an early period of the session, so as to admit of their becoming law before the press of business renders the fate of all Bills insecure. A further measure of legal reform is

promised in the shape of establishing the much-needed office of Public Prosecutor. Sir Stafford Northcote's measures for consolidating and amending the laws relating to Friendly Societies has also been thoroughly revised and considered by those concerned, and ought not to be delayed. There will still remain the Bill to amend the Merchant Shipping Acts, and the law relating to agricultural tenancies, besides the issues which the chapter of accidents may present. But as far as appearances go at present, this session bids fair to be quiet, useful, and unexciting. It will be time enough to talk of the decline to statesmanship and of Parliamentary debating if, when times of greater passion and political feeling come, members of the House on both sides are not found to rise to the occasion. At present we are passing through a period of singular calm and quiet; and the national business is well conducted if advantage is taken of the opportunity to pass a series of well-considered and sensationless measures, having for their object the improvement of the social condition of those least able to advance their own wellbeing without the assistance of Parliament. No policy could be better suited to a Conservative Government, or more likely to place their performances in suitable contrast to the hollowness of Radical promises. We are not amongst those who adopt Sir R. Peel's policy, that the working and other classes should be expected to forget schemes of organic reform in the midst of physical comfort and well-being. On the contrary, sentiment and imagination play as large a part in the lives of nations as of individuals; periods of restlessness and commotion are sure to recur, in which a merely negative system

would infallibly break down. But a party which can legislate well and wisely in times of quiet, ought at least to be as well fitted as its opponents to guide the feeling and satisfy the aspirations of the country in a time of activity and change.

A criticism on the Ministerial programme and the prospects of the session naturally leads to a brief consideration of the rival programme of our opponents, as manifested by their two most prominent members, Lord Hartington and Mr. Bright. Since Mr. Gladstone has withdrawn into private life, the latter has assumed what for some years has been an unusual prominence. "Yet once again," to use his own phrase, he has addressed his constituents. The address was a *réchauffé* of some very mild and very stale taunts levelled against the Church. It sounded valedictory, as all Mr. Bright's recent speeches have done. The general air of them is retrospective—the speeches of a man whose career is in the past, but who occasionally descends on the old arena. Mr. Gladstone has to all appearance vanished suddenly and completely; he will not even allow himself to be nominated for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University. But Mr. Bright has one foot in and one foot out of public life. The result is that he discounts with a lavish hand all that profound emotion, which would otherwise have awaited his final disappearance from a scene which he has adorned with eloquence if not with wisdom. Two years ago he told his constituents that "for him the final chapter is now writing—perhaps is already written;" and prayed to heaven in tones of almost apostolic benediction, that the great constituency before him, with "its perpetual future, and its perpetual youth" might hereafter for all time

display that strength, moderation, and wisdom, which his own career has not very signally illustrated. The peroration was indeed magnificent; and we were ourselves oppressed by the pathos of the situation. But, then, here he is again!—this time with commonplace speeches of no great mark or interest. The occasion was described in Liberal newspapers as one of merely quelling a slight disposition to mutiny in this great constituency, which is to be a pattern of all wisdom and all moderation. Mr. Bright himself says that he went there “dejected and burdened.” And although he obtained “inexpressible relief” during his visit, these solemn farewells and flippant reappearances excite irreverent feelings.

“Now fitted the halter, now traversed
the cart,
And often took leave, but seemed loth to
depart.”

The strong, moderate, and wise constituency, clamouring to him to “give the Tories a dose,” scarcely rose to the level of the occasion, and his dilute invectives hardly amounted to a party manifesto. The very next day Lord Hartington, in a far wiser and more moderate spirit, referred to this remarkable performance. “Let us take as an instance a speech just delivered—the speech of Mr. Bright. Now I do not agree with that speech—I do not agree with Mr. Bright; I do not think he attaches nearly sufficient weight to the hold which the Church of England has upon the affections of the people of this country. I do not think that he attaches nearly sufficient weight to the good which the Church does, though I think he attaches a good deal too much weight to the defects and faults which, of course, are to be found within its pale.” And yet,

with this divergence of opinion on the very question which Mr. Bright reappears in public in order to establish as the next great object for the Liberal party to accomplish, Lord Hartington is immediately elected as leader, and no one so loudly proclaimed his satisfaction as Mr. Bright himself, that the right thing had been done at the right time and in the right manner. “I may say,” he exclaimed, “that I look forward with very great confidence to his future, and to the success of the party in the future under him.” That is to say, that the avowed relations between one section of the party and another are, that the gentlemen of more advanced opinions are to agitate for and enforce a policy which their leaders disapprove and condemn; and if they succeed *per fas aut nefas* in winning over the public mind to their side, the gentlemen of less advanced opinions will step forward, execute the policy which they condemn, and applaud the signal triumph of the party of progress. Meanwhile the time of opposition is a time of freedom. Lord Hartington and Mr. Bright are both agreed as to that. Every one is to possess and enjoy the right to propound the most monstrous schemes, and to enforce the most idle crotchets, subject only to this, that he must, as Lord Hartington delicately puts it, “trust in the good sense of the people, and believe that it will ultimately prevail;” or, as Mr. Bright more “robustly” (to use the ‘Spectator’s’ favourite phrase) puts it, he must remember that if he is possessed not of an idea, but by an idea, and tries to make it a test question, it is an absolutely childish policy, and that “such a man is not fit to take any part in politics whatever—he should have some one to come out with him

and take care of him." We entirely agree. We would not, indeed, have ventured to give utterance to such an opinion quite so broadly ourselves, for we reverence the modesty of language; and after all some courtesy is due to political opponents, if not to political allies. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, although a strait waistcoat is, in Mr. Bright's opinion, the proper remedy for some of these gentlemen whose vagaries have partly amused and partly alarmed the country, nevertheless their counsels have in recent times threatened to predominate in the ranks

of the party. A return to the safe haven of Whiggism will in the end help to conciliate the lost confidence of the country; but the right to talk unlimited nonsense is still loudly proclaimed and only feebly restricted. All their most influential leaders openly declare that they look forward to a prolonged seclusion from office; and Tories as well as Liberals may join in the hope that the interval will be employed in restoring party discipline, in moderating personal pretensions, and bringing back the ascendancy of common-sense, rational aims, and of a patriotic spirit.

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ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER LXIX.

It seems to be almost a settled point in the affairs of everybody (except perhaps Prince Bismarck) that nothing shall come to pass exactly according to arrangement. The best and noblest of mankind can do no more than plan discreetly, firmly act, and humbly wait the pleasure of a just, beneficent, and all-seeing Power.

For instance, Mr. Bottler had designed for at least three weeks to slay a large styful of fat pigs. But from day to day he had been forced to defer the operation. The frost was so intense that this good Azrael of the grunTERS had no faith in the efficacy of his ministrations. Not indeed as regarded his power to dismiss them to a happier world. In any kind of weather he could stick a pig; the knife they could not very well decline, when skillfully suggested; but they might, and very often did, break all the laws of hospitality, by sternly refusing to accept his salt. And the

object of a pig's creation is triple—(setting aside his head, and heels, and other small appurtenances)—fresh pork, pickled pork, and bacon; and the greatest of these three is bacon.

Now what was West Lorraine to do, and even the town of Steyning? Cart-loads of mutton came into the market, from the death in the snow of so many sheep; which (as the general public reasoned) must have made the meat beautifully white; and a great many labourers got a good feed, who had almost forgotten the taste of meat; and it did them good and kept them warm. But the "best families" would not have this: they liked their mutton to have "interviewed" the butcher, in a constitutional manner; and not being sure how to prove this point, they would not look at any mutton at all, till lamb came out of snow-drift. This being so, what was now to be done? Many people said, "Live on bread, and so on, red her-

rings, and ship-chandler's stores, and whatever else the Lord may send." Fifty good women came up through the snow to learn the rector's opinion; and all he could say was, "Boil down your bones."

This produced such a desperate run upon the bank of poor Bonny, which really was a bank—of marrow-bones, put by in the summer to season—that Jack was at work almost all the day long, and got thoroughly up to the tricks of the snow, and entirely learned how to tread it. Bonny's poor hands were so chapped by the cold, that he slurred all the polish of the rector's boots; and Mr. Hales said that he had better grease them; which cut the boy deeper than any chap.

Superior people, however, could not think of relying upon Bonny's bones; their money was ready, and they would pay for good meat what it was worth—and no more. Now a thoroughly honest man grows uneasy at the thought of getting more than he ought to get. It is pleasant to cheat the public; but the pleasure soaks down through the conscience, leaving tuberculous affection there, or bacteria; or at any rate some microscopic affliction. Bottler felt all these visitations; and in spite of all demand, he could not bring himself to do any more than treble the price of pig-meat.

"It does weigh so light this weather! Only take it in your hand," he was bound to tell everybody, for their own sakes; "now you might scarcely think it—but what with one thing and another, that pig have cost me two and threepence a-pound, and I sell him at one and ninepence."

"Oh, Mr. Bottler, what a shame of you!"

"True, as you stand there, my dear! You might not believe it, from any one but me; till you

marry, and go into business. Ah, and a very bad business it is. Starvation to everybody, unless they was bred and born to it; and even then only a crust of bread!" Mr. Churchwarden Bottler, however, did not look at all as if he sustained existence on a crust of bread. His stockings, whiter than the snow-drifts round him, showed very substantial bulge of leg; and his blue baize apron did like duty for that part of the human being which is so fatal to the race of pigs. And the soft smile, without which he never spoke, arose and subsided in no gaunt cheeks, and flickered in the channels of no paltry chin. In a word, Mr. Bottler was quite fat enough to kill.

"Polly," he said to his favourite child, as soon as he had finished his Monday dinner; "you have been a good child through this very bad weather; and dad means to give you a rare treat to-night. Not consarnin the casings of the pigs," he continued, in answer to her usual nod, and employing his regular euphemism;—"there will be a many pigs to be eased, to satisfy the neig'bourhood, and shut off the rogue to Bramber. But you shall see, Polly; you shall see something as will astonish you."

Bottler put on his brown leather apron, and gently performed his spiriting.

And without any nonsense, Polly saw a lovely scene soon afterwards. For her father had made up his mind to do a thing which would greatly exalt his renown, and quench that little rogue at Bramber. In spite of the weather he would kill pigs; and in spite of the weather he would pickle them. He had five nice porkers and four bacon pigs, as ready as pigs can be for killing. They seemed to him daily to reproach him for their unduly prolonged existence. They could

not lay on any fat in this weather, but relapsed for want of carving.

For Bottler in the morning had done this—which could not have occurred to any but a very superior mind. In his new premises facing the lane, a short way below Nanny Stillgoe's cottage, he had a little yard, well away from all thatch, and abutting on nothing but his scalding-house. This yard was square, and enclosed by a wall of the chalky flints that break so black, and bind so well into mortar.

Of course the whole place was still snowed up; but Master Bottler soon cured that. He went to the parish school, which was to have opened after the Christmas holidays on this 10th of January; but the schoolmaster vowed that, in such weather, he would warm no boy's educational part, unless the parish first warmed his own. And the parish replied that he might do that for himself; not a knob of coal should he have; it was quite beginning at the wrong end, to warm him first. His answer was to bolt the school-door, and sit down with a pipe and a little kettle.

The circumspect churchwarden had anticipated this state of siege; for he knew that every boy in the parish (who would have run like the devil if the door was open) knowing the door to be bolted would spend the whole day in kicking at it. And here he found them, Bonny at the head, as a boy of rising intellect, and Captain Dick of the Bible-corps, and the boy who had been shot in the hedge, and many other less distinguished boys, furiously raging together because robbed of their right to a flogging.

"Come along, my lads," said Bottler, knowing how to manage boys; "you may kick all day, and wear out your shoes. I've got a job for fifty of you, and a penny a piece for all as works well."

Not to be too long, these boys all followed Churchwarden Bottler; and he led them to his little yard, and there he fitted every one of them up with something or other to work with. Some had brooms and some had shovels, some had spades and some had mops, one or two worked with old frying-pans, and Bonny had a worn-out warming-pan. All the boys who had got into breeches were to have two-pence apiece; and the rest, who were still stitched up at the middle, might earn a penny a-head if they worked hard.

Not one of them shirked his work. They worked as boys alone ever do work, throwing all their activity into it. And taking the big with the little ones, it cost Mr. Bottler four shillings and fourpence to get some hundred cubic yards of snow cleared out so thoroughly, that if a boy wanted to pelt a boy, he must go outside for his snowball. Mr. Bottler smiled calmly as he paid them; well he knew what an area of hunger he was spreading for his good pork, by means of this army of workboys. Then he showed the boys the pigs still living, and patted their shoulders, and smacked his lips with a relish that found an echo at more than forty hearths that evening. "Ab, won't they come up rare?" he said; "ay, and go down rarer still," replied Bonny, already beginning to stand in high esteem for jocosity, which he did his very best to earn.

All boys other than Bonny departed with lips overflowing with love of pork into little icicles. Then Mr. Bottler went to his cart-shed, and came back with his largest tarpauling. He spread and fixed this in a clever manner over the middle of his little yard, leaving about ten feet clear all round between the edge of it and the wall. This being done, he invited Bonny to dinner, and en-

joyed his converse, and afterwards pledged himself to Polly, as heretofore recorded. Later in the day many squeaks were heard; while Bonny worked hard at the furze-rick.

All things are judged always by their results. Be it enough then to chronicle these. West Lorraine, Wiston, and Steyning itself pronounced with one voice on the following day that a thing had been done on the bank of the Woeburn that verily vanquished the Woeburn itself. As Hercules conquered the Achelotus, and the great Pelides backed up by the roots both Simois and Scamander, so Bottler (a greater hero than even Nestor himself could call to mind, to snub inferior pig-stickers)—Bottler aroused his valour, and scotched, and slew that Python—the Woeburn.

It is not enough to speak of such doings in this casual sort of way. Bottler's deeds are now passing into the era of romance, which always precedes the age of history. Out of romance they all emerge with a tail of attestation; and if anybody lays hold of this, and clearly sees what to do with it, his story becomes history, and himself a great

historian. But lo, here are the data for any historian of duly combative enthusiasm to work out what Bottler did.

He let Bonny work—as all heroes permit—a great deal harder than he worked himself. He calmly looked on, and smoked his pipe; and knowing quite well how the pigs would act (according to bulk and constitution) in the question of cooling down, he kept his father's watch in hand, and at proper periods eased them. Meanwhile Bonny laboured for his life, and by the time all the pigs were ready for posthumous toilet, their dressing-room was warm and waiting for them. A porker may come home to his positive degree—pork—in less than no time. But the value of his dedication of himself—in the manner of a young curate—to the service of humanity, depends very much upon how he is treated.

The pork-trade at this time of writing is so active, that everybody—however small his operations are—should strive to give it a wholesome check rather than further impetus. And for that reason the doings of Bottler—fully as they deserve description—shall not have a bit of it.

CHAPTER LXX.

Again, another thing will show how heavily and wearily all people that on earth do dwell plod and plod their little way, and are but where they came from. Three young people, all well wrapped up, and ready to face anything, set out from Old Applewood farm on the very day next after Twelfth-day. They meant with one accord to be at Coombe Lorraine by the Saturday night, all being summoned upon church-service. There was not one of them that could be dispensed with—according to the last advices

—and they felt their extreme responsibility, when the Grower locked them out of the great white gate.

"Now don't make fools of yourselves," he shouted; "you won't be there quite so soon as you think." They laughed him to scorn; but even before they got to Tonbridge a snowstorm came behind them, and quite smothered all their shoulders up, and grizzled the roots of the whiskers of the only one who had any. This was Counsellor Gregory, and the other two laughed at him, and vowed that his wig must

have slipped down there, and then flicked him with pocket-handkerchiefs.

Counsellor Gregory took no heed. He was wonderfully staid and sapient now; and the day when he had played at darts—if cross-examination could have fetched it up—would have been to his expanded mind a painful remembrance of All-fool's Day. He stuck to his Circuit, and cultivated the art of circuitous language. And being a sound and diligent lawyer, of good face and temper, he was able already to pay a clerk, who carried his bag and cleaned his boots.

But any client who had seen him now driving two spirited horses actually in tandem process, and sitting as if he were on the King's Bench, would have met him at the gate with a "*quo warranto*," if not a "*quousque tandem*?" He was well aware of this; his conscience told him that a firm of attorneys abode in the chief street of Tonbridge, and in spite of the snow either partner or clerk would almost be sure to be out at the door. He would not have been the Grower's son if he had tried to circumvent them; so he drove by their door, and the senior partner took off his hat to Mabel, and said that Gregory was a most rising young man.

Mabel sat in the middle, of course, with a brother on either side to break the cold wind, and keep off the snow. She laughed at the weather at first; but soon the weather had the laugh of her. According to their own ideas, they were to put up for the night at the fine old inn at Horsham, and make their way thence to Coombe Lorraine in time for dinner on the Saturday. For Mabel, of course, was to be a bridesmaid—the rector's three daughters, and the colonels two, completing the necessary six. But it soon became clear that the Grower knew

more about roads and weather than the counsellor and the sailor did. By the time these eager travellers passed Penshurst and the home of the Sidneys, the road was some eight or nine inches deep with soft new-fallen snow. They had wisely set forth with a two-wheeled carriage, strong and not easily knocked out of gear—no other, in fact, than the old yellow gig disdained by Mrs. Lovejoy. For the look of it they cared not one jot; anything was good enough for such weather; and a couple of handsome and powerful horses would carry off a great deal worse than that, even if they had thought of it. But they never gave one thought to the matter. Except that the counsellor was a little tamed by "the law and its ramifications," they all took after their father about the *esse* v. the *videri*. Nevertheless, they all got snowed up for the Friday night at East Grinstead, instead of getting on to Horsham.

For the further they got away from home, the more they managed to lose their way. The hedges and the ditches were all as one, the guide-posts were buried long ago; instead of the proper finger and thumb, great fists and bellies of drift now and then stuck out to stop the traveller. "No thoroughfare here" in great letters of ivy—the ivy that hangs in such deep relief, as if itself relieved by snow—and "Trespassers beware" from an alder, perhaps overhanging a swamp, where, if the snow-crust were once cut through, a poor man could only toss up his arms, and go down and be no more heard of.

And now that another heavy storm was at it (black behind them, and white in front), the horses asked for nothing better than to be left to find their way. They threw up their forelocks, and jerked their noses, and rattled their rings, and

expressed their ribs, and fingered away at the snow with their feet; meaning that their own heads were the best, if they could only have them. So the counsellor let them have their heads, for the evening dusk was gathering; and the leader turned round to the wheeler, and they had many words about it. And then they struck off at a merry trot, having both been down that road before, and supped well at the end of it. Foreseeing the like delight, with this keen weather to enhance it, they put their feet out at a tidy stretch, scuffling one another's snow-balls; and by the time of candle-lighting, landed their three inferior bipeds at the "Green Man," at East Grinstead.

On the following day they were still worse off, for although it did not snow again, they got into an unknown country without any landmarks; and the cold growing more and more severe, they resolved to follow the Brighton road, if ever they should find it. But the Brighton coaches were taken off, and the road so entirely stopped that they must have crossed without perceiving it. And both the nags growing very tired, and their own eyes dazed with so much white, they had made up their minds to build themselves a snow-house like the Esquimaux, when the sailor spied something in the distance, tall and white against the setting sun, which proved to be Horsham spire. With difficulty they reached the town by starlight, and all pretty well frost-bitten; and there they were obliged to spend the Sunday, not only for their horses' sakes, but equally for their own poor selves.

To finish a bitter and tedious journey, they started from Horsham on the Monday morning, as soon as the frozen-out sun appeared; and although the travelling was wonderfully bad, they fetched to West

Grinstead by twelve o'clock, and found good provender for man and beast. After an hour's halt, and a peck of beans to keep the cold out of the horses' stomachs, and a glass of cherry-brandy to do the like for their own, and a visit to the blacksmith (to fetch up the cogs of the shoes, and repair the springs), all set off again in the best of spirits, and vowing never to be beaten. But, labour as they might, the sun had set ere they got to Steyning; and under the slide of the hills, of course, they found the drift grow deeper; so that by the time they were come to the long loose street of West Lorraine, almost every soul therein, having regard to the weather, was tucked up snugly under the counterpane. With the weary leader stooping chin to knee to rub off icicles, and the powerful wheeler tramping sedately with his withers down and his crupper up, these three bold travellers, Gregory, Mabel, and Charles Lovejoy, sitting abreast in the yellow gig, passed silently through the deep silence of snow; and not even a boy beheld them, until they came to a place where red light streamed from an opening upon the lane, and cast on the snow the shadow of a tall man leaning on the gate. Inside the gate was a square of bright embers, and a man in white stockings uncommonly busy.

"Oh Gregory, stop for a moment," cried Mabel; "how beautifully warm it looks! oh, how I wish I was a pig?"

They drew up in the ruddy light, and turned their frosted faces, frozen cloaks, and numb hands towards it. And the leader turned round on his traces and cheered up his poor nose with gazing; for warmth, as well as light, came forth in clouds upon the shivering air.

"What a wonderful man!" exclaimed Mabel again. "We have nobody like him in all our parish.

He looks very good-natured. Oh, do let us go in, and warm ourselves."

"And get our noses frozen off directly we came out. No, thank you," said Gregory, "we will drive on. Get up, Spangler, will you, then?"

He flipped the leader with his frozen lash, and the tall man leaning upon the gate (as if he were short of employment) turned round and looked at them, and bade the busy man a very good evening, and came out into the snow, as if he was glad of any wheel-track. At the turn of the lane they lost sight of him, slowly as they ploughed their way, and in another minute a very extraordinary thing befell them.

"Hark!" cried Mabel, as they came to a bank, where once the road might have gone straight on, but now turned sharply to the right, being broken by a broad black water. "I am quite sure I heard something."

"The frost is singing in your ears," said Charlie; "that is what it always does at sea. Or a blessed cold owl is hooting. Greg, what do you say?"

"I will offer my opinion," replied the counsellor, "when I have sufficient data."

"And when you get your fee endorsed. There it is again! Now did you hear it?" And she stood up between her two brothers, and stayed herself in the mighty jerks of road, with a hand on the shoulder of each of them. They listened and doubted her keener ears, and gave her a pull to come back again. "What a child it is!" said the counsellor; "she always loses her wits when she gets within miles of that blessed Hilary."

"Is that all you know about it—now, after all the mischief you have made! You have done your worst to part us."

Though still quite a junior counsellor, Gregory had been long enough called to the Bar to understand that women must not be cited to the bar of reason. Their opinions deserve the most perfect respect, because they are inspired; and no good woman ever changes them.

At any rate, Mabel was right this time. Before they could say a word, or look round, they not only heard but saw a boy riding and raving furiously, on the other side of the water. He was coming down the course of the stream towards them as fast as his donkey could flounder, and slide, and tear along over the snowdrifts. And at the top of his voice he was shouting,—

"A swan, a swan, a girt white swan! The bootiful leddy have turned into a girt swan! Oh, I never!"

"Are you mad, you young fool! Just get back from the water," cried Gregory Lovejoy, sternly; for as Bonny pulled up, the horses, weary as they were, jumped round in affright at Jack's white nose and great ears jerking in a shady place. "Get back from the water, or we shall all be in it!" For the wheeler, having caught the leader's scare, was backing right into the Woeburn, and Mabel could not help a little scream; till the sailor sprang cleverly over the wheel, and seized the shaft-horse by the head.

"There she cometh? there she cometh!" shouted Bonny all the while; "oh, whatever shall I do?"

"I see it! I see it!" cried Mabel, leaning over the rail of the gig, and gazing up the dark stream steadfastly; "oh, what can it be? It is all white. And it hangs upon the water so. It must be some one floating drowned!"

Charlie, the sailor, without a word, ran to a bulge of the bank, as he saw the white thing coming

nearer, looked at it for an instant with all his eyes, then flung off his coat, and plunged into the water, as if for a little pleasant swim. He had no idea of the power of the current; but if he had known all about it, he would have gone head-foremost all the same. For he saw in mid-channel the form of a woman, helpless, senseless, at the mercy of the water; and that was quite enough for him.

From his childhood up he had been a swimmer, and was quite at his ease in rough water; and therefore despised this sliding smoothness. But before he had taken three strokes, he felt that he had mistaken his enemy. Instead of swimming up the stream (which looked very easy to do from the bank), he could not even hold his own with arms and legs against it, but was quietly washed down by the force bearing into the cups of his shoulders. But in spite of the volume of torrent, he felt as comfortable as could be; for the water was by some twenty degrees warmer than the frosty air.

"Cut the traces," he managed to shout, as his brother and sister hung over the bank.

"What does he mean?" asked Gregory.

"Take my little knife," said Mabel; "it cuts like a razor; but my hands shake."

"I see, I see;" nodded the counsellor, and he cut the long traces of the leader, and knotted them together. Meanwhile Charlie let both feet sink, and stood edgewise in the rapid current, treading water quietly. Of course he was carried down stream as he did it; but slowly (compared with a floating body). And he found that the movement was much less rapid, at three or four feet from the surface. Before he had time to think of this, or fairly fetch his balance, the white thing

he was waiting for came gliding in the blackness towards him. He flung out his arms at once, and cast his feet back, and made towards it. In the gliding hurry, and the flit of light, it passed him so far that he said "Good-bye," and then (perhaps from the attraction of bodies) it seemed for a second to stop; and the hand he cast forth laid hold of something. His own head went under water, and he swallowed a good mouthful; but he stuck to what he had got hold of, as behoves an Englishman. Then he heard great shouting upon dry land, and it made him hold the tighter. "Bravo, my noble fellow!" He heard; he was getting a little tired; but encouragement is everything. "Catch it! catch it! lay hold! lay hold!" he heard in several voices, and he saw the splash of the traces thrown, but had no chance to lay hold of them. The power of the black stream swept him on, and he vainly strove for either bank; unless he would let loose his grasp, and he would rather drown with it, than do that.

Now who saved him and his precious salvage? A poor, despised, and yet clever boy, whose only name was Bonny. When Gregory Lovejoy had lashed the Woeburn with his traces vainly, and Mabel had fixed her shawl to the end of them, and the tall man who followed the gig had dropped into the water quietly, and Bottler (disturbed by the shouting) had left his pigs and shone conspicuous—not one of them could have done a bit of good, if it had not been for Bonny. From no great valour on the part of the boy; but from a quick-witted suggestion.

His suggestion had to cross the water, as many good suggestions have to do; and but for Bottler's knowledge of his voice, nobody would have noticed it.

"Ye'll nab 'em down to bridge," he cried; "hurn down to bridge, and ee'll nab 'em. Tell un not to faight so."

"Let yoursen go with the strame," shouted Bottler to the gallant Charlie; "no use faighting for the bank. There's a tree as cross-eth down below; and us'll pull 'ee both out, when 'a gets there."

Charlie had his head well up, and saw the wisdom of this counsel. He knew by long battle that he could do nothing against the tenor of the Woeburn, and the man who had leaped in to help him, brave and strong as he was, could only follow as the water listed. The water went at one set pace, and swimmers only floated. And now it was a breathless race for the people on the dry land to gain the long tree that spanned the Woeburn, ere its victims were carried under. And but for sailor Lovejoy's skill and presence of mind, in seeking downward, and paddling more than swimming, the swift stream would have been first at the bridge; and then no other chance for them.

As it was, the runners were just in time, with scarcely a second to spare for it. Three men knelt on the trunk of the tree, while Mabel knelt in the snow, and prayed. The merciless stream was a fathom below them; but they hung the stanch traces in two broad loops, made good at each end in a fork of bough, and they showed him where they were by flipping the surface of the water.

Clinging to his helpless burden still, and doing his best to support it, the young sailor managed to grasp the leather; but his strength was spent, and he could not rise, and all things swam around him; the snowy banks, the eager faces, the white form he held, and the swift black current—all like a vision swept through his brain,

and might sweep on for ever. His wits were gone, and he must have followed, and been swept away to another world, if a powerful swimmer had not dashed up in full command of all faculties. The tall man, whom nobody had heeded in the rush and hurry, came down the black gorge with his head well up, and the speed and strength of an osprey. He seized the broad traces with such a grasp, that the timber above them trembled, and he bore himself up with his chest to the stream, and tearing off his neck-cloth, fastened first the drowned white figure, and then poor Charlie, to the loop of the strap, and saw them drawn up together; then gathering all his remaining powers, he struck for the bank, and gained it.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bottler; and every one present, Mabel included, joined the shout.

"Be quick, be quick! It is no time for words," cried the tall man, shaking his dress on the snow; "let me have the lady; you bring the fine fellow as quickly as possible to Bottler's yard. Bottler, just show us the shortest way."

"To be sure, sir," Mr. Bottler answered; "but, Major, you cannot carry her, and the drops are freezing on you."

"Do as I told you. Run in front of me; and just show the shortest road."

"Dash my stockings!" cried Master Bottler, "they won't be worth looking at to-morrow. And all through the snow, I've a kept un white. And I aint got any more clean ones."

However, he took a short cut to his yard; while Aylmer, with the lady in his arms, and her head hanging over his shoulder, followed so fast, that the good pig-sticker could scarcely keep in front of him. "Never mind me," cried brave Charlie, reviving; "I am as right

as ever. Mabel, go on and help ; though I fear it is too late to do any good."

"Whoever it is, it is dead as a stone," said the counsellor, wiping the wet from his sleeves ; "it fell away from me like an empty bag ; you might have spared your ducking, Charlie. But it must have been a lovely young woman."

"Dead or alive, I have done my duty. But don't you know who it is ? Oh, Mabel !"

"How could I see her face ?" said Mabel ; "the men would not let me touch her. And about here I know no one."

"Yes, you do. You know Alice Lorraine. It is poor Sir Roland's daughter."

CHAPTER LXXI.

While these things were going on down in the valley, a nice little argument was raging in the dining-room of the old house on the hill. By reason of the bitter weather, Mr. Binns and John Trotman had brought in two large three-winged screens of ancient poikolo-dædal canvas. Upon them was depicted every bird that flies, and fish that swims, and beast that walks on the face of the earth, besides many that never did anything of the sort. And betwixt them and a roaring fire sat six good gentlemen, taking their wine in the noble manner of the period.

Under the wings of one great screen, Sir Roland Lorraine, and Colonel Clumps, and Parson Hales were sitting. In the other, encamped Sir Remnant Chapman, Stephen his son, and Mr. John Ducksbill, a fundamentally trusty solicitor, to see to the deeds in the morning.

The state of the weather brought about all this. It would have been better for the bridegroom to come with a dash of horses in the morning, stir up the church, and the law, and the people, and scatter a pound's worth of halfpence. But after so long an experience of the cold white mood of the weather, common-sense told everybody, that if a thing was to be done at all, all who were to do it must be kept pretty well together.

But, alas ! even when the weather makes everybody cry "alas !" it is worse than the battles of the wind and snow, for six male members of the human race to look at one another with the fire in their front, and the deuce of a cold draught in their backs, and wine without stint at their elbows, and dwell wholly together in harmony. And the most exciting of all subjects unluckily had been started—or rather might be said "inevitably." Six gentlemen could not, in any reason, be hoped to sit over their wine, without getting into the subject of the ladies.

This is a thing to be always treated with a deep reserve, and confidential hint of something, that must not go beyond a hint. Every man thinks, with his glass in his hand, that he knows a vast deal more about women than any woman's son before him. Opinionous at once begin to clash. Every man speaks from his own experience ; which, upon so grand a matter, is as the claw of a lobster grasping at a whale—the largest of the mammals.

"Rector, I tell you," repeated Sir Remnant, with an angry ring of his wine-glass, "that you know less than nothing about it, sir. All the more to your credit, of course, of course. A parson must stick to his cloth and his gown, and keep himself clear of the petticoats."

"But, my dear sir, my own three daughters——"

"You may have got thirty daughters, without knowing anything at all about them."

"But, my good sir, my wife, at least—come now, is that no experience?"

"You may have got sixty wives, sir, and be as much in the dark as ever. Ducksbill, you know; come now, Ducksbill, give us your experience?"

"Sir Remnant, I am inclined to think that, upon the whole, your view of the question is the one that would be sustained. Though the subject has so many ramifications, that possible his Reverence——"

"Knows nothing at all about it. Gadzooks, sir, less than nothing. I tell you they have no will of their own, any more than they have any judgment. A man with a hap'orth of brains may do exactly what he likes with them. Colonel, you know it; come, colonel, now, after all your battles——"

"My battles were not fought amongst the women," said Colonel Clumps, most dryly.

"Hear, hear!" cried the rector, smacking his fat leg, in the joy of a new alliance.

"Very well, sir," said Sir Remnant, with his wrath diverted from the parson to the soldier; "you mean, I suppose, that my battles have been fought among the women only?"

"I said nothing of the sort. I know nothing of your battles. You alluded to mine, and I spoke my mind." Colonel Clumps had been vexed by Sir Remnant's words. He had long had a brother officer's widow in his mind; and ever since he had been under-fitted with a piece of boxwood, his feelings were hurt whenever women were run down in his presence.

"Chapman, I think," said Sir

Roland Lorraine, to assuage the rising storm, "that we might as well leave these little points (which have been in debate for some centuries) for future centuries to settle at their perfect leisure. Mr. Ducksbill, the wine is with you. Struan, you are not getting on at all. My son has been in Portugal, and he says that these olives are the right ones."

All the other gentlemen took the hint, and dropped the pugnacious subject; but Sir Remnant was such a tough old tyrant that there was no diverting him. He took a mighty pinch of snuff, rapped the corner of his box, and began again.

"Why, look you, Lorraine, at that girl of yours, as nice a girl as ever lived, and well brought up by her grandmother. A clever girl too—I'll be dashed if she isn't. She has said many things that have made me laugh; and it takes a good joke to do that, I can tell you. But no will of her own—no judgment—no what I may call decision."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Sir Roland, dryly; "I thought that my daughter had plenty of all those."

"Of course you did. All men think that until they find their mistake out. Nurse my vittels, if there is any one thing a woman should know her own mind about, it would be her own marriage. But Gadzooks, gentlemen, Miss Lorraine over and over again declared that she would not have our Steenie; and to-morrow morning she will have him, as merry as a grig, sir!"

"Now, father,"—began Captain Chapman; but as he spoke the screens were parted; and Trotman stood there, in all the importance of a great news-bearer.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Colonel Clumps, whose sedentary

arrangements were suddenly disturbed; "by Gad, sir, if I only had my bamboo!"

"If you plaize, sir," said Trotman, looking only at his master; "there be very bad news indeed. Miss Halice have adrowned herself in the Woeburn; and her corpse be at Bottler the pigman's, dead."

"Good God!" cried the rector; and the men either started to their

feet, or fell back on their chairs, according to their constitution. Sir Roland alone sat as firm as a rock.

"Upon what authority, authority—" Sir Roland neither finished that sentence, nor began another. His face became livid; his under-jaw fell; he rolled on his side, and lay there. As if by a hand direct from heaven, he was struck with palsy.

CHAPTER LXXII.

As soon as the master of the house had been taken to his bedroom, and a groom sent off at full gallop for the nearest doctor, Mr. Hales went up to Stephen Chapman, who was crying in the corner, and hauled him forth, and took his hand, and patted him on the shoulder. "Come, my good fellow," he said, "you must not allow yourself to be so overcome; the thing may be greatly exaggerated; everything always is, you know. I never believe more than half of a story; and I generally find that twice too much."

"Oh, but I did so love—love—love her. It does seem too hard upon me. Oh, parson, I feel as if I should die almost. When the doctor comes, let him see me first. He cannot do any good to Sir Roland; and Sir Roland is old, and he has always been good; but I have been a very bad man always——"

"Bad or good, be a man of some sort—not a whining baby," said the rector. "Put on your hat, and come out with me, if you have got a bit of pluck in you. I am going down to see my poor niece, at once."

"Oh, I could not do it! I could never do it! How can you ask me to do such a thing? And in such weather as this is!"

"Very well," Mr. Hales replied, buttoning up the collar of his coat;

"I have no son, Stephen Chapman; and I am in holy orders, and therefore canonically debarred from the use of unclerical language; but if I had a son like you, dash me if I would not kick him from my house-door to my mixen!" Having thus relieved his mind, the rector went to the main front passage, and chose for himself a most strenuous staff, and then he pulled the wire of the front-door bell, that the door might be fastened behind him. And before any of the scared servants came up, he had thought of something. "Who is it? oh, Mrs. Merryjack; is it?"

"Yes, sir; please sir, the men are all away, and the housemaid's too frightened to come up the stairs."

"You are a good woman. Where is Mrs. Pipkins?"

"She hath fetched up her great jar of leeches, sir; and she is trying them with poor master. Lord bless you, you might every bit as well put horse-radish on him!"

"And better, Merryjack—better, I believe. Now you are a sensible and clever woman."

"No, sir. Oh, Lord, sir, I was never told that! though some folk may a' said so."

"They were right, every time they said it, ma'am. And no one has said it more often than I have. Now, Mrs. Merryjack——"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. Anything you tells me, sir."

"It is only this: I am going, as fast as I can, to Churchwarden Bottler's. I shall take the short cut, and cross the water. You cannot do that; it would not be safe for a woman, in the dark, to attempt it. But just do this: order the light close carriage as soon as possible. The horses are roughed, to go to church to-morrow. Get inside it, with your warmest cloak on, and blankets, and shawls, and anything else you can think of, and tell the man to drive for his life to Bottler's. Women will be wanted there, for one thing, or the other."

"Yes, sir; to be sure, sir. We are always wanted. Oh's me, the poor, young dear!"

The rector set off by a path to the right, passing eastward of the Coombe, and leading, as well as might be, to the tree that crossed the water. It was a rough and dreary road; and none but a veteran sportsman could, in that state of the weather, have followed it. But Mr. Hales knew every yard of the hill, and when he could trust the drift, and where it would have been death to venture. And though the moon had set long ere this, the sky was bright, and the sparkle of the stars was spread, as in a concave mirror, by the radiance of the snow.

At Bottler's gate, Mr. Hales was rudely repulsed, until they looked at him. Gregory and Bouny were on guard, with a great tarpauling behind them; each of them having a broom in hand, ready to be thrust into anybody's face. A great glow of light was in the air, and by it their eyes shone—whether it were with ferocity, or whether it were with tenderness.

"I am her own uncle—I must go in. I stand in the place of her father."

Bouny, of course, knew his mas-

ter, and opened the paling-gate to let him in. And there Mr. Hales beheld a thing such as he never had seen before. Every sign of the singeing or dressing of pigs had been done away with. The embers of fuel, all round the grey walls, had given their warmth, and lay quivering. The grey flints, bedded in lime behind them, were of a dull and sulky red; the ground all over the courtyard steamed, as the blow of the frost rose out of it, and the cover spread overhead reflected genial warmth and comfort.

Near the middle of the yard, on a mattress, lay the form of poor Alice, enfolded in warm blankets, and Mrs Bottler's best counterpane. That kind and good woman, with Mabel's help, had removed the wet and freezing clothes, when Major Aylmer had laid his burden in Mrs Bottler's parlour. The only hope that the fleeing spirit might remain, or return, was to be found in warmth, or rather strong heat, applied at once; and therefore (with the Major's advice and aid) clever use had been made of Mr. Bottler's great preparations. It is needless to say that the pigman (who had now galloped off to Steyning for a doctor) would, if left to himself, have settled matters very speedily, by hanging the poor girl up head downwards, to drain off the water she had swallowed. But now, under Major Aylmer's care, everything had been done as well as a doctor could have managed it. The body was laid with the head well up, and partly inclined on the right side, so that the feeble flutter of the heart—if any should arise—might not be hindered. The slender feet, so white and beautifully arched, were laid on a brown stone jar of hot water; and the little helpless palms were chafed by the rough hands of Mrs. Bottler. Mabel also spread light friction, with a quick

and glancing touch, over the cold heart, frozen breast, and chill relapse of everything. And from time to time she endeavoured to inspire the gentle rise and fall of breath.

The Major came forward and took the hand of his friend the rector silently. "Is there any hope?" whispered Mr. Hales.

"Less and less. It is now two hours since we began trying to restore her. I was nearly drowned myself, some years ago, and lay for an hour insensible. Every minute that passes now lessens the chance. But this young lady is wonderfully clever."

"I only do what you tell me," said Mabel, looking up, without leaving off her persevering efforts.

"Flying in the face of the Almighty, I call it," cried Mrs. Bottler, who was very tired, and ought to have had equal share of the praise. "Poor dear! we had better let her bide till the doctor cometh, or the crowner."

"Not till a doctor declares her dead," said Major Aylmer, quietly; "I am delighted that you are come, Mr. Hales. You are a great reinforcement. I have longed to try my own hand, but—but you can; you are her uncle. Perhaps you have not seen a case like this. Will you act under my directions?"

"With all my heart," replied the rector, pulling off his coat, and pitching it down anywhere. "Oh my dear, my pretty dear, I do believe you will know my touch. Go out of the way, Mrs. Bottler, now—go and make some soup, ma'am. Mabel and I, Mabel and I, when we get together, I do believe we could make a flock of sheep out of a row of flints. Now, sir, what am I to do?"

Whatever he was told, he did with such a will, that presently Mabel looked up, and exclaimed with breathless delight—"Oh, I feel

a little throb—I did feel a little flutter, of the heart—I am almost sure I did."

"My dear girl, rub away," answered the rector; "that is right, Major, is not it?"

"I believe so. Now is the critical time. A relapse—and all is over."

"There shall be no relapse," cried the rector, working away with his shirt-sleeves up, and his ruddy face glowing in the fire-light; "please God, there shall be no relapse; the bravest and the noblest maid in the world shall not go out of it. Do you know me, my darling? You ought to know your kind uncle Struan."

Purely white, and beautiful as a piece of the noblest sculpture, Alice lay before them. Her bashful virgin beauty was (even in the shade of death) respected with pure reverence. The light of the embers (which alone could save her mouldering ash of life) showed the perfect outline, and the absence of the living gift, which makes it more than outline. Mabel's face, intense with vital energy and quick resolve, shone and glowed in contrast with the apathy and dull whiteness over which she bent so eagerly. Now, even while she gazed, the dim absorption of white cheeks and forehead slowly passed and changed its dulness (like a hydrophane immersed) into glancing and reflecting play of tender light and life. Rigid lines, set lineaments, fixed curves, and stubborn vacancy, began to yield a little and a little, and then more and more, to the soft return of life, and the sense of being alive again.

There is no power of describing it. Those who have been through it cannot tell what happened to them. Only this we know, that we were dead and now we live again. And by the law of nature (which we under-crept so narrowly)

we are driven to the opposite extreme of violent vitality.

Softly as an opening flower, and with no more knowledge of the windy world around us, eyelids, fair as Cytherea's, raised their fringe, and fell again. Then a long, deep sigh of anguish, (quite uncertain where it was, but resolved to have utterance), arose from rich pure depth of breast, and left the kind heart lighter.

"Darling," cried Mabel; "do you know me? Open your eyes again, and tell me."

Alice opened her eyes again; but she could not manage to say anything. And she did not seem to know any one. Then the doctor pulled up at the paling-gate, skipped in, felt pulse, or felt for it, and forthwith ordered stimulants.

"Put her to bed in a very warm room. The carriage is here with the blankets. But on no account must she go home. Mrs. Bottler will give up her best room. Let Mrs. Merryjack sit up all night. She is a cook, she can keep a good fire up. Let her try to roast her young mistress. Only keep the air well moving. I see that you have a first-rate nurse—this pretty young lady—excuse me, ma'am. Well, I shall be back in a couple of hours. I have a worse case to see to."

He meant Sir Roland; but would not tell them. He had met the groom from Coombe Lorraine; and he knew how the power of life has dropped from a score of years to three score.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

In this present state of things, and difficulty everywhere, the one thing most difficult of all is to imagine greater goodness than that of Mr. Bottler. He had a depression that could not be covered by a five-pound note, to begin with, in the value of the pig-meat he was dressing scientifically, when he had to turn it all out to be frozen, and take in poor Alice to thaw instead. Of that he thought nothing, less than nothing—he said so; and he tried to feel it. But take it as you will, it is something. A man's family may be getting lighter, as they begin to maintain themselves; but the man himself wants more maintenance, after all his exertions with them; and the wife of his old bosom lacks more nourishment than the bride of his young one. More money goes out, as more money comes in.

And not only that, but professional pride grows stronger as a man,

grows older and more thoroughly up to his business, especially if a lot of junior fellows, like the man at Bramber, rush in, and invent new things, and boast of work that we know to be clumsy. If any man in England was proud of the manner in which he turned out his pork, that man was Churchwarden Bottler. Yet disappointment combined with loss could not quench his accustomed smile, or plough one wrinkle in his snowy hose, as he quitted his cart on the following morning, and made his best duty and bow to Alice.

Alice, still looking very pale and frail, was lying on the couch in the pigman's drawing-room; while Mabel, who had been with her all the night, sat on a chair by her pillow. Alice had spoken, with tears in her eyes, of the wonderful kindness of every one. Her mind was in utter confusion yet as to anything that had befallen her;

except that she had some sense of having done some desperate deed, which had caused more trouble than she was worthy of. Her pride and courage were far away. Her spirit had been so near the higher realms where human flesh is not, that it was delighted to get back, and substantially ashamed of itself.

"What will my dear father say? And what will other people think? I seem to have considered nothing; and I can consider nothing now."

"Darling, don't try to consider," Mabel answered softly; "you have considered far too much; and what good ever comes of it?"

"None," she answered; "less than none. Consider the lilies that consider not. Oh, my head is going round again."

It was the roundness of her head, which had saved her life in the long dark water. Any long head must have fallen back, and yielded up the ghost; but her purely spherical head, with the garden hat fixed tightly round it, floated well on a rapid stream, with air and natural hair resisting any water-logging. And thus the Woeburn had borne her for a mile, and vainly endeavoured to drown her.

"Oh, why does not my father come?" she cried, as soon as she could clear her mind; "he always used to come at once, and be in such a hurry, even if I got the nettle-rash. He must have made his mind up now, to care no more about me. And when he has once made up his mind, he is stern—stern—stern. He never will forgive me. My own father will despise me. Where now, where is somebody?"

"You are getting to be foolish again," said Mabel; much as it grieved her to speak thus; "your father cannot come at the very first moment you call for him. He is full of lawyers' business, and allow-

ances must be made for him. Now you are so clever, and you have inherited from the Normans such a quick perception. Take this thing; and tell me, Alice, what it can be meant for."

From the place of honour in the middle of the mantelpiece, Mabel Lovejoy took down a tool which had been dwelling on her active mind ever since the night before. She understood taps, she had knowledge of cogs, she could enter into intricate wards of keys, and was fond of letter-padlocks; but now she had something which combined them all; and she could not make head or tail of it.

"I thought that I knew every metal that grows," she said, as Alice opened her languid hand for such a trifle; "I always do our forks and spoons, and even mother's teapots. But I never beheld any metal of such a colour as this has got, before. Can you tell me what this metal is?"

"I ought to know something, but I know nothing," Alice answered, wearily; "my father is acknowledged to be full of learning. Every minute I expect him."

"No doubt he will tell us, when he comes. But I am so impatient. And it looks like the key of some wonderful lock, that nothing else would open. May I ask what it is? Come, at least say that."

"It will give me the greatest delight to know," said Alice, with a yawn, "what the thing is; because it will please you, darling. And it certainly does look curious."

Upon this question Mrs. Bottler, like a good wife, referred them to her more learned husband, who came in now from his morning drive, scraping off the frozen snow, and accompanied, of course, by Polly.

"Polly's doll, that's what we call it," he said; "the little maid took

such a liking to it, that Bonny was forced to give it her. Where the boy got it, the Lord only knows. The Lord hath given him the gift of finding a'most everything. He hath it both in his eyes and hands. I believe that boy'd die Lord Mayor of London, if he'd only come out of his hole in the hill."

"But cannot we see him, Mr. Bottler?" asked Mabel; "when he is finding these things, does he lose himself?"

"Not he, Miss!" replied the man of bacon. "He knows where he is, go where he will. You can hear him a-whistling down the lane now. He knoweth when I've a been easing of the pigs, sharper than my own steel do. Chittlings, or skirt, or milt, or trimmings—oh, he's the boy for a rare pig's fry—it don't matter what the weather is. I'd as lief dine with him as at home a'most."

"Oh! let me go and see him at the door," cried Mabel; "I am so fond of clever boys." So out she ran without waiting for leave, and presently ran back again. "Oh what a nice boy!" she exclaimed to Alice; "so very polite; and he has got such eyes! But I am sadly afraid he'll be impudent when he grows much older."

"Aha, Miss, aha, Miss! you are right enough there," observed Mr. Bottler, with a crafty grin. "He ain't over bashful already perhaps."

"And where do you think he found this most extraordinary instrument? At Shoreham, drawn up by the nets from the sea! And they said that it must have been dropped from a ship, many and many a year ago, when Shoreham was a place for foreign traffic. And he is almost sure that it must be a key of some very strange old-fashioned lock."

"Then you may depend upon it that it is a key, and nothing else,"

said Bottler, with his fine soft smile. "That boy Bonny hath been about so much among odds, and ends, and rakings, that he knoweth a bit about everything."

"An old-fashioned key from the sea at Shoreham? Let me think of something," said Alice Lorraine, leaning back on her pillow, with her head still full of the Woeburn. "I seem to remember something, and then I am not at all sure what it is. Oh! when is my father coming?"

"Your father hath sent orders, Miss Alice," said Bottler, coming back with a good bold lie, "that you must go up to the house, if you please. He hath so much to see to with them Chapman lot, that he must not leave home nohow. The coach is a-coming for you now just."

"Very well," answered Alice, "I will do as I am told. I always mean to do as I am told henceforth. But will you lend me Polly's doll?"

"Lord bless you, Miss, I daren't do it for my life. Polly would have the house down. She'm the strangest child as you ever did see, until you knows how to manage her. Her requireth to be taken the right side up. Now, if I say 'Poll' to her, her won't do nothing; but if I say 'Polly dear,'—why, there she is!"

Alice was too weak and worn to follow this great question up. But Mabel was as wide awake as ever, although she had been up all night. "Now, Mr. Bottler, just do this: Go and say 'Polly dear, will you lend your doll to the pretty lady, till it comes back covered with sugar-plums?'" Mr. Bottler promised that he would do this; and by the time Alice was ready to go, square Polly, with a very broad gait, came up and placed her doll, without a word, in the hands of Alice, and then ran away, and

could never stop sobbing, until her father put the horse in on purpose, and got her between his legs in the cart. "Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Bottler. "We will drive

to the end of the world," he answered; "I'm blowed if I think there'll be any gate to pay between this and that, by the look of things. Polly, hold on by my knees."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

In the old house and good household, warmth of opinion and heat of expression abounded now about everything. Pages might be taken up with saying what even one man thought, and tens of pages would not contain the half of what one woman said. Enough, that when poor Alice was brought back through the snow-drifts quietly, every movable person in the house was at the door. Everybody loved her and everybody admired her; but now, with a pendulous conscience. Also, with much fear about themselves; as the household of Admetus gazed at the pale return of Alcestis.

Alice, being still so weak, and quite unfit for anything, was frightened at their faces, and drew back and sank with faintness.

"Sillies," cried Mabel, jumping out, with Polly's doll inside her muff; "naturals, or whatever you are, just come and do your duty."

They still hung away, and not one of them would help poor Alice across her own father's threshold, until a great scatter of snow flew about, and a black horse was reined up hotly.

"You zanies!" cried the rector, "you cowardly fools! You never come to church, or you would know what to do. You skulking hounds, are you afraid of your own master's daughter? I have got my big whip. By the Lord, you shall have it. Out of my parish I'll set to and kick every dastardly son of a cook of you."

"Where is my father?" said

Alice faintly; "I hoped that he would have come for me."

At the sound of her voice they began to perceive that she was not the ghost of the Woeburn; and the rector's strong championship cast at once the broad and sevenfold shield of the church over the maiden's skeary deed. "Oh uncle Struan," she whispered, hanging upon his arm, as he led her in; "have I committed a great crime? Will my father be ashamed of me?"

"He should rather be ashamed of himself, I think," he answered, for the present declining the subject, which he meant to have out with her some day; "but, my dear, he is not quite well; that is why he does not come to see you. And, indeed, he does not know—I mean he is not at all certain how you are. Trotman, open that door, sir, this moment."

The parson rather carried than led his niece into a sitting-room, and set her by a bright fire, and left Mabel Lovejoy to attend to her; while he himself hurried away to hear the last account of Sir Roland, and to consult the doctor as to the admittance of poor Alice. But in the passage he met Colonel Clumps, heavily stamping to and fro, with even more than wonted energy.

"Upon my life and soul, master parson, I must get out of this house," he cried; "slashing work, sir, horrible slashing. I had better be under old Beaky again. I came here to quiet my system, sir, and zounds, sir, they make every hair stand up."

"Why, Colonel, what is the matter

now? Surely, a man of war, like you——”

“Yes, sir, a man of war I am; but not a man of suicide, and paralysis, and precipices, and concussions of the brain, sir,—battle, and murder, and sudden death—why, my own brain is in a concussion, sir!”

“So it appears,” said the rector, dryly. “But surely, Colonel, you can tell us what the news is?”

“The news is just this, sir,” cried the Colonel, stamping, “the two Chapmans were upset in their coach last night down a precipice, and both killed as dead as stones, sir. They sent for the doctor; that’s proof of it; our doctor has had to be off for his life. No man ever sends for the doctor until he is dead.”

“There is some truth in that,” replied Mr. Hales; “but I won’t believe it quite yet, at any rate. No doubt they have been upset. I said so as soon as I heard they were gone; particularly with their postilions drunk. And I daresay they are a good deal knocked about. But snow is a fine thing to ease a fall. Whatever has happened, they brought on themselves, by their panic and selfish cowardice.”

“Ay, they ran like rats from a sinking ship when they saw poor Sir Roland’s condition. Alice had frightened them pretty well; but the other affair quite settled them. Sad as it was, I could scarcely help laughing.”

“A sad disappointment for your nice girls, Colonel. Instead of a gay wedding, a house of death.”

“And for your pretty daughters, rector, too. However, we must not think of that. You have taken in the two Lovejoys, I hear.”

“Gregory and Charlie? Yes, poor fellows. They were thoroughly scared last night, and of course Bottler had no room for them. That Charlie is a grand fellow, and fit to

follow in the wake of Nelson. He was frozen all over as stiff as a rick just thatched, and what did he say to me? He said, ‘I shall get into the snow and sleep. I won’t wet mother Bottler’s floor.’”

“Well done! well said! There is nothing in the world to equal English pluck, sir, when you come across the true breed of it. Ah, if those d——d fellows had left me my leg, I would have whistled about my arm, sir. But the worst of the whole is this, supposing that I am grossly insulted, sir, how can I do what a Briton is bound to do—how can I kick—you know what I mean, sir?”

“Come, Colonel, if you can manage to spin round like that, you need not despair of compassing the national salute. But here we are at Sir Roland’s door. Are we allowed to go in! or what are the orders of the doctor?”

“Oh yes; he is quite unconscious. You might fire off a cannon close to his ear, without his starting a hair’s breadth. He will be so for three days, the doctor thinks; and then he will awake, and live or die, according as the will of the Lord is.”

“Most of us do that,” answered the parson; “but what shall I say to his daughter?”

“Leave her to me. I will take her a message, sir. I have been hoaxed so in the army, that now I can hoax any one.”

“I believe you are right. She will listen to you a great deal more than she would to me. Moreover, I want to be off, as soon as I have seen poor Sir Roland. I shall ride on, and ask how the Chapmans are. I don’t believe they are dead; they are far too tough. What a blessing it is to have you here, Colonel, with the house in such a state! How is that confounded old woman, who lies at the bottom of all this mischief?”

"Lady Valeria Lorraine," said the Colonel rather stiffly, "is as well as can be expected, sir. She has been to see her son Sir Roland, and her grandson Hilary. My opinion is that this brave girl inherits her spirit from her grandmother. Whatever happens, I am sure of one thing, she ought to be the mother of heroes, sir; not the wife of Steenie Chapman."

"Ah's me," cried the rector, "it

will take a brave man to marry her after what she has done."

"Stuff and nonsense," answered the Colonel; "a good man will value her all the more, and scorn the opinion of the county, sir."

The rector, in his own stout heart, was much of the same persuasion; but it would not do for him to say so yet. So, after a glance at Sir Roland's wan and death-like features, he rode forth, with a sigh, to look after the Chapmans.

CHAPTER LXXV.

A grand physician, being called from London, pronounced that Sir Roland's case was one of asthenic apoplexy, rather than of pure paralysis. He gave the proper directions, praised the local practitioners, hoped for the best, took his fifty guineas with promptitude, and departed. If there were any weight on the mind, it must be cast aside at once, as soon as the mind should have sense of it. For this a little effort might be allowed, "such as the making of a will, or so forth, or good-bye to children; for on the first return of sense, some activity was good for it. But after that, repose, dear sir; insist on repose and good nourishing food. No phlebotomy—no, that is quite a mistake; an anachronism, a barbarism, in such a case as this is. It is anæmia with our poor friend, and vascular inaction. No arterial plethora; quite the opposite in fact. You have perfectly diagnosed the case. How it will end I cannot say, any more than you can."

One more there was, one miserable heart, perpetually vexed and torn, that could not tell how things would end, if even they ended anyhow. Alice Lorraine could not be kept from going to her father's bed, and she was not strong enough

yet to bear the view of the wreck before her.

"It is my doing—my doing," she cried; "oh what a wicked thing I must have done, to be punished so bitterly as this!"

"If you please, Miss, to go away with your excitement," said the old nurse, who was watching him. "You promised to behave yourself, and this is how you do it! Us never can tell what they hears, or what they don't; when they lies with their ears pricked up so."

"Nurse, I will go away," said Alice; "I always do more harm than good."

The only comfort she now could get flowed from the warm bright heart of Mabel. Everybody else gave signs of being a little, or much afraid of her. And what is more dreadful for any kind heart, than for other hearts to dread it! She knew that she had done a desperate thing; and she felt that everybody had good reason for shrinking away from her large deep eyes. She tried to keep up her courage, in spite of all that was whispered about her; and truly speaking, her whole heart vested in her father and her brother.

Mabel watched the whole of this, and did her best to help it. But,

sweet and good girl as she was, and in her way very noble, she belonged to a stratum of womanhood distinct from that of Alice. She would never have jumped into the river. She would simply have defied them to take her to church. She would have cried, "Here I am, and I won't marry any man, unless I love him. I don't love this man; and I won't have him. Now do your worst, every one of you." A sensible way of regarding the thing, in a family not too chivalrous.

On the third day, Sir Roland moved his eyes, and feebly raised one elbow. Alice sat there at his side, as now she was almost always sitting. "Oh father," she cried, "if you would only give one little sign that you know me. Just to move your darling hand, or just to give me one little glance. Or if I have no right to that——"

"Go away, Miss; leave the room, if you please. My orders was very particular to have nobody near him, when he first begins to take notice to anything."

Alice, with a deep sigh, obeyed the orders of the cross old dame; and when the doctor came she received her reward in his approval. It was pitiful to see how humble this poor girl was now become. The accident to the Chapmans, her father's "stroke," poor Hilary's ruin, the lowering of the family for years, had all been attributed to her "wicked sin," by Lady Valeria, whose wrath was boundless at the overthrow of all her plans.

"What good have you done? What good have you done by such a heinous outrage? You have disgraced yourself for ever. Who will ever look at you now?"

"Everybody, I am afraid, Madam," Alice answered with a blush.

"You know what I mean, as well as I do. Even if you were

drowned, I believe, you would catch at the words of your betters."

"Drowning people catch at straws," she answered, with a shudder of memory.

"And you could not even drown yourself. You were too clumsy to do even that."

"Well, Madam," said Alice, with a smile almost resembling that of better times; "surely even you will admit that I did my best towards it."

"Ah, you flighty child, leave my room, and go and finish killing your father."

Now when the doctor came and saw the slight revival of his patient, he hurried in search of Miss Lorraine, towards whom he had taken a liking. After he had given his opinion of the case, and comforted her until she cried, he said—"Now you must come and see him. And if you can think of anything likely to amuse him, or set his mind in motion — any interesting remembrance or suggestion of mild surprise, it will be the very best thing possible."

"But surely, to see me again will sufficiently astonish him."

"It is not likely. In most of these cases perfect oblivion is the rule as to the occurrence that stimulated the predisposition to these attacks. Sir Roland will not have the smallest idea that—that anything has happened to you."

And so it proved. When Alice came to her father's side, he looked at her exactly as he used to do, except that his glance was weak and wavering, and full of desire to comfort her. The doctor had told her to look cheerful, and even gay—and she did her best. Sir Roland had lost all power of speech; but his hearing was as good as ever; and being ordered to take turtle-soup, he was propped up on a bank of pillows, and doing his best to execute medical directions.

"Oh my darling, darling," cried Alice, after a little while, being left to feed her father delicately: "I have got such a surprise for you! You will say you were never so astonished in all the course of your life before."

She knew how her father would have answered if he had been at all himself. He would have lifted his eyebrows, and aroused her dutiful combativeness with some of that little personal play which passes between near relatives, who love and understand each other. As it was, he could only nod, to show his anxiety for some surprise. And then Alice did a thing which, under any other circumstances, would have been most inconsistent in her. In the drawer of his looking-glass she found his best-beloved snuff-box, and she put one little pinch between his limp fore-finger and white thumb, and raised them towards the proper part, and trusted to nature to do the rest. A pleasant light shone forth his eyes; and she felt that she had earned a kiss. Betwixt a smile and a tear, she took it; and then for fear of a chill, she tucked him up, and sat quietly by him. She had learned, as we learn in our syntax, what,—"*vacuis committere venis.*"

When he had slept for two or three hours, with Alice hushing the sound of her breath, he was seized with sudden activity. His body had been greatly strengthened by the most nourishing of all food; and now his mind began to aim at like increase of movement.

"What do you think I have got to show you?" said Alice, perceiving this condition. "Nothing less, I do believe, than the key of the fine old Astrologer's case! Of course, I can only guess, because you have got it locked away, papa. But from the metal looking just the same, and the shape of it, and

the seven corners, and its being found at Shoreham, in the sea, where Memel was said to have lost it, I do think it must be that very same key. And I found it, papa—well I found it under rather peculiar circumstances. Now may I go and try? There can be no harm, if it turns out to be pure fancy."

Her father nodded, and pointed to a drawer where he kept his important keys, as Alice of course was well aware. And in five minutes Alice came back again, with the strange old case in one hand, and Polly's queer doll in the other. Mabel lingered in the passage, not being sure that she ought to come in, though Alice tried to fetch her. Then Alice set the case, or cushion, upon her father's bedside table, and with a firm hand pushed the key down, and endeavoured to turn it. Not a little would anything yield, or budge; although it was clear to the duller eye that lock and key belonged together.

"It is the key, papa," cried Alice. "It fits to a hair; but it won't turn. This queer old thing goes round and round, instead of staying quiet, and waiting to be unlocked justly. I suppose my hands are too weak. Oh there! Provoking thing, it goes round again. I know how I could manage it, if I may, my darling father. In the Astrologer's room, I saw a tremendous vice, fit to take anything. I have inherited some of his turn for tools and mechanism; though of course in a most degenerate degree. Now may I go up? I shall have no fear whatever, if Mabel comes with me."

Winning mute assent, she ran for the key of that room, and took Mabel with her; and soon they had that obstinate case set fast in a vice, whose screw had not been turned for more than two centuries. The bottom of the cone was hard and

solid, and bedded itself in the old oak slabs. "Now turn, Mabel, turn; the key is warped; or we might apply more force," said Alice. They did not know that it had been crooked by the jaws of Jack the donkey. Even so, it would not yield, until they passed an ancient chisel through its loop, and worked away. Then with a thin and sulky screech the cogs began to move, and the upper half of the case to slide aside.

"Oh! I am so frightened, Alice," cried Mabel, drawing back her hands. "And the room is so cold! It seems so unholy! It feels like witchcraft! And all his old tools looking at us!"

"Witch, or wizard, or necromancer, I am not going to leave off now," answered Alice the resolute. "You may run away, if you like. But I mean to get to the bottom of this, if I—if I can, at least."

She was going to say, "if I die for it." But she had been so close to death quite lately, that she feared to take his name in vain.

"How slowly it moves! How it does resist!" cried Mabel, returning to the charge. "I thought I was pretty strong—well, it ought to be worth something for all this work."

"It is fire-proof! It is lined with asbestos!" Alice answered eagerly. "Oh! there must be an enormous lot of gold."

"There can't be," said Mabel; "why, a thousand guineas is more than you or I could carry. And you carried this easily in one hand."

"Don't talk so!" cried Alice; "but work away. I am desperately anxious."

"As for me, I am positively dying of curiosity. Lend me your pocket-handkerchief, dear. I am cutting my hands to pieces."

"Here it comes, I do believe. Well, what an extraordinary thing!"

The dome of the cone had yielded

sulkily to the vigour and perseverance of two beautiful young ladies. It had slid horizontally, the key of course sliding with it, upon a strong rack of metal, which had been purposely made to go stiffly; and now that the cover had passed the cogs, it was lifted off quite easily. All this was the handiwork of the man, the simple-minded Eastern sage, who loved the shepherds and the sheep; and whose fine spirit would have now rejoiced to see the result of good workmanship.

The two fair girls poured hair together, with forehead close to forehead, when the round substantial case lay coverless before them. A disc of yellow parchment was spread flat on the top of everything, with its edges crenelled into the asbestos lining. Hours and perhaps days of care had been spent by clever brain and hands, to keep the air and dust out.

"Who shall lift it?" asked Mabel, panting. "I am almost afraid to move."

"I will lift it, of course," said Alice; "I am his descendant; and he foresaw that I should do it."

She took from the lathe a little narrow tool for turning ivory (which had touched no hand since the Prince's), and she delicately loosened up the parchment, and examined it. It was covered with the finest manuscript, in concentric rings, beginning with half an inch of diameter; but she could not interpret a word of that. Below it shone a thick flossy layer of the finest mountain wool, and under that the soft spun amber of the richest native silk.

"Now, Alice, do you mean to stop all night!" cried Mabel; "see how the light is fading!"

The light was fading, and spreading also, in a way that reminded Alice (although the season and the weather were so entirely different)

of her visit to that room, two and a half long years ago, alone among the shadows. The white light, with the snow-gleam in it, favoured any inborn light in every thing else that was beautiful.

Alice, with the gentlest touch of the fairy-gifts of her fingers, raised the last gossamer of the silk, and drew back, and sighed with wonder. Mabel (always prompt to take the barb and shaft of everything) leaned over, and looked in, and at once enlarged her eyes and lovely mouth in purest stupefaction.

Before and between these two most lovely specimens of the human race, lay the most beautiful and more lasting proofs of what nature used to do, before the production of women. Alice and Mabel, with the light in their eyes, and the flush in their fair cheeks quivering, felt that their beauty was below contempt—except in the opinion of stupid men—if compared with what they were looking at.

Of all the colours cast by nature on the world, as lavishly as Shake-

spere threw his jewels forth, of all the tints of sun and heaven in flower, sea, and rainbow, there was not one that did not glance, or gleam, or glow, or lie in ambush, and then suddenly flash forth, and blush, and then fall back again. None of them waited to be looked at, all were in perpetual play; they had been immured for centuries, and when the glad light broke upon them, forth they danced like meteors. And then, as if all quick with life, they began to weave their crossing rays, and cast their tints through one another, like the hurtling of the Aurora. And to back their fitful brilliance, in among them lay and spread a soft, delicious, milky-way of bashful white serenity.

"It is terrible witchcraft!" cried dazzled Mabel.

"No," said Alice; "it is the noblest casket ever seen, of precious opals, and of pearls. You shall carry them to my father."

"Indeed, I will not," said the generous Mabel; "you have earned, and you shall offer them."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Beauty having due perception and affection for itself, it is natural that young ladies should be much attached to jewels. It does not, however, follow that they know anything about them, any more than they always do about other objects of their attachment. Nevertheless they always want to know the money-value.

"I should say they were worth a thousand pounds, if they are worth a penny," said Mabel, sagely shaking her head, and looking wonderfully learned.

"A thousand!" cried Alice. "Ten thousand, you mean. Now put it all back as we found it."

"Oh, one more glance, one more

good look, before other people see them! Oh! let the light fall sideways."

Mabel, in her admiration, danced all round the astrologer's room, whisking the dust from the wheel of his lathe, and scattering quaint rare tools about, while Alice, calmly smiling at her, repacked the case, silk, wool, and parchment, and giving her friend the cover to carry, led the way towards her father's room.

Sir Roland Lorraine was so amazed that for the moment the mind resumed command of the body; the needful effort was made; and he "spake with his tongue" once more, though feebly and inarticulately.

"Father, darling, that is worth

more to me," cried Alice, throwing her arms around him, "than all the jewels that ever were made from the first year of the world to this. Oh I could never, never live without hearing your dear voice!"

It was long, however, before Sir Roland recovered mind and spirit so as to attempt a rendering of the provident sage's document. The writing was so small, that a powerful lens was wanted for it; the language, moreover, was Latin, and the contractions crabb'd to the last degree. And crammed as it was with terms of art, an interpreter might fairly doubt whether his harder task was to make out what the words were, or what they meant. But omitting some quite unintelligible parts, it seemed to be somewhat as follows:—

"O descendant of mine in far-off ages, neither be thou carried away by desire of riches, neither suppose thine ancestor to have been so carried. I bid thee rather to hold thy money in the place of nothing, and to be taught that it is a work of royal amplitude and most worthy of the noblest princes, to conquer the obstinacy of nature by human skill and fortitude. Labouring much I have accomplished little; seeking many things I have found some; it is not just that I should be forgotten, or mingled with those of my time and rank, who live by violence, and do nothing for the benefit of humanity.

"Among many other things which I have by patience and learning conquered, the one the most likely of all to lead to wealth is of a simple kind. To wit, as Glaucus of Chios (following up the art of Celmis and Damnameneus) discovered the *κόλλησις* of iron, so have I discovered that of jewels—the opal, and perhaps the ruby. As regards the opal, I am certain; as regards the ruby, I have still some difficulties to conquer. All who know the opal can,

with very clear vision, perceive that its lustre and versatile radiance flows from innumerable laminae; united by fusion in the endless flux of years. Having discovered how to solve the opal with a caustic liquor"—here followed chemical marks, which none but a learned chemist could understand—"and how to recompose it, I have spent twelve months in Hungary collecting a full *médimus* of small opals of the purest quality. After many trials and a great waste of material, I have accomplished things undreamed by Baccius, Evax, or Leonardus; I have produced the priceless opal, cast to mould, and of purest water, from the size of an avellan-nut to that of a small castane. Larger I would not make them, knowing the incredulity of mankind, who take for false all things more than twice the size of their own experience.

"Alas! it is allowed to no man, great works having been carried through, to see what will become of them. These gems of inestimable value, polished by their own liquescence, and coherent as the rainbow, demand, so far as I yet can judge, at least a hundred years of darkness and of cavernous seclusion, such as nature and the gods require for all perfect work. And when the air is first let in, it must be very slowly done, otherwise all might fall abroad, as though I had never touched them. For this, with the vigilance of a great philosopher, I have provided.

"Now farewell, whether descended from me, or whether (if the fates will) alien. A philosopher who has penetrated, and, under the yoke, led nature, is the last of all men to speak proudly, or record his own great deeds. That he leaves for inferior and less tranquil minds, as are those of the poets. Only do not thou sell these gems for little, if thou sell them. The smallest of them is larger and finer than that of the

Senator Nomius, or that which is called 'Troy burning,' from the propugnated flash of its movement. Be not misled by jewellers. Rogues they are, and imitators, and perpetually striving to make gain disgracefully. Hearken thou not to one word of these ; but keep these

jewels, if thou canst. If narrow matters counsel sale, then go to the king of thy country, or great nobles, who will not wrong thee. And be sure that thou keep them well advised, that neither in skill of hand nor in learning should they attempt to vie with Agasicles the Carian."

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Long ere the writing of the diffident sage had been thus interpreted, the casket, or rather its contents (being intrusted to the wary hands of the Counsellor on his return to London), had passed the severest test and been pronounced of enormous value. The great philosopher had not deigned to say a word about the pearls, whether produced or amalgamated by his skill, or whether they were heirlooms in his ancient family. The jewellers said that they were Cingalese and of the rarest quality, and for these alone one large house (holding a commission from a nobleman) offered fifteen and then twenty, and finally twenty-five thousand pounds. But Sir Roland had resolved not to part with these, but divide them between his daughter and future daughter-in-law, if he could raise the required sum without them. In this no difficulty was found. Though opals were not in fashion just then, (and indeed they are even now undervalued through a stupid superstition,) six of the smaller gems were sold for £65,000, and now their owners would not accept double that price.

Lady Valeria right quickly discarded her terror of that casket, and very quietly appropriated the magnificent central gem. It was the cover, with its spiral coils of metal, which had frightened her ladyship. The strongest-minded ladies are, as a general rule, the most obstinate in

their dread of what has injured them. The Earl of Thanet, this lady's father, had been a great lover of the honey-bee, and among his other experiments, he had a small metal hive, which his daughter upset, with results which need not trouble us so much as they troubled the lady. And although so much smaller, the astrologer's case strangely resembled that deadly hive.

When Hilary's sin had been purged, and himself (at certainly a somewhat heavy figure) allowed to draw his sword again, he soon regained all his former strength, and health, and perhaps a little more than his former share of wisdom. But he did not march into Paris, as Colonel Clumps had once predicted ; or at least not in that memorable year 1814. But in July of the following year, he certainly put in an appearance there, under the immortal Wellington, who had been truly pleased to have him under his command, but never on his staff again. And Hilary Lorraine, at Waterloo, had shown most clearly (through the thick of the smoke) that if the Duke had erred about his discretion, he had made no mistake about his valour.

And it was, of course, tenfold more valorous of him to carry on as he did there, when he called to mind that he had at home a lovely wife, of the name of Mabel, and a baby of the name of Roger. Because he had taken advantage of

the piping time of peace,—when all the “crowned heads” were in England,—to put on his own head that “crown of glory” (richer than mural or civic) whereof the wise man speaks the more warmly, because he had so many of them. In June 1814, Hilary and Mabel were made one, under junction of the good rector; and nature, objecting to this depopulating fusion of her integrals, had sternly recouped her arithmetic, by appeal to the multiplication table.

At Waterloo, Hilary worked his right arm much harder than he worked it through the rest of his life; because there he lost it. When the French Cuirassiers made their grand third charge upon the British artillery, to change the fortune, or meet their fate, Lorraine with his troop of the Dasher-Hussars, now commanded by Colonel Aylmer, was in front of the rest of the regiment. The spirit of these men was up; they had been a long while held in that day, and they could not see any reason why they should not have their turn at it. Man and horse were of one accord, needing no spur, neither heeding bridle. As straight as hounds in full view, they flew; and Hilary flew in front of them. In the crush and crash, he got rolled over, dismounted, and left slashing wildly in a storm of horses. An enormous cuirassier made at him, with a sword of monstrous length. Their eyes met, and they knew each other—the robber and the robbed; the crafty plotter and the simple one; the victor and the victim.

Alcides cried in Spanish—“Thou art at thy latest gasp; I have no orders now from my precious wife—receive this, and no more of thee!” With rowels deep in the flank of his horse, he made horrible swoop at Hilary, spent of strength and able only to present a feeble guard.

Hilary’s blade spun round and round, and his right arm flew off at the elbow; and the crash was descending upon his poor head, when a stern reply met Alcides. Through the joints of his harness Joyce Aylmer’s sword went in, and drank his life-blood. His horse dashed on; and he lay on the plain, like the felled trunk of a poison-tree,—that plain where lay so many nobler, and so few meaner than himself. Having run through the whole of the stolen money, he had donned the French cuirass, and left his wife and infant child to starve.

When the times of slaughter passed, and nature began to be aware again that she has other manure than bloodshed; when even the cows could low without fear of telling where they rubbed their ribs, and mares could lick their foals unwept on; and hills and valleys began again to listen to the voice of quiet waters (drowned no more in the din of the drum); and everything in our dear country was most wonderfully dear,—something happened at this period not to be passed over. Parenthetically it may be said—and deserves no more than parenthesis—that neither of the Chapmans had been killed (as mendacious fame reported), only knocked on the head, and legs, and stomach, and other convenient places. It repented them, in deep holes, of the day when they tried to drag Alice down into their pit.

But now there is just time to say that it must have been broad August when the fields were growing white for harvest, after the swath of Waterloo, ere Colonel Aylmer durst bring forth what he nursed in his heart for Alice. His words were short and simple, though he did not mean to make them so. But he found her in old Chancton Ring, where first he had beholden her; and so much came across him, that

he never took his hat off, but just whispered underneath it. The whisper went under a prettier hat, where it long had been expected; and if a feather waved at all, it only was a white one.

"Are you not afraid of me?" asked Alice Lorraine, with a tremulous glance, enough to terrify any one.

"That I am, to the last degree. I never shall get over it."

"That augurs well," she replied

with a smile—such a smile as no one else could give; "but I mean more than that; I mean your fear of what the world will say of me."

"Of that I am infinitely more afraid. It will vex me so to hear for ever—'What has he done to deserve such a wife?'"

"Then what he has done is simply this," cried Alice, looking nobly; "he has saved her life, and her brother's; and her heart is his, if he cares for it."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

It takes but little time to tell what happened to the rest of them. Sir Roland Lorraine had the pleasure of seeing two tribes of grandchildren round him, who routed him out of his book-room, and scattered his unwholesome tendencies wholesale. If he shocked society in his middle age, society had revenge in the end, and pursued him, like the Eumenides. The difference was this, however, that here were truly well-meaning ones, not called so by timorous truckling. And another point of distinction might be found in the style of their legs and bodies. Also, they had no "stony glare," but the brightest of all young eyes, that shine like a flower filled with morning dew.

These little men and women played at hide-and-seek, and made rich echo in the Woeburn channel. Forsooth, that fearful stream (like other fateful rivers), beaten by Vulcanian fires of Bottler—or, as some people said, (who knew not Bottler,) by the power of the long dry frost—retired into the bowels of the earth, and never means to come forth again. But before leaving off, it did one good thing—it drowned old Nanny Stilgoe. "Prophet of ill, never yet to me spakest thou

thing lucksome"—this was the sentiment of that river when disappointed of Alice. Old Nanny ran out of her door the next day, with a stick, at a boy who cast snow-balls, and she slipped on some ice, and in she went; and many people tried to rake her out, but she would not be laid hold of. Her prophecies of evil fell like lead on her head, and sank her, and the parish was fiercely divided whether she ought to have Christian burial. But rector Hales let them talk as they liked, and shunned disputation about it. He had made up his own mind what to do (which of all things is the foremost); so he buried old Nanny, and paid for it all, and set up her tombstone, whereon the sculptor, with visions of his own date prolonged, set down her figure at 110.

The passing of time is one of those things that most astonish every one. For instance, no one would ever believe, except with a hand upon either temple, that Applewood farm is now carried out, and all the growing business done, by a sturdy and highly enlightened young fellow, whose name is Struan Lovejoy. He owes his origin to a heavy cold, caught by his father (the present highly respected Admiral Sir

Charles Lovejoy), through the freezing of his naval trousers, and the coddling which of course ensued. Charlie's heart lay open through 'all the stages of catarrh, and he knew (though he could not well speak about it) whose initials were done in hair on the handkerchief under his pillow. In short, no sooner did his nose begin to resume its duty in the system, and his eyes to cease from running, than he took Cecil Hales by the hand, and said that he had something to say to her. And he said it well; as sailors do. And she could not deny that it might mean something, if ever they could maintain themselves.

This is what all young people say; some with a little, and some with less, discretion upon the subject. The helm of all the question hangs upon the man's own stern-post. There is no time to talk of that. Charlie married Cecil; and they had a son called "Struan."

Struan Lovejoy took the turn for gardening and for growing, which had failed the Lovejoy race in the middle generation. Gout descends, and so does growing, with a skip of one step of mankind; and you cannot make the wrong generation lay heel on spade, or toe in slipper.

But most of us can make some men feel—however small our circle is—that there is room for them inside it. That we scorn hypocritical love of mean humanity; but love the noble specimens—when we get them. That we know how short our time is, and attempt to do a little forward for the slowly rolling age. In a word that, taking things altogether, they are pretty nearly as good as could have been hoped for, even sixty years ago.

But it is quite a few years back, to wit in 1861, when the great leading case upon rights of way—*"Lovejoy v. Shatterlocks"*—was

tried for the ninth and final time. Chief-Justice Sir Gregory Lovejoy, through feelings of delicacy, left the Bench, and would not even allow his wife—our Phyllis Catherow—to be called. But Major-General Sir Hilary Lorraine marched into the witness-box; and so vividly did he call to mind what had passed (and what had been stopped) at the white gate, and where the key was kept half a century ago; that the Defendant had no leg to stand upon. Mabel (who heard all his evidence, with a grandchild Mabel's hand in hers) vowed that he made a confusion of keys, and was thinking of the gate where she came to meet him. And when he had time for more reflection he could not contradict her.

Now what says Bonny? He sits on his hill. He sees his life before him. Though he does not know that for finding that key he is to have £1000, invested already, and to accumulate, until he settles down. In fulness of time he will cast away the unsaleable portion of his rags, and wed square Polly Bottler. Their hearts are as one; they only wait for parental assent, and the band or ban—whichever may be the proper word—shouted thrice by the rector, defiant of the world to forbid those two. They are not ready yet to be joined together; but they are polishing their fire-irons.

Meanwhile Bonny may be seen to sit, in one of those wonderful nicks of the hills, which seem to be elbowed by nature and padded, to tempt her restless mankind to rest. For here the curve of the slope is so snug, that only pleasant airs find entry, with the flowery tales they bring, and the grass is of the greenest, and the peep into the lowland distance of the most refreshing blue. Lulled on a bank here Bonny sits, not quite so fair as the fairy-queen

(who perhaps is watching him unseen), but picturesque enough for the age, and provided with a donkey worthy of Titania's purest love. Jack is gazing with deep interest at an image of himself, cleverly shaped by his master on the green with snowy outline of chalky flints. Here are set forth his long tail, white nose, and ears as long and rich as the emblem of fair Ceres. He sniffs at his nose, and he treads on his toes, and not being able to explain away all things, he falls to and grazes from his own stomach.

But what is Bonny doing here, instead of attending to his rags and bones? Well, he ought to be, but he certainly is not, attending to the rector's sheep. To wit Mr. Hales, growing stiff in the saddle, betakes himself freely to saddles of mutton; and has paid, and is paying, his three daughters' portions after the manner of the patriarchs. But leaving the flock to their own devices (for which, as he were satirical, he might quote his master as precedent), Bonny opens his capacious mouth, and the fresh air of the downs rings richly, with a simple

SOUTHDOWN SONG.

1

"When the sheep are on the hill,
In the early summer day,
They may wander at their will,
While I go myself astray."

Chorus (sustained by sheep
and Jack.)

"We may wander at our will,
While you go to sleep, or play!"

2

"If the May wind hath an edge
Rather winterly and cold,
I shall sit beneath a hedge,
While they wander o'er the wold."

Chorus (by the same performers).

"There you sit beneath a hedge,
Singing like a minstrel bold!"

3

"Should ill-natured people say
That I loiter, or do ill,
Pick a hole in me they may—
When they see me through the
hill."

Chorus.

"When they catch you at your play,
Whip you merrily they will."

4

"Playful creatures grow not old;
Play is healthy nature's pledge.
'Tis the dull heart gives the hold
For the point of trouble's wedge."

Chorus.

"These reflections are as old
As the saws of rush and sedge."

5

"Frisky lambkins in the grass,
Mint, and pepper, if they spy.
Do they weep, and cry 'alas!'?
Nay, but whisk their tails on high."

Chorus.

"Weep, indeed, and cry 'alas!'
Sooner you, than we, or I!"

6

"Look, how soon the shadows pass!
How the sun hath chased the gloom.
If our life is but as grass,
Grass is where the flowers bloom."

Chorus.

"If our life is in the grass,
Many flowers we consume."

And so may we leave them singing.

FASHIONS AND TRICKS OF SPEECH.

THIS is an age of education—a very paradise of educators, such as surely the world never saw before. Education is the prevailing, all-absorbing topic, the universal panacea. Society from highest to lowest is stirred by it and permeated with it; politicians make a cry of it; commissioners grow great men upon it; inspectors report upon it; School Boards quarrel over it; demoninations make it their battle-field; professors prose; women declaim on it; newspapers write leaders, and the public reads them. The press in abandoning its columns to the exponents of different views, assumes an interest so absolutely universal, that the reader who hastily averts his eyes is visited with a sense of disgrace in dropping off and flagging out of the noble enthusiasm. Nor can indolence escape the prevailing theme by mere change of column. Unlikely corners are full of it. In the police reports it lights, as it were, on a fellow delinquent—another struggler against the mighty current—in the widowed charwoman haled before the magistrates for keeping her little boy from school to nurse the baby while she criminally absents herself to procure her children's merely physical necessities. But the temper induced by weariness, or any other quarrel with a subject, is necessarily peevish and captious. The charwoman, no doubt, has some certain things to say on her side of the question; and the reader looks about for reasons and becomes self-justificative. Perhaps circumstances, as little as inclination, throw him in the way of occasions arranged for the display of newly-acquired knowledge; or examinations, and other contrivances for testing progress and showing

results do not impress him as conclusive testimonies of success. The ultimate end of all education, he argues, is something very different from mere acquirement: it should be a universal influence, and pervade the whole being. We should know an educated person by a sort of fragrance of cultivation. A society of thoroughly educated persons should stand in high relief against the more slovenly or circumscribed training of a past day—the object of so much ridicule and vituperation. The grand educational effort has been going on long enough to tell upon those subjected to it. The youth of our social circles should shine out in happy contrast with the young men and women of the more careless generation gone by. We should see a conspicuous not-to-be-disputed improvement in the subjects that occupy their thoughts; and, above all, in their powers of expression. The boasted improvement in education should tell upon their diction. It should endow the scholar with words for the purpose, whatever the topic, grave or gay, trifling or important. More especially should we see advance in these respects in the female subjects of educational effort; conversation under their sweet enlightenment should have new charms.

The subject of female education has brought out with special force of acclamation the superiority of the present day over the past in the thoroughness of instruction imparted. The slipshod teaching of girls in former days, its miserable pretence and hollowness, is an inexhaustible theme; and, indeed, there is not much to be said for it. Compare the school-books of the past with any paper on teaching

addressed to the young women of the present—compare what they are expected to know, the subjects they are to be interested in, the intricacies of grammar and construction, which are to be at their fingertips, with the ignorance, or accidental picking up of knowledge, which was once the woman's main chance of acquirement, and our expectations are not unreasonably raised. The pupils of the new school ought to be more companionable than their predecessors; they ought to talk better, more correctly, more elegantly; and as their subjects of interest become more profound, as science and art open their stores to them, their vocabulary should meet the need, at once more accurate, more copious, more felicitous. We put it to our world of readers, is it so? Do our young ladies talk better than their mothers; do they express their meaning with greater nicety; nay, do they speak better grammar? Moreover, is this an aim? Are they taught to do this by the writers of their own sex who profess to portray the girlhood of our day? Is it not an understood thing that three or four epithets are to do duty for all the definition the female mind has need of, and that solecisms which would have shocked the ears of an earlier generation pass unproved? The present *régime* not only does not teach people to talk, it does not—to judge by appearances—even inspire the wish or prompt the attempt to clothe thought in exact wording. The best education can only help towards clear thinking; but fit words and plenty of them it ought to put at its pupil's command. Do the boasted systems of our day succeed in this? In the most carefully and elaborately trained girl of eighteen we do not look for more than the promise; but we reasonably expect promise. Taste, careful not to offend, we

might calculate on, and a sensitiveness easily offended. Newly freed from the seclusion of the school-room, the great interests that agitate the intellect of the world will impress her with awe as well as an eager curiosity, held in check by modest grace—the natural attitude of an intelligent listener; and by the difficulty of finding fitting words to express dawning thought. This is no unreasonable ideal of youthful culture feeling its way. We approach the object of so many cares: she is not listening, but talking with rapidity and dash. What are the words that first greet our ears? Two or three hackneyed epithets, which we had supposed mere schoolboy slang, and perhaps a word or a phrase which—so widely separate is the vernacular becoming from our written language—we hesitate to expose to the ordeal of print. What promise for the future is there in this? How is it to develop into the conversation of the gifted woman? She is a good girl, we have reason to believe, and we take it on trust that she knows a vast deal of history, many languages, and some science; but what is the good of it all if she has no adjectives at command but nice, jolly, horrid, awful, disgusting, and tremendous? How can she keep what she has got? how can it fructify? Thought dies if has no means of expression. It is really a grand power to have something to say, and to be able to say it. This it is to be educated; but the something to say fades out of being and consciousness, if adequate speech be wanting.

What a struggle to express thought we detect in any one who, having abandoned himself to the formulas in vogue, tries to choose words for himself, and to say really what he thinks and means. The schoolboy who indolently takes refuge in slang, or what is much

worse than slang, the current phrase of the hour—to save himself trouble, cuts his rhetorical wings for good and all. Words are a bondage. They cannot be taken up and cast off at pleasure. The person who contents himself with unmeaning epithets or terms that merely express likes and dislikes without reason, is destroying his powers of discrimination. The girl who finds everything horrid or jolly is uneducating herself, neutralising her life's work, and putting herself intellectually below one with none of her "advantages," but who uses her mind and ear to define her thoughts with accuracy and propriety. There is something painful in watching the process of deterioration, the suppression of thought, the smothering of imagination, which are the consequences of adopting a rude and conventional phraseology—one that throws the labour of interpretation on the listener. After some experience of the verbal freemasonry current among our young people, and observing how prone the young ladies of our day are to borrow the jargon of brothers and cousins, we are sometimes disposed to think the past century had something to say for itself in treating girls' schools as places in which not so much to learn as to unlearn, to be cured of awkwardnesses, and to get rid of vulgarisms; a certain amount of self-mistrust could not but be infused under the refining, snubbing process.

The peculiarity of the present time we take to be its courage.

Backed by the consciousness of a careful grounding, nobody is ashamed. Ignorance used to blush—often where it need not; but nobody is ignorant now. In reaction from the severities of the school-room, licence is cherished and defended. Even the double negative, once an impossible solecism, will be justified as a colloquialism not to be dispensed with: "He is not gone, I don't think;" or that other prevalent vulgarism of modern speech, "Why have you done so-and-so? She told me *to*"—an error charged by the whole press upon Watts; but one of which that respectable and ill-used shade (ill-used in more respects than one), a very purist in his lifetime, was incapable.* If we seem to speak now of the female share in the question, all must allow the weight of female influence on the diction of society.

But, after all, it is the young men who are to blame if our young women talk so far below their powers. It is in the nature of girls to look up; and to whom should they look up but to their male friends, graced with all the prestige of a public school and college education, and glorious besides with athletic triumphs? How pleasantly playful do the few poor expletives in vogue sound when first heard from their heroes, who could, no doubt, talk profound sense in choice terms if they chose!—how easy it is to slip into them! Anybody can say "awful;" and at first there is a sense of liberty and humour in the out-

* Who wrote—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too;"

that is *also*; but who is perpetually quoted as writing—

"For 'tis their nature *to*."

Leaving us in doubt whether it is not better to die out of the world's memory altogether, than live only to be misrepresented.

rage to plain sense. But expletives are like opium; once take to them, there is no leaving off. Nor are these fair imitators likely to speculate on the enervating feebleness which hides itself behind the seeming force of such windbags of epithets; for of these we speak rather than of slang proper, which generally has some fun in it, at least on starting, and which gives play to humour in its application.

What is it that has sent good talking out of fashion?—for it is out of fashion. We do not say that nobody talks well nowadays; but we believe most of our readers, in looking out for examples, will find them among their elder friends. The modern system of things is against it. Our thinkers argue rather than converse. In the common talk of society we scarcely detect the wish for accurate expression. The aim is to hit upon the prevailing substitute for it. We believe that Mrs. Malaprop's sensible idea of a "nice derangement of epitaphs" as an important accomplishment, however correctly rendered, would sound pedantic to our young people: and, indeed, as appropriate epithets are scarce, we do not press the search of them as advisable; if they would only learn to do without the inappropriate ensnarlors that lead them to a point and leave them floundering there. We believe, too, that a correct diction is less an object with the teacher than it used to be. There are so many other things pressing on time and attention. The immense point made of foreign languages may have much to do with it, and still more the crowd of children's books, which occupy the mind and ear of childhood in its holiday moments. A young child will not take up big books written for grown-up people if it can be amused at an easier rate; but it is at the most

susceptible age for catching sound and rhythm. It can be touched and charmed by a beautiful style, and be keenly alive to the happiness of a quaint or felicitous or exact epithet, when driven to our classics for leisure reading, and never lose the impression. It is thus supplied with models before it knows what a model means. In the age of "endless imitation" it broods on things good to imitate. Its ear becomes familiarised with sounding well-balanced sentences, in a very different sense from the acquaintance forced upon it in the study of analysis of sentences and derivation of words, now become a necessary part of education. From such tension of mind the child now relaxes over story after story diffuse with vapid dialogue, made natural and pungent through lavish use of all the colloquialisms and vulgarisms of school-boy life. But there is beyond all this another reason. The principle of respect has lost ground amongst us. More and more, children and young people are allowed to express themselves before their elders and betters without choice of terms. To be often in a position to mind our *p*'s and *q*'s is an excellent training in style; and amplifies and enlarges the vocabulary by the necessity of avoiding the familiar and first come at, and sending in search of the exact, the courteous, the dignified, the deferential. All these varieties and gradations of expression are acquired as a matter of course where discipline is enforced, and a check instantly put on rude liberty of utterance; but let father, mother, or teacher not only smile over the newest-learned slang—which, if humorously applied, is some exercise of wit and judgment—but encourage its repetition when it ceases to be either—let them acquiesce in the habit of using a formula instead of taking the

trouble of an exact definition, and submit to be talked to on a level of slipshod impertinent equality—and they are ruining their child's chances as a good talker. An easy mediocrity of speech will be his at best, the same to everybody and for all occasions—no felicities, no variety of key. His wit will be without refinement, his gravity will want weight, no tones will wake a response in his hearer; and probably at critical moments there will be a relapse into the old jargon as the only form at hand. We believe that respect—respect, for persons and things—and self-respect, will be found an element in the character of all persons of eloquent speech. The free-and-easy and irreverent in youth fall inevitably into tricks, redundancies, repetitions, and all forms of flat mannerisms, as time gets on. Once have your diction well in hand and the habit of selection continues through life, the memory enriching its stores, and practice adding facility in the use of them. Nor ought we to omit, in speaking of respect as an intellectual trainer, to point out the importance in this relation of respectful attention. The habit of listening is not now inculcated as a duty with the same sternness as in old-fashioned days. Listening to elders and betters is not the golden opportunity it was once regarded. Interruption is easier now, and consequently listening more an exercise of mere patience, than in the days when to interrupt a speaker of weight or note on any account was simply impossible.

Respect, as a moral influence and motive, prevents this education of the powers taking a conscious form. Nothing would be worse than deliberate pains in the young to talk fine, or, indeed, to give much thought to it for talking's sake. It would not only be mischievous to the

character, but also defeat its object if pursued with purposes of display. Of course neither moral motives nor care can make a good talker, who is born as well as made; but together they will secure a modest success, propriety of diction as a certainty, and some characteristic grace. The words shall not only be well chosen, but flavoured with the speaker's idiosyncrasies. For the habit of choosing his words keeps a man well together. Those who talk in the popular phrasology are specimens of a period; we do not think of them as individuals. Acting in a body they are destructives, precipitating inevitable change.

After all, fashion is as omnipotent a power in the clothing of our thoughts as of our bodies: change in each is equally inevitable; nobody can escape the fashion of his day or defy it with impunity. Why do good words go out of use when there are no better, if as good, to supply their places? How is it that writers let slip the words that suited their predecessors, and which, it would seem, must necessarily present themselves first to their use? Do men's ears get tired of a sound, and consciously crave for a change, or is the whole an unconscious process? As thought varies, must its livery vary? will not the adjectives of one period do justice to the estimates of another? Is it in a sort of interregnum that our youth accept a few arbitrary signs? There is nothing that people do not get tired of in time, and incline to discard for something fresh; or if its matter is too important or too venerable to be thrown over, that does not grow old and unfamiliar. Nothing is stationary. The very words we use are moving out of the habit of men's tongues, though it may be with the pace of a glacier. Our great grandchildren will detect something quaint and unfamiliar in our

simplest utterances, for which we can imagine no substitute. A trivial word will have gone out of use, or have been voted vulgar, or be formal and pedantic, or society will have adopted another idiom. It is the part of genius to keep things stationary, and certain forms well in use, so that the ear shall never lose the sound of them; but genius tires in its turn, and sometimes sets the example of rejection. Thus Goldsmith derides the epithets "copious and ingenious" lavished in his day among the mob of authors; the one has ceased to convey flattery, the other is out of fashion: so Dr. Newman using the word "remarkable" says, "it, along with 'earnest' and 'thoughtful,' have been so hacked of late," that he cannot apply them without an apology. It is in the power, no doubt, of affectation or vulgarity irredeemably to degrade a word. This is, we suppose, the reason why "sweetheart" has gone out of polite use, though we have no form of tenderness to supply its place, and are positively embarrassed for the want of it; and let us venture to adduce another instance—a word which De Quincey considers too shocking to write, and which he can only indicate by its Latin synonym. The reader will find it embedded in the following passage from Addison, who, as the 'Spectator,' joins a party of coffee-house politicians in angry discussion over the "Curious Libel" in his last number. "In his next sentence," cries one, "he gives a plain innuendo that our posterity will be in a sweet p—ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? why does he not write it at length if he means honestly?" "I have read over the whole sentence," says I, "but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold."

We own we have written the word without repugnance; we have no desire to replace it by "stomach," though De Quincey does propose it as the universal substitute. Moreover, we have known the claims of hunger so forcibly expressed through its agency, that we doubt the right of cultivated humanity to recoil from it. There are times when it must occur to the inner ear as the only word adequate to the occasion. In a mother's distress we have heard it more pathetic than the most eloquent periphrasis. However, the word has never been in polite social use, and certainly we do not desire it to be taken up now. We only wish it to hold its place unashamed where our best authors have seen fit to put it. Our language would be poorer for its extinction. But there are words against which no reproach can be brought, which seem to us part of the very substance of our language, without which it would cease to be English, which are gradually slipping out of our written tongue. Have our readers observed how "commence" is elbowing "begin" out of print? We may look through whole columns of a newspaper without finding it. The weather never begins to mend, but commences to improve. By the time our revisionists have got to the Book of Numbers they may be expected to reject the present form of Moses' awful announcement as an archaism, and for "The plague is begun" we shall then read "The plague has commenced." Dryden, if he had lived now, would have had to write, "The lady in the spotted muff commenced," as most harmonious to modern ears. Such vital changes, we believe, generally come from below: as the murderer, in his confession, says his victim "commenced crying when I shook hands to part with her," instead of "began to cry." Cultivated

ears cling to simplicity, but the many carry the day; and with the many "commence" is genteeler than "begin," and conveys more the idea of the speaker having been brought up at an academy; till at last it is the word that occurs first to ears in which the familiar echoes should still linger; and "begin" is nowhere. As a curious instance of this, take the following passage from a writer quoted in the 'Times' upon the rising of the Nile:—

"Now, though the *commencement* of the rise of the Nile is anxiously looked forward to by the Egyptians, as begetting hope of good crops and abundance, yet it is not by any means a criterion of a good Nile, which alone can realise that hope. Thus the Nile of last year *commenced* to rise so early as the 17th of June, and rose fairly well for about twenty days, and then stopped for fifteen days, and ultimately finished off at a rise of 19½ feet only on the 11th of September, and made a bad Nile. Again, the Nile is subject to make false starts; the Nile of 1869 made five such false starts, and that of 1872, three, both *commencing* their serious rise on the 1st of July respectively. To show the uncertain and capricious nature of the Nile at the *commencement* of the rise, that of 1868 *commenced* on the 1st of July; 1869, on the 10th of June," &c. &c.

"Commence," we know, is an old word, and a good word, indispensable in its place; but "begin" for most common purposes is a better, and has a right to the first turn, to be uppermost in the writer's mind, though he may see reason to take the other for variety's or for the sound's sake. In the same way *elect* for "choose" is coming into more general use than its awkwardness (to our ears) should have made possible. People elect what line of conduct they shall follow, what road they shall go, what dress they shall put on. *Balance*, long familiar to American ears, is becoming so to ours. In an account of a ship on fire we read those

saved remained the "balance" of the night watching the burning wreck. People of a certain school now *state* rather than say what is in their minds. And the adverb *over* for *above* has stolen into the diction of cultivated writers—*over* a hundred pounds, *over* a thousand men. There is really nothing to be said against it: the one is as correct as the other. It is a matter of taste; but on our ears *over* jars, and painfully diverts the attention from its use to its sound. "*Outcome*" is another novel introduction, we suppose called for, it has slipped into such general use. But surely no convenience should reconcile our ears to that dreadful novelty, that Cockney-gossiping invention, "disagreeables," which is stealing into print where we should not have expected to find it.

These exits and entrances of words must be constantly going on. Those who have lived through a generation or two must have noted how many have been introduced, or have changed their ground in their own time. Allusions to their introductions and changes meet us constantly in our reading. Thus Banter, Mob, Bully, Bubble, Sham, Shuffling, and Palming, were new words in the 'Tatler's' day, who writes, "I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of Mob and Banter, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me." *Reconnoitre*, and other French terms of war, are ridiculed as innovations in the 'Spectator.' *Skate* was a new word in Swift's day. "*To skate*; if you knew what that means," he writes to Stella. "There is a new word coined within a few months," says Fuller, "called *fanatics*." Locke was accused of affectation in using *idea* instead of notion. "We have been obliged," says the 'World,'

"to adopt the word *police* from the French." Where we read in another number, "I assisted at the birth of that most significant word *flirtation*, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate Laureate in one of his comedies." *Ignore* was once sacred to grand juries. "In the *interest* of" has been quoted in our time as a slang phrase just coming into meaning. *Bore* has wormed itself into polite use within the memory of man. *Wrinkle* is quietly growing into use in its secondary slang sense. *Muff* we have read from the pen of a grave lady, writing on a grave subject, to express her serious scorn. Most of these words are received as necessities into the language. Some, like "humbug," are still struggling into respectability. In the middle of the last century it was denounced as "the uncouth dialect of the Huns, the jabber of Hottentots." Another writer puts it into the mouth of a party of giggling girls, who pronounce some one—whom he suspects to be himself—an *odious, horrible, detestable, shocking HUMBUG*. "This last new-coined expression," he observes, "sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is shocking, detestable, horrible, and odious." Yet so pointedly does it hit a blot in humanity, so necessary has it become to the vituperative element in our nature, that neither mankind nor womankind can do without it. The fastidious De Quincey is eloquent in its praise: "Yet neither is it any safe ground of absolute excommunication from the sanctities of literature, that a phrase is entirely the growth of the street. The word *humbug*, for instance, rests upon a rich and comprehensive basis; it cannot be rendered

adequately either by German or by Greek, the two richest of human languages; and without this expressive word we should all be disarmed for one great case, continually recurrent, of social enormity. A vast mass of villainy that cannot otherwise be reached by legal penalties, or brought within the rhetoric of scorn, would go at large with absolute impunity were it not through the Rhadamanthean aid of this virtuous and inexorable word."

And as words come in, so for no obvious reason they go out. Why has that excellent word "parts" become obsolete—

"The rest were rebels, but to show their
parts"?

Why is "merry" quaint, and scarcely to be used in its best genial sense of friends in cheerful converse? And "gust" for "taste"—why did it not hold its ground? And again "distaste," one of the words that has gone down. Barrow writes, "It is our duty to be continually looking inward upon ourselves, observing what it is that we love and readily embrace, what we *distaste* and presently reject." The latest use we know of it is by the Yorkshire Local Preacher, "There are three things that I distaäst—Pride, Flatterosity, and Hypocriss." Why does "coarse" sound uncouth in the refined Addison's lines—

"We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven
replne,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads
shine"?

Why, on the other hand, do epithets and illustrations that to Dr. Johnson's ear debase a noble passage, accommodate themselves so easily to our modern taste?—"The dunest smoke of hell," "The keen knife," "The blanket of the dark," expressions which alternately wake

his contempt, change his terror into aversion, and excite his risibility. Some words, indeed, are so obviously made for a state or temper of the national mind, that when the temper changes the word must go out of fashion or fall into contempt. Such is "genteel"—

"So mild, so good, so gracious, so genteel."

There was a time, we must conclude, when no bathos was felt in pairing the constituents of happiness thus:—

"For that which makes our life delightful prove,
Is a genteel sufficiency and love."

As a maxim it stands the test of time, and, indeed, was never more universally accepted; nor could the truth be more tersely and exactly put: but our ear expects to be humoured by more pretentious epithets—vague as regards the question of income, but going deeper into the nature of things: "Genteel" is superficial. For something the same reason the fashion of language towards scenery—especially Alpine scenery—has entirely changed. Once it was surveyed with the eye simply of the traveller, to whom it might well seem "rugged," "horrid," "inhospitable;" now, when difficulties of transit are overcome, or hailed for the difficulties' sake, description expatiates in the whole gamut of rapture from tender and lovely to sublime. In every point we aim

more at the emotional; at reaching the heart of things. Our authoresses find *great* and *strange* wonderful mediums for awakening these emotions. In our ordinary conversation we admit words now which were once thought above the tone of common talk; and we may any day hear, in a party collected for purposes of mere relaxation, words which De Quincey would forbid for such occasions as inappropriate and so far indecorous. "Equally with *bosom*," he says, "are proscribed the words *affliction*, *guilt*, *penitence*, *remorse*, from the ordinary current of conversation amongst mere acquaintances, because they touch chords too impassioned and profound for harmonising with the key in which the mere social civilities of life are exchanged." Strength is the general aim—we do not say effect—in the talk of the present day. Our slang and current epithets all show this. The youth of every period has had, no doubt, a list of epithets as short and as unmeaning, for passing judgments on persons and things, but not necessarily inspired by the same intention. It strikes us that now whatever inclination there exists towards variety lies on the side of vituperation. Loathing is more eloquent than liking. It was not always so. "Heavenly," "pretty," "fine," "sweet," were once as lavishly misapplied as the terrors of our present custom.* Formerly, when a

* But always under protest, so long as writers for the young recognised a duty towards the spoken language of their day—a point of conscience which has gone out of fashion. We find very delicate criticism on this head in Miss Austen; and the following little dialogue from Miss Edgeworth's 'Waste not, Want not,' bears on the point:—

"'But I don't understand, cousin Hal,' said little Patty, 'why you call this bow a *famous* bow. You say *famous* very often; and I don't exactly know what it means—a *famous* uniform, *famous* doings: what does *famous* mean?'"

"'Oh, why, *famous* means—now, don't you know what it means?—it means—it is a word that people say—it is the fashion to say it—it means—it means *famous*.'" Patty laughed and said, 'This does not explain it to me.'

"'No,' said Hal, 'nor can it be explained; if you don't understand it, that's not my fault; everybody but little children, I suppose, understand it: but there's no explaining *those sort of words*, if you don't *take them* at once. There's to be *famous* doings upon the Downs, the 1st of September; that is grand, fine. In short, what does it signify talking any longer, Patty, about the matter?'"

speaker wanted to convey his meaning by mere brute strength, a familiar oburgation too readily presented itself; leaving fancy some range when he set himself to seek secular terms of disparagement. Happily swearing is out of fashion (as far as we are here concerned); but it is impossible not to feel how certain words—a certain word—come into general use, which once would have been inadmissible, supplies a need, fills an irksome void left by its profane predecessor. ‘Beastly,’ which we hesitate to write, is not wrong; but it is rude, and imparts to the speaker some of the blind satisfaction of an oath—without the sin.

Adjectives, which are the accessories and decorations of thought, necessarily show changes of fashion beyond other parts of speech, and are apt to be worn till they are worn out. In fact, very few people can apply epithets, though they rush into the endeavour. But literature is full of examples of words which have done their work, such as “pleasing,” in the use of it we find in the poets of the last century, Addison, Prior, Cowper. “Tumultuary,” we find in Barrow, (a great inventor of adjectives) lost now, but telling well in a contemporary’s angry critique on Anthony A Wood, whose work is a “tumultuary” mixture of stuff and tattle! “Lewd” is an impossible word now, which did good service once. Thus Bishop Hall, describing a scene of sacrilege—“A lewd wretch heading the procession in his cope trailing in the dirt.” “Plain,” for unlearned good sense—“a plain man”—is gone out. Every memory will furnish instances of lost or quaintly-applied words. Thus in this mixture of stuff and tattle, we find “Erasmus, that polite person,” and a magnate of the Heralds’ College, designated “the

late industrious Garter.” “Odd” was once a comprehensive definition in a conventional sense; as a fine lady told her porter to deny her to all “odd people,” meaning persons of grave respectability. In many cases there is a poverty or an eccentricity which throws them out of vogue. But an out-of-date air belongs equally to many admirably-adapted epithets. Thus in Dryden’s “Prologue”—

“They have a civil way in Italy
By smelling a perfume to make you die—
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box
by.”

Bacon would not, in writing his maxim on studies in our day, have hit upon either *crafty* or *simple* as first thoughts; that is, other words would sooner suggest themselves to a modern author,—*crafty* men condemn studies; *simple* men admire them; wise men use them. Nothing changes fashion more surely than terms of respect, more especially such as imply a moral estimate rather than one intellectual or social, and therefore patronage and superiority in the bestower. As Fag in the play, addressing Honest Thomas, adds, “You know, sir, we say *honest* to our inferiors,” so persons now call the people they don’t visit *respectable*. “He is called ‘a good man,’” says Fuller, “who is not dignified with gentility.” *Worthy* within this century was a more acceptable compliment than we esteem it now. Jones would not care to be described as the “worthy Jones,” though we find in old family letters the title conferred in perfect respectful goodwill. The truth is, that as all material things wear out in time, so do words in any particular use or order of setting: yet in contrast with the common rate of change, some uses attain to an immortality of freshness. Tastes differ so much, and impressions are taken through such arbitrary con-

ditions, that it is unsafe to quote examples. It is one of the pleasures of reading to detect for ourselves some of these gems—adjectives forced into the service by masters of language—choice epithets, exactly fitting adjectives, agreeable surprises which succeed by some unexpected felicity, and are not transferable. Such is Shakespeare's stamping actor, who

"Doth think it wit to hear the wooden
dialogue
"Twixt his stretched footing and the
scaffoldage."

And such is the line of *insufferable* brightness in Gray's description of sunrise, and Dryden's city—

"With silver paved, and all *divine* with
gold."

And his hare looking back on her pursuers with *beseeking* eyes, and the "*faery way*" of writing he attributes to Shakespeare. Such is Dr. Johnson's commendation of a good converser—"Sir, he's a 'tremendous' companion." Such De Quincey's "crashing overture," as he designates the opening verse of the vision of Belshazzar. Such Wordsworth's "resplendent" hair. Such Sydney Smith's "landed" manner. Such Thackeray's praise of the grand close of the 'Dunciad,' "These 'astonishing' lines;" and his cluster of epithets, in Hans Andersen, as that "'delightful, fanciful, delicate' creature." Such, from a "female pen," "The *blinding* sweet of Pan's song by the river." Such Charles Lamb's objection to lockets, gewgaws, and all presents that do not arrive in a hamper, as "*indigestible* trifles;" and the "*tristful* severities of a funeral to which the expression of his countenance was subdued during a marriage service; and the cheering effect of his nonsense later in the day, which was *sovereign* as a cure for drooping spirits." Such the apprenticeship of John Richard

William Alexander Dwyer to a corn-cutter, "A *safe* employ." Such Mrs. Delany's—in her brilliant youth, describing her court-dress—"I made a *tearing show*."

In contrast with these are the adjectives that quarter themselves on the provincial press, marked by the flatness of a too obvious fit. Some, indeed, not without an element of surprise in them, as where we have seen children's moral stories defined as *chaste* narratives, or bull-baiting a "vulgar pursuit;" but most of which find their places as it were by an act of their own volition; as wherever a village Dissenting chapel is opened, the words *commodious* and *neat* follow as a matter of course. Probably it is around money that the greatest number of indefinite tentative epithets gather—a *warm* sum; a *round* sum; a *good* sum.

"A *decent* sum had Peter Nottage made
By joining bricks—to him a thriving
trade."

"A scratch income," "A *serious* bit of money," writes Mr. Trollope. And again, to quote Crabbe, remarkable for this gravity of appreciation—

"To scenes of various woe he nightly
went;
And *serious* sums in healing misery
spent."

Some adjectives have slipped from the severest exactness of definition into an abyss of vagueness. Who would expect reading Sherlock's warning, "The less we talk of ourselves the better; for it is a *nice* theme, and few enter upon it who come off clear either of folly or sin," to have found *nice* so soon grown not only into the refuge of girlish inanity, but that Brougham would be calling Tom Moore's singing *nice*, to the poet's great disgust?

Some people do without adjectives altogether. Two classes can

do so—the merely matter-of-fact and the highly imaginative. Sydney Smith laughed at adjectives, and his plan of striking out every other word in a sentence as a strengthener and condenser of style would have made short work of them; but he did without them himself by a sort of subterfuge. We can detect the epithet under the disguise of an illustration. Thus, when he says of somebody, “that he never saw a manner with so little *frill*,” it is an amusing, but certainly roundabout, way of saying that the manner was ungracious. When he said of Horner, “that the commandments were written on his face; and that no judge or jury would give the smallest credit to any evidence against him,” it is really going a long way about to express honesty and probity of expression, though the hyperbole is effective. The same of Swift, who was chary of his adjectives. It takes much longer to say, “all panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy,” than to say they are dull; only the one remark would not be worth making—the other is a saying. Quaint writers are fond of the same form. “He wrote several effects of a crazed head,” instead of he wrote some strange books. And Charles Lamb’s “cold scrag-of-mutton sophisms” of those who argue that enough is as good as a feast.

How much does our estimate of education, intellect, and character depend on the use and abuse of two parts of speech—the adjective and the adverb! Plain nouns and verbs serve the purposes of dulness and strict common-sense; but, with these exceptions, to all beneath or above these levels they are the tests. In the first place, no man can show himself completely a fool without the lavish use of one or both of them. Stupidity can impart a

sense of its quality at a less expense; but it is they that give the assurance of actual folly. They give the artist touch, and stamp the man on the memory: with a difference, however. People may convey a keen sense of imbecility to their hearers by the use of certain epithets, either through the perpetual application of one to every subject and every object—calling everything “peculiar,” for example—or by a misapplication of many; but nothing that an adjective can do—no senseless repetition, no absurdity of application—impresses us so convincingly with the presence of vacuity, as does the adverb single and unassisted. We are speaking of habits of speech; it need not in any particular instance be a permanent vacuity, only such to us at the moment; but there is no thought at work when adverbs are the instinctive resource. The respective value, as a measure of capacity, of these two parts of speech, is shown in the dialogue between a male and female exquisite recorded lately in ‘Punch’—“Quite a nice ball at Mrs. Millefeur’s, wasn’t it?” she remarks; to which he replies, “Very quite. Indeed, really most quite.” The lady has an idea, though but a vague one—it required thought to start it; but the gentleman’s response reminds us too forcibly of a class of conversers incapable of embracing a thought in any definite form, whom civility drives into acquiescence; the more civil, the more emphatic in acquiescence; but who can pursue the subject in no other way, because they do not take it in. What depth of emptiness does not the word “indeed!” reveal to us in some intonations interjectionally applied at stated intervals! What sprightly inanity expresses itself through certain inflections, what calm irrecep-

tiveness in others, what quenching power in every case, where, that is, it is a *habit* of speech! For "indeed" may mean the liveliest interest, the most awakened curiosity. But who can talk with a man who answers "indeed" to every communication alike? And again, who can contend against the running accompaniment of "yes," passing with the utterer for a sign of attention, but telling either of incapacity or recoil from forced unwelcome information? Unlike "really," "indeed," "surely," "never," and their cognate forms of assent, which are tokens of simple indifference, "yes" may mean more active boredom, a repulsion against what calls for some exercise of thought. It more imperiously bids you to have done. In the same category may be classed that comprehensive form of assent, "quite so," which agrees with everything rather than think about it. If it belongs to the man so that he is known by it, how very few things, we may be sure, does he care for beyond his own little personal interests; though we have known it used in stronger hands with most snubbing effect, as a silencer; a convenient and severely effectual form of repression. But all these forms have their legitimate, if still conventional, use. How often are we obliged to talk where our interests are excusably not engaged, when we have reason to be thankful for a class of courteous symbols conveying this fact not too broadly! It is only when they are characteristics of the man that they argue a narrow self-occupation. Our needs are so various that we would not attempt to taboo any creditable word.

Often adverbs show an eager temperament in a hurry to deliver itself, while thought halts behind: "so very," for example, does duty unassisted for many a strong senti-

ment; and all weakness trusts to adverbs as a bolster. "Utterly" is a word much in favour with excitable ladies. "*Utterly* grand," for instance; not considering how many epithets, as well as statements, there are that will not admit of intensifying. Thus, "We enjoyed ourselves" conveys, at least to our ears, a far cheerfuller impression than the feminine form, "We *thoroughly* enjoyed ourselves;" and "Thank you" is really more gracious than the modern improvement upon the acknowledgment of trivial services, "Thank you *so much*." The lady who advertises to her lover that she is as unchanged as *ever*, does not improve the quality of her constancy by thus clenching its endurance. To tell a lady she is looking *quite* handsome, diminishes rather than adds grace to the compliment. Miss Squeers's pretty friend was fully aware of the force of her reservation when, reproving young Nickleby for his deadness to that young lady's attractions, she pleads—"So beautifully dressed, too! really *almost* handsome." A bricklayer arguing against anything but a brick wall, modestly pronounced "sleepers" *rather* beastly. There are words that are strongest when let alone, and indeed won't endure any other treatment. The *last* days of Pompeii wake a tragic sentiment. The *very* last days of Pompeii accentuate to little serious purpose. On the other hand, the whole force, whether grave or humorous, often lies in the intensifying. *Late* suggests ideas of inconvenience only; but *too late* sounds the depths of sadness. In the same way, what an intensity of determination is expressed in Augustus Moddle's valediction to his expectant bride—"Unalterably *never* yours"! Often the wit rests singly upon the qualification. Thus,

on the first sight of a vivacious ugly child, to have called him a frog would have been simply an ill name; but the judgment on his quitting the room—"I have seen *many* frogs handsomer," told on the bystanders as good-natured humour. Discrimination is brought in where the quality finds no obvious exercise.

Every generation has its prevalent adverbs. "Mightily" was at one time in vogue, and "vastly." The reader will remember that when Olivia summarily accounted for the Priprose family's absence from church by "We were thrown from our horses," the fine ladies were "vastly sorry." Another writer of the same period records his experience—"I had lately the pleasure to hear a fine lady pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very small gold snuff-box to be vastly pretty because it was vastly little." Society has always contented itself with one or so at a time of the forms by which we express more than we mean. Such come and go, each in its turn a good riddance; but in the standard literature of our tongue we are constantly struck with small felicities which have slipped out of use, we do not know why. Take, for instance, the word *ill* in one of its uses, for which we now substitute *bad*, as, "I am a bad hand at so and so." In the comparative scale of Bishop Hall's excellencies, we read,—"*not ill* at controversies; more happy in comments; very good in his characters; better in his sermons; best of all in his meditations,"—where the harmony of the sentence takes its tone from the lowest degree, which

it would be an affectation of quaintness to use now, and which no other single word could replace.

In reviewing what we have said on the paucity of ideas of discrimination, comparison, estimation, definition, generally betrayed in modern familiar easy talk, we may be misunderstood to require from everybody a choice of happy epithets, which is farthest possible from our thoughts. Nothing ordinarily is more tiresome than a string of adjectives—in fact, to have them effectively at command is eloquence. We have to go to masters of language in search of them, and they in their best moments, stimulated by some congenial theme, quickened by zeal, stirred by sympathy, fired by indignation, moved by tenderness, admiration, wonder. What we complain of is too many epithets, not too few; the use of mere expletives for thought, the habit of dispensing with the labour of reflection and speculation in those who ought to think to purpose. Empty heads must use empty language if they open their lips at all; it is a choice of evils whether they use fine and vapid terms to express borrowed opinions, or do the same through the medium of a popular jargon: our taste is annoyed, our patience tried, either way. But it is a matter of deeper concern to hear young men who should talk clearly and connectedly, who have reasoning powers, intelligence, cultivation, idly shuffling off the labour of applying these gifts, and lowering their diction to the level of vacancy and imbecility.

MR. KINGLAKE'S BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

"IF the forces which made good their descent on the Crimea had only at first to encounter the governor of an outlying province, they were still, after all, the invaders of a mighty empire, well able after a while to bring a great army against them; and when they accepted the counsels which made their adventure drag on into a lengthened campaign, they prepared for themselves a day of conflict with the gathered strength of the Czar." It is to that day of most momentous conflict that Mr. Kinglake devotes his latest volume. The impatience with which the volume has been expected is the best proof of the author's power as a historian. His vividly dramatic narrative unites exact technical knowledge to exceptional literary genius. He is eminently popular while conscientiously accurate and thoroughly scientific. His work is the fruit of the most patient study; of the most minute and painstaking investigation; yet the interest is never suffered to flag for a moment, although sometimes it is held in almost painful suspense while we are detained on some question of figures or tactics. Mr. Kinglake has the absolute mastery of his materials; he can mould them to his use without distorting their outlines or in any way tampering with the essence of their substance. An infinity of simultaneous episodes and incidents are marshalled in easy harmony with the general scheme of the history, and in due subordination to it. The author must perpetually be shifting his position from one point of his field to another, yet never for a moment

does he relax his comprehensive grasp of the broad scope of operations. The consequence is, that he is writing a military history in the best and highest sense of the word. His volumes are not merely valuable as books of reference for strategists, tacticians, and military students generally; nor assorted compilations for the use of condensers and "conveyers," in the language of ancient Pistol. They compose a work that must be universally read, as much for the value of its facts and ideas as for the irresistible fascination of its narrative. You are swept along in spite of yourself; and although history has anticipated the great *dénouement*, yet the gifts of the author give the interest of historical romance to each succeeding stage of the development of the story. You are seduced into so much of intellectual effort as is necessary to enable you to master the subject. There is no resisting the charm of a style that carries delicate polish to easy perfection, without leaving behind it one trace of the drudgery of labour. The indications of the military topography are so lucid and precise, that you can almost seize the positions and operations without pausing to turn aside to the plans. The descriptions of the action are so graphic, so evidently faithful to nature and probabilities, that the slowest and most prosaic of imaginations can conjure up much for itself; while it would be hard indeed for the most apathetic of temperaments to resist the contagion of the thrilling excitement. It is objected sometimes that Mr. Kinglake is unduly diffuse, and doubtless

it would have been easy for him to convey identical information in a smaller number of pages. He might have reduced his work within more moderate dimensions while leaving it equally trustworthy for the use of experts. Only, unfortunately, in doing so, he must have deprived it of what we regard as its essential value. Any one with the requisite application and a competent knowledge of matters military, may put together a very creditable chronicle. But the gift is not given to many men in a generation, of creating the work which shall assert its claims as a classic, by commanding the universal attention of contemporaries even when the events it revives have passed long into the domains of accomplished history, and when the author has repeatedly been anticipated in his subject. It would be as rational, as it seems to us, to resent the voluminous prolixity of Michelet or Macaulay, as to protest against Mr. Kinglake's vigorous luxuriance of expression and fortunate fertility of illustration. We should like to make personal appeal to each reader of this Inkerman volume, and ask him whether he could say on his honour and conscience, that he wishes Mr. Kinglake had written less.

We find it much more easy to sympathise in the impatience with which each of his successive volumes is awaited. It may be all very well to know that, sensitively conscious of his responsibilities in raising the memorial that is to commemorate the Crimean campaign, he is neglecting nothing that may assure the solidity of its foundations; that delay not only brings him the opportunities for the amplest investigation, but the advantage of verifying his information and impressions by comparison with the official disclosures of our former enemies. Much as they may appre-

ciate accuracy in the abstract, there are many of his readers who would be content to consent to some small sacrifice of it for the sake of their more-speedy gratification. We well remember the regret and unsatisfied longing with which we laid down the volume that brought the story down to the battle of Balaklava. That battle had been fought, and the enemy remained on the ground he had conquered; but, so far as the Allies were concerned, Balaklava was a mere affair of outposts. The real struggle was imminent which was to decide the whole fate of the campaign, so far as we can judge in the retrospect. It is true, the siege dragged on afterwards through much that was sufficiently exciting. The Allies had to support with heroic endurance the sufferings of the winter on the bleak headland of the Chersonese in that bitter climate: there were sorties, assaults, and repulses; there were standing anxieties and perpetual alarms, up to those days of desperate fighting that gave us the great fortress. But all that was to ensue hung upon this battle on Mount Inkerman; and so it is that the interest of Mr. Kinglake's narrative culminates in the fascinating volume before us. The passage we have quoted for the beginning of our article gives a precise idea of the position of affairs. More than a month had elapsed since the Allies had forced the passage of the Alma and made their first survey of the neglected defences of Sebastopol. Having declined to attempt the place by a *coup de main*, they had decided on assaulting it by a siege scarcely *en règle*. For investment was impossible, owing to the vast extent of the enceinte and the utterly inadequate numbers of the invaders. They had dismissed the idea of picketing an army of observation to fend off relief sent from the interior.

They had sat down in those uplands of the Chersonese that dominated the southern front of the fortress. The position, strong for defence as for attack, was a "natural castle," as Mr. Kinglake calls it in his *Balaclava* volume. But it was only another fortress after all, an object of attack at least as inviting as Sebastopol itself, and the more so that the garrison was relatively weak, and art had done little to help nature. And in the mean time circumstances had been changing, and it became daily more evident that the assailants were to be assailed. At first the feeble garrison of Sebastopol would have been helpless had it not been for succours from the fleet. But gradually as it became clear that the approaches were being left open, and the defences steadily strengthened, the reflux of reinforcements had been setting towards it. The Czar was straining every nerve for an extraordinary effort, not merely to save his great arsenal on the Euxine, but to rid himself altogether of the invading armies. Time had been working for him. Besides having had leisure to forward troops from remote provinces, a better understanding with Austria had set free the men who had been observing her frontier. Now, the confidence to be derived from a great superiority in force had shifted over to the side of the Russians, and the Allies were in the anomalous position of being infinitely inferior in numbers to the forces participating in the defence. Nor would the retarding, or even the raising of the siege, be the only reward of a Russian success. Had the Russians rolled their enemies back, as they counted on doing, and fairly established themselves on these commanding heights, nothing but embarkation remained for the Allies, and embarkation in the circum-

stances must have resulted in crushing disaster.

Thus it is almost impossible to exaggerate the stakes the contending hosts were playing for on the 5th of November; and, as it happened, the brunt of the decisive battle was borne by our countrymen. To them, as at the Alma and in the course of the flank march, had been confided the post of danger and of honour. It is but fair, however, to the French to advert to the circumstances in which that distribution of siege positions had originated. It had been the original understanding that French and English should alike draw their supplies from Balaclava. It was only on occupying the little port that the General became alive to its extremely inadequate accommodation, and then came the question as to what was best to be done. The French Commander-in-Chief behaved with much generosity. At that time the advantages of Kajatch and Kamiesch bays had not been appreciated; yet he gave his English colleague his option, whether he would take these little known localities for his bases of supply and devote himself to siege operations with an easy mind, having his rear and flanks protected by his Allies; or whether, preferring to appropriate the port that was believed the more commodious, he would change his position to the right of the operating army, at the same time undertaking the charge of the open face of the Chersonese. It was the fancied advantage of retaining Balaclava that doubtless weighed with Lord Raglan; but it is one of the consequences of that choice that Mr. Kinglake has had to write the story of one of the bloodiest and most glorious of engagements recorded in our military annals.

For this battle of Inkerman has a double interest, and for English

readers an interest altogether exceptional. Not only was it the deciding action of the war, the pivot on which the whole campaign was to turn; but it must be confessed that it was won almost in contempt of strategy, and in a blundering if unavoidable disregard of tactics. If generals, as generals, gained little credit, it brought out in extraordinary lustre the brilliant and sterling qualities that give the British soldier his superiority. We do not forget that the weather, and in some measure the character of the ground, fought in our favour, when the battle was fairly engaged. We keep in mind all that nature had done for us, and we remember the dominating power of those natural salients that were so many concentrating centres for the men standing on the defence. We know that many of our troops were armed with the Enfield rifle, while the mass of the Russians had nothing more effective than the musket. We believe that, setting aside altogether the two ponderous siege-guns whose fire told on the enemy with such crushing effect at a critical moment, the influence exerted by our ordinary field-batteries, light as they were, may have been somewhat underrated. Still, and making every conceivable allowance, the fact remains that, by sheer hard hand-to-hand fighting, a comparative handful of English soldiery held these heights for hours against 42,000 of determined assailants. We do not argue for a moment that the moral to be deduced from it is that we can afford in any way to disregard the teachings of modern science and remain sticking in antiquated grooves while other nations are steadily advancing. Nor do we believe that that is Mr. Kinglake's meaning when he dwells with generous enthusiasm on the magnificent achievements of our soldiers.

Mr. Kinglake is as intimately acquainted as most men with the revolutions that have been wrought in warfare by twenty years of mechanical invention. We may take it for granted that, even under conditions equally exceptional, we shall never hear again of another engagement like Inkerman. But none the more on that account will the qualities that sustained our ascendancy in the face of overwhelming odds, lose their intrinsic value. The most exact organisation must rest in the end on the soldier-like worth of its aggregate atoms; and the troops who unite the chivalrous *élan* of the French to the cold determination of the German and Russian, must inevitably tell, *ceteris paribus*, when they play their part in the struggles of the world.

We need say nothing to show that the peculiar characteristics of Inkerman lend themselves admirably to Mr. Kinglake's method of treatment. The great epic of the fight was broken into endless thrilling episodes. The first onset involved the opposing armies in inextricable confusion — individual leaders engaged in single combat, with their men on either side for witnesses. There are pages on pages that remind you of the ballad of the Lake Regillus, where chiefs on either side sway the battle with speech and swords. Even private soldiers are rescued from obscurity, because they have been fortunate enough to find their sacred bard. Nor did they shine merely in a superb display of physical strength and animal courage; what "pulled them through" was the spirit of comradeship, of self-reliance, and self-direction. Broken up by the brushwood through which they were forcing their way, dispersed in the ardour of headlong and indiscriminate pursuit, pushed in turn by the rallying enemy when he recognised that his

shattered masses were being hunted by handfuls of individuals, the isolated atoms ran together again like mercury, solidifying themselves in orderly and formidable retreat. That happy manner of fighting came from warlike instinct to the full as much as from drill. It was the exact repetition of the tactics of the English at Hastings, where, lured out of their lines by the feigned flight of the Normans, they sought to save themselves by falling into minute phalanxes. At least as admirable, and even more satisfactory, was the behaviour of our officers. They did their duty, of course, and something more, exposing their lives, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, with an almost reckless disregard of personal safety. But where they showed to extraordinary advantage was in their quiet presence of mind in the height of tremendous excitement, and in the capacity they exhibited for command in circumstances the most critical. There were few of them but were tested at one time or another. As mounted officers were shot down one after another, the charge of the men was passed on from senior to senior. Regiments were separated in wings, and wings split into sections; and as exigencies arose of a sudden out of the mist and smoke that enveloped them, each section had to operate on its own account. Companies got scattered, as we have seen, and subalterns found themselves rallying some mixed contingent contributed at haphazard from half-a-dozen different corps. There are born generals, of course, and some officers made more of opportunities than others; yet, so far as we are informed, of all these men taken at random there was not one who showed himself unequal to circumstances. There were officers on the Russian side who behaved with

such conspicuous heroism that they were remarked by Englishmen busy with the battle; but we may safely say that, had the Russians been generally led like the English, the day inevitably must have ended differently.

For if there is one point brought out clearly by Mr. Kinglake, it is, that our circumstances were fearfully critical throughout. Take the mere question of numbers to begin with. The united forces of the Allies, all told, on the Chersonese and at Balaclava, were no more than 65,000; for, unfortunately, the Turks—mainly under a mistaken impression of their misbehaviour at Balaclava—were at that time scarcely regarded as efficient. The Russians, on the other hand, mustered 100,000 troops in round figures, besides 20,000 seamen and marines of excellent quality, and 5000 trained dockyard labourers perfectly capable of service in the fortifications. But even that great disparity in numbers in no degree represented the actual disproportion; for although the "Home Ridge" was sufficiently indicated by probabilities as the objective point of attack, yet no adequate preparations could be made there for receiving the Russians when they should concentrate, as they did, to advance upon it in overwhelming masses. The supports of the English who were posted on the Home Ridge were all engaged in active and wearing service. There were no reserves at all, in the proper sense of the word. The defenders of the threatened point could only be strengthened by withdrawing men who were fully occupied elsewhere. The nearest French division engaged in the siege operations would have to be marched from a distance of six miles. Then the allotment of positions operated disadvantageously. Bosquet, for instance, who was

interposed between an outlying force at Balacava, and our main body on the plateau, had troops to spare; but had he been acting under orders of the English commander, half the men he had established on his almost impregnable heights would have long before been diverted, in readiness for the defence of the exposed ridge of Inkerman. Then Balacava, the base of our operations, was a source of unavoidable weakness. Instead of being behind and within our lines, as a base of operations would be in ordinary circumstances, it was virtually a dangerously detached outpost. After the battle of the 25th October, and shutting the stable-door when the horse was stolen, Lord Raglan had reinforced Sir Colin Campbell, by sending him the whole of the Highland brigade, and thus those magnificent soldiers were lost to the army. Strengthened as he was, Sir Colin would have enough to do to make sure of his position, without sparing a man to the front in the event of such an attack as that on Inkerman. Liprandi's corps—now handed over to Prince Gortchakoff—was threatening him still, although free at the same time to act from its other flank, and chime in with the grand attack delivered on the vital angle of the plateau. Determined troops in strong situations may get the better of extraordinary odds, and upset the most unimpeachable calculations. It was the rare determination of the English, even as things turned out, on which the Russian calculations shivered. Yet had the Russians made fair use of their advantages, and had it been a case of the *Kriegspiel*, with the board laid out before them, it seems hard to see how they could have helped winning. For, after all, human endurance has its limits, as ammunition has most certainly. As Mr.

Kinglake shows clearly, the Russians made a fatal preliminary blunder in going into the action with a hard and fast plan. Prince Gortchakoff was only to move forward in a certain eventuality, which never occurred, and so his 22,000 fresh men stood paralysed, just when the Allied defence threatened to collapse from sheer exhaustion. But further, the Russians showed inactivity altogether unaccountable in those parts of the defences of Sebastopol that were opposed to the English siege attack. How much they might have effected by timely *alertes*, was shown by their vigorous sortie from Quarantine Bay on the French left. It was repelled almost as soon as it became serious; yet it kept all Forey's siege divisions on the *qui vive*, even drawing the attention of Prince Napoleon, who had started already to reinforce the English. Had the Russians seriously menaced our northern front, it would have been impossible for England, Cathcart, and Buller to have stripped their positions almost bare, in order to feed the fight upon the Home Ridge; and even Codrington might have been embarrassed as to succouring Ponncfather when the onset on the 2d Division threatened to become overwhelming. And had the defence on Mount Inkerman been left to the 2d Division and the Guards, with such help as Bosquet might have sent them, if his first offer had not been declined, it is difficult not to believe that numbers must have made their way, even had Gortchakoff held aloof. We say nothing here of the failure of Soimonoff's and Pauloff's columns to combine for concerted action. That was a mishap that might have happened in any case; and the fog, on the whole, was in favour of the enemy until once the battle had been fairly engaged.

The great engagement was pre-

luded a few days before by the brilliant little affair of the Lesser Inkerman. A Russian force under Colonel Federoff made an attack on the north-eastern corner of the Chersonese. Mr. Kinglake concludes that its main purpose was to divert attention from Liprandi, who was menacing Balaclava from the line of earthworks he had carried the day before. But there can be no question he is right in surmising that it was intended as well for a reconnaissance in force of the predestined battle-field for which the enemy was then preparing. Federoff's force was but a weak one; and although it carried intrenching tools, he could scarcely have contemplated being left undisturbed in any positions he might have chanced to surprise. As it was, the action was soon over, when it ceased to be an affair of close quarters with the pickets. Short as it was, however, it sufficed to show certain things of considerable significance, and to foreshadow the course of events on the day of the Greater Inkerman. It confirmed what the Alma had demonstrated before, that our troops were thoroughly staunch as well as full of fight and fire; it proved that officers in responsible commands knew little indeed of the science of war, and were likely enough to forget what they did know in the fierce excitement of action; and it demonstrated besides, that De Lacy Evans who commanded them, but who was just on the eve of an illness, had all the qualities to direct the power of such troops to the best advantage. He resisted all persuasions to strengthen the pickets whose business was to fall back. Letting them give way at last, he lured the enemy within range of his guns, and then opening fire on the close columns, swept the plateau clean in a few discharges, doing all that was

needful to be done with a small expenditure of life.

"But the immediate success of his tactics was not their only result. By refusing to engage out on front more than three or four hundred of his infantry, he gave to this small portion of his division—and through them to the rest of it—an hour of the most wholesome training that any good troops could well have. The few left to strive with the many discovered, and discovered with glee, that against extravagant odds they could stand combating Russian infantry for an indefinite time, losing ground indeed, little by little, when coerced by turning movements, but suffering no ruinous carnage, and not having one man taken prisoner. From the success of such an experiment, even had it been carried no further, they could hardly have failed to acquire a strong sense of their relative power; but this lesson of course impressed them more forcibly still, when they saw that their interesting and even amusing strife against numbers was crowned all at once with a victory. In reality, as we know, Evans so drew advantage from the valour of the pickets, and the sure quality of all his infantry, that he soon became the master of the combat, and determined its issue at exactly the time he judged best, by his use of the artillery arm; but this was a truth hardly evident to the English foot-soldier engaged out in front with the enemy. . . . He imagined that the result must be owing entirely to the inferior quality of the Russian troops. He accordingly came back from the chase with a feeling of contempt for his adversaries, which, however unjust, became rooted nevertheless in his mind; and the day was at hand when to the soldiers of our 2d Division, with howling throngs of Russians before them, this consciousness of a decisive ascendant might be as the faith that lifts mountains."

Even had their military experience not given them the alarm, the Allied chiefs must have been alive to the fact that a great engagement was necessarily impending. There had been reports of masses of troops

in motion in front of them; spies and deserters agreed in intelligence of battalions pouring into Sebastopol. Nay, rumours from Russia, reliable enough to obtain official credence at the Tuileries, had come round to the Crimea by way of Paris and London. Mr. Kinglake tells dramatically of vague but earnest intimations thrown out to English families by friends in Russia of a great catastrophe preparing deliberately for the rash adventurers. Then followed the formidable demonstrations against Balaklava, as well as the sortie of Federoff, by way of confirmation. There was one alternative, however, by which the Allies might have avoided a decisive action in the field, and that was the breaking into Sebastopol. The French approaches were at last threatening the Flagstaff Bastion with a fair promise of success. So hopeful, indeed, seemed the prospect, that Lord Raglan and General Canrobert had arranged for a meeting on the 5th of November to settle the detailed plan of attack. As it happened, there was at least one other individual who was equally awake to the chances of a successful assault, and that individual was General Todleben. He resolved that the contemplated move of the Allies should be anticipated, and the intended battle precipitated; and so, by a strange coincidence, the meeting of the Allied Commanders-in-Chief had to give way to the battle of Inkerman Sunday.

Can the battle be fairly said to have been a surprise? We have shown the generals must have foreseen that they would have to fight there, sooner or later, if the siege dragged on; but their fixing their consultation for Nov. 5 proved they did not consider the engagement imminent. The troops were kept at work in pushing the approaches as usual, and not a man of them was

spared to intrench the camp in its exposed face. What is more, no vedettes were thrown forward to keep watch on the crests of the debatable ground; and as for the system of pickets, "although Colonel Percy Herbert, the Assistant Quartermaster-General, used to pray that the chain should be looped forward in such manner as to secure the maintenance of an effective watch on the western and north-western spurs, he had always been answered that this could not be done without either employing more forces than could well be spared for the purpose, or else incurring the risk of having men surrounded and taken." As it was, on the night between the days of the 4th and 5th, the chain of outposts had been actually drawn closer than usual for greater facility of communication—not that signs of warning were wanting had they been rightly interpreted. Only the day before, General Pennefather had remarked, on the further bank of the Tchernaya, the yellow *calèche* that had brought the young Grand Dukes to the scene of action; and he had inferred that the arrival of some traveller of distinction might possibly portend some movement of importance. The officer he sent on a special reconnoitring mission failed to detect any significant change in the situation; and yet a vague uneasiness prevailed along the outposts, and certain officers became almost nervously watchful. During the night, too, there was heard a heavy muttering of waggon-wheels from the road that swept round the base of Mount Inkerman; then in the early morning came peals of church bells ringing out from the direction of Sebastopol, and Captain Bellairs had distinguished the striking of gongs on board the vessels of war in the harbour. But then it was no unusual occurrence for Russian pro-

vision-trains to travel to Sebastopol in the night-time, nor had the watchers had any reason to divine that on this occasion it was really artillery moving in the opposite direction ; while the early church bells excited but slight attention, as the Russians had chosen a Sunday for their attempt. The fact was, however, that, surprised or not, "a Russian general had quietly laid his unresisted hand upon nearly one half of Mount Inkerman," before our watchers had dreamed of an enemy in force being within arm's length. It was an advanced sentry of a picket of the 41st who first detected the Russians among the wreaths of mist : an entire column had stolen close upon him, and it would seem that not a sound had betrayed them. Then with the discharge of his gun the firing began for the day, and the alarm ran rapidly along the lines.

Mr. Kinglake gives a most masterly account of the preparations that had been making in Sebastopol, and the night march of the columns. The pealing of the bells had been ordered with a purpose at the risk of placing the Allies on their guard. Devotion or fanaticism were to be invoked for the great effort, and the Muscovite soldiers were to be blessed and sent out to battle as the enthusiastic champions of their outraged faith.

"Now at last, O holy Saint Vladimir, that appalling sacrilege which horror-struck men on the ramparts had seen with their own eyes would be surely avenged!" (The pillaging of the Saint's Church by the French soldiers.) . . .

"It was with a soldiery consecrated for battle that Soimonoff before break of day would march out from the Karabel Faubourg. Pauloff's troops, as we know, lay on heights beyond the Tchernaya, but their spiritual guides were in camp, and with power scarce lessened by the want of any sacred appliances ; for customarily even in cities the utterances of the Eastern Church

are delivered in the roar of strong priests, without aid from the wailing of organs."

That religious enthusiasm is worth dwelling upon ; for no doubt it not only animated the assailing columns to expose themselves again and again to the murderous fire of our Enfields and field-pieces, but it accounted for men who are by nature good-humoured and kind-hearted unmercifully despatching the wounded who chanced to be left in their power. In the meantime, however, zealously excited as they must have been, nothing could be steadier than their behaviour. Soimonoff, who led the Sebastopol field force, had given rendezvous to Pauloff and his 16,000 infantry on the heights of the Inkerman hill. Notwithstanding the confusion of commands and counsels that prevailed to the last moment in the Russian camps, Soimonoff made his start at the time appointed with his 19,000 men and his 38 guns. Notwithstanding the interruption by the broken state of the West Sappers' road, that formed one of his approaches ; notwithstanding his pioneers had to repair it as they went—and it was strange that no sound of their labours should have reached the English on the hills above,—yet in three-quarters of an hour after issuing from the Karabel Faubourg, he was close upon our lines in columns of battle.

The Russian scheme was unexceptionable — on paper. While Timovieff made his sortie far to the left of the Allied siege-works, thus diverting the attention of the French ; while Gortchakoff to the east was menacing Bosquet, and keeping the Balaclava garrison on the *alerte*,—Soimonoff and Pauloff, uniting their 40,000 men and their 135 guns under command of General Dannenberg, were to roll back the 3000 English of the 2d Division as far as the Windmill and the camp of the

Guards. Their appearance on the heights there was to be the signal for Gortchakoff advancing by his left; he was to turn the almost impracticable ridge in his front by one of the roads his friends had opened for him, and fall into the general scheme of attack without necessarily sacrificing a single soldier. As it happened, the 3000 upset the calculation by barring the road to the Windmill, and Gortchakoff with his 22,000 men were never really in the battle. Mr. Kinglake, however, acquits the Prince of blame, for his instructions were stupidly peremptory. But, up to a certain point, the Russians had many things in their favour besides their numbers. They could move their men and their cannon on to commanding positions on the plateau by a variety of approaches which were "sheltered," if not "covered," ways. For, besides three regular roads, there were a variety of converging ravines and gorges. As Mr. Kinglake puts it in an admirably lucid piece of topographical writing: "This Mount Inkerman is like the stock of a gun; and having the butt-end turned northwards. . . . Though in most places steep, the sides of the mount have been riven by numbers of breaks; and indeed so large a proportion of the ground is there taken up by deep hollows, that the downs at the top have but a moderate extent, forming only, as it were, the skeleton of what the mount would be if not cleft by ravines." Thus Soimonoff was enabled speedily to establish himself in force on those neglected heights; the configuration of the ground saved him from the possibility of going astray; and once established, his troops were concealed, partly by the hollows up which they were advancing, chiefly by the fog and the dense drizzle. Subsequently, as we shall see, the obscurity helped the weaker of the

combatants; the sheltered ways proved too inviting refuges for troops discomfited by a wearing fire, while the steep declivities gave momentum to the disordered retreat, when the dash of the English handfuls was driving everything before it.

Soimonoff had done admirably so far; but the very circumstances that had favoured his advance, had tended to baffle the concerted operation. In vain he listened for indications of Pauloff's approach; there was nothing to be heard of the co-operating columns. Still he was in commanding strength, and time was precious, and the enemy at last were fairly alarmed. While Captain Rowlands had been firing on the head of his central column, Goodlake with some Guardsmen had been feeling his left; and it was these volleys of Goodlake's people that had come to the ears of General Codrington. We may note by the way, in reference to Soimonoff's advanced, that Mr. Kinglake calls attention to a force that does not figure at all in General Todleben's narrative, though it nearly did good service later. "General Soimonoff was covered on his right flank by a separate body of troops called the under-road column, which moved up along the bed of the Careenage Ravine."

Whatever may be said of the vigilance of some of his pickets, General Pennefather himself was not caught napping. Early in the saddle, as was his invariable custom, he heard, as we have seen, the very first of the firing. Now it devolved upon him to decide on the spur of the moment how the great attack was to be met. If any governing mind "left its impress on the battle," assuredly it was his; for it was he who directed from first to last. Lord Raglan, when he made his appearance on the ground, declined to interfere—indeed at that time it

would have been dangerous, if not impossible, to change the tactics—and even Canrobert, coming up in course, courteously placed his French battalions at the disposal of the English General of Division. Mr. Kinglake gives a telling picture of the man, and a vivid analysis of the feelings that actuated him. In his mind, the ground he held was his own personal property, and he regarded the enemy in the light of audacious trespassers. In the second period of the fight, “when his horse was shot under him, and he had to struggle some moments before he could extricate himself from its overthrown trunk, the emotion he disclosed was sheer rage, as though the enemies’ gunners who had dared to go and kill his first charger were guilty of some lawless outrage for which they must speedily suffer, and in the meantime be damned.” Had Sir De Lacy Evans been in command of the division, instead of being invalidated and on board ship, it is probable he might have repeated the tactics that had proved so successful on the 26th October, although this time the great superiority of guns had shifted to the side of the Russians. Pennefather decided differently. Mr. Kinglake, speaking we presume on the personal authority of the General, says that he was profoundly impressed with the tremendous responsibility of making that critical stand on our last though most formidable line of defence. Unquestionably his bellicose instincts enforced the arguments he might draw from expediency. He was as much a fighting general as the chief of the famous fighting fifth brigade in the Peninsula. So he encouraged his pickets to dispute the brushwood foot by foot with the advancing masses. Once committed to that scheme of battle, there was little to be done but go on with it; for it was impos-

sible to send a simultaneous recall to troops scattered out of sight in the mist and the copses. As supports came slowly struggling up to him, he sent them forward to “feed his pickets.” From the first, the battle was broken up into an infinity of distinct engagements, with the enemy closing in all round. The fight so obstinately maintained by one knot of men might be the safety of their comrades engaged in their immediate neighbourhood; and thus it came about that Inkerman was fought out, for the most part, in such “rough and tumble” fashion, that the Commander-in-Chief, whatever his individual ideas, had to submit with a wise grace to leave the ascendancy with Pennefather. If sheer fighting was to give us the victory, the battle could not have been in better hands.

But it would be a mistake to believe, with some of his critics, that Mr. Kinglake does not give its due weight to our artillery power. On the contrary, it seems to us that he loses no opportunity of calling attention to the potent forces that were being directed from the background with such deadly judgment, although from the nature of things he is detained among the fights that were constantly going forward to the front. He shows how Fitzmayer’s dozen of pieces brought in position to the crest of Home Ridge, discharged almost into blank vacancy, at the beginning of the action and at the prompting of Colonel Herbert, tended to deflect the enemy’s attack. He shows how the steady fire that swept the brow of the plateau even in the teeth of the tremendous cannonade from Shell Hill, gave the Russians, who would otherwise have come straight towards the keys of our position, a most fortunate “banking towards flank movements.” To say nothing of the decisive effect of the couple of 18-

pounders brought up later from the siege-train, he demonstrates at each stage of the action how our artillerymen, with faculties sharpened by scientific training, were on the alert to seize upon each fast-fleeting opportunity as it presented itself. As for their practice, its calm precision left nothing to desire; and Todleben's scientific judgment did not fail him when he pronounced that the soldiers who had fought so resolutely were adequately supported by their guns.

The battle had begun with everything in favour of the Russians. The weather, the ground, their overwhelming superiority in numbers, their deliberate preparations for the business awaiting them, were all conspiring to help them. But soon the conditions that had served them so far began in some sense to operate the other way. When they opened their tremendous cannonade from Shell Hill, naturally they neglected the bands of skirmishers who were scattered forward in the coverts and among the laps of the sinking ground. But as it happened, these skirmishers were the British army, although the enemy was scarcely likely to surmise as much. The Russians had taken the range of the camp of the 2d Division, where they fancied the reserves must be massing themselves in force. Their aim was true, and the havoc ought to have been tremendous; "but the plan of destroying by their persistent fire a great portion of Pennefather's reserves was baffled by the circumstance of his having no reserves to destroy. Except sentries pacing the lines, and men busied in striking the tents, hardly any one had been left in camp." Then as the Russians felt their way in the obscurity, their columns' formation, where they were only to be distinguished as something like thicker wreaths of the fog, offered a mark

that steady shooting could scarcely miss, while our scattered files were barely distinguishable in the mist, even when they were not entirely screened by the copsewood.

It was happy for us that fortune favoured us so far in these first moments of the combat, when our people had turned out half asleep and fasting with cramped limbs and damp firearms. Engineering had done nothing to break the first rush of the onset. It is true the ground was hard to work, and but a scanty depth of soil overlaid the rocky strata of the headland. It is certain our troops had their hands full with the heavy labours of the siege and the wearing work of observation and night watches. The fact remains, however, that the threatened ground was left something more than unprotected, as Mr. Kinglake shows most conclusively. The only work of the slightest value was far in the rear of the ground where the battle was virtually decided, and that work was but the mere ridge of a furrow some couple of feet in height. Slight as it was, however, it showed how much might have been done for us by some very trifling expenditure of the labour of spade and pickaxe. It proved a welcome resting-place for weary troops when they fell back for repose in sheer exhaustion, and it stopped a marvellous proportion of the enemy's missiles, when our heavy siege-guns had been placed in position behind it. Of the only other spots where our soldiers had broken the surface of the soil, one at least turned out to be a fatal snare and delusion. The "Sandbag Battery" on the Kitspur merely served to divert the fight in a false direction; causing such fearful slaughter of the choicest troops that the Frenchmen christened the place the *abattoir*; leaving a gap in the very centre of our line through which

we were constantly threatened with destruction, and luring on our men to that "false victory" which hurried them down hill in mad pursuit, abandoning the command of the heights to the enemy. As for "the Barrier" thrown up across the old Post-road that led full up to the face of our position by the course of the Quarry Ravine, there an outpost was fiercely contested as if it had been the very key to the position. That persistent fight at the barrier was a repetition of the unscientific tactics that had disputed the Carriage Ravine to the Russians on the day of the Lesser Inkerman. It served to glorify the chivalrous dash as well as the dogged determination of our soldiers. It helped to mask our exhaustion, when the defence had begun to grow languid along other portions of our line. It repaid, as it happened, all it had cost in the end, when, "as it were, it was to hold open the gate of the enemy's castle and grievously embarrass his defence." It furnishes Mr. Kinglake with some of his most picturesque themes and some of his most stirring incidents; and the stubborn occupation of it was in perfect keeping with the magnificent resolution that won us the victory. But there can be no doubt that on scientific principles our men should have fallen back from it when the enemy passed them; and had its defenders been a shade inferior in quality, their obstinate audacity could only have resulted in their annihilation.

With his batteries established on Shell Hill, with his battalions of infantry massed behind them, Mr. Kinglake inclines to believe that General Soimonoff intended to await the arrival of his colleague, Pauloff, in order to commence the attack. Had he persisted in that intention in spite of provocation, the fate of the day might have been different.

The English would have had time to collect themselves, and would have received some reinforcement. But while Soimonoff was engaging our centre and threatening our left, Pauloff might have charged himself with a dash in force at the Fore Ridge and the Kitspur, instead of coming up to retrieve a check. As it was, the real battle was commenced characteristically by the "feebler party" forcing the fighting. A wing of the 49th, under Major Thornton Grant, was posted low down among the copsewood on Pennefather's left.

"With this little force, Grant was sitting at ease in his saddle, and suffering his wisacre pony to browse on the Inkerman oak-leaves, when the Russian column approaching, first darkened the mist, and then all at once seemed to break through it. Grant, speaking brief to his people, said, 'Give them a volley and charge.' He was obeyed. His men delivered their fire, and then cheering, with their bayonets down at the charge, drove straight at the opposing mass, broke fiercely into its ranks, and not only trod down all resistance, but even made bold to take prisoners. . . . Soimonoff, losing his patience, resolved to move forward at once without any longer awaiting the accession of Pauloff's forces.

"From the ground where Grant's people halted when staying at last their pursuit, they could hear breaking out on the reverse slope of the crest an undefined multitudinous stirring as of a host, followed close by the myriad hurrahs which gave voice to the rage of a close-gathered soldiery, and portended a general onset. Soon the mist towards Shell Hill became charged with the slow creeping darkness of numbers upon numbers in movement; and presently it was plain the grey masses covered ground far and wide, though no eye reached the bounds of their strength."

That opening affair by the 49th is a fair illustration of the general character of the fighting in what Mr. Kinglake defines as its first period.

Our men in their comparative hand-fuls, skirmishing forward in very open order indeed, or closing up for a volley and a charge, so far as the brushwood permitted, were opposing themselves to the advance of the enemy in loose disintegrating masses. For the Russians also inevitably had their formation broken in forcing their way through thick undergrowth. Eight of their battalions — 15,000 strong in all — were assaulting the English heights, ostensibly in company columns. But it is only fair to remark, that their success or failure would have told little for or against the value of that form of fighting. For, as Mr. Kinglake points out, each battalion "so split up into four seemed to be either one mass undivided, though loosened in structure, or else a huge mass of skirmishers unaccountably thronging together." The weather, too, was against the method almost as much as the ground; and it must be remembered in fairness in appreciating the Russian fighting qualities, that the numerical disproportion, vast as it was, told less than might have been imagined in those stages of the action. For the long trailing columns had but a very limited front, and even had they been equally armed could have fired few more shots than the thin loose line that confronted them, aiming always point-blank into their mass. They dropped thick and fast in that dense formation, and each man as he fell or was crippled helped to spread the sense of demoralisation among comrades who were necessarily passive and could only push forward and endure. Where the Russian superiority in numbers served them, was in their being able continually to renew the attack in similar force — in positively replacing one army with another — while our people were being slowly worn away; while we were being spent with intense

excitement and sustained bodily exertion; while we had gone into the battle breakfastless; and while the ammunition was fast giving out which let the few hold their own with the many.

But the more one's heart glows over the heroism of our men, the more is one disposed to indignation at the offences of omission and commission which made their work so hard and so deadly to them. They fought forward, with no artificial cover; they fought in an excess of decentralisation which left them always feeble in each part of the field. With the best will in the world, the English supports could only be sent forward in dribblets, and the men fairly engaged had nothing in the shape of a reserve to fall back upon. Yet, had it not been for what we must characterise as an inexcusable and foolhardy piece of officiousness, they might have had valuable assistance from their Allies very early in the day. Always excepting that inexplicable blunder of Bosquet which Mr. Kinglake puts in so plain a light, and to which we shall advert later, it is certain the French showed to comparative advantage so far as the science of fighting is concerned. And when Bosquet had listened for some time to the warning fire from the English front, he became alive to the importance of the threatening action. At first he had to see to the safety of his own positions, for, strong as they unquestionably were, Gortchakoff appeared to have designs on them. But, speedily persuaded that the Prince's demonstration was only a feint, he mounted and galloped off to proffer his help to the English. Nothing might have seemed more fortunately providential than the rencontre he made at the Windmill. He met the officer who was next in seniority to Lord Raglan, accompanied by the general in command

of the 4th Division, to whom the Government had destined the reversion of the chief command. The Frenchman told them eagerly that he had artillery and infantry close behind him: that there were more troops under orders to follow when it should become clear that Mount Inkerman was the real point of attack. Sir George Brown and Sir George Cathcart rejected the proffered help. "Brown and Cathcart, it would seem, must have spoken under the impulse of a feeling of pride, which, however perturbing to the judgment, must still in a way be admired, because it is a main ingredient in that wonderful assemblage of qualities which makes the British soldier what he is; and indeed this answer to Bosquet was such as might have come from two superb sergeants or privates who had found themselves asked to acknowledge that the English wanted help from a Frenchman." Undoubtedly; and it was of a piece with the chivalrous recklessness and jealous independence with which Cathcart sacrificed himself later in a rash and most unmilitary adventure. But surely it was the solemn duty of veterans so highly placed to distrust their first fiery impulses, and remember their solemn responsibilities, when the honour of their country was at stake with the lives of hundreds of their soldiers. Besides, neither Brown nor Cathcart had warrant to speak. It was Pennesfather who was assailed, and Lord Raglan who commanded. If they had spoken, and if our men could take care of themselves, it might still have seemed wise and generous to share any glory that might be going with our Allies, instead of selfishly monopolising it for ourselves. However, speak they did. Bosquet went back chilled, if not hurt, to counter-march the succours that might have proved invaluable: and it was not till our ground had been strewn

thick with the dead and wounded, and the safety of our vital positions gravely and repeatedly endangered, that the rejected troops were brought up at a most opportune moment.

Had Mr. Kinglake been planning a martial epic in place of recording truthfully a melancholy though most glorious piece of history, he could scarcely have devised the incident of this interview more adroitly. With no retreat and little support, the unequal battle became less than ever a question of tactics. Pennesfather could only ride up and down the ridge, hearkening to the rattle of musketry when it broke out through the roar of the cannon. Lord Raglan, when he reached the front, could only sit in his saddle and listen likewise. Meantime a Homeric series of combats was going on below, and on the jutting height to the left. Men got parted from their companies, and officers from their men. Wherever there was any local purpose given to the desultory fighting, it came from some dashing officer who acted general for himself, and ordered his own little battle. Consequently, in no portion of Mr. Kinglake's history of the war does his rare combination of gifts show out to more marvellous advantage. No patient industry inferior to his could have amassed so vast an amount of minute details, carefully verifying each beyond impeachment of its credibility. Few professional critics could have been capable of throwing such a flood of light on the confused whirl of incidents that passed literally in profound obscurity, consigning to each its position in the sequence of events, and restricting it within its relative proportions. But above all, we may ask, is there another living historian who could have handled the splendid theme with equal force and fire? Exploits crowd upon

exploits; success or salvation come to depend on sublime efforts of wild audacity; and individuals have to knit together and struggle backwards for their lives in the full flush of brilliant little victories. Everything rests upon coolness as much as courage. So many forlorn-hopes are showing their confident fronts through the fog, although certain destruction seems yawning behind them. If there is a sign of faltering anywhere, some one is sure to offer his life as a sacrifice, in the confidence that his example must encourage the rest. Raw subalterns bear themselves like case-hardened veterans, attempting with the coolest judgment that which seems wellnigh impossible. Victoria Crosses should have been won hundreds of times over. Yet in recounting it all, there is no manner of monotony. There was no temptation to colour, for the sober reality was picturesque enough; but Mr. Kinglake never fails to catch those distinctive shades of contrast that make so striking a variety of effects on the wide breadth of his canvas. He gives unstinted admiration—as who would not?—yet he never fails to be critically appreciative. He dwells on the motives of action as well as the actions and their results. The many have credit for dash and undaunted resolution. To the few are attributed the higher qualities that spring from precocious experience or the intuition of military genius. Following the changing fortunes of the fight, shifting the point of view from place to place, as the enemy is shifting the points of pressure, we are sometimes inclined to lose our heads in the whirl. It is a positive relief to find certain fixed centres where we may collect ourselves for a moment—as with the troops who held the Barrier against all comers, or with those who so fiercely contested the

Sandbag Battery. Perhaps that inclination to confusion shows better than anything else the extreme lucidity of the complicated narrative, for a little attention makes all clearly comprehensible again; and we find that, while we have been hurrying along in the hot excitement of the battle, we have omitted to take adequate notice of some slight but indispensable links.

It is not in our power to do justice to Mr. Kinglake's gifts of description in the narrow limits of the longest review. To do so we should have to borrow wholesale from his pages, and even then the episodes would often lose by being torn away from the context that frames them. But something we must quote, at once by way of illustrating our meaning, and of showing the influence exerted on the battle, always by indomitable pluck, often by happy accident. Take, for example, Lieutenant Clifford's charge on a Russian column. General Buller was coming up from his siege-works with four companies of the 77th. Wheeling into line on the shoulder of the Home Ridge, they "were diving into the mist and smoke guided rather by the sounding tumult of battle than by anything that had yet been descried, when from the shot whistling past, from the piercing flashes of the musketry, but at last from the grey shapes of men dimly seen, and in gathering darkness importing dense numbers behind them, Buller's aide-de-camp, Lieut. Hugh Clifford, became sure that what immediately confronted him was a number of Russian infantry disposed in no order themselves, but followed by compacted masses and already within a few paces." Clifford warned his chief, who was near-sighted, and was sent to order the men to fix bayonets and persist in their advance. He galloped

down the line to find its extreme left overlapped by a continuous force of the enemy, filing up silently into the rear of the 77th. It was that under-road column, not mentioned by Todleben, which was actually turning the English position, and moving forward unresisted into Pennefather's camp. "The head of the column had already climbed up past the spot which Clifford had reached, and the nearest part of the long, trailing, snake-like body then deploying before him, was its neck." He seized the moment: called the men nearest "to come and charge with him;" was obeyed unhesitatingly: rode straight forward in the lead: forced his way at the head of his followers, and, favoured this time also by the friendly mist, threw the column into panic and induced it to fall back, at the moment when the success of its movement seemed assured. "The Russians who had struggled against him disengaged themselves now from the strife, and before many moments the soldiery who were advancing still from below were met and borne down by a descending torrent of fugitives."

Nor in its prompt conception, daring execution, and, we may add, in its momentous results, was that attack an isolated instance. Later, in the third period, Colonel Daubeney, with a few of his 55th men, found himself low down the slopes on the right flank of that great trunk column of the enemy which was then advancing to assail the French established in the centre of our position. The French were wavering, the Russians were rushing forward with exulting hurrahs, when, all at once, they came to a standstill. Daubeney had "sprung at the flank" of their second battalion "with the thirty men he was leading; and along with his people he not only

wedged himself in between the second and third companies of the riven battalion, but tore his way on and on into the centre of the mass. There, at one time, the assailants and the assailed stood so closely, locked together, that their power to hurt one another was, during some instants, suspended. With one Russian officer thus pinioned as he was himself by the weight of the crowd, Colonel Daubeney exchanged a smiling acknowledgment of the duress suffered by each." But they cleft their way through, and the cleavage created a confusion that, in beating forward to the head of the column, arrested the enthusiasm that seemed likely to carry the English heights.

To come back to those 77th men, some of whom Clifford had handled so happily, we have a magnificent description of one of the many "Inkerman charges," when they came to face with the dense masses in front of them.

"The force directly opposing him [Colonel Egerton] disclosed itself gradually to the sight. First, after the line of the Russian skirmishers—and indeed partly mingled amongst them—there came shapeless clumps of the grey-coated soldiery, disposed in what seemed to be a crowd somewhat loosened, but all as with one intent keenly forcing their way through the brushwood; and, in close support to these, there marched a dense column, so formed that, whilst plainly ample in depth, it still showed as broad a front as Egerton's slender line."

The front ranks came to a stop when they saw the English, but the column behind would "heave its way forward." Egerton asked General Buller, "What shall we do?" "Charge them," was the answer, and the charge was made.

"The foremost of the Russians had not long stopped their advance when, across the dim, narrow space now di-

viding them from Egerton's force, they heard English words of command. They saw their foe come to a halt. They saw his long hedgerow of firelocks, now engrafted with bayonets, bend down, come level, then blaze, and in the instant a pitiless volley tore through their loose masses in front, and swept down like a blast on the face of the column behind them. Then from under the new ridge of smoke, which Egerton's troops by this fire had piled up along their whole line, there rose the 'Hurrah!' of the English, as though in some outburst of joy. Whilst the Russians yet listened to the roar of their enemy's welcome, all before them lay still wrapt in cloud; but presently those who stood calm and could look in the eye of the storm, saw here and there, moving in dimness, the shadowy form of a rider, the naked gleam of a sword, then the wing of the 77th, along its whole front, bursting out once more into sight through the bank of the smoke, and tearing straight down at a run, with bayonets brought low to the 'charge.'

It is almost as hard to stop short in one of those quotations from Mr. Kinglake as it would have been to arrest the 77th in their charge. But we can only refer our readers to the volume for the description of "the long, raging turmoil," when the 77th, breaking up into knots and units, was bayoneting, felling, firing on the scattering fugitives. So fierce was the chase, that the pursuers got entangled at last in superior numbers of the enemy who had been overrun, and who having fallen to feign death had risen again when the pursuit had swept by them. So that our men had to turn and stand on their defence, engaging in many a hand-to-hand combat.

Egerton's victory not only repulsed a formidable column, but went far to defeat the general attack of Soimonoff and decide the battle in our favour in its first period. Yet it was but a representative charge of many. We might tell how Bellairs, by assuming the

offensive against similar odds and in circumstances to the full as critical, saved a battery and arrested a straggling retreat to the rear that at the time was taking almost the aspect of a rout; or how Colonel Mauleverer with his officers of the 30th leaped up from behind the "Barrier" where their men were lying with wetted firelocks that would not explode. They "rose and mounted to the top of the wall. With scarce a glance back to their people, they frankly leapt down to the enemy's side of the Barrier." Mauleverer was severely wounded; many of his officers were wounded or killed. But their men followed without faltering. "This encounter, if bloody, was short. The shreds of the enemy's company columns, thrown back in a heap of confusion upon the solid mass coming up in support, seemed to bring it to instant ruin." We might multiply exploits of the kind almost *à discretion*, and so it was that Soimonoff's onslaught was foiled with the loss of its gallant leader. "In that course of decisive fighting which began in Pennefather's left, and was thence carried eastward along our whole front, the twenty Russian battalions which had undertaken the actual assault were themselves assailed and defeated, nay, brought to sheer ruin by a few small and separated bodies of English combatants." The carnage had been terrible—according to Russian returns, for example, though it sounds scarcely credible, two of the Kolivansk battalions which had gone into action 1400 strong, came out of it with only a couple of hundred men, and these were left in charge of a captain.

All that remained of Soimonoff's men were in full retreat, with the exception of the sixteen battalions in reserve, which had never been moved from where they were originally stationed. Nor did General

Dannenberg order them into action now, when he came on the ground with Pauloff's force and assumed the direction. It was with these troops, fagged with a march and a stiff ascent, that he chose for some reason to resume the offensive. But he brought at the same time a formidable accession to his artillery power, and ninety pieces were now opening upon us, along a mile of front that had Shell Hill for its centre. It might have shaken the resolution even of our Inkerman heroes had they known that they had to do with entirely fresh bodies of assailants in place of with those they had so repeatedly repulsed. But "the defeated soldiery when they vanished—dropping down out of sight by the steep slopes—were so promptly replaced by fresh troops, that our people marked no distinct change in the tenor of the fight, except such as might naturally occur between the repulse and the renewal of any infantry attack." Mr. Kinglake observes that this renewal of the battle was the more formidable to our people that Pauloff's column were in ignorance of their comrades' repulse, and advanced with no sense of discouragement. It has been objected that that could scarcely have been the case, seeing that they must have been advancing over ground that was thickly strewn with the dead and the wounded. We think a more careful reference to the text and plans will show the criticism to rest on a misconception. Pauloff's men bent away to their left. They passed near the ground where the men of the 30th had charged the Borodino battalions with the bayonet, but to the left of it. Some of them at last made their way to the Kitspur, where the Taroutine battalions had been repulsed by the 41st Regiment, but that repulse was a very summary affair. And it is to be remembered

that unless one actually crossed the scene of a conflict, the bodies of the fallen would be hidden by the brushwood, while the groans of the wounded were lost in the roar of the battle.

So the second period began as the first, with much the same system of desultory fighting, although the enemy's artillery-fire had grown heavier. The first period, however, if we admit the wisdom of Pennefather's characteristic tactics, had been signalled neither by conspicuous error nor any extraordinary mishaps. In the second period, on the contrary, our defence was gravely compromised by a succession of errors clearly elucidated by Mr. Kinglake: (1.) By that standing snare of the "Sandbag Battery," which, by diverting a rush of combatants and absorbing supports to dispute an illusory advantage, left the fatal "gap" between Pennefather in the centre and the battle that raged to the right upon the Kitspur. (2.) By the "false victory," as Mr. Kinglake happily names it, which hurried our victorious troops down the hill to leave the crests in occupation of the enemy who had stolen round upon them through the gap. (3.) By the death of Cathcart, after his gallant but misdirected onslaught with troops whose services would have been invaluable elsewhere. As to the first point, it seems plain that had we had a fair force to man the heights that the defence would naturally have rested on, perhaps even had Bosquet's assistance been accepted promptly when it was first offered, we should have done well to include the Kitspur in our positions. It flanked in some measure the enemy's lines of advance; and we may conclude, from the value he evidently attached to its occupation, that it was worth the fighting for had we had men to spare. As it

was, the issue showed too plainly the justice of Mr. Kinglake's criticism on our people entangling themselves in a series of obstinate combats for a detached headland seven hundred yards distant from their Home Ridge. Skilfully analysing the philosophy of the soldiers' impulses, he dwells on the fascination exercised on their minds by the sight of tangible prizes to be struggled for, both on the Kitspur and at the Barrier. At the Battery, too, there was some prospect of a temporary shelter from the pitiless storm of shot and shell, where brave men might willingly retire for a moment before making it the base for fresh dashes in advance. In reality, as a protection it was worse than worthless; for there was no banquette behind the parapet, whence the men could make their muskets available; and practically they were penned like sheep for the slaughter, should a hostile rush swamp their comrades and flow back upon them from the rear. But it was only those who successively occupied it who learned its worthlessness by sad experience; and to the last, Russians, English, and French, disputed the death-trap with unabated eagerness.

It is a main merit of Mr. Kinglake's great work that it does impartial justice to all our soldiers who fought at Inkerman. He has distributed to the 2d, the Light, and the 4th Divisions their due shares of the general credit of the day; and he has shown how the first heat of their fighting for the Sandbag Battery was borne by General Adams with 700 of the line. It was essential to the truth of permanent history that that point should be very clearly established; for undoubtedly popular recollections of the battle credit the Guards with its sensational honours. Our Allies made special heroes of the

"bonnets de poil," whom they were proud of saving from something resembling annihilation at a very critical moment: and the battle-piece of "Inkerman" in the galleries of Versailles commemorates that grand international incident. We are glad that Mr. Kinglake has made the matter clear; yet without doing any injustice to others, or indulging in comparisons that must be equally groundless and gratuitous, it is certain that it would not be easy to exaggerate the chivalrous heroism of the Guards, and it was this Sandbag Battery that was the scene and centre of their exploits. It was there that in a single hour, Grenadiers and Scots Fusiliers lost half their numbers in killed and wounded. It is melancholy to have it forced upon us, that these precious lives might have been expended to much better purpose, had our chiefs recognised and availed themselves of the change in the battle that had entirely disengaged us for a time from our mistaken hold on the Kitspur. The 41st and 49th had been forced back. Their gallant general had dropped mortally wounded. Captain Hamley—now Colonel Hamley, Commandant, Staff College—had come up with his three guns, planted them, with quick military insight, in the precise position where they would be at once most protected and most telling in their effects. He had so successfully plied a column ascending on our right, that it had dropped in disorder into the shelter of the ravine: he had swept the coppices in front of him clear of the hostile skirmishers: in short, "this happy use of three guns placed the contest for a moment on exactly that kind of footing which was desired by men basing their attacks on the strength of the Inkerman ground." But the Battery once occupied by the English had

been abandoned under stress of pressure, and that was reason sufficient for retaking it. If we could be content that chiefs in divisional command should direct their high-spirited men like hot-blooded subalterns, we should say the glory won by the Guardsmen for the English had scarcely been bought too dear even by slaughter so terrible. To do anything like justice to that series of heroic episodes, we should have to transfer whole chapters from *Mr. Kinglake*, where deeds that speak for themselves are set forth in language the most brilliant. We hear of the charge of the Grenadiers that swept the enemy out of the work, when the damp rifles were flashing in the pan, and there were nothing for it but to fall back on the bayonet. Of Colonel Beauchamp Walker leading on his Scots Fusiliers, though hard hit again and again, till at last a ball, crashing into his jaw, compelled him reluctantly to make over the command by signs. Of officers, fighting to the front of men who scarcely needed any encouragement; of charges desperately and hurriedly delivered in case comrades swiftly coming up in support, should share the glory that the others had been toiling and dying for. Till at last, after assault and repulse in quick succession, "the thousands in a misshapen mass on the one side and the hundreds on the other in a knotted strongly united line stood at bay confronting each other, and divided by a space which, though greater elsewhere, was at one point towards the right no more than eight yards." Then the combatants whose ammunition was failing them, began actually to pelt each other with the loose fragments of stone that strewed the rocky plateau. Can anything be more vividly picturesque in the way of a battle-piece, than the descriptions of the

situations then and a little later—situations so unprecedented in modern warfare, that we may be sure no other chronicler will ever have an opportunity of reproducing them!

"Russian troops in great herds might be falling back after defeat, or rallying under the shelter of the steepes and formed once more for attack, and forcing their painful way upwards under the torment of fire, but always in one way or another they thronged the hillsides, and always on the crest above them there somehow remained adhering, the long knotted string of our English infantry, with still that same bend in their line which almost from the first had enabled them to show a front to the north as well as a front to the east."

We can picture to ourselves, with scarcely an effort of the mind, the smoke clinging here and there in wreaths on the crests, concealing each fresh advance of the enemy until actually within half musket-range; then the delivery of "so terrible a fire, that flesh and blood could barely, if at all, endure the ordeal." The English with difficulty restrained from charging, because a charge down hill must bring disaster, as it did subsequently. The enemy, hesitating in writhing anguish between persistence and retreat. The Russian officers, offering themselves to be slaughtered, as they strove by their example to animate their troops. The slow but dogged advance; the determined resistance even when the slight line was bending backwards under weight of numbers. The side charges, when "a few of our people, gathering hastily together, would spring with their bayonets low at the front or flank of the intruding mass." "The English line was never for an instant that rigid wall of soldiery with its edging of fire and steel, at which English discipline aims, but a knotted chain of men, all of them working hard." The time came

speedily when the knotted chain was to break, but it broke onward in place of backward. The men burst forward in the ardour of following up this advantage, "all seemed to be flight and pursuit," and our victory perfected the positions that had been so long and painfully maintained. But in the confusion of the struggle accompanying that change in the situation, individual instances of heroism multiplied. Such as Sir Charles Russell, in answer to the appeal of his men, calling on them to follow him, throwing himself down from the battery among the enemy, and slightly made as he was, mastering a Russian musket by way of example. Or Burnaby's rush with a handful of braves gathered at random on an advancing mass; although, as one of the privates said afterwards—"I thought it perfectly useless so few of us trying to resist such a tremendous lot; but, for all that, I did so." It must be remembered too, that although Captain Burnaby very properly thought it well to publish an account of his personal adventure, thereby doing justice to the gallant fellows who followed him, his achievement was rather a representative than an exceptional one. There were dozens of men detached like him, doing work of much the same kind, all over the battle-field.

We should be glad to pass lightly over the part that Cathcart played in the battle. He was happy in a soldier's death, but his distinguished career had a sad ending. Twice that day did he make fatal mistakes. He had assumed the responsibility of refusing help from the French, and now it seems clear that he disobeyed the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. It is true that the message General Airey delivered him was a verbal one, but the language appears to have been precise. Lord

Raglan had assented to an idea of Pennefather's, and was enforcing the wishes of the Duke of Cambridge. It is said he ordered Cathcart to move along to the left and support the Guards, and on no account to descend from the plateau. What were the exact motives that actuated Cathcart we can never know. Heartburnings arising out of the granting and the withdrawal of "the dormant commission" may have had their share in them, as Mr. Kinglake suggests. He may have misunderstood the peremptory nature of the vital instructions he received; or he may have "imagined some great and novel emergency, or some shining prospect of advantage which might warrant disobedience of orders." What we know is, that he took upon himself to act very differently from Gortchakoff, whose passive obedience to the orders of his superior went far to lose the battle for his master. "Being on strong heights, with the enemy's left wing outstretched before him, he would go down and make war against the tip of its outermost feather instead of striking the pinion." Whether disobedient or merely mistaken, the brave old chief must have suffered bitterly in the last few minutes of his existence. His favourite officers were falling around him, his men hopelessly shattered, "and in a mess." We remember no more touching sketch in the volume than his sitting on his horse surrounded by his staff in a sheltered nook, at the very feet of the Russians above him who had stolen into his abandoned place. It was thither "the great Deliverer came, withdrawing him from the agony of discomfiture, from censure, from controversy, from all the torments of life, and surrounding him at the last with a halo which the everyday world cannot give."

The Russians had at length avail-

ed themselves of the "gap" which Sir George Cathcart had insisted on leaving unclosed ; and this leads us back naturally to the first appearance of the French on the ground, and the part they subsequently played in the action. Mr. Kinglake has been severely handled by some of his critics, because, as they say, he has been niggardly of the generous gratitude we owe to our Allies. Doubtless it would have been more grateful to him, in every way, could he have honestly given them free measure of praise. A chivalrous glorification of the services they had rendered us might have made his narrative more generally attractive. But truth is truth, and Mr. Kinglake is the responsible historian of the war. He is not even in the position of the English Commander-in-Chief, who was bound in prudence to study diplomacy, and to keep a wise silence on certain details, while saying everything complimentary he could say with honour and a safe conscience. Yet even Lord Raglan was guarded. He dwells on the "loyal co-operation" of Marshal Canrobert, as he well might. Canrobert was in close consultation with him through the engagement. While it was going forward, he placed his troops as they came to the front unreservedly at his lordship's disposal ; and if he declined to follow up the pursuit and crown the victory, he gave reasons for his abstention which were at least plausible. It would have been officious and offensive in Lord Raglan praising French generalship as Mr. Kinglake does, on all occasions when he finds it deserving of commendation. And it would have been gratuitous and unwise had Lord Raglan referred to the behaviour of particular regiments, although he naturally dwelt with emphasis on the assistance they rendered to us *en masse*. Mr. Kinglake is in a different position. He

is the judge summing up the case for the verdict of posterity when all the witnesses have been examined, and when the counsel on either side have put the arguments in writing. He has been reproached, too, for the minuteness with which he charges ; but it would be obviously inconsistent if he hurried cursorily over the conduct of the French troops who figured conspicuously in the front of the battle. To us it seems that he is perfectly fair, if he shows them no flattering favour. The first battalions of French that came up were halted half sheltered by the swell of the ground. Our men hot from the fight, worn out, over-numbered and short of ammunition, greeted the advent of their Allies with shouts of delight. When the French seemed to hang back in place of pressing impetuously forward, they overwhelmed them with abuse ; in fact, they flew into a violent passion that was very intelligible in the circumstances. But Mr. Kinglake says distinctly, that the passion was quite unreasonable. The English had been surprised at the first into tactics more than questionable, and now the battle had passed into another stage. It was more problematical than ever, whether it was wise to persist in forcing the fighting. At all events, no commandant of a battalion would have been justified in committing his men in contempt for the ordinary rules of war without the safeguard of superior orders ; and at that moment there was no French general of division to the front. When General Bosquet came up—there is no more telling scene in the volume—he looked along the ridge for "the English force," and saw nothing but some scattered handfuls of skirmishers. In fact, Mr. Kinglake seems to us to assign to the French throughout the superiority in scientific strategy, with the ex-

ception of Bosquet's faculty tactics later, and Canrobert's cautious abstention when the Russians were in full retreat. But he does tell us that French regiments wavered and fell back; he does dwell on incidents that are in some degree discreditable; just as he dilates afterwards on their dashing movements in advance, or as he describes the desperate combats of our own people. As to the general truth of the confusion he describes, he is confirmed by clouds of competent witnesses. French and English were mixed up together, and there were English officers seen all around. It is true De Bazancourt's sensational narrative gives a very different version. He describes in glowing language the irresistible *élan* which carried the Frenchmen on to the rescue without check or pause; and that we know to be indisputably a fable. But Colonel Hamley tells of their wavering when they were first brought under the enemy's tremendous fire.* Colonel Calthorpe, a staff-officer of Lord Raglan, mentions how they fell back in "panic," notwithstanding the gallant efforts of some of their officers to arrest them. If there is a single point in which Mr. Kinglake does them less than justice, it may be that he rests too lightly on the natural effects of the first exposure of inexperienced soldiers to a fearfully-concentrated cannonade. It had grown gradually hotter for our men as battery after battery was brought up; but even the Connaught Rangers, nobly as they afterwards redeemed a momentary faltering, had fallen into something like similar confusion when they first came up under similar circumstances. It is historical, too,

that the French generals were almost nervously anxious for English backing: that they pressed for having their infantry and cavalry supported by the shattered remnants of our Guards and the wrecks of our Light Brigade. But Mr. Kinglake is never more eloquent than when immortalising the more marked exploits of our Allies: the recovery of our captured guns by the sixty Zouaves; the invaluable assistance of Boussinière's battery, under a fire so terrible as has seldom been supported; or the fierce rush that retook the *abattoir*. And to have done once for all with an ungracious subject, we may ask Mr. Kinglake's critics whether the events of the war of 1870-1871, do not say something for his view of the question? When armies surrendered by the hundred thousand on their native soil when their country is in a death-struggle, we may surely assume that fifteen years before the *morale* and the quality of the troops may have left something to desire.

It is not the province of the reviewer to follow the historian in doing honour to all who eminently distinguished themselves: and it would be an endless task to call attention to each sketch and incident that has struck us forcibly. Yet we cannot take leave of this "second period" without reverting to the bearing of General Pennefather, the incarnation of the spirit of that dogged, desperate, unscientific resistance, when although, while taking his favourite ride,

"To the eye any horseman approaching the Barrier in the then state of the atmosphere was a blank unrecognised phantom; and

* We may remind our readers, by the way, that his calm and soldier-like story of the campaign appeared at the time from month to month in our columns; nor are we aware that any one of the facts or opinions advanced by him has ever since been challenged.

not even that radiant, exulting countenance—an ideal almost for the lineaments of a soldier truly loving the fight—could now shine out through the dimness; but for men who had ears to hear, there was comfort and even a smile when the shadowy form of the rider brought with it the sound of a familiar voice, and the 'grand old boys' favourite oaths roaring down cheerily through the smoke."

Nor can we pass over the incident of the 20th Regiment, when, "at the thought of the bayonet, they seemed to have all but one will."

"Despite the hostile masses on their flanks, they were glowing with that sense of power which is scarce other than power itself. To men of their corps, and none other, had been committed the charge of a sacred historic tradition; and if they were to use the enchantment, they must not, they knew, endure that, in their time, its spell should be broken. . . . After nearly a century from the day when their cry became famous, and forty years after the time when last it resounded in battle, these men of the 20th once more had delivered their old 'Minden yell.'"

A similarly inspiring tradition served the 57th equally well in their extremity. One of their captains, Stanley, leading on a detachment, fancied he detected some signs of irresolution—

"At all events he thought fit to utter an exciting apostrophe. Forty-three years had passed since the day when,—encompassed on all sides but one by the enemy's hosts,—this regiment had heard from its colonel the words, 'Fifty-seventh! die hard!' but the remembrance of that dismal, that valiant command had been cherished in the corps with tenacious affection, and young Stanley knew well what chord it was that he touched when he said, 'Men, remember Albuera!' then ordered the regiment to charge. He fell mortally wounded, but was obeyed to the letter, for his little regiment charged home."

Then we have a significant story of many of the 30th falling into a sound sleep on the very crest of the exposed Home Ridge, with but the faint pretext of a field-work to shelter them from the hurdling missiles.

It was in the third period that the keys of the fiercely-assaulted position came so near passing into the enemy's hands. Most of the English defenders had been gradually "spent" by incessant wear and tear. Regiments and companies had hopelessly scattered in skirmishing. Men were falling sullenly back to the rear, because they found themselves impotent, with their cartouch-boxes empty. Certain corps had nearly given out from sheer exhaustion. It was then that the French were nearly forced back into the camp of the 2d Division, when Daubeney's desperate and well-timed onslaught brought the Russian columns to a standstill, and the French and English resuming the initiative, in their mingled reflux swept the enemy down the hill. It was then that Colonel Haines, heading the pursuit, never stopped it till he had reached the trench in the Post-road, where he obstinately maintained himself till the day was decided, with the exception of a single brief interval, when he found himself borne back and isolated in the overwhelming deluge of Russians that had overflowed his position on all sides.

How hard the fighting was there—how sorely we were pushed to make good our vital points—was shown by a message sent back from the Barrier in the next period, with the remark, "If we don't get support we shall be cut in pieces." General Goldie despatched a mounted officer to the camp of the 2d Division, with orders to "send up the camp guard or any other available men he could find." "Those words breathed the very spirit of Inker-

man. There it was, only there, that an officer with a handful of troops would hang fastened upon the throat of a hostile army, would confess his dire need of reinforcements, and yet somehow think to make shift with perhaps about a hundred more men." Nor could such inadequate makeshifts have served much longer; but just then a new force was brought into action that swayed the victory over to our side, when flesh and blood were beginning to fail.

In the artillery duel the odds had hitherto been nearly as heavily against us as in the close fighting. Against nearly one hundred guns placed in position along Shell Hill after Dannenberg came up, we had been able gradually to oppose a half-dozen of 9-pounder batteries of six guns each; and many of the Russian pieces were 12-pounders or 32-pounder howitzers. Now, in the fourth period, at 9.15, the couple of ponderous iron 18-pounders were brought into play, that wrought so happy a change in the battle. It has been a vexed question how much of the credit of introducing them was due to Lord Raglan, but Mr. Kinglake makes the matter perfectly clear. Captain Hamley tells us in his 'Campaign of Sebastopol,' that they were the only pieces of their metal not mounted in the siege-works. Mr. Kinglake confirms this, saying that since the 26th of October the people in charge had been keeping a pair of the 18-pounders in readiness for field service. The heavy artillery-fire from Mount Inkerman was the signal for getting everything ready for the summons that was immediately expected. Lord Raglan naturally thought of those guns so soon as he saw that the battle had set in in earnest. When he first sent orders to bring them up, for answer he received that it was "impossible." Mr. Kinglake clears up the misconcep-

tions about that reply, doing justice at the same time to a very meritorious officer. It seems that, by a strange mistake, the order was carried to Colonel Fitzmayer, who was busy with his field-guns elsewhere, and had nothing to do with the siege-train. Consequently he said, off-hand, that it was "impossible" the order could have anything to do with him; and, dismissing the matter from his mind, returned to the work he was engaged in. Had Lord Raglan accepted the answer, the misunderstanding might have had most disastrous results; and indeed there were difficulties enough in the way of dragging these ponderous guns over a rough country, with men and man-harness instead of horse-power. But Lord Raglan exclaimed that he did not like the word "impossible," and sent a second and more peremptory message, which this time was duly delivered. Hitherto, although our field-batteries had often happily interposed to check the hostile columns from coming to comparatively close quarters, the enemy's artillery may be said to have had everything its own way. Mr. Kinglake throws himself with characteristic force into the description of the tremendous combat at long ranges that ensued, when these new forces broke into the *mêlée*. The first shot that searched out the enemy drew a concentrated storm in shape of retaliation. "The round-shot came upturning the ground on all sides of our gunners—came crashing through the underwood and tossing branches and roots into the air—came striking down men and striking down horses, and smashing artillery-tumbrils; whilst—sometimes overhead, sometimes on the ground—the 32-pounder shell would tear itself into fragments, and send them crying for blood with their harsh, grating, truculent 'scrishit,'—the most hated

of all battle-sounds." But in the teeth of this driving hurricane of missiles, the 18-pounders were worked with as much precision as if it had been a question of quiet practice at Shoeburyness. The men, although suffering heavily, showed to as much advantage as their comrades of the infantry; and their Colonel—Colingwood Dickson—as Lord Raglan told him afterwards in an outburst of unwonted enthusiasm, "covered himself with glory." Any commander-in-chief, indeed, might well have been grateful for such invaluable services so admirably rendered. We may follow Mr. Kinglake in the exciting story of how the English gunners returned with usury the damage done them by the Russian fire—upsetting gun-carriages, smashing tumbrils, tearing through the enemy's gunners, or splintering the rocks and scattering death by the fragments. How the Russians, still clinging to the ridge, but uneasily shifting their positions, steadily fell off in the accuracy of their aim; till at last their fire was dominated by ours, and their artillery line fairly broken, when Bousinière pushed forward his heavy guns to open upon them in enfilading volleys. The Russians "were now to have Bosquet upon them with all these fresh troops at his back." It was now, says Mr. Kinglake, that Dannenberg might own his attack had failed, and content himself with intrenching his baffled troops on the ground they had gained. Yet, even now, "it was possible to entertain one last hope. His adversary might commit some huge fault."

In Mr. Kinglake's judgment, Bosquet offered Dannenberg that last chance when he drew his troops aside to form them on the Inkerman Tusk. It is a question of fact rather than opinion. The move-

ment had been dismissed lightly, only mentioned incidentally, or ignored altogether, by previous writers on the battle. Yet if Bosquet actually did take up that ground, and if Mr. Kinglake's description of the ground be accurate, we are logically driven to concur in his conclusion. It is clear that if the French had "a deep ravine in their front and the batteries of the East Fort beyond, with deadly precipices on their right, and their uncovered left standing helpless on the edge of the very lair from which the enemy had been accustomed to spring," they must have been "so circumstanced as to be themselves in grave peril without the means of doing to the enemy any manner of harm;" and in point of fact, in place of Bosquet delivering a fatal blow, he very nearly received one. The enemy did make their spring, and although the French were quick enough to elude it, yet they only saved themselves by falling back again to the Home Ridge. Bousinière for a time lost one of his guns, and Bosquet himself was in as close contact with the hostile skirmishers as the less fortunate Cathcart an hour or two before. Afterwards when he had re-formed behind the ridge, he advanced again in company with some of our people, sweeping the Russians for the last time down the hill. But that tardy success, a repetition in some sense of our once "false victory," "wrought no such effect upon the mind of Canrobert as to draw him into injurious action." For when Bosquet had got his troops into hand again, Canrobert had come up, and, strengthened as he was by the arrival of three fresh battalions, he had between 7000 and 8000 men at his disposal. We think most men must agree with Mr. Kinglake that a more enterprising general might have found much to do with

such a force "in the sixth hour of a bloody, and exhausting fight." After reading the animated narrative of the long struggle of the few against the many, a compact body of 8000 soldiers seems to us an overpowering force. But we may remember that the French generals had scarcely warmed to the work, and judged the situation partly with the eye of the cool military critic, who would have pronounced the earlier Inkerman results impossible on a dispassionate examination of the resources of the contending commanders. When Bosquet rode up he had looked about for divisions and brigades; he had seen nothing but some sentries, a few staff officers, and some handfuls of artillerymen serving their guns. When Lord Raglan asked of Pennefather in Canrobert's hearing, "What have you left?" expecting a cheery general answer,—that frank soldier damped the spirits of the French Marshal by blurring out the exact effective numbers of one of his diminished brigades. To the French chief, the English must have seemed wellnigh blotted out of the battle-field—and certainly they were broken away forward in the brushwood; so that it might well appear rash to quit a strong position of vital consequence, while its flanks were left apparently ungarnished.

Be that as it may, the battle was over by eleven o'clock, so far as the French were concerned; so much Mr. Kinglake conclusively establishes by reference to their own official accounts. But he goes on to do justice to the remains of those English forces, who, thrown forward on their favourite Barrier down by the Post-road, continued to push the fighting for two hours longer, and to harass the enemy's gunners overhead. Although Haines, Horsford, Lord West, and other distinguished

officers, covered themselves with glory, that gallant prolongation of the strife could have little real influence on the battle. The battle was practically decided when Dannenberg recognised that the French had come up in force, and when the heavy metal of the Allies was bearing down his own artillery fire. But it is to the audacious advance of 300 of our worn soldiers upon one of the advanced Russian batteries, that Mr. Kinglake attributes Dannenberg's final determination to confess his defeat and withdraw from the field. With the conduct of the youthful leader of that most venturesome achievement, we may appropriately wind up our extracts from those annals of Inkerman worthies. Lieutenant Acton had been ordered to unite his own company to two others that were stationed lower down, and advance with the three against the battery. The officers in command refused, alleging with a good deal of reason that they were not strong enough. Then said Acton, "If you won't join me, I'll obey my orders and attack with the 77th." The 77th men, however, who had been listening to the dispute, not unnaturally hung back also. Whereupon Acton, exclaiming, "Then I'll go by myself," moved forward accordingly. In a moment one of his men was by his side; presently the rest followed: finally the whole three companies were in motion, and the battery was limbering up in haste under the crushing fire of an 18-pounder opposite.

Little now remains for us to say as to the course that events actually followed. But it seems certain that the resolution—or irresolution—of the French commanders stopped the bloody drama of the Inkerman day, on the eve of the final act that might have been its fitting climax. Begun almost by surprise, the battle

was brought to a close prematurely. Having checked by artillery-fire that last of the offensive movements by which Dannenberg sought to protect his retreat, the Allied generals reined up on the ridge and looked on, while the Russians were vanishing behind the opposite sky-line. No doubt a close pursuit would not have been a bloodless one to the victors. No sooner had the retiring enemy left the ground clear, than the Russian war-ships anchored in the roadstead began to "sweep the eastern part of Shell Hill with blasts of round-shot and shell." But any losses sustained by the Allies could have been in no degree commensurate to the moral and material injury they must have inflicted on the enemy by changing his undisturbed retreat into a head-long rout. As Mr. Kinglake points out, the English were fairly spent, so far as making further demands on them were concerned, and their General had little choice in the matter. But Marshal Canrobert had 8000 troops regularly ranged under their colours: 5000 of these had scarcely as yet been in action; and, "master of 40,000 effective French troops assembled in the Crimea, he could afford to lose men for a purpose." He inclined to the cautious side, however, and decided otherwise. No attempt was made to obstruct the retiring Russians, except upon the English left in desultory and independent fashion; and then Todleben, who chanced to be riding near the spot, interposed promptly with an overpowering force.

Mr. Kinglake does full justice to our enemies, in directing attention to the embarrassments occasioned them by the confusion in high commands in moments the most critical, as well as by the contradictory character of the orders issued to the generals who were

charged with the fate of the battle. To this day, no one can say for certain, where Mentschikoff's responsibility was supposed to end and Dannenberg's to begin. Apparently, the Prince was the ostensible author of the preliminary scheme of attack, while General Dannenberg was only to assume the direction when his two armies should have met upon the Inkerman plateau. Dannenberg, however, anticipated that exercise of authority—and not very unnaturally—by instructing Soimonoff, on the eve of the battle, to change his line of attack. Not unnaturally also, when drawn into the dilemma, Soimonoff preferred to obey the original orders of Mentschikoff, and declined to alter his arrangements at the eleventh hour. Until his death it was he who directed the battle; and, subsequently, it was Dannenberg who replaced him in the command, acting with the fresh columns of Pauloff. From his first appearance near the scene of operations, Mentschikoff sat in the background with the young Grand Dukes, interfering neither personally nor by message. His first interposition was when Dannenberg had given orders for the retreat, and then he peremptorily desired him to arrest it.

"'Highness,' said Dannenberg, 'to stop the troops here would be to let them be destroyed to the last man. If your Highness thinks otherwise, have the goodness to give the orders yourself and take from me the command.' To this the Prince did not answer one word, but at once turned his horse's head in the direction of Sebastopol."

So that, wherever the supreme authority may have virtually rested, we must own, in justice, that the absence of one master mind to control that critical struggle from its first conception through the fluctuating fortunes of its execution, must

have told seriously against a Russian success.

We are done with the book, and we are conscious we have done it less than justice. Adverse criticisms are easy and often plausible, where there may be an infinity of opinions on open questions of tactics, or on decisions hurriedly arrived at under the pressure of conflicting motives. Nothing is more tempting than to push some favourite theory by crediting the advocate of an opposing one with ideas he never entertained, and conclusions he would never have arrived at. It is easy to suggest objections to assumptions that must often be evolved out of volumes of smoke and mist, and all the wild confusion of one of the most confused engagements on record. Stern amateurs of the severely utilitarian may object to the graces of style they are ill fitted to appreciate, and may see no advantage in writing a national narrative so that all the world may enjoy the reading it. Mr. Kinglake is fallible like the rest of us; he may be right or wrong in matters of technicalities, and he may have been misled or be mistaken in matters of fact. But this much we may say, that we have never read a fragment of history

that has more entirely impressed us with the sense of its conscientious fidelity. The painstaking methods on which the work has been based are matters of very general notoriety. It is buttressed throughout by the personal evidence of the actors, and these actors were British officers of unimpeachable honour and high distinction. When Mr. Kinglake necessarily draws his deduction from speculation on the most probable motives, as when he estimates the designs of the enemy's generals, his solidly-welded chains of reasoning recommend themselves to our intelligence and common-sense. In the result he has given us a proof the more of his special genius for the task he has undertaken, and we are brought back again at the close of our notice very much to the point from which we started. His history of the war is not a dry chronicle of antiquated operations to be relegated to the obscurity of technical libraries. Indispensable to the student of the events of which it treats, it will be eagerly read by all classes for its intrinsic interest, so long as our country cares to cherish the glorious memories of its warlike past.

IN A STUDIO.—NO. I.

Belton. Did you read the account of the last sale of pictures and china at auction in Paris?

Mallett. Yes; and it struck me that the prices which some of them brought were enormous.

Belton. What struck me more than anything was, that the modern pictures brought such high prices. One expects the works of the old masters to bring large prices. Time itself has added value to them. They are comparatively rare, and every day they are diminished in number by accidents of every kind. There is a factitious value attached to them beyond their real and undoubted merit. They are sealed with the stamp of Fame. Centuries have gone by since they were painted. Generation after generation has praised and copied them; and one feels secure in purchasing an undoubted original by Titian, Raffaele, or any of the great masters, that, beyond the delight it will give, it is a safe investment. It is not very probable that the verdict of centuries will suddenly be reversed, and that they will lose the estimation in which they are held.

Mallett. I am not quite so sure of that. Tastes change very rapidly, and pictures which were highly esteemed fifty or thirty years ago are now looked at with a cold, critical, and inauspicious eye. We can each of us remember when Guido was a great name, and when his pictures stood in the first rank. He has certainly fallen very much from his pride of place. We are getting more critical and fastidious, and a new taste is growing up. Prices indeed have risen, and a good picture of his would probably bring nearly if not quite as much as it would have done twenty years ago;

but relatively he has very much fallen in the scale.

Belton. What do you say, then, of Carlo Dolce—Charles Sweet—as I like to translate his name into English, it so truly expresses his feebleness? He used to hold a certain rank among distinguished names, but I suppose the universal verdict now would be, that he was a very weak and mannered painter—without imagination, feeling, or sense of colour.

Mallett. True; and will not the same change take place in the popular estimate of our modern artists? Many a name which now stands very high will vanish out of sight, and some, perhaps, who are undervalued at present will steadily grow in reputation.

Belton. Fashion has a great deal to do with success, and humbug, perhaps even more. Prices depend on names quite as much as on merit. Fortunes are made every day by men who have no taste, but who think it is "the thing" (that is the slang) to have a gallery of art, and all they want are works by artists who have a name. They buy not from a love of art, and not from any enjoyment they expect to get from the works they buy, but because they come thus to be known and spoken of, and envied as the owners of works that are valued by the world.

Mallett. Even more: some of these new millionaires, I am told, prefer to give extravagant prices for works of art. It gives an *éclat* to their names; society talks about them—asks who they are and wonders at their extravagance—and thus their riches are placed in high relief before the world; and they become known and issue from obscurity.

Belton. I scarcely believe these reports. You must take them *cum grano salis*. Why should not a new rich man who has made his own money, have as much enjoyment out of art as any one? Those who want the pictures and can't afford to buy them rise this outcry and invent these stories—in part at least—and scandal is always ready to gild and embroider the flattest and tamest facts. Taste and feeling are innate. They may be cultivated undoubtedly, but all the cultivation will be of little avail without the natural sentiment—while the natural sentiment will go a good way even without cultivation. Besides, the very buying of pictures begets cultivation. The man who begins by admiring a coloured print will soon tire of it and replace it with something better; and better will beget better. There is always a chance that the admirer of a chromo-lithograph will finally long for a Titian. Let us be glad to see an interest in anything belonging to art. Nothing is so hopeless as utter indifference. Any picture on the wall is better than none. If there be real feeling and susceptibility in the man, the bad will soon bore him, and he will insensibly begin to be cultivated in his taste. He will compare what he has with what others have, and so gradually reform his taste.

Mallett. Do you remember the story of Jefferson J. Q. Shoddy of New York? After suddenly making his fortune, he endeavoured to enlighten his mind and enlarge his experience by travelling in Europe. He was accompanied by a person whom he was pleased to call his "lady," and they visited together all the famous cities and galleries, and learned the names of many artists of whose existence they had never heard before. A noble desire at last pos-

sessed Shoddy to become the owner of a great picture by a great name; and by one of those singular chances which sometimes occur, fortune favoured him. He made the acquaintance, through his valet, of Prince Comesichiana, a gentleman of most illustrious family, who had married into the equally illustrious family of the Chilosas, and who was possessed of a remarkable picture, which his valet insinuated that perhaps the Prince might as a great favour be willing to sell, as he unfortunately made a bad speculation lately, and was for the moment in want of ready money. The matter, however, required great care in the negotiation, as well as absolute secrecy. Finally, however, the Prince was prevailed upon, despite his pride and his natural unwillingness, to part with an heirloom which for centuries had graced the walls of his ancestral palace, and purely in consequence of a certain general fondness for "*questi cari Americani*," and a special liking he had conceived for *questo caro* Shoddy, to part with the picture for a high price, but on condition of absolute secrecy; for, as the Prince said, "What would my family say if they knew that I had sold this heirloom, so long the pride of my house?" Shoddy did not know how to answer this imposing question, and could not imagine what they would say; but he promised not to tell, and he bought the picture, and like an honest man paid down his gold, after he had been assured in a lofty tone by the Prince that he did not understand what Shoddy meant by "*currency*." I am afraid that Shoddy paid a very large sum for it; "but then, you know," he said, in a solemn whisper, "it is the real thing and no mistake, and in such perfect preservation that you might think it had been painted last week.

There ain't a crack on it, or a single spot that ain't as fresh as the day it was painted. I was a lucky fellow to get it at all. At one time I thought the Prince wouldn't let me have it at any price; but I got it at last. You just go up and see it,—Mrs. Shoddy will be glad to show it to you." So I went, and Mrs. Shoddy was very kind and she did show it to me. It was certainly a great picture—at least in one sense. "Ah!" I said; "yes! very striking!! very striking!!" I always say this when I don't know what else to say. I don't say how it strikes me, remember. "And who is it by, Mrs. Shoddy?" "Oh," said she, "it's by Gheedo—so Shoddy says, but who knows which of those old Italians painted it? But it's a large picture, isn't it? and they say it's very old; and I'm sure Shoddy paid enough money for it to be A, No. 1." "And what, may I ask, is the subject?" "Oh, the subject! it's Jupiter and Ten." "Jupiter and Ten!" I said, amazed. "I never heard of such a subject; are you sure?" "Of course I am," she answered. "But the name's written on the back, and you can see for yourself." So saying, she turned round the picture and showed it to me. Mrs. Shoddy was quite right, only her pronunciation was a little faulty. The subject written out plainly was this—JUPITER AND 10.

Belton. Nonsense! This is a base invention. Did you ever see the picture? Who was Shoddy?

Mallett. An excellent fellow—honest, simple, and generous—rather reckless in his grammar, and a little vulgar in his manners—but not in his mind and heart. In the end Shoddy will have a good gallery of pictures, and enjoy them too, which is more than many a prince does. He has a natural sense of re-

finement which needs only cultivation, and he is cultivating it every day. Besides, he really loves art, and is ready to pay any money for what touches him. There is nothing mean about him. You shall have your laugh at him if you please; but let him also have his due of praise.

Belton. Oh, as long as Shoddy is really trying to cultivate his artistic sense, why should I laugh? There must be a beginning, and there is always hope of those who begin. There are Shoddys whose sole desire is for furniture, carpets, mirrors, and upholstery, and anything is better than that.

Mallett. Oh, anything is better than mere upholstery. One can easily judge the taste and real feeling of a man by his house. Where you see only ornate furniture, and glaring carpets, and huge mirrors, you may be sure that there is something vulgar in the mind. Pictures and works of art are evidences of refinement and feeling. They show a desire for something ideal, and a sympathy for something poetic. Grasplings, at least they are, after something better than the humdrum acts of life—blind struggles, perhaps, for light, as by plants in cellars; but still grasplings and struggles after it, however unintelligent. But a room crowded and clustered merely with ormolu ornaments, knickknackery, and upholstery, is a clear indication that those who live in it are essentially trivial and commonplace.

Belton. A house is but the shell of the creature that dwells in it, that each shapes according to its nature; all the lines and involutions upon it are evidences of its life and habits; and the walls of human houses are not different in this respect from those of the shell-fish. Give me the shell, and I can tell you the creature that inhabited it—whether man or mollusc.

Mallett. Do you remember those lines of Donne upon the snail? I quote from memory. They have little to do with what we are saying, but your words remind me of them:—

"Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell,
Inn anywhere;
And seeing the snail which everywhere doth roam
Carrying his own home still, still is at home—
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail;
Be thine own palace or the world's thy jail."

Belton. No, I did not know them; they are very homely, quaint, and hearty.

Mallett. They always had a certain charm for me—perhaps somewhat from old association. A very dear friend used to quote them—long, so long ago—and I hear her voice when I repeat them. But to return to what we were saying. Our houses are a part of ourselves. We scrawl our lives upon our walls. Sometimes I think the walls themselves retain the insensible impressions of the spirits that dwell in them, are haunted dimly by them, and influence even the new inhabitants in some subtle way.

Belton. However that may be—which I confess seems rather fantastic—it is quite true that walls are great tell-tales. You can easily say whether a woman is a fool or not by her boudoir. If she thinks at all, there will be evidences of it in her surroundings. If she have any tastes they will stamp themselves there. The ornaments, the pictures, the flowers, the books, the order, the disorder, the arrangement—what is wanting as well as what is present—all whisper the secret of her real nature. She has written herself and her history everywhere. I always look at her pictures to see what she has selected. These gauge her taste and feeling.

Mallett. In the old houses where ancestral pictures look constantly down from the walls, they seem still to exercise an influence over the family; and those who have grown up among the silent people of Titian, Tintoret, or Vandyck, cannot, I fancy, utterly fail to be gentlemen and ladies. Unconscious impressions are made which sink into the soul, and alter life.

Belton. You remember the story which Wilkie tells of the old monk in the Escorial, who, moralising with him on the pictures which illustrated its walls, said that sometimes to him they seemed to be the substance, and we the shadows. I remember to have had the same strong impression made upon me once at a magnificent ball in one of the great London houses. Amid the buzz of conversation, the flashing of jewels, the rustling of rich dresses, and the motion to and fro of the living crowd—the silent, deathless portraits of some old Venetians painted by Titian, seemed to look down with such a calm superiority and majesty, that the whole living scene appeared trivial and evanescent in their presence.

Mallett. Yes; I have often in society been thus arrested by a grand portrait or a noble picture, and felt how serene that calm world of art is beside our hurry and confusion of life. While you are talking of some triviality of to-day, that to-morrow will be gone like a puff of smoke—while you are smiling and complimenting the beautiful face on which time will so soon lay its defacing touch—while you are hearing the last scandal or *bon mot*, or sharply discussing the question of the hour—you glance up and see one of the old silent faces of Venice, dead and dust centuries ago, calmly gazing down upon you as with a look of pity; and you stop, and

your fancy takes you away over time and space into other worlds;—or, while the rain beats at the window-panes, and struggles like a living thing for entrance, you suddenly lose your hold on the present and float away into a dream-world of air and water, and sun and shadow, that Claude has fixed for ever in a small square of canvas. Nature there does not fade. Smiles there live for ever, in those serene demesnes. Those then seem real presences—

“Calm pleasures there abide majestic pains.”

Belton. And sometimes, too, comes a sense of utter absurdity, when the walls show us, over the heads of the young, delicate, and modest girls, and the old laced-up dandies, and the “fuss and feathers” of repaired dowagers, the rollicking extravagance of Rubens, with its sumptuous nakedness, and sprawling splendour of colour. And sometimes, glancing over a splendid vase of hothouse flowers and fruit, we look into the interior of taverns, where the clumsy boors of Teniers are drinking, and feel a shock of surprise at their utter irrelevancy to the whole scene, and wonder, as Pope did about the flies in amber, how the deuce they ever could get there. The two worlds of art and reality are so near each other, and so separate, that they jar or charm as the mood strikes us.

Mallett. Really to enjoy a work of art, one should see it alone. Galleries are confusing, like the buzz of a crowd. Titian elbowing Teniers is annoying. A Dance of Satyrs is an impertinence beside A Holy Family. Let us have *un' alla volta per carità*, as Figaro sings, and then we may really enjoy it. To feel and understand a picture or a statue one should be *tête-à-tête* with it. Silence and isolation are necessary.

Belton. But of all things none is more annoying than the presence of a would-be connoisseur, who will insist on pointing out and descanting on a work of art, disturbing our free enjoyment, and forcing his opinion and criticism as a juggler forces a card. He is blood-cousin to the intolerable and pertinacious *valet de place* who bores you out of the galleries and churches on the Continent, spoils for you all the sentiment and beauty of the place, and will not let you alone to enjoy anything after your own fashion. I confess I sometimes feel that I would rather “rot in ignorance” than be thus led about like a tame bear. I must enjoy things after my own fashion, and not have information pumped into me constantly. I like to absorb places and pictures; and this is my way of getting an intimate knowledge of them. After you have got the feeling, the facts all fall into harmony; but all the facts will not afford a key to the feeling, without which the place or the picture is soulless.

Mallett. Can anything be more irritating than these *valets de place*? The other day I was wandering about the Academy Venice, enjoying the pictures after my own fashion—a poor one, but mine own—when, on entering the Hall of the Assumption, I saw a group of Americans, attended by their *valet de place*, who were “doing the gallery.” They were nobly determined to know everything, to see everything, to bag all possible facts, and to store the empty space of what they were pleased to call their mind. The group was composed of two young girls and their ancient and rather unkempt father. The girls were seated and writing down in note-books the amazing information, all more or less wrong, detailed to them by the valet,—the age of Titian, where he was born, and when he died—when

this picture was painted, what its beauties were, what it represented, and so on. And as he recounted his facts in exceedingly broken English—broken, in fact, all to pieces—they glanced up now and then to verify them. The father, with spectacles on the end of his nose and head in air, was wandering vaguely about, consulting the card he carried in his hand, and dropping his head to gaze at the pictures in a sort of helpless way over the rims of his spectacles. Suddenly he marches up to the valet, brings out of his pocket a long silver ear-trumpet which opens and shuts like a portable folding tumbler, springs it into the face of the valet with a clash, and, pointing to a particular picture, shouts interrogatively, and in that peculiar loud, uninflected voice of the deaf, “*Marrige of Can-nān?*” The valet looks helpless. Again he shouts still louder, “*Marrige of Can-nān?*” The face of the valet illuminates, and he assents—“*Ah, yas; Marriège de Canān.*” The father, satisfied, clashes together his trumpet, waits a moment gazing vacantly round, then springing it again open, and pointing to another picture, slowly shouts—“*Well, sir, what is that intended to ree-present?*” The valet promptly responds, “*Tintoret—Mirāccle San Marc;*” then pauses a moment, fixing his eyes straight on the father’s dubious face, and adds, “*Masterpiece.*” The girls continue to write; but the father has caught the idea and interrupts them with, “*Girls, come here, and see St. Mark’s masterpiece.*” They rise and accompany him. The valet places their chairs before the picture. Then he begins to explain slowly, while the girls write. The father fixes his eye on him, his trumpet listening eagerly just before the valet’s mouth. “*Miracles San Mark—Tintoret.*” “*Who is he?*” pipes

one of the girls, in a high, thin, whining voice. “*Miracles San Mark,*” he repeats. They write it down. “*See man there—slave—rope he break—Turk want kill him—can’t kill him—San Mark in air. That Tintoret portrait by Tintoret.*” All are completely satisfied—all except the father, who ruminates a moment, and then says—apparently taking the view that the gallery is a “*magasin d’antiquités et objets d’art,*” like Guggenheims—“*I wonder what they’d take for that picture!*” The valet tells him they don’t sell pictures there, and the girls note the fact in their book.

Belton. Is this a fact, or an invention of yours?

Mallett. It is a fact.

Belton. Were the girls pretty?

Mallett. Of course they were. They were Americans—“*c’était, monsieur, le père qui n’était pas si bien.*”

Belton. They evidently did not take the same view of a *valet de place* as you and I do. Much as I detest this creature—he is nevertheless at times a necessity, as measles or mumps are; and, after all, he is doing his best, and it is his business—“*E un mestiere come un altro.*” But a connoisseur is a far worse bore; he has no reason to exist, any more than a fly, and I never could see any reason in flies. A valet, at all events, does not offend you with cant and pretension. He explains, as well as he can, but he does not criticise. He does not feel superior to the artist, and look down upon him and patronise him, or fall into affected raptures over him.

Mallett. Yes, there is no cant so painful as the cant of connoisseurship, with its technical terms which mean nothing, its criticism which is all by rote, and its admiration which is perfectly loveless and factitious.

I detest the very words amateur and connoisseur. An amateur I define to be a person who loves nothing, and a connoisseur a person who knows nothing. If either knew or loved, he would be an artist. They, at best, know only the anatomy and the dry bones of art. They use technicalities and cant phrases which they don't understand, and fall into false enthusiasms, that make you hate even what is good; and they always pretend to know and affect to feel without either knowledge or feeling.

Belton. There is one thing worse than an amateur or a connoisseur, it is an amatōōr or a connysōōr, and you may always know them by their constant use of the term "handling." They always go by names, and not realities. They admire by rule, and they misemploy all the slang words of art. When they look at a picture they generally think it shows critical faculty to examine it closely, bit by bit, at about an inch distance from the canvass. But the highest touch of pretended connoisseurship-skill is to apply a lens to it. This has an alarming air of knowledge.

Mallett. I don't know that bad criticism is worse than foolish enthusiasm.

Belton. I do not agree. There is something better in any kind of enthusiasm than in pretentious criticism. Critics generally think it shows knowledge and ability to find fault; but they are mistaken in this. It shows much more real knowledge to be able to praise justly. Nothing that ever was made, or ever will be made, is without faults. Perfection in art is impossible, and it is safest always to find fault, since defects will always necessarily exist. Besides, one can always retreat after any severe criticism into the fastness of, "I do not like it;" and this negative posi-

tion is unassailable, and exposes no one to laughter or contempt. But praise is positive. It requires knowledge, and appreciation, and feeling, to praise properly. If the praise is foolishly and ignorantly bestowed, it exposes the writer or speaker to ridicule. There was never anything written, painted, or chiselled, which is not full of defects. The great question is whether, in spite of those defects, it is good. Any fool among architects can find fault with St. Peter's; but, after all, is it not a great work? What makes it a great work? Tell me, you who know. The fool will tell me its defects. You only can tell me its merits. The petty fault-finder seeks out the blemishes in Shakespeare. The sympathetic poet thinks only of the beauty, the grandeur, the passion, and in the blaze of these all the shadows and blots are as nothing—mere spots on the sun. The anatomical critic will tell you that the Day and Night of Michael Angelo are impossible. So be it. But what is it that makes them so grand and imposing, despite their defects—nay, perhaps, in measure because of their defects? If they were perfectly correct, would they be as impressive? I doubt it. To say of anything wherein it is right, is far more difficult than to say wherein it is wrong. Nothing is so easy as to abuse. Any ignoramus can do that. But every man has a right to be judged by his best, not by his worst; and according to what he intends to do, not according to what the critic thinks he ought to have striven to do.

Mallett. I am afraid we have little criticism in our country in the just sense of that word; one either receives praise or blame with exaggeration. There is no justice rendered. Criticism is here ruled by personal feelings, and makes itself the mouth-piece of a clique. A work is either

cried up to the skies or trampled under foot — according to the clique. Criticism has a better tone in France or Germany. It is more calm and dispassionate. The critic strives to understand the author and do him justice, rather than to instruct him or degrade him. With us, on the contrary, much of the criticism is after this fashion: The painter or author has given us a horse; he ought to have given us a bull. It is absurd that he should have omitted to put horns on his head, for the merest school-boy knows that a bull has horns. That is, the critic will not criticise the work according to the author's intention and motive in doing it, but instructs him that he ought to have done something different, and then finds fault with him for not doing what would have been at variance with the whole intention and motive of his work.

Belton. Let us leave the critics. Disraeli hit them hard when he said, critics are those who have failed in art and literature. But don't let us be too hard upon them. Artists and authors are difficult creatures to deal with. They are so sensitive that they will not allow a word of fault-finding, and they are as jealous of the slightest dispraise of their own work as of overpraise of another's. *Non ragionam di lor.*

Mallett. Very true, and very natural too. Every mother likes her own child, however deformed it may be; and the more crying the deformity, the stronger the bias of her love to make up for it. I hope I shall never take the low view of my own works that critics would counsel. It would kill all the heart out of me—and besides, I don't wish to be treated according to my deserts. Heaven forbid!

Belton. Blessed, I say, are those who are vain—cared doubly, trebly in mail of vanity. What though

the world laughs at them, they rejoice in themselves.

Mallett. And another beatitude is, Blessed are they who expect little, for they may get what they expect.

Belton. I don't know about that. The vain are happier than the humble, and the world is very apt to take a man at his own reckoning. A man should stand up for himself and for his work, and not be fouling his own nest. I dare say you know a great many weak places in that work of yours, which you never will point out.

Mallett. Certainly I shall not. I should only spoil your pleasure and my own aim. Nor can I conceive that any advantage would accrue to anybody for so doing. Criticism on a work in progress, even when good, often disturbs the mind, thwarts the enthusiasm, and sets the perceptions awry. Nothing can be well done which is done with a conscious fear of criticism. And after the work is done criticism will not help us. Let us only be in earnest and do our best, boldly. What is good cannot be crushed, what has life in it cannot be killed. Even the great lexicographer himself with his elephantine foot could not utterly trample out Shakespeare, either by his blame, his praise, or his patronage. Wordsworth survived Jeffrey's "This will never do." Let us keep calm whatever shots are fired. It will all be the same a hundred years hence. But what were we talking about when we were led off our track by the critics? How conversation "strays from the direct"!

Belton. That is its very charm. It is like a stroll anywhere out of the beaten path and highway, just as caprice shows the way, and tempts us on.

Mallett. Except that one is not obliged to come back—in conversation.

Belton. But are we not wishing to come back on the path we lost?

Mallett. True; and what was it I was meaning to say? No matter. Ah! what you were saying of retreating from critical dispraise into the fastness of *non mi piace*, reminded me of a French maid we once had who had as easy a facility of lying as any person I ever knew, and who justified this habit most ingeniously. She was relating a conversation with some person who had been making pushing inquiries as to a matter that she thought better not to reveal. We asked, Did you tell the truth? "Moi?" she cried with a pretty start of surprise; "je n'étais pas si bête—j'ai menti—on peut toujours vous savez se retirer sur le vrai—s'il le faut absolument." If one tell a lie at first, one can, according to her philosophy, always fall back upon the truth, if it be absolutely necessary, and be unassailable. But if one begin with the truth, one cannot fall back upon a lie with safety.

Belton. I must say that was ingenious.

Mallett. She was a good creature, and honest too; only she did not like the truth. It was hard and ugly to her—coarse, rude—and had none of the grace which could be given to a lie. Her imagination constantly outran the facts, and moulded and trained them to her will. The Roman Catholic countries seem to us peculiar in this respect. They find nothing repulsive merely in a lie, unless it be told with a wicked intent. If a lie will make you happy, they will tell it; "e perchè non," say the Italians. "Cosa ho fatto io li male," said one of my servants to me after I had discovered him in a deliberate lie. "But you knew I should find it out in a couple of hours," I said. "Sì, Signore," he answered, "è vero; but if I had told you the truth then, you would

have been annoyed and vexed two hours sooner. I saved you two hours of annoyance, and I don't see what I have done that was wrong—Cos' ho fatto di male io?" What could I say?

Belton. I suppose he thought himself quite justifiable. We of all nations are, I believe, the only one who worship Truth. But we also reverence Humbug, and make a fetish of Propriety, and are in mortal fear of Mrs. Grundy. In England can any more cruel stones be hurled at the female head than these, "It's not proper," and "What will people say?" Does not this make one shudder to think of it?

Mallett. Fashion rules everything. An Egyptian shows her body, and hides her face. A European hides her body, and shows her face. And each would think the other immodest. An inch more or less in a ball-dress makes all the difference in the world. But Fashion is so arbitrary and so imperious that all blindly follow. Art is the fashion now. I wish I could think that there was a real love for it.

Belton. We have not a natural artistic sense as the ancient Greeks had; or even as the Italians have. Nature is undressed always before us, and therefore there is more real feeling and knowledge about landscape than about the human figure, and a better understanding of pictures than of statues. The Greeks always had the nude before them, and felt no sham modesty in exposing their person. In the annual festival of Neptune, the most beautiful girls in Athens went nude along the shore and bathed in the sea while all the assembled world looked on. There was no idea of immodesty in this. It was a religious rite. On these occasions Phryne, in the perfection of her beauty, showed herself to the admiring eyes of all, looking like

Aphrodite as she rose from the sea. Artists were thus inspired, and all the world educated to a knowledge of the human figure and its nude beauty. When they saw a statue, they could criticise it and feel its beauty or defects. Even in the streets and houses, and in the walks of daily life, there was but slight concealment of the person. The Greek dresses with their long folds and delicate draperies, followed the form and the motions. But how can we in general know whether a statue is right or wrong, who can only judge it by generalities, and lose all the finesse and refinement of the art? In Greece, fashion did not every year rearrange itself, seeking ever the new and the fantastic, as it does with us. There, beauty and grace were the ends sought, not mere novelty. For centuries the dresses never changed. They were simple, and modelled on the human figure—*vestes artus exprimentes*—not like ours, grotesque and deforming. The tyranny of scissors had not come. With them, what was beautiful to-day was beautiful to-morrow, the next month, the next year, the next century. We, on the contrary, worship the Proteus of Fashion. The costume of one season becomes ridiculous in our eyes the next season. We *chiffonner* everything. We are made up of shreds and patches. There is neither dignity nor beauty in our dress; and the outward shows of life are vulgar and ugly.

Mallett. The worst of it is, that our taste thus becomes corrupted, and our sensibility to beauty impaired. Art is driven into a corner, and, scorning the present, is forced to take refuge in the past. It finds no nourishment in the life of to-day, and becomes artificial and pedantic. We ask for statues of our great men, but the dress we wear is so hideous and uncouth, that it destroys all personal dig-

nity, and the sculptor throws up his work in despair. How can a man look otherwise than vulgar and ridiculous mounted on a pedestal arrayed in modern dress, with two trousered legs like those of an elephant, and a mean inform coat with collar and buttons, and short board-like skirts? No careful modelling can correct these, or make them beautiful. Phidias, Praxiteles, or Lysippus alike would fail to do this. The highest genius cannot produce beauty and dignity out of what is ugly and uncouth.

Belton. This is what we owe to France. The dress-coat is the great product of the French Revolution, and it is curious how it came about. The old coat out of which it was created was not beautiful in itself, but it had a certain character and effect as costume. It was long in the skirts, and buttoned across the chest. The sleeves were loose, and turned up with facings from beneath; while in full dress lace ruffles depended over the hand. Also the coat was faced with a different-coloured lining, which it showed when unbuttoned. In walking, the skirts, faced also, were turned back and buttoned up to two buttons on the back. Gradually it was lopped and reduced to the thing it now is. The skirts in front were cut away instead of being turned back, but the two foolish buttons behind were still kept after their use had gone. The front was permanently turned back, and the coat made too narrow to button, the foolish cuts now remaining in the collar representing the old division of the front lappets. As time went on more and more of the skirts were cut away, until they were reduced to the ridiculous swallow tail in which Beau Brummel said there was safety. The collar was then piled up behind, the facings and colour were done away with, and thus little by little grew

up the glorious thing called a dress-coat.

Mallett. Is it not strange that of all fashions in late days this clings closest to Europe? Is it out of perversity, because it is the ugliest?

Belton. Who can tell! Fashion herself bows down before it; other things change, but this seems to be permanent.

Mallett. Why does all the world accept France as the arbiter of taste in dress? It is a mystery I cannot explain. Has she ever invented anything beautiful in costume, except, of course, the dress-coat? I cannot find that she has. The notion of every dress-maker there is to cut out arbitrary shapes upon which are bepatched all sorts of bows, and scraps, and flounces, and ruffles of various colours, sizes, and materials, and to stick out the skirts by under constructions so as to represent deformities. No French dress is ever made in conformity with the lines of the human figure; one thing especially I observe, the permanence of some hump of deformity on women's dresses; sometimes it is low down, sometimes high up, sometimes behind, sometimes in front, sometimes all round, but it never is wanting. I suppose no modern dress would be accepted in Paris without a deformity somewhere.

Belton. It is the same with their architecture and their sculpture. They have no idea of simplicity and repose, but they seek to obtain beauty by excess and exaggeration. In their architecture there are no large, open, simple spaces. Every inch is bepatched with some ornament or other, until the effect is tantalising and oppressive. Their buildings are, in a word, *chiffonnés* all over, just as their dresses are. The crowning horror of all is that embodiment of pretentious ugliness and deformity, the new Opera House.

So in their sculpture there is the same absence of simplicity and dignity. Every figure is contorted; the action is almost always excessive or affected; and their nude figures are conscious of their nudity.

Mallett. Their costumes were originally taken from Italy—and spoiled in the taking. In the time of Shakespeare the Italians were the dress-makers, as is plain from the very terms we still use in English. A milliner is a person from Milan; a mantua-maker comes from Mantua. The gentlemen of England took their dresses from Italy: then, no one ever dreamed of going to France for dresses. Richard II.'s ear was stopped by—

“Reports of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish
nation
Limps after in base imitation.”

And one might go on with the quotation,

“Where doth the world thrust forth a
vanity
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears.”

Belton. One must say with Borchio, “What a deformed thief this fashion is! How giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty——”

Mallett. Ah, yes; “I know that deformed,” as well as the First Watch: “’a has been a vile thief this seven year; ’a goes up and down like a gentleman.”

Belton. Formerly, the fashions were quite as much for men as for women. But now we are degraded and stripped of all our gay plumage. The male birds have all bright feathers, and the female the sober-tinted; but women in our age have robbed men of every colour. But to go back to the French. In painting we must admit they are clever—their school of design as well as of colour is high. They draw ad-

mirably, and their methods of painting are vigorous and sure—far better in every way than ours. But their excellencies are chiefly material, and their school is going to seed, and devoting all its energies to *genre* pictures of cabinet size. We have no grand imaginative works. I do not mean by this, grand pretentious canvasses; a picture may be greatly imaginative in a small space,—as, for instance, the Entombment, in the Louvre, by Titian; the Vision of Ezekiel by Raffaele; the Jacob's Dream by Rembrandt. What I mean is, that the subjects are mean and trivial in motive, and for the most part essentially naturalistic and imitative, instead of being poetic and imaginative. Stuffs admirably painted, interiors with caskets, and ormolu, and clocks, and tapestries finished with great truth to nature, and meaning nothing when they are done. *Chic* is the word for everything. The everlasting pensive woman in a splendidly painted silk or satin, in a splendid boudoir with splendid mirrors reflecting her or her dress, meets us everywhere on these canvasses—the whole interest being in the perfection with which the accessories are painted. If the material be well represented, if the picture be clever in touch and small, it will bring a large price. But when they attempt any high imaginative work, they are weak, artificial, and exaggerated. We in England like the namby-pamby—we are domestically sentimental; the Mother's Darling, the Morning Prayer, Peek-a-boo, the First Step, the Last Step, the Drunkard's Home, Good-bye—these are the subjects that touch us. In landscape we strive for nature, and the literal reproduction of nature is the end of our striving. Some time or other I should like to tell you what I think real art is; for I believe in England now we are as wrong one way in our

principles and practice as we used to be wrong in the other. We can neither attain the ends of art by simple imitation of nature, nor by vague generalisations. But I will spare you now. Artists, however, are not entirely to blame for this. The public demands *genre*, is wonder-struck at cleverness and *chic*—and the public must be satisfied—

“For those who live to please, must please to live.

It does not care for high works of imagination and mature power—and leaves them in the artist's hands. Raffaele would starve in Paris at the present day. Teuiers could give him long odds and beat him with the public. Great prices are great temptations—irresistible temptations when the artist to whom they are offered is poor.

Mallett. Well, the temptations are not wanting. What prices the pictures of the first artists bring now! Is it possible that another generation will rank them as highly as we do? What would Titian have thought of such prices as Meissonnier commands? What would Correggio?

Belton. Poor Correggio! When I think of him carrying his load of copper back in compensation of one of his finest works, it makes me grieve; if that very picture were now exposed for sale in Paris or London, hundreds of persons would be glad not only to make every copper gold, but to double the amount, and count it a cheap bargain.

Mallett. There is no truth in that story about Correggio. It is only a *ben trovato*. But no matter; the experiment has failed, as our professor in chemistry used to say; but the principle remains the same. The prices that all the great artists of that time received for their works seem to us ridiculously small—and they were exceedingly small.

Some of them, after a long life of severe labour, left no more than a mere pittance—a few hundred crowns. No common decorator of to-day would accept the wages which Michael Angelo was content to receive for his stupendous works. For instance, for his magnificent and colossal monument, as it was originally projected, to Julius II., he was only to receive 10,000 golden florins; and, by the second contract, he agreed to make it, with six colossal statues—of which the Moses was one—for 16,000 ducats. For the whole Sistine ceiling he only was to receive 15,000 ducats, and did actually receive only 3000. For his work on the Medici Chapel of Florence he was allowed a gold florin a day.

Belton. But this is a fortune compared to some of the prices paid to great artists at that time. For instance, for the magnificent Supper at Cana, now in the Louvre, Paolo Veronese only received a sum equivalent to about £40; and I have been told that there is still in the archives of Paris a letter from him relating to this picture, in which he makes a charge for the eggs bought by him to lay in the ground in tempera, as well as for the ultramarine he used. This is curious, besides the evidence it affords as to the exceedingly small compensation he received, as showing that he first painted this picture in tempera, and then went over it in oil.

Mallett. It seems almost impossible that he should have received such a price for that noble work. Raffaello was better paid; but the sums he received were certainly not large. What would he have thought, could one gifted with prophecy have told him the prices that his pictures now command? There is, for instance, his great altar-piece,—now, I believe, stored in one of the lower rooms of the British Museum—for

which £40,000 is now asked. What would he have thought of that?

Belton. I suppose he would have thought 40,000 pence a fair price then. But, after all, large as the price seems, is it too large? The picture is very fine; and if a large Raffaello for a gallery be wanted, where can another be found? It is not like buying a picture by Millais, or Meissonnier, or Fortuni. If you don't like one, you can get another. You cannot go to Raffaello, and give him a commission; nor can you find similar pictures by him for sale in other places. The price is one of affection. Such works have no market-price. If you give £7000 for a small Meissonnier, is £40,000 too much for a great Raffaello? It depends upon how much you want it, and whether you can afford such a luxury.

Mallett. The old Greeks or Romans would not have hesitated for a moment. They are the only persons who ever really valued art—a distinguished artist was sure with them to be a millionaire.

Belton. You surprise me. Did they pay such large prices for works of art?

Mallett. Large as we think the prices we now pay, they are simply shabby and mean when compared with what the old Greeks paid to their great artists. The prices paid in Italy, at its prime of art, bore about the same relation to ours, at the present day, that ours bear to those of Greece and Rome.

Belton. It seems to me impossible. Give me some instances if you can.

Mallett. Wait a moment. I have a little list of some of them, which, from time to time, I have noted down in my reading, and I will find it, and read it to you. It was a noble thing to be an artist in those days. One did not dine in the servants' hall. The celebrated artists were not only tremendous swells,

but millionaires — or might be, if they chose. All the world coveted them, and flattered them, and their works were counted the glory of the state. There was Zeuxis, for instance, who used to parade about Olympia with his name embroidered in gold on his robes, and who amassed such a gigantic fortune from the sale of his pictures, that finally he would not sell any more, but gave them away, saying there was no price high enough to pay for them. He was fooled to the top of his bent everywhere. He was the admired of all admirers—courted by all his countrymen, high or low, and famous abroad. He did not ask favours, but conferred them, and in a princely way presented his works to cities, and states, and friends. For instance, to Archilaus he gave his Pan; and to the inhabitants of Agrigentum his Alcmena, as a great favour.

Belton. According to your account he must have been both vain and ostentatious; but one can scarcely wonder, when such court was paid him, and such fortune waited on him.

Mallett. Nicias in the same way refused to sell his picture of the *Nekyia*, or region of the shades, to king Attalus, who offered him 60 talents, and rather chose to present it to his country as a gift.

Belton. How much would 60 talents be exactly?

Mallett. That depends on whether they are Attic or Æginetan talents. An Attic or Euboic talent was about £293, 15s. and an Æginetan talent about £393, 15s. Taking the lesser Attic talent at round numbers at £250—60 talents would be £15,000.

Belton. Fifteen thousand pounds is a "good round sum," as Shylock has it. I suppose there is not a living artist that would refuse the half for any picture of his. Nicias must have been a rich man to be able to refuse it.

Mallett. He was an artist of distinction, and that meant a rich man in Greece.

Belton. So it would seem.

Mallett. King Attalus seems to have had a decided taste for art, and to have paid handsomely for what he bought. For a single figure by Aristides he gave 100 talents—or about £25,000. Mnason the tyrant of Elatea was not so good or generous a patron apparently, for he had the meanness to offer to pay the same artist for a small picture representing a battle of the Persians on which there were one hundred figures, only at the rate of 10 minæ, or a little over £40, for each figure—which would only make about £4000 for the picture.

Belton. I suppose the picture was small and the figures overlapping and hiding each other, as in any representation of such a subject they must. So that really the price does not strike me as being small.

Mallett. It was very small for the period, but Mnason was a sharp dealer. He only gave Asclepiodorus 300 minæ or about £1250 apiece for twelve figures by him, representing the twelve gods; and Theomnestus he seems to have treated still worse, for he only offered him 100 minæ, or about £400, for any picture he would paint of a hero.

Belton. When wholesale orders are given like these one cannot expect such high prices. Besides, it is plain that these were mere decorative pictures of effect, each of a single figure. We should think the prices very high for such works.

Mallett. Julius Cæsar was a far more generous patron of painting. He bought of Timonachus, the painter of Athens, two figures, one representing Ajax and the other Medea, which he placed in the temple of Venus Genetrix, for which he paid 80 Attic talents, or £20,000. This is a handsome sum

when one thinks that each picture only represented a single figure.

Belton. Who would have supposed the great first Cæsar was such a lover and patron of art? We never think of him in this relation, but rather as the great soldier and statesman.

Mallett. All the emperors or nearly all, were devoted to art. And some of them, as Hadrian and Nero, you remember, were artists themselves. Art was a part of their education, as it was of every high-born Roman or Greek. The Fabii, "clarissimæ gentis," had the cognomen of Pictor, derived from the chief of the family who painted the Temple of Health in 450 u.c.; and this painting existed in the time of Pliny. We may also mention among others Cicero and Hortensius, Marcus Agrippa, Crassus, Titus Petronius, and more than all Marcus Scaurus, and Lucius, and Marcus Lucullus, who were all liberal patrons and lovers of art. The sums which were spent by the latter on works of art seem almost fabulous.

Belton. One better understands how the Romans, many of whom were enormously rich, could spend large sums on art; but what surprises me is to hear that the Greeks also quite equalled them in the sums they expended on paintings and statues.

Mallett. They certainly do not seem to have fallen below them. I have found my list at last, and this will prompt my memory,—and I will pick out some of the items for you. Apelles, I find, received 20 talents in gold, or £5,000, for a portrait of Alexander wielding a thunderbolt, which he painted on the walls of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. He was a high-minded, generous man, and his conduct towards Protogenes, a

fellow-painter of Rhodes, always particularly pleased me, as showing a spirit above envy and jealousy. The Rhodians at first made very little account of Protogenes, as is so often the case with them who grow up familiarly among us. A painter as well as a prophet has often little honour in his own country until he is valued abroad. Protogenes was a striking example of this. In the early part of his career his patrons were few, and he was forced to set a small price on his works. But Apelles when on a visit to Rhodes went to see him, and was so struck by his pictures that he at once offered him 50 talents apiece, or £12,500, for those he had in his studio. Protogenes gladly accepted it; and as soon as the report spread that the great painter had given this price, the Rhodians besieged him to purchase them back from him. But Apelles rebuked them for their treatment of Protogenes and refused to surrender them except at an advanced price, saying they were worth far more than he had been able to give. From that time forward the fortune of Protogenes was made.

Belton. That was a noble act, which deserves to be remembered, and told when the jealousies of artists are commented on. It gives one a notion of the wealth of the great artists too. There are very few of us now who could afford to do so generous an act, however we might desire to do it.

Mallett. Polygnotus was another of those artist princes of Greece. He painted at Athens the porch called the Poecile, refusing to receive any remuneration therefor. And the Amphictyons or Public Council of Greece, unwilling to be outdone in generosity, made him the guest of the state, and bestowed upon him his house and maintenance

at the public expense. Here, too, I find a statement which gives us an idea of the value attached to pictures by the old Greeks. Plutarch relates that Aratus being desirous to make a present to Ptolemy, sent him some old pictures by Melanthus and Pamphilus; and in recompense for them Ptolemy sent in return 150 talents, which, if they were merely Attic talents, amounted to some £37,500.

Belton. Pray go on with your list.

Mullett. I am afraid I have exhausted my list of pictures the prices of which are stated in talents. One cannot say whether the talent of Attica or Ægineta is intended when they are spoken of; but as I have taken the lesser Attic talent, we may be sure that we have not overestimated the prices. The sums paid for the other pictures of which I have made notes are all stated in sesterces. Unfortunately the signs employed by the Romans to express sestertii or sestertia are exceedingly confusing, and we cannot always determine whether the sum given is to be estimated in sestertii or sestertia. The difference, however, is very great between the one and the other. The sestertius was $2\frac{1}{2}$ asses, and before the time of Augustus was of about the value of $2\frac{1}{10}$ pence, and afterwards of about $1\frac{1}{8}$ pence; while the sestertium was, previous to Augustus, of about the value of £8, 17s., afterwards of £7, 16s. So far this is clear; but as the sign HS or IIS meant both sestertium and sestertius (meaning semis et tertium) if the number be represented by the Roman letters, as H.S. xxv., it may mean either, and we are quite in the dark. We can only be sure when the number is written—as H.S. trecenti, or H.S. trecenta—or H.S. decies. I

should also state that where this number is preceded by a numeral adverb ending in "ies," the number must be multiplied by 100,000. Having premised this, I only give you a few more citations from my list. I have already alluded to M. Agrippa as a patron of art. He it was, you remember, who built and bequeathed to his countrymen the magnificent Thermæ in the Campus Martius, with their splendid gardens, libraries, and porticos—one portion of which, the Pantheon, "pride of Rome," as Byron calls it, still remains. Though a man of enormous wealth as well as of great distinction, not only for his public services in war, but also from being allied to the imperial family by his marriage with Julia the daughter of Augustus (and a precious life she led him too), he was simple and severe in his tastes and in his habits. Still, as you see, he had both the power and the will to make munificent gifts to the people beyond anything known at the present day. And not content with this, he wrote an oration urging upon those who possessed statues, pictures, or works of art of any kind, the duty of exhibiting them to the public. What is to our purpose at present, however, is the fact recorded by Pliny, that he paid to the people of Cyzicus for two paintings, one representing Ajax and one Venus, the small sum of 1,200,000 sesterces, which, reckoned at their lowest value, amounted to over £10,600.

Belton. These could have been only single figures apparently—ideal portraits. By whom were they painted?

Mullett. Pliny does not inform us. Had they been by one of the most celebrated artists, he would probably have given his name. But this is mere conjecture.

Belton. Well, go on.

Mallett. What gives more probability to the conjecture that these pictures were not by any very eminent artist, is the value attached to one picture by Aristides. This picture, representing Father Bacchus, was brought from Greece by Lucius Mummius, among the spoils of victory, and he made a contract for the sale of it with Attalus, king of Pergamus, for the bagatelle of 6000 sester tia — “vi. mil. sestertium;” but he afterwards, to the great regret of Attalus, revoked the sale, on the ground that the price was too small.

Belton. Six thousand sester tia ! That would be about £52,500 of our money.

Mallett. Yes. There is no mistake here, unless Pliny made it, for the words are written “vi. mil. sestertium.”

Belton. That is £12,500 more than is asked for the altar-piece by Raffaello, of which we were speaking, without taking into consideration the decrease in the value of money since the days of the Roman Empire; but taking it at an equal valuation, it seems almost incredible. By the way, is it not of this Mummius that the story is told, that when he was embarking some of these magnificent works of which he robbed Greece, he obliged the captain of the vessel to sign an obligation that in case any of them were lost or destroyed he would replace them with others?

Mallett. The same. Poor man, he knew more about war than art, and probably supposed one picture or statue was as good as another, provided it was of the same size. But art had its revenge upon him; not all his victories could relieve him from the ridicule he brought upon himself by this absurd contract. There was a roar of inextinguishable laughter over all Rome when it became known.

Belton. Have you any other instance of so large a price being given for a single work of art?

Mallett. Not for a picture — though larger prices were given for statues, as you will see. Strabo, however, tells us that when a great tribute was imposed upon the inhabitants of Cos, an offer was made to them to abate from it the sum of 100 talents for the picture of Venus Anadyomene by Apelles; but whether this offer was accepted or not, he does not state.

Belton. Were these Attic or Æginetan talents?

Mallett. Probably Attic—which would make this sum about £25,000; if they were Æginetan, they would be nearly £35,000. But it is safer to consider them as Attic.

I have but few other notes of pictures, and not of much consequence. We have seen that king Attalus lost one picture of Aristides on which he had set his heart among the spoils of Lucius Mummius; but he did get possession of another by this artist representing a sick man lying on his bed, for which he paid 100 talents. Candaules, too, the last Lydian king of the race of the Heraclidæ, bought of the painter Bularchus his picture representing the battle fought by Candaules with the Magnetes, for which he paid him its weight in gold. This is completely indefinite—as we do not know its weight; but it must have been considerable, as paintings were then made on heavy wooden panels.

Belton. It would seem, at least, that even at this early period art was valued. This was, if I remember right, about the end of the eighth century before Christ—some four centuries before gold began to be coined at Athens. But, as we know from Herodotus, the Lydians had long before coined gold, and were, according to him, the first who did.

What a story it is that Herodotus tells of Candaules and Gyges!

Mallett. Candaules must have been an egregious ass, or he would have known better than to have exposed the charms of his wife to his rival; but he had to pay for his folly with his life, and so the account was squared.

Belton. Possibly this very picture by Bularchus was hanging in the chamber of the Queen when Gyges looked in from the closet where Candaules hid him to prove his wife the most beautiful of women.

Mallett. Very possible. What a charm there is in the Father of History! what simple directness and picturesqueness! I don't know that dignity has added much to history. The further it removes itself from annals, the statelier and stupider it becomes.

Belton. Apropos of the very subject we are discussing, let me recall to you the tradition that Herodotus, when an old man, read his History to an Athenian audience at the Panathenaic festival, and so enchanted them that they gave him 10 talents, or £2500, as a recompense. That was better than lecturing even in America. I doubt whether even Motley or Prescott would ever have made as much by reading their histories, admirable as they are, in the Athens of America.

Mallett. Isocrates, it is said, received a sum equivalent to about £3875 for one oration; and Virgil, for his famous lines on Marcellus, was rewarded by a gift of about £1700; and according to Suetonius, Tiberius presented to Asellius Sabinus 400,000 sesterces (about £3540) for a dialogue he wrote between a mushroom, a cabbage, an oyster, and a thrush, in which they disputed among themselves. But to go back to our pictures. I have only two more on my list. They are of little consequence, but here they are.

Hortensius the orator—whom Cicero admired, whom Roscius imitated, and whose memory was so remarkable that he is said to have been able, in coming out of a saleroom, to repeat backward the auction-list—was also a lover of pictures; and, for a painting of the Argonautæ by Cydias, he paid 144,000 sesterii or sestertia, as you choose, for which he constructed a shrine at Tusculum, and, I have no doubt, discussed its merits there with Cicero.

Belton. It is pleasant to think of these great men of the past walking through their libraries and porticos and talking of art and literature and politics, and descanting upon each other's statues and pictures; and I am glad to know even one picture in the house of Hortensius. It makes him more real to me. I wish I knew what others he had.

Mallett. Many, I doubt not, and very valuable ones, for he was a man of great wealth as well as great taste and culture. Among other works of art he had a sphinx of Corinthian brass, which he obtained from Verres, and referring to which Cicero made a statement which Pliny has thought worthy of repeating. Hortensius, in arguing with him, said warmly, "I do not understand enigmas." But you should," returned Cicero, "for you keep a sphinx at home." This was what the Romans perhaps considered witty. I have only one more picture to speak of, and then we will turn to the statues, and this was a picture of Archigallus, painted by Parhasius, and estimated at 60,000 sestertia, which the Emperor Tiberius owned, and kept constantly in his bedchamber. And now that I speak of it, there was still one other picture, by Parhasius, which was offered by testament of the Roman knight to whom it belonged to the Emperor Tiberius—he having the option to receive it, or take in its place a million sesterces. The

subject was an abominable one, but Tiberius chose the picture and kept it in his bedchamber. If you are anxious as to the subject, you will find it described in the pages of Suetonius, in his life of the Emperor.

Belton. I know what the tastes of Tiberius were, and I can imagine the subject. But let us now have the statues.

Mallett. Very well; I will begin with the colossal statues. The famous Colossus at Rhodes, which was made of bronze and was 70 cubits—or about 105 feet—in height, was 12 years in making, is said to have cost only 300 talents—or about £75,000 if we reckon the Attic talent, or £102,000 if we reckon the other talent, and probably the latter talent is to be reckoned in this case. At all events, the so-called Colossus of the Sun in the Capitol, which was a bronze figure of Apollo, only 30 cubits—or 45 feet English—high, brought by Marcus Lucullus from Apollonia, in Pontus, cost 500 talents, which, if reckoned even as Attic talents, would be over £125,000; and it would hardly be probable that the Colossus at Rhodes, which was twice its height, could have been executed for so much less. But this is a trifle compared to the price paid for a colossal statue of Mercury, made for the city of the Averni in Gaul, by Zenodorus. On this work he was engaged for ten years, and the cost of it was £335,000.

Belton. What did the gold and ivory Athena of Phidias in the Parthenon, or his Zeus at Olympia, cost? These will give us some rule to reckon by, perhaps.

Mallett. I am not aware that the whole cost of these statues is stated by any ancient author. The gold employed on the movable drapery alone of the Athena was over forty talents in weight of unalloyed gold

according to Thucydides, whose exactness in such matters is above suspicion. This would be equivalent to some £116,000 in coin; while a single lock on the head of the Zeus at Olympia weighed six minæ, or about the value of nearly £5000.

For the famous statue of the Diadumenos, which was a bronze figure of life-size representing a youth tying a fillet round his head, Polycleitus received 100 talents, or about £25,000.

Belton. This was called the Canon, was it not, from its extreme perfection and proportion?

Mallett. No; it was another figure by Polycleitus called the Doryphoros or spear-bearer to which that epithet was given—not because it was a canon in itself, but because it embodied practically the canon or rule of proportion established by Polycleitus, and set forth in a treatise he wrote on Proportion, which unfortunately is lost.

Belton. Have we no record of it?

Mallett. Vitruvius gives us empirically some of the measurements, but even in these he is in some cases manifestly incorrect. Of the principles of proportion upon which the system of Polycleitus was founded he apparently was ignorant; and as probably the book as well as the statue had disappeared before his day, his system only remained as a tradition. I think that there is little doubt that this system was founded upon certain mathematical relations of numbers, as well as upon a geometrical basis, of which the numbers three, four, eight, and twelve, as well as the triangle, square, and circle, made an essential part. But this is too intricate, and would require too much time to explain here, even supposing you were interested in the matter. We should rather keep to our subject.

If I should begin to talk about proportions, you would soon wish I were in Jericho.

Belton. Well, for the present let us go on with the statues.

Mallett. You remember the fourth oration that Cicero fulminated against Verres?

Belton. I remember the oration; but, if I am not mistaken, it was never delivered. It was only prepared for delivery. One passage always particularly amused me, as showing the deliberate artifice with which Cicero prepared his public orations, so as to give them an off-hand air of improvisation. He is speaking of a certain work of a distinguished artist as well-known to him as Scipio; but he pretends to forget his name, and appeals to his audience to prompt him: after a moment's hesitation he recalls it, as if it had suddenly come to his memory. I forget the exact words, and I have not his oration, but you will find it there. It is something like this: *Erant ænea preterea duo signa. Canephoræ ipsæ vocabantur; sed earum artificem—quem? Quemnam? Recte admones—Polycletum esse dicebant.*

Mallett. The old humbug! I suppose there never was a more artificial writer. Even his letters are compositions prepared evidently for the public eye—stiff, formal, self-conscious, and a little pedantic. How different, for example, from those of Fronto and Marcus Aurelius! It seems to me that these are the most natural of all the ancient letters that have come down to us. Some of them have pretty little phrases of common life and turns of expression that are charming, and particularly here or there where the children are spoken of with diminutives of affection, and their doings are recounted. For instance, where Fronto says: "*Vidi pullulos tuos, quod quidem libertissime in vita*

mea viderim, cum simili facie tibi ut nihil sit hoc simile, similis. . . . Panem alter tenebat bene candidum, ut puer regius; alter autem cibarium, plane ut patre philosopho prognatus. Deos quaeso sit salvus sator, salva sint sata salva seges sit, quæ tam similes procreat. Nam etiam vuculas quoque eorum audivi tam dulcis, tam venustas, ut orationis tuæ lepidum illum et liquidum sonum nescio quo pacto in utriusque pipulo adgnoscerem."

Belton. Charming! and to think that these little chicks (*pulluli*) there were Commodus and Antoninus! But perhaps little Antoninus, who died when four years old, might really have grown up like his father. But do you remember that remarkable letter of Fronto on the death of his nephew—De nepote amisso—so full of that deep intensity of feeling which we are accustomed to think averse from all the old Roman habits of thought? He is overwhelmed with grief, and expresses it with great vehemence and passion. I commend it to you if you do not know it.

Mallett. It is idle to think they did not suffer just as we do from the loss of friends, however they might deem it fit to assume a stoical air of indifference. I do not believe they did assume this air—in private life. But to "resume"—as Byron has it—or we shall never get through our list. The Cupid originally made for the people of Parium by Praxiteles, afterwards came into the possession of Heius, a rich Sicilian, who was forced to yield it to Verres for the ridiculously small price of H.S. M.D.C. Cicero founds on this fact the argument that such a price could only have been the result of violence on the part of Verres and fear on the part of Heius—and says: "Have we not seen a small bronze statue sold at auction for 120,000 sesterces H.S.

C.XX millibus? and if I desired to mention those who have paid an equal and even a larger price than this, could I not do so?" How then, he goes on to argue, is it possible to suppose that for this contemptible price Heius would willingly, and without threats of violence in case of his refusal, have surrendered this statue to Verres for 1600 sesterces, when a small brass statue at auction constantly brings as much as 120,000?

Belton. Even this was a small price apparently: 120,000 sesterces (supposing he meant the sestertius) are only about £1063, which seems like nothing compared to the prices you have stated.

Mallett. So it would seem; but you must remember that Cicero is speaking of a small bronze, and not of a life-sized figure, and his argument is, that if a small statue like this, even at auction, would bring £1063—made by no great artist—it is impossible to believe that Heius would have sold a statue by Praxiteles for the price of some £13, unless he was forced by violence to do so. After all, is there any small modern bronze which would bring anything like such a price as £1063? Yet, as you say, even that seems a small price when we know that Lucullus contracted to give the modeller Arcesilaus—though he died before he could finish it—for a statue of Felicity in plaster, only the sum of 60,000 sesterces, or half that price; and Octavius, a Roman knight, gave the same artist for a design or copy of a *cratera* (or mixing bowl) in the same material, no less than a talent, or £250.

Belton. It would seem, then, that they used plaster at this period for modelling. Did they know anything about casting in plaster?

Mallett. It is generally supposed that they did; but this opinion is founded almost solely on a passage

in Pliny, which has, in my opinion, been quite misinterpreted, and means nothing of the kind. Had they known how to cast in plaster we should have had casts and moulds. Much frailer objects have been preserved to us. But besides, had this art been possessed by them, we should certainly have had *repliche* identical in form and size of all their great works, and there is not an identical copy of a single one. As far as we know, the famous Venuses of Praxiteles were each unique, as were all the great or indeed small ancient statues. The repetitions in every case are variations.

Belton. The argument seems conclusive.

Mallett. The value set upon these works of Praxiteles seems almost incredible. King Nicomedes offered the inhabitants of Cnidus, that if they would sell him their famous Venus by this artist, he would pay all their public debt, which was enormous—"quod erat ingens"—says Pliny; but they rather chose to suffer anything than to part with this rare and exquisite work. "Nor was it without good cause," says Pliny, "that they showed themselves so resolute in their refusal, for this statue of Praxiteles ennobled Cnidus." There in her temple stood the marble divinity, and strangers flocked from every quarter of the earth to gaze at her, and do her reverence.

We also get an idea of the value placed on works of art from the extraordinary care which was taken for their preservation. For instance, those who had charge of the brazen dog in the temple of Juno, which was celebrated for its admirable workmanship and fidelity to nature, were made responsible for its safety with their lives: and the same rule obtained in regard to the statues in the *Septa*, by unknown

artists, representing Pan, Chiron, Achilles, and Olympus.

If we turn from the statues—and I have now gone through with my list of them—to the other objects of luxury and art, we find the ancient Romans equally if not more extravagant. For a single dish of pottery the tragic actor Æsophus paid a hundred thousand sesterces, or nearly £900; and the Emperor Vitellius ordered a dish to be made for him, for which a furnace was erected in the fields outside the city, for a million sesterces, or £9000.

Belton. Nine thousand pounds for a single dish of pottery by a Roman artist! This exceeds belief.

Mallett. It is an accredited fact, and is reported by Pliny. Murrhine cups were a special luxury, on which they spent large sums. Murrhine was a species of opaline stone, variegated with delicate colours, somewhat apparently between an opal and feldspar, exceedingly rare, and commanding large prices. One of these cups, holding less than three pints, was sold for 70,000 sesterces, or more than £700. For another, Titus Petronius gave 300,000 sesterces, or £2700; and Nero having set his eye on this, Petronius, who hated the Emperor, dashed it to fragments in order to prevent him from getting possession of it. Nero himself, however, surpassed them all, for he had a Murrhine cup for which he paid the prodigious sum of a million sesterces.

Belton. I suppose there were no boundaries to the extravagance of this madman. What did he not do that was wild and wicked?

Mallett. He was perhaps a little more extravagant than the rest, but not so very much. Almost any of them would crush a province to possess a cup. You think this price he paid for this Murrhine cup extravagant; what do you think

of his paying £32,291, 13s. 4d. for a carpet?

Belton. I say with Mantalini, "Dem the 4d.!" What a price!

Mallett. That is a mere bagatelle. Suetonius tells us that the grave Julius Cæsar gave for a single pearl sexagies sestertium—600,000 sesterces—£5400. Alexander, according to Pliny, gave sixteen talents for his famous Bucephalus; and—open your eyes—Tacitus informs us that Nero gave away in presents to his friends "bis et vicies millies sestertium," which is about 19½ millions sterling.

Belton. You take my breath away! On the whole, I think better of Nero than I ever did before. A man or an emperor who gives away presents to that amount, must at least have been generous.

Mallett. There can be no doubt that he was generous, and, when the good fit was on him, amusing and spirited. What the patricians hated him for was not so much his crimes or his wild extravagances, as because he prided himself on being an artist, and acted on the stage, and drove in the public races, sang and danced in the theatre, fought in the arena, which they thought disgraced his own position as emperor and lowered their dignity. They little cared how much money he spent, and scarcely how many crimes he committed. There was always a ready excuse to be found for these—crime was too common to be peculiar, extravagance was universal. Even Seneca, with all his philosophy and moral sentences, more than apologised for Nero's crimes—he defended them; nay, he defended the very worst of them, the murder of his mother—if he did not even go farther and abet it, as seems most probable. As for his lavishness of expenditure, that was nothing. The very man they placed on his seat, after the

brief interval of Galba, was his boon companion in vice and luxury, Otho, when he came to the purple, himself owed £1,602,000. Besides, it was this very lavishness that rendered him popular with the Roman people. He won, at all events, their affections. In fact, he had more sympathies with them than with the higher classes. It is curious that with all his love of athletic sports, of fighting and driving, and the excitement of the arena, he was really a coward, and most of his crimes seem to have been prompted by fear of those by whom he was surrounded. He was mortally afraid of his mother, and he had every reason to be. She wished to be the head power of the state, and to use him as a puppet. With twice the ability, twice the courage, and twice the will of her son, she was always in his way. She menaced, flattered, and harassed him by turns, and at the last it would seem that fear of her drove him to compass her death. His was a strange combination of contradictory qualities. Generosity, cruelty, fear, recklessness, love of poetry, art, music, and all the æsthetic pursuits, together with a coarseness of feeling, a violence of passion, a hardness of heart, and a savage thirst for blood, which was, even at that time, amazing. No one could count on him a moment. He was as variable in his moods as a feather to the wind. Sullen and moody, gay and volatile, timorous and cruel, superstitious and defiant by turns, he was at once a terror and a delight to his friends.

Belton. In a word, he was half mad. How strange it is that in all his early youth he should have been so tractable, even tender-hearted, and then suddenly should have changed to such violence and wickedness! The first sentence of death that was

put before him he shrank from signing, saying he wished he knew not how to write. He found no such difficulty in after-days. The tremendous power he wielded, the complete immunity from punishment he enjoyed, seems to have turned his head. After all, his father's sneer at his birth was justified by his life. "What," he said to Agrippina, "can be born from us but a monster?"

Mallett. One should always remember in considering Nero, that in history his crimes are as it were seen in perspective; and though really separated by considerable intervals, they there appear crowded together and almost in one mass. Like pillars seen at a distance along a level road, they appear close to each other, though there really may be long spaces between them. Besides, they are so colossal in themselves that they become to us the main features of his life, and dwarf everything else. To those who stood abreast of them, living along with them, they did not produce this effect. There were salient points occurring now and then, but diminished in effect by the daily flatness of common occurrences, and obscured by means of smaller events. His murders were nine days' wonders, and in the intervals he occupied the minds of men with games and largesses, *panem et circenses*, and banquets, and pomp, and ceremonies, and thus drew them away from the contemplation of his gross and occasional crimes by constant and enticing interests, otherwise it would have been impossible even for them to tolerate him. He looks to us as if his life were one mass of horrors—to them these horrors were occasional.

Belton. Besides, we unconsciously judge his life by our own, and his actions by those which would be

possible at the present day, without taking into account the difference of habits, and principles, and ideas. His worst crime, depend upon it, had not the same aspect to them as to us.

Mallett. He is a very interesting study, if one only had the time to give to him. But now let us consider him only on the side of extravagance. Think of his having expended in about 14 years, in presents only, the enormous sum of 19½ millions sterling.

Belton. Let me see—if the Queen of England had given away, for the 37 years of her reign, the entire sum appointed to her by the State, she would have expended only about two-thirds of this sum. Have you any other items of the extravagance of these Romans, or of their fortunes?

Mallett. Yes, I have noted down a number of items showing how far behind them we are, for all we think we are extravagant in modern times. Who does not scold, for instance, at the money women lay out now upon their dresses!—but what shall we say of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, whose dresses alone were valued at £332,916?

Belton. Impossible! That must have included at least her jewels.

Mallett. No—not at all. Ah! you don't believe it? Listen, then, to what Pliny says—"I have seen Lollia (happy Pliny!—he saw her) on an occasion of no special solemnity, but at a plain citizen's bridal supper, all covered with pearls and emeralds, her hair and head-dress, ears, neck, and fingers, worth as much as 40 million sesterces"—(that is, £312,500 worth of jewels on her person at a plain citizen's supper). "Such was the style in which she came to witness the act of marriage. Nor were these love-

tokens of a princely prodigal. They were the treasures of her grandsire, amassed from the spoil of provinces. Such was the end of all this rapine. Lollius suffered disgrace, and perished by his own hand, that his granddaughter might blaze by lamp-light in the splendour of 40 millions."

Belton. Well, her own end was even worse. Poor Lollia! She made a narrow miss of being empress; but Agrippina was too wily, and won the game. All her beauty, all her splendour of dress, and her luxury, and her wit, availed her little against her cruel rival. She perished miserably at last by violence, and in exile. I know no more revolting story than that which is related by Dion of Agrippina, who, after she had put Lollia to death, commanded the centurion to bring her the head of her rival; and she, to make sure that the ghastly face was really that of the beautiful woman whose life she had ruined, pushed up her dead lips to verify her by her teeth.

Mallett. Ghastly! By the way, there is one book that I should like of all others to read—the memoirs which Agrippina is said to have written of her own life. What revelations it would make! what an insight it would give us into the interior life of Rome!

Belton. Did she ever write such a book?

Mallett. So it is said; but unfortunately it is lost, and so are these last books of Tacitus, which would have given us the end of Nero. It would have made a companion to his 'Tiberius.'

Belton. What a picture he would have made of that! Not that I think his picture of Tiberius, powerful as it is, has any justification in fact. Tacitus studiously maligned Tiberius, and there would seem to be no warrant for this savage portrait.

Tacitus was a partisan, and full of prejudice, and all his statements must be taken with considerable abatement. His account of the death of Nero is certainly a great loss. Still, Suetonius has given us an account so picturesque, so evidently true in all its details of these last terrible days of Nero, that for myself I doubt if Tacitus would have made it more real to me. He would have written it better; but the detail as told by Suetonius could not be improved.

Mallett. Nero seems truly to have loved Poppæa, and no wonder, if it were possible for him to love anybody. She must have been a great beauty, and have possessed besides a peculiar charm of attraction. Her manners, it is admitted, despite the licentiousness of her life, were modest and gentle, and her wit was celebrated. To her might be applied that amusing statement of our American friend, who said of some one—after praising her beauty, and grace, and wit: "My dear fellow, she has only one defect—she has no kind of principle." Her luxury was at least equal to that of Lollia; and when she travelled, she carried with her 500 she-asses, so that she might have her bath of milk every morning. Why not? She could afford it.

Belton. Do you know the so-called Clytie of the British Museum?

Mallett. Yes; and why is it supposed to represent Clytie?

Belton. Because there are the leaves of the sunflower around the bust; and the myth is that she was enamoured of Apollo, and was changed into the heliotrope, or sunflower.

Mallett. But why in this connection did you ask if I knew the bust?

Belton. Because I believe it is the portrait of Poppæa. It is plainly not an ideal bust, but a portrait;

and even if it represent Clytie, it is a portrait of some real person in that character. It has none of the features, characteristics, or methods of treatment adopted by the ancients in their ideal heads, and it has a peculiar individuality of feature and expression. The workmanship is not Greek, but Roman, and belongs to the period of Nero, or thereabouts. It strongly resembles in general character the portraits of Poppæa on the coins, and particularly a gem representing her, in the possession of the Earl of Exeter. In all of them the eyes are deep set, the orbit large, the chin full but slightly retreating, and the whole contour of the face similar. The forehead of the bust is low, as hers was; the hair is worn in the Roman fashion of her time, and richly curls and waves, as did her amber locks. The air of the head, modestly inclined and full of sentiment, answers to the character and manner attributed to her by the ancient writers, who say that she affected at least a retiring and modest demeanour. The leaves of the sunflower only indicate an apotheosis of the person represented, and this would properly belong to Poppæa; for Nero, distracted by her death, which he had brought about himself in a moment of violent passion, ordered that she should be enrolled among the gods, and himself wrote her funeral eulogy, and presided at her apotheosis. If the leaves be those of the sunflower, as we call the heliotrope—which is not certain—there is also in this a peculiar appropriateness to Poppæa; for Nero called himself the son of Apollo, from whom he received his golden locks: and as Poppæa loved him, died by his hands, and had herself the same golden amber hair, they might as fitly surround her bust as Clytie's. These among others are my reasons for

supposing this bust to be the portrait of Poppæa.

Mallett. They certainly have a great deal of weight. Has this ever been suggested?

Belton. Not that I am aware of. But it is getting late, and you are not at the end of your notes, I see; pray let me have the rest.

Mallett. I have only a few items more, and they chiefly refer to houses and real estates, which will indicate what were the probable fortunes of some of the Romans of position. Marcus Gabius Apicius, one of the three notorious gluttons, all of whom bore the same surname, after squandering a fortune on the pleasures of the table, left behind him in real estate over £807,000, so that had he lived he might have gone on eating for a considerable time longer. Marcus Licinius Crassus, who fought with Sulla against Marius in the Civil War, and who was so avid of money that nothing would satisfy his greed, was also as liberal in the dispensing of it. When he was Consul with Pompey, for instance, he gave a public banquet to the people at which 10,000 tables were spread. He had immense numbers of slaves, to whom he gave a good education and trained them to various arts, exploited to his own benefit their labours, in working his silver-mines, cultivating his farms, and practising numerous trades. His wealth must have been, according to all accounts, immense; but his real estate on his death was only valued at about £1,614,583, showing that the greater portion of his fortune was not in land.

Belton. Poor Crassus! After all his victories and all his fortunes he met with a sad end. Defeat, if I remember right, overtook him somewhere in Mesopotamia—that soothing and religious word—in an

encounter with the Parthians; and Orodes, the Parthian king, after cutting off his head, poured molten gold into his mouth, saying, "Sate thyself now with the metal of which in thy life thou wast so greedy." This was mere wantonness of waste. I think I do not admire Orodes.

Mallett. Then there was Pallas, the curled darling and lover of Agrippina, who was enormously rich, and to whom Juvenal alludes as a type of wealthy men in the line, "Ego possideo plus Pallanto et Licinio." He left a handsome estate in land—I speak only of land now—of some £2,921,875. Then there was Seneca the philosopher and moralist, who always preached the virtues of poverty and self-denial, and professed the virtues of Stoicism, who left about the same amount, given to him in great part, I suppose, by Nero; and Lentulus, whose real estate amounted to about £3,229,166; and Isodorus, who disposed by will of 416 slaves, 3660 yoke of oxen, and 257,000 other cattle. These were all fairly well off, one might say; but apparently Marcus Scæurus was superior to them all in wealth. His luxury and extravagance were amazing. One may judge of his wealth by a single fact. He at one time erected a temporary theatre for the people, which was only in use for a month. This theatre was of three storeys, supported on 360 columns. The first and principal storey was of marble; the second of glass, an unheard-of luxury in those days; and the third of gilded wood. The lowest columns were 38 feet in height, and between them were placed no less than 3000 brass statues. Please to think of this for a moment: Here was a private man who could place 3000 brass statues of his own in a temporary theatre, and from the height of the columns these statues must

have been colossal or at least heroic in size, or they would have produced no effect. But to go on with the theatre. The area afforded accommodation for 80,000 spectators—nearly as many as the Colosseum; and the interior fittings, consisting of attalic vestments enwoven with gold tissues, and the embroideries, pictures, and stage properties, were of the most gorgeous character. When the theatre was abandoned, as it was in a month, such portions of the fittings and paraphernalia and ornament, &c., as were not required by him for his daily enjoyment in Rome, were carried to his villa in Tusculum. Shortly afterwards his servants burnt this villa out of revenge for some injury, and his loss by this fire was estimated at no less than 300 millions of sesterces, or about £2,656,250. You may imagine, therefore, what his total fortune amounted to.

Belton. All I have to say is, that if they possessed such fortunes as these, I only wonder they did not pay a little more for pictures and statues. I begin to think that £20,000 for a statue has a character of meanness about it. I wonder they were not ashamed to offer such ridiculously small prices. But one

question more: What has become of all this gold?

Mallett. What becomes of pins? Where do the millions upon millions go that are manufactured every year? Where the gold went, in all probability. Still, I cannot but think that great quantities of gold still remain deposited in secret hiding-places under ground—some of which chance may yet discover to us. It seems impossible that it can utterly have disappeared.

Belton. And the pearls, emeralds, diamonds, and all the precious stones: where are they? Where are Lollia's forty millions? Where is Julius Cæsar's pearl?

Mallett. Echo is the only authority on this question—and cries Where?

Belton. Where are all these splendid statues of antiquity to whose care men were pledged with their lives? They have perished or disappeared as a stone in the sea, and no one knows when, how, or where. Is it not possible that many of them still remain—buried out of sight—hidden in the earth?

Mallett. I have little doubt of it, but the difficulty is to know where.

Belton. Let us go and find them.

Mallett. Andiam.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

KASHMIR.

ALMOST every one longs, and many hope, to see the beautiful Vale of Kashmir. Probably no region of the earth is so well known to the eye of imagination, or so readily suggests the idea of a terrestrial Paradise. So far from having been disappointed with the reality, or having experienced any cause for wishing that I had left Kashmir unvisited, I can most sincerely say that the beautiful reality excels the somewhat vague poetic vision which has been associated with the name. But Kashmir is rather a difficult country to get at, especially when you come down upon it from behind, by way of Zaskar and Súrú. According to tradition, it was formerly the Garden of Eden; and one is very well disposed to accept that theory when trying to get into it from the north or north-west. Most people go up to it from the plains of India by one of the four authorised routes; but I have a habit of getting into places by some quite unusual way, and did so in this instance.

From Súrú to Kartse and Sankú, a day's journey, the road was not bad, except at one place, where I had to ride high up the mountains in order to find a path possible for ponies, and at another where the path was so narrow, running athwart precipices and nearly precipitous slopes of shingle, that a man whom I met leading his pony along it, had to take his steed back for more than a mile before the two ponies could pass each other. At Sankú there was a fine grove of trees for a camping-ground, giving promise of a more genial clime, though there was snow lying under the

trees; and the way from Sankú to Omba, up the valley of the Nakpo Chu, was tolerably easy; but after leaving Omba I did come upon some places which were "a little difficult to get over." Unfortunately I had no proper map of that part of the country; and, starting early from Sankú, we reached the mountain village of Omba at half-past ten in the morning. That seemed rather a short day's journey, so I asked one of the coolies, who spoke a little Hindústani, how far it was from Omba to Dras, and he said it was the same distance as we had come from Sankú to Omba, and farther illustrated his meaning by grasping my alpenstock by the middle, and indicating the two halves of it as illustrations of the equal length of the two distances. When I afterwards reproached this man for the difficulty into which he had led us, he answered, with true Kashmirian effrontery, that he had said nothing of the kind; that it was a *Draswallah*, a fellow from Dras, who, he alleged, had passed at the time, that had said so. But no one objected to our going on, and all the *bigarries* showed a remarkable alacrity in starting. What in earth their motive was I cannot say positively. Perhaps they really wished to get on to Dras that day, from fear of being cut off from their homes by a fall of snow; but it is more probable that they were afraid of going there, and proposed to give me the slip among the mountains; for about this time the envoy of the Yarkand ruler was expected to be coming up the Dras valley, on his return from a visit to Constan-

tinople, and immense numbers of Kashmir coolies were being impressed in order to take his European purchases up to Leh. At all events there must have been some secret motive for their hurrying me into the injurious task of undertaking in one day what ought properly to have been a three days' journey. I was ignorant of the fact when among those mountains; but find now, that in 1822, Moorcroft went over the same road, and he took three days to it, though it was July, and he started from above Sankú, and on the third day did not reach Dras, but only the hamlet opposite it, which I reached in one day from Sankú; so it can be understood how tremendous was the day's journey, and how great the mistake into which I was led.

So we started from Omba, and began to ascend a hill. I do not say "a hill" sarcastically, because had I seen, soon after starting, what a mountain this hill was, I should immediately have turned back and camped at Omba; but, though immense mountains rose before us, they did so in such a manner as to make it appear likely that a low pass ran between them. It was not until we had laboured up steadily for about a couple of hours that the horrible truth began to dawn upon my mind that there was no pass, and that it was up the face of one of those gigantic mountains that we were now going by a corkscrew path. There really appeared to be no end either of the path or of the mountain, and we soon got involved in large patches of snow, though this was the south side of "the pass." It was like going up, not to Kashmir, but to heaven; and I should even then have returned to Omba but for the consideration that the *bigarries* were from Sankú, and that it might be difficult to supply their

places or to get them to go on next day. Meanwhile they began to show symptoms of distress, and two or three attempted to leave their luggage and bolt. One man nearly effected his escape by getting leave to go down a little way to a snow rivulet to drink. Whenever he got there he took to his heels down the pass, but was cut off and forced to come back by one of my servants who had fallen behind and was coming up on horseback.

However, I ignorantly thought that if we got to the top of this tremendous Omba La, or Omba Pass (which was as steep, and must have been as high, as the Kúng-ma, which leads from Namgea over into Chinese Tibet), it would be all right; and so I encouraged the *bigarries* to labour upwards. There was deep snow at the summit; and looking down the northern side, an immense sheet of snow was seen stretching down into a desolate valley, and broken only by the track of a party of Baltis we met at the summit. One of these was crying bitterly, and on inquiring into the cause, I found he had been struck with snow-blindness by the reflection of the sun. I had scarcely time to look around, and the dazzling whiteness was too much for my eyes, even when protected by blue glass; but Moorcroft says that when he crossed it, and when there must have been much less snow, "the view from the crest presented a majestic line of snow-covered mountain-tops, very little above the level of the pass, extending round a circle of at least twenty miles in diameter. The uniformity of the ridges was very remarkable; for although broken with peak and gorge, yet there were no single mountains or mountain-chains that towered ambitiously above their fellows."

It took us a long time to get down that snow-slope, and for riders it was rather ticklish work. On reaching the desolate valley, where there were only a few stunted bushes, I thought it high time to refresh the inner man, fancying we had only to go down this valley a little way to come upon Dras and human habitations; but I had only taken a few mouthfuls when I learned that it led nowhere, that it had no human habitations, and that, in order to reach Dras, we should have to cross another snowy range, possibly higher than the one we had just got over with so much difficulty. The effect upon me of this piece of information was precisely like that of a hot potato. On inquiry, I found that the score of coolies had little more than a pound of flour among them, and that my servants were in almost as bad a predicament. I had told the latter always to be provided for such an emergency; but they excused themselves on the ground that they had supposed we had got out of the high mountains. I myself could have camped with perfect comfort, having plenty of provisions and clothing; but the *bigarries* had no sufficient means of protecting themselves from the cold, besides being destitute of provisions. The situation was an extremely difficult one, because by this time it was past three o'clock; the sun was completely shaded off the valley by the mountains around; an intense cold began to make us all shiver; and to attempt a snowy pass at that hour in the afternoon, after having been almost continuously travelling from before seven in the morning, was a distasteful and exceedingly hazardous thing to do.

On the other hand, it occurred to me very forcibly that if I did camp there I should find in the morning that all the coolies had disappeared.

It could hardly be supposed that they had led me into this position merely for the pleasure of doing three days' journey in one, or of themselves spending a night unprotected from the cold and with empty stomachs, in the Twajeh valley. The most rational supposition was that they wanted to give me the slip, and so I determined to proceed at all risks. It was most fortunate I did so, because next day a tremendous snowstorm fell over these mountains. If we had remained in this elevated valley all night, we certainly could not have got over to Dras the next day, or for several days, and it is almost as certain that we could not have got back to Omba. The most of the party must have perished; and hence I really was indebted to the imaginary *Draswallah*; though, from the exposure of that evening, I suffered for months.

But having determined to proceed, it was absolutely necessary to secure that the bearers of my baggage should do so likewise. Fortunately all my servants were mounted, so I broke up our party into three divisions, in order that the coolies might more easily be kept in hand. I sent on my most valuable articles in front, carried by coolies under charge of the violent Chota Khan, and a *sowar*, or trooper, who had been sent with me by the Thanadar of Súrú. Keeping the sharp boy Nurdass with me, I took the most refractory of the men under my own charge, and made Thooleyram and Silas with his gun look after a small section in the rear. My servants saw as well as I did the necessity for the most decided action, and we soon reached the foot of the second range. Here the man who had before nearly succeeded in running away gave me some trouble by making a simi-

lar attempt, and afterwards by lying down and refusing to budge an inch further, so I had to show him that such conduct might involve worse evils than those of going on. I was not at all afraid of their running away once I got them well over the summit of this infernal second snowy range, because from that point they could hardly have reached Omba on empty stomachs; so my great anxiety was to get them over the brow of the range before dark, so long as there was light enough for us to keep them in hand. By various kinds of encouragement I managed to push them up that lofty mountain at really an astonishing rate, considering the ground they had got over that day; and when I saw men flagging really from want of strength, I made them hold on by our horses' tails, which, in making an ascent, is very nearly as good as riding on the animal itself.

The sun had disappeared, and the light on the snow we were crossing had become pale, when I got my party up to the summit of this great mountain-ridge. But instead of a descent to Dras, I saw before me, with dismay, a large valley of snow, athwart which ran the tracks of Chota Khan's party, rising up into a higher mountain-range beyond. It was, in fact, a sort of double pass we were on; and though the descent between the two ridges was not great, yet it was sufficiently formidable, and the distance between them was enough to alarm one in the circumstances. How weird that scene was in the grey fading light! The cold made me shiver to the bone; but there was something in the scene also to make one shiver, so cold-looking was it, so death-like. A crescent moon gleamed in the sky with exceeding brightness, and the whole disc of

the moon was distinctly visible; but its light was insufficient to dispel the darkness which seemed to be creeping up from the valley over the wastes of snow. We had quite sufficient light, however, to take us over the second summit of the pass; but I suffered much from the cold, being insufficiently clad, having had no expectation whatever of being up about 16,000 feet at such an hour. It was with a feeling of great relief that I learned that we had now only to descend, and had no more snowy ridges to surmount on our terrible way to Dras.

But how to descend? That was the question which immediately forced itself upon me. I was inclined to stick to the pony so long as I did not find it upon the top of me; and fortunately it was a wonderful steed, equalled only by that of the Shigri valley; but by this time the night had become dark, the crescent moon was disappearing behind the mountains, and there were long slopes of snow to be traversed. Here the pony absolutely refused to move a step without my allowing it to put its nose down close to the snow; and though, when it was in such an attitude on a steep slope, there was considerable difficulty in keeping on its back, I found it could be trusted to go down safely in that way; and carry me down it did, until we got into a deep and excessively dark gorge, where it was impossible to ride. It was so dark here that we could hardly see a step before us, and I scrambled through in a manner that I could hardly have believed possible. Our way lay along the bed of a stream full of great stones, over which we often fell. Then we would break through ice into pools of ice-cold water, and come to falls where we had to let one man down and descend upon his shoulders.

The pony meanwhile followed us, obedient to the voice of its owner; and it seemed to have more power of finding its way than we possessed, for it got round descents which it could hardly have jumped, and which we could find no way of avoiding.

After that frightful passage we came on more gentle and easy descents; but it was with intense relief that I saw the flames of a large fire of thorn-bushes which Chota Khan and the *sowar* had kindled for our guidance at a hamlet opposite to Dras, on our side of the river. We gladly turned our steps in that direction, and stayed there for the night, the men of the hamlet assisting in setting up my tent. It was past ten before I reached this place, so that we had been above fifteen hours almost continuously travelling. The party under Silas came in soon; but he himself did not turn up for nearly an hour, and when he arrived he was in a very excited state. After dark he got separated from his party, and came down that awful gorge in company with one old coolie, of whose language he understood only the single word *balú*, or "bear;" and no doubt there were likely enough to be bears about. This was clearly not treatment such as a Bombay butler had a right to expect; but a little cocoa had a beneficial effect upon him: and whenever my tent was set up I went to sleep in spite of the wind, which now began to blow violently, accompanied by rain—and was so worn out that I did not rise, or almost awake, till one o'clock next day.

The morning was wet and windy; thick clouds covered the mountains which we had descended, and, as they lifted occasionally, I saw that heavy snow had fallen. In such weather, and being in a fatigued

condition, it was quite sufficient to move from our exposed camp only two miles, to the Thána of Dras, where there was the shelter of trees and of walls. The Thanadar there spoke of the snow being forty feet deep in winter, though the height is little over 10,000 feet, and he seemed a highly respectable old officer. His quarters are detached some way from the large fort where the most of his troops are stationed; and I suppose these latter are not much needed now, unless for purposes of oppression. Dras is a dependency of Kashmir, being one of the provinces which have been added to it by Mohammedan force and Hindú fraud, which do not fail, in the long-run, to break the shield of the mountaineers. This valley is sometimes called Himbab, or the "Source of Snow,"—which must be a very suitable name for it, if that prodigious story about the forty feet of snow be true.

There remains, however, another pass to be crossed before we get into the valleys of even Upper Kashmir. A very cold and wet day's journey took us up the Dras river to the miserable hamlet of Matáan, where, before getting out of my tent next morning, I learned that the Yarkand envoy could not be far off. I heard a loud voice crying out, *Caffé banao, cha banao*—"Make coffee, make tea,"—followed by whack, whack, as the blows of a stick descended upon a man's back. This turned out to be the Wuzer's Wuzer, or the envoy's *avant-courier*, who was pushing on ahead of his patron, and preparing the way. Like many gentlemen's gentlemen, he was extremely indignant at the comforts of life not being ready for him. I do not believe that this miserable hamlet of Matáan could have turned out a cup of tea or coffee to save the lives of all its inhabitants; and it seemed to me that

the Wuzeer's Wuzeer administered the stick to the entire population of that unhappy village. When I came out of my tent, I had a momentary glimpse of a little man in something like a red dressing-gown, dancing furiously round a very big man, and hitting him with a long stick ; but, on my appearance, he suddenly retired into his *dúli*. After that, on the six marches down to Srinagar, I never found myself clear of the retinue of the Yarkand envoy : for the whole road down was covered with men carrying his things ; and tents, guarded by Kashmir soldiers, had been pitched for him at various places. There were said to be 3000 coolies employed in carrying up himself and the effects he had purchased in Europe. I cannot say as to the exact number ; but really there seemed to be no end of them, and they came from all parts of Kashmir. They were to be met with at almost every turning, and in very various positions. At one moment I would find half-a-dozen of them resting to groan under the weight of a 24-pounder gun, wrapped in straw, while a sepoy of the Kashmir Maharajah threatened them with his stick, or even with his sword ; half-an-hour after another party of them were pulling down walnuts from some grand old tree, while some grand-looking old dame (for the Kashmir women who survive to old age have an aristocratic appearance which would attract attention in the Courts of Europe) was looking on the spoliation of her property, or on that of her grandchild, now with a melancholy dignity, which might have become the tragic muse, and anon with shrieks and imprecations which might have excited the envy of a mœnad. Again, I would come across three or four hundred of them

at sundown, kneeling down at prayer, with their faces turned towards what was supposed to be the direction of Mecca, but which really was more in the direction of the North Pole star than of anything else. At another time a party of them would halt as I came by, support their burdens on the short poles which they carried for that purpose, and some Hindústhani spokesman among them would say to me : " O Protector of the Poor !" (*Gurib Parivár* pronounced *Guripur*), " you have been up among these snowy mountains—shall we ever see our house-roofs again ?" They all had the same story as to their monetary position. Each man had got five rupees (I do not know whether small *chilki*, Kashmir rupees, or British, but should fancy the former) in order to purchase rice for the journey ; but their further expectations on the subject of pay were of the most desponding kind, and the only anxiety they showed was, not as to how they were to get back again, but as to whether it would be at all possible for them ever to get back again. I must have missed the Yarkand envoy himself about Ganderbahl, a day's march from Srinagar ; but shortly before getting to Ganderbahl I came across three of his retinue, who puzzled me a little. It was very wet and very mudddy, when I suddenly came across three riders in black European waterproofs, one of whom said to me—" Bones sore, Múshú ?" After being for months up in the Himáliya, one is unaccustomed to being accosted in a European language ; and the matter was complicated by the fact that my bones were sore at the time, and most confoundedly so, from the combined effect of that evening on the Omba-La and of a fall. Hence

it was that I had fairly passed the three curious riders before it at all occurred to my mind that the salutation was "Bon soir, Monsieur." They were doubtless Frenchified Turks, whom the envoy had brought from Constantinople; but they had scarcely any ground to expect that their peculiar French would be recognised, on the moment, in one of the upper valleys of Kashmir.

But I have not quite yet got into even the outskirts of the Garden of Eden. The Zoji La had to be crossed; and though it is a very easy pass, and set down by the Trigonometrical Survey as only 11,300 feet high, yet I have heard, and suspect, that a mistake has been made there, and that nearly a thousand feet might have been added to it. Let Major Montgomerie's map be compared with the sheets of the Trigonometrical Survey on which it must be supposed to be based, and discrepancies will be found. The Trigonometrical Survey has achieved more than would allow of absolute accuracy in all its details; but, considering the means at its command, it has done wonders. Still, though the Zoji pass may be higher than it has been set down, yet it seems almost child's-play to the traveller from Sanskar and the Omba La. Though it seemed to me nothing after what I had gone through, yet this pass must have a formidable appearance to travellers coming upon it from below, judging from the following description of it by Dr. Henderson, the ornithologist of the first of Sir Thomas Forsyth's missions to Yarkand:—

"The road we had ascended was in many places rather trying to the nerves, being very steep, and sometimes consisting merely of a platform of brushwood attached to the face of the precipice. This road, owing to its steepness, is quite impassable for bag-

gage animals after a fall of snow, and it is then necessary to wait at Báltal until the snow has melted, or to follow the stream up a very narrow rocky gorge, with precipices of from 500 to 1000 feet on either side. This gorge, however, is only practicable when filled up by snow to about fifty feet in depth, as it usually is early in the season: it is then the usual route; and at that season, in order to avoid the avalanches, it is necessary to start at night, and get over the pass before sunrise. Avalanches do not fall until late in the day, after the sun begins to melt the snow."—*Lahore to Yarkand*: London, 1873.

I do not think the road has been improved since Dr. Henderson passed over it; and now that I think of it, I remember that there was something like the brushwood platforms of which he speaks. The great interest of it is that it leads suddenly down upon the beautiful wooded scenery of Kashmir. After months of the sterile, almost treeless Tibetan provinces, the contrast was very striking, and I could not but revel in the beauty and glory of the vegetation; but even to one who had come up upon it from below the scene would have been very striking. There was a large and lively encampment at the foot of the pass with tents prepared for the Yarkand envoy, and a number of Kashmir officers and soldiers; but I pushed on beyond that, and camped in solitude close to the Sind river, just beneath the Panjtarne valley, which leads up towards the caves of Amberneth, a celebrated place for Hindú pilgrimage. This place is called Báltal, but it has no human habitations. Smooth green meadows, carpet-like and embroidered with flowers, extended to the silvery stream, above which there was the most varied luxuriance of foliage, the lower mountains being most richly clothed with woods of many and beautiful col-

ours. It was late autumn, and the trees were in their greatest variety of colour; but hardly a leaf seemed to have fallen. The dark green of the pines contrasted beautifully with the delicate orange of the birches, because there were intermingling tints of brown and saffron. Great masses of foliage were succeeded by solitary pines, which had found a footing high up the precipitous crags.

And all this was combined with peaks and slopes of pure white snow. *Aiguilles* of dark rock rose out of beds of snow, but their faces were powdered with the same element. Glaciers and long beds of snow ran down the valleys, and the upper vegetation had snow for its bed. The effect of sunset upon this scene was wonderful; for the colours it displayed were both heightened and more harmoniously blended. The golden light of eve brought out the warm tints of the forest; but the glow of the reddish-brown precipices, and the rosy light upon the snowy slopes and peaks, were too soon succeeded by the cold grey of evening. At first, however, the wondrous scene was still visible in a quarter-moon's silvery light, in which the Panjtarne valley was in truth

"A wild romantic chasm that slanted
Down the sweet hill athwart a cedarn
cover—
A savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath the waning moon was
haunted
By woman wailing for her demon
lover."

The demon lovers to be met with in that wild valley are bears, which are in abundance; and a more delightful place for a hunter to spend a month in could hardly be invented; but he would have to depend on his rifle for supplies, or have them sent up from many miles down the Sind valley.

The remainder of my journey down this latter valley to the great valley or small plain of Kashmir was delightful. A good deal of rain fell, but that made one appreciate the great trees all the more, for the rain was not continuous, and was mingled with sunshine. At times, during the season when I saw it, this "inland depth" is "roaring like the sea;"

"While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied
numbers tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow
hair;"

but soon after it is bathed in perfect peace and mellow sunlight. The air was soft and balmy; but, at this transfer from September to October, it was agreeably cool even to a traveller from the abodes and sources of snow. As we descended, the pine-forests were confined to the mountain-slopes; but the lofty deodar began to appear in the valley, as afterwards the sycamore, the elm, and the horse-chestnut. Round the picturesque villages, and even forming considerable woods, there were fruit-trees—as the walnut, the chestnut, the peach, the apricot, the apple, and the pear. Large quantities of timber (said to be cut recklessly) was in course of being floated down the river; and where the path led across it there were curious wooden bridges for which it was not necessary to dismount. This Sind valley is about sixty miles long, and varies in breadth from a few hundred yards to about a mile, except at its base, where it opens out considerably. It is considered to afford the best idea of the mingled beauty and grandeur of Kashmir scenery; and when I passed through its appearance was greatly enhanced by the snow, which not only covered the mountain-tops, but also came down into the forests which clothed the mountain-sides. The path

through it, being part of the great road from Kashmir to Central Asia, is kept in tolerable repair, and it is very rarely that the rider requires to dismount. Anything beyond a walking pace, however, is for the most part out of the question. Montgomerie divides the journey from Srinagar to Báltal (where I camped below the Zoji La) into six marches, making in all sixty-seven miles; and though two of these marches may be done in one day, yet if you are to travel easily and enjoy the scenery, one a-day is sufficient. The easiest double march is from Sonamarg to Gond, and I did it in a day with apparent ease on a very poor pony; but the consequence is that I beat my brains in vain in order to recall what sort of place Gond was, no distinct recollection of it having been left on my mind, except of a grove of large trees and a roaring fire in front of my tent at night. Sonamarg struck me as a very pleasant place; and I had there, in the person of a youthful captain from Abbotabad, the pleasure of meeting the first European I had seen since leaving Lahaul. We dined together, and I found he had come up from Srinagar to see Sonamarg, and he spoke with great enthusiasm of a view he had had, from another part of Kashmir, of the 26,000 feet mountain Nanga Parbat. *Marg* means a "meadow," and seems to be applied specially to elevated meadows; *sona* stands for "golden:" and this place is a favourite resort, in the hot malarious months of July and August, both for the Europeans in Kashmir, and for natives of rank. The village, being composed of four houses and three outlying ones, cannot produce much in the way of either coolies or supplies. Its commercial ideas may be gathered from the fact that I was here asked seven rupees for

a pound of tea which was nothing but the refuse of tea-chests mixed with all sorts of dirt. In the matter of coolies I was independent, for the *bigarries* who had taken my effects over the Zoji La were so afraid of being impressed for the service of the Yarkand envoy, that they had entreated me to engage them as far as Ganderbahl, near the capital, hoping that by the time they reached that place the fierce demand for coolies might have ceased.

At Ganderbahl I was fairly in the great valley of Kashmir, and encamped under some enormous *chúnár* or sycamore trees; the girth of one was so great that its trunk kept my little mountain-tent quite sheltered from the furious blasts. Truly—

"There was a roaring in the wind all night,
The rain fell heavily, and fell in floods;"

but that gigantic *chúnár* kept off both wind and rain wonderfully. Next day a small but convenient and quaint Kashmir boat took me up to Srinagar; and it was delightful to glide up the backwaters of the Jhelam, which afforded a highway to the capital. It was the commencement and the promise of repose, which I very seriously needed, and in a beautiful land.

At Srinagar, where I stayed for a fortnight, I was the guest of the Resident, the amiable and accomplished Mr. Le Poer Wynne, whose early death has disappointed many bright hopes. I had thus every opportunity of seeing all that could be seen about the capital, and of making myself acquainted with the state of affairs in Kashmir. I afterwards went up to Islamabad, Martand, Achibal, Vernag, the Rozlú valley, and finally went out of Kashmir by way of the Manas

and Wular Lakes, and the lower valley of the Jhelam, so that I saw the most interesting places in the country, and all the varieties of scenery which it affords. That country has been so often visited and described, that, with one or two exceptions, I shall only touch generally upon its characteristics. It doubtless owes some of its charm to the character of the regions in its neighbourhood. As compared with the burning plains of India, the sterile steppes of Tibet, and the savage mountains of the Himāliya and of Afghanistan, it presents an astonishing and beautiful contrast. After such scenes even a much more commonplace country might have afforded a good deal of the enthusiasm which Kashmir has excited in Eastern poetry, and even in common rumour; but beyond that it has characteristics which give it a distinct place among the most pleasing regions of the earth. I said to the Maharajah, or ruling Prince of Kashmir, that the most beautiful countries I had seen were England, Italy, Japan, and Kashmir; and though he did not seem to like the remark much, probably from a fear that the beauty of the land he governed might make it too much an object of desire, yet there was no exaggeration in it. Here, at a height of nearly 6000 feet, in a temperate climate, with abundance of moisture, and yet protected by lofty mountains from the fierce continuous rains of the Indian south-west monsoon, we have the most splendid amphitheatre in the world. A flat oval valley about sixty miles long, and from forty in breadth, is surrounded by magnificent mountains, which, during the greater part of the year, are covered more than half-way down with snow, and present vast upland beds of pure white snow. This valley has fine

lakes, is intersected with water-courses, and its land is covered with brilliant vegetation, including gigantic trees of the richest foliage. And out of this great central valley there rise innumerable, long, picturesque mountain valleys, such as that of the Sind river, which I have just described; while above these there are great pine-forests, green slopes of grass, glaciers, and snow. Nothing could express the general effect better than Moore's famous lines on sainted Lebanon—

“Whose head in wintry grandeur
towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet;
While Summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.”

The great encircling walls of rock and snow contrast grandly with the soft beauty of the scene beneath. The snows have a wonderful effect as we look up to them through the leafy branches of the immense *chûnâr*, elm, and poplar trees. They flash gloriously in the morning sunlight above the pink mist of the valley-plain; they have a rosy glow in the evening sunlight; and when the sunlight has departed, but ere darkness shrouds them, they gleam, afar off, with a cold and spectral light, as if they belonged to a region where man had never trod. The deep black gorges in the mountains have a mysterious look. The sun lights up some softer grassy ravine or green slope, and then displays splintered rocks rising in the wildest confusion. Often long lines of white clouds lie along the line of mountain-summits, while at other times every white peak and precipice-wall is distinctly marked against the deep-blue sky. The valley-plain is especially striking in clear mornings and evenings, when it lies partly in golden sunlight, partly in the shadow of its great hills.

The green mosaic of the level land

is intersected by many streams, canals, and lakes, or beautiful reaches of river which look like small lakes. The lakes have floating islands composed of vegetation. Besides the immense *chânârs* and elms, and the long lines of stately poplars, great part of the plain is a garden filled with fruits and flowers, and there is almost constant verdure.

"There eternal summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells."

It is a pity that so beautiful a country should not have a finer population. At the entrances of the valleys, looking at the forests, the rich uncultivated lands, and the unused water-power, I could not but think of the scenes in England,

"Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian
pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes
* glide."

My mind reverted also to the flashing snows of the American Sierra Nevada, the dwarf oaks and rich fields of wheat, the chubby children, the comely, well-dressed women, and the strong stalwart men of California. For, though the *châlets* were picturesque enough at a little distance, they could not bear a close examination; and there was not much satisfaction to be had in contemplating the half-starved, half-naked children, and the thin, worn-out-looking women. One could not help thinking of the comfortable homes which an Anglo-Saxon population would rear in such a land.

The beauty of the Kashmir women has long been famous in the East, but if you want beautiful Kashmiris do not go to Kashmir to look for them. They have all fine eyes, and

"the eyes of Kashmir" have been justly celebrated in Eastern poetry; but that is almost the only feminine attraction to be found in the country even among the dancing-girls and the boat-girls. As to the ordinary women, there is too much sad truth in Victor Jacquemont's outburst against them—"Know that I have never seen anywhere such hideous witches as in Kashmir. [He had not been in Tibet!] The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common ranks—those one sees in the streets and fields—since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty are sold at eight years of age, and carried off into the Panjab and India." I am afraid a good deal of that traffic still goes on, notwithstanding the law which forbids women and mares to be taken out of the country; and as it has gone on for generations, it is easily explicable how the women of Kashmir should be so ugly. A continuous process of eliminating the pretty girls and leaving the ugly ones to continue the race must lower the standard of beauty. But the want of good condition strikes one more painfully in Kashmir than the want of beauty. The aquiline noses, long chins, and long faces of the women of Kashmir, would allow only of a peculiar and rather Jewish style of beauty; but even that is not brought out well by the state of their *physique*; and I don't suppose the most beautiful woman in the world would show to advantage if she were imperfectly washed and dressed in the ordinary feminine attire of Kashmir—a dirty, whitish cotton night-gown.

* The Jhelam.

It is unfortunate for the reputation of Kashmir that a sudden death, not entirely free from suspicious circumstances, should have befallen three of our countrymen who had distinguished themselves by exposing the abuses existing in the country; and it is at least remarkable that suspicion on the subject should have been roused by the Kashmiris themselves—that is to say, by reports generally current in Srinagar. I allude to Lieutenant Thorpe, Dr. Elmslie, and Mr. Hayward. The first of these gentlemen had published a pamphlet entitled—"Kashmir Misgovernment;" and in November 1868, when almost all visitors except himself had left Kashmir for the season, he expired suddenly at Srinagar, after having walked up the Takht-i-Súliman, a hill which rises close to the city to the height of a thousand feet. Naturally the supposition was that he had been poisoned; but Surgeon Caley, who happened to be on his way down from Ladak, examined the body shortly after death, and reported that there had been "rupture of the heart." Dr. Elmslie was a devoted medical missionary, who did an immense deal of good in Kashmir, and had published a valuable vocabulary of the Kashmiri language; but he had also published letters complaining of the carelessness of the Government in regard to a visitation of cholera which had carried off large numbers of the people, and pointing out that sanitary measures might save the lives of thousands every year from small-pox and other diseases. The Srinagar rumour was that his servants had been offered so much to poison him within the Kashmir territory, and so much more if they would do so after he got beyond. Unfortunately Dr. Elmslie also died rather suddenly shortly after he had got

beyond the Kashmir borders, and, it seems, also of heart disease. Mr. Hayward had published letters in the Indian papers complaining of the conduct of the Kashmir troops in Gilgit, and on the borders of Yassin, and he somewhat injudiciously returned to that part of the world. But I do not attach any importance to the gossip of Eastern cities—or of any cities, for that matter; and there has appeared no ground to suppose that his death was planned by Kashmir officials, but what befell him was very sad. He was on his way to the Pamir Steppe, and somewhere about Yassin was in the territory of a chief who camped two hundred armed men in a wood near his tent. The next day's journey would have taken Hayward beyond this chief's border; and, suspecting mischief, he sat up all night writing with revolver in hand. Unfortunately, however, in the grey of the morning, he lay down to take half-an-hour's sleep before starting; and the chief with his people came down on him, then, overpowered him, tied his hands behind his back and took him into the wood. Here, seeing preparations made for putting him to death, the unfortunate traveller offered a ransom for his life; but his captors would not hear of it. They made him kneel down, and, while he was offering up a prayer, they hacked off his head after the half-hacking half-sawing way they have of killing sheep in the Himá-liya. How this story was gathered has been told in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, and tolerably correct accounts of such incidents get abroad in even the wildest parts of the East. The moral of it is that one ought to avoid Yassin rather than that it is dangerous to abuse the Kashmir Government; but it is no wonder

that the three cases just mentioned should have given rise to suspicions when we consider the character of the people, and the powerful motives which the native officials have in preventing any outcry being raised against them.

Many hundred years ago the Chinese traveller Fa-Hian spoke of the people of Kashmir as being of a peculiarly bad character. Ranjít Singh said to Sir Alexander Burnes, "All the people I send into Kashmir turn out rascals (*haramzada*); there is too much pleasure and enjoyment in that country." Moorcroft described them as "selfish, superstitious, ignorant, supple, intriguing, dishonest, and false." A more recent traveller, Dr. A. L. Adams the naturalist, says of them, "Everywhere in Cashmere you see the inhabitants indolent to a degree, filthy in their habits, mean, cowardly, shabby, irresolute, and indifferent to all ideas of reform or progress." Their name has become a by-word throughout a great part of Asia. Even where there are so many deceitful nations they have obtained a bad pre-eminence. According to a well-known Persian saying, "you will never experience anything but sorrow and anxiety from the Kashmiri." When these people got this bad name is lost in antiquity, and so is the period when they first passed into the unfortunate circumstances which have demoralized them. They are, however, not unattractive, being an intellectual people, and characterised by great ingenuity and sprightliness. I cannot deny the truth of the accusations brought against them, yet I could not but pity them and sympathise with them. I think also that they have the elements of what, in more fortunate circumstances, might be a very fine character; but dwelling

in a fertile and beautiful valley, surrounded by hardy and warlike tribes, they have for ages been subject to that oppression which destroys national hope and virtue. Their population has hardly been large enough to afford effectual resistance to the opposing forces, though, unless there had been a large element of weakness in their character, they might surely have held their passes; and, at the same time, they were too many in numbers to retire, for a time, before invaders, from their fertile lands into their mountain fastnesses. As it is, they are abominably used and they use each other abominably. It seemed to me that every common soldier of the Maharaja of Kashmir felt himself entitled to beat and plunder the country people; but I noticed that my boatmen tried to do the same when they thought they were unobserved by me. The Maharaja himself holds an open court on one day every week, at which the meanest peasant is nominally free to make his complaint, even if it be against the highest officials; but I was told, by very good authority, that this source of redress was practically inoperative, not because the Maharaja was unwilling to do justice, but because there was such a system of terrorism that the common people dared not come forward to complain. Great improvements have already been made under the present ruler of Kashmir; but he is one man among many, and when a corrupt and oppressive officialdom has existed in a country for ages, it cannot be rooted out in one reign.

Our position in Kashmir is a very curious one, and reflects little credit upon the British name. By the Treaty of Amritsar, concluded in 1846 after the first Panjab war, we actually sold the country to

Golab Singh, the father of the present Maharaja, for seventy-five lacs of rupees, or rather less than three-quarters of a million sterling; but so little welcome was he, that the first troops he sent up were driven out of the country, and he was enabled to establish himself in it only by claiming the assistance of the Indian Government, and getting from it an order that the existing Governor was to yield obedience to the new sovereign, or to consider himself an enemy of the British Government. No doubt we wanted the money very much at the time, miserable sum as it was, and only double the revenue which Ranjit Singh drew in one year from Kashmir. It is possible, too, that there may have been some policy in thus making a friend of one of the chiefs of the Khalsa; but the transaction was not an advisable one. Of all India and its adjacent countries Kashmir is the district best suited for Europeans, and it affords large room for English colonisation. It has now a population of about half a million; but it had formerly one of four millions, and it could easily support that number. It has an immense amount of fertile land lying waste in all the valleys, and it would have been just the place for the retirement of Anglo-Indians at the close of their periods of service. As it is, Kashmir is practically closed to us except as a place of resort for a few summer visitors. Probably the visitors would be a good deal worse off than they are at present if it were under British rule; but that is not a matter of much importance. The Maharaja acknowledges the supremacy of the British Government, and yet no Englishman can settle in the country or purchase a foot of land in it. We are not even allowed to stay there through the winter; for

a recent relaxation of this rule has been much misunderstood, and simply amounts to a permission for British officers, who cannot get leave in summer, to visit Kashmir in winter. Visitors have to leave the country about the middle of October, and the Panjab Government has issued very strict rules for their guidance while they are in the Valley. After mentioning the four authorised routes for European visitors to Kashmir, the first rule goes on to say (the italics are its own): "*All other roads are positively forbidden*"; and, in respect to the direct road from Jummoo (known as the Bunnihál route), the prohibition has been ordered at the special request of his Highness the Maharajah. The road branching from Rajáoree by Aknoor, which is used by the Maharajah's family and troops, is also expressly prohibited." Now this Jamú and Banihal route is by much the shortest and much the easiest route to Kashmir except for the small section of visitors who come from that part of the Panjab which lies to the west of the Jhelam; and yet it is kept closed, at the Maharajah's special request, though another route is set apart for the movements between Srinagar and Jamú of his family and troops! In fact, by this order, in order to get a tolerable route, the traveller has to cross a great part of the Panjab and go up by Rawal Pindi and Mari, for neither the Pir Panjal nor the Punah routes are convenient. In Rule II. we are told that every officer about to visit Kashmir "should engage, before proceeding, a sufficient number of ponies or mules for the conveyance of his baggage;" which is tantamount to saying that no one need put in a claim for getting any coolies, ponies, or mules, by the way. In Rule VI. they are told

to encamp only at the fixed stages and encamping-grounds. In Rule X. it is said that "when going out on shooting excursions, visitors are to take carriage and supplies with them." Rule XV. is amusing, considering the high moral tone of the British subaltern: "Officers are not allowed to take away with them, either in their service, or with their camps, any subjects of the Maharajah, without obtaining permission and a passport from the authorities." I have heard of one visitor who tried to take away a Kashmiri damsel by putting her in a *kilta*, or wicker-basket used for carrying loads in, but the smuggling was detected. This rule does not prevent the bagnios all over India being filled with Kashmiri women; and a regular slave-traffic goes on, most of the good-looking girls being taken out of Kashmir at an early age; but, of course, the morals of the British officer must be looked after. He is also by Rule XVI. made responsible for the debts incurred by his servants, which is rather hard, as most Indians make a rule of getting into debt up to the full amount of their credit. In Rule XVII., all visitors are told, in italics, "All presents to be refused. Presents of every description must be rigidly refused." This certainly is interfering in an extraordinary way with the liberty of the subject; but let the visitor beware how he violates any of these rules, because the Resident at Srinagar has the power of expelling him from the country. It is the Panjab, not the supreme Government, which is directly responsible for these extraordinary regulations; and I daresay English people will be rather surprised by them. The Maharaja of Kashmir is called in them "an independent sovereign;" but it is

distinctly stated in Article X. of the Treaty which gave him his dominions, that he "acknowledges the supremacy of the British Government." Can the Panjab Government not understand that when the power of England guarantees the safety of the Maharaja and of his dominions, it is not for British officials to treat British visitors to Kashmir in so derogatory a manner, or to allow of their being turned out of the country every winter, and refused permission to purchase even waste land? This is only one of many subjects which may render it necessary to raise the questions,—In whose interest, on whose authority, and supported by what power, does Anglo-Indian officialdom exist? The imperial interests of Great Britain have been too much lost sight of, and it is on these that the real, the vital interests of the people of India depend.

The Resident procured me a private audience of the Maharaja Ranbir or Runbir Singh, which was given in a balcony, overhanging the river, of his city palace, within the precincts of which there is a temple with a large pagoda-like roof that is covered with thin plates of pure gold. His Highness is reputed to be somewhat serious and bigoted as regards his religion. It was mentioned in the Indian papers a few years ago, that the Brahmins having discovered that the soul of his father, Golab Singh, had migrated into the body of a fish, Ranbir Singh gave orders that no fish were to be killed in Kashmir, though fish is there one of the great staple articles of food among the poorer classes. The edict, however, was calculated to cause so much distress, that the Brahmins soon announced that the paternal spirit had taken some other form. I never heard this story contradicted;

and it affords a curious instance of the reality of the belief in transmigration which exists in India. As the character of these transmigrations, and the amount of suffering and enjoyment which they involve, is considered to depend on the good or evil conduct of preceding lives, and especially of those which are passed in a human form, such a belief would be calculated to exercise an important influence for good, were it not for the sacrificial theory which attaches so much importance, as good works, to sacrifices to the gods, and to gifts to their priestly ministers; and its beneficial effect is also lessened by the tendency of the Indian mind to assign an undue value to indiscriminate acts of charity such as often do harm rather than good. It is curious to think of a Maharaja looking from his balcony beside his golden temple into the waters of the Jhelam, and wondering whether his royal father is one of the big or of the little fishes floating about in its stream or in some adjacent water.

Some visitors to Kashmir have blamed its ruler severely for the condition of the country—as, for instance, Dr. Adams, who says: “It is vain, however, to hope that there can be any progress under the present ruler, who, like his father, is bent on self-aggrandisement.”* This, however, is entirely opposed to the substance of many conversations I had on the subject with Mr. Wynne, who seemed to regard his Highness as one of the very few honest men there were in the country, sincerely anxious for the welfare of its inhabitants; and he mentioned to me various circumstances which supported that conclusion. Without

going beyond diplomatic reserve, he said it was only to be hoped that the Maharaja's sons would follow their father's example. I do not profess to see into a millstone farther than other people, but may say that the little I saw of this prince conveyed a superficial impression quite in accordance with Mr. Wynne's opinion. He seemed an earnest, over-burdened man, seriously anxious to fulfil the duties of his high position, and heavily weighed down by them; but it can easily be conceived how little he can do in a country which has been for time immemorial in so wretched a state, and how much reason he may have for wishing that he were expiating his shortcomings in the form of a fish. And it should not be forgotten that this prince was faithful to us, and in a very useful manner, at the time of the great Indian mutiny; for he sent six battalions of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of guns, to assist us at the siege of Delhi; and, by this, considerable moral support was afforded at the moment to the British Raj. I met, going down the Jhelam, a Kashmir regiment which had been at the siege of Delhi, and the officer in command spoke with some pride, but by no means in a boasting or offensive way, of his having fought along with English troops.

Among the improvements introduced by Ranbir Singh are those in the administration of justice and the manufacture of silk. The Chief-Justice of the Court of Srinagar is an educated native, I think from Bengal, who was well spoken of—and, absurdly enough, is in charge of the silk department also.

* *Wanderings of a Naturalist in India.* By A. L. Adams, M.D. Edinburgh, 1867. P. 206.

He has been at pains to make himself acquainted with the breeding of silk-worms and the spinning of their cocoons, as pursued in other countries, and has turned this knowledge to good account in Srinagar. One pleasing and extraordinary innovation which he has been able to introduce is that of inducing children and others of the Brahmin caste to engage in the spinning of silk. Anything like such an occupation has hitherto been considered as degrading, and forbidden to Brahmins, and has not been entered on by those even in such advanced Indian cities as Calcutta and Bombay. It shows a curious way of managing matters that the Chief-Justice of Srinagar should also be the head of the silk department; but such is, or at least very lately was, the case; and under his management sericulture has been improved and developed. In 1871, the Maharaja set apart £30,000 for the development of this branch of industry, and part of the sum was expended on the construction of buildings in which an equal temperature could be maintained for the silk-worms. I saw the process of extracting and winding the silk in the factory beside Srinagar: it was skilfully conducted, and the threads produced were remarkably fine and perfect. The mulberry trees of Kashmir have hitherto enjoyed exemption from disease and injury from insects, so that the prospects of this production are very good, and a commencement has been made in weaving the silk into cloth. The whole production is a monopoly of Government; but it gives increasing employment to a considerable number of persons, on what, for Kashmir, are good wages. In 1872 the amount of dry cocoons produced amounted to 57,600 lb., and the resulting revenue was estimated at

124,000 *chilki* rupees, a portion of it, however, being required for the improvements which were made.

The famous shawls of Kashmir are now somewhat at a discount in the world, except in France, where they still form a portion of almost every bride's *trousseau*, and where, at least in novels, every lady of the *demi-monde* is described as wrapped in *un vrai Cachemere*, and wearing a pair of Turkish slippers. France alone takes about 80 per cent of the Kashmir shawls exported from Asia; the United States of America take 10, Italy 5, Russia 2, and Great Britain and Germany only 1 per cent each. Of course the late war almost entirely destroyed the shawl trade, but it has for the time being returned to its former state; and at the period of collapse, the Maharaja humanely made enormous purchases on his own account. The revenue from this source has diminished to at least half what it was some years ago; but still a superior woven shawl will bring, even in Kashmir, as much as £300 sterling; and about £130,000 worth of shawls is annually exported, £90,000 worth going to Europe. The finest of the goat's wool employed in this manufacture comes from Turfán, in the Yarkand territory; and it is only on the wind-swept steppes of Central Asia that animals are found to produce so fine a wool. The shawl-weavers get miserable wages, and are allowed neither to leave Kashmir nor change their employment, so that they are nearly in the position of slaves; and their average wage is only about three-half-pence a-day.

Srinagar itself has a very fine appearance when one does not look closely into its details. As the Kashmiri has been called the Neapolitan of the East, so his capital has been compared to Florence, and

his great river to the Arno. But there is no European town which has such a fine placid sweep of river through it. The capital dates from 59 A.D., and portions of it might be set down to any conceivable date. For the most part the houses either rise up from the Jhelam or from the canals with which the city is intersected, and are chiefly of thin brick walls supported in wooden frames. Being often three storeys high, and in a most ruinous condition, the walls present anything but straight lines, and it is a marvel that many of the houses continue standing at all. Some of the canals present deliciously picturesque scenes, such

as even Venice cannot boast of, and the view from any of the five bridges across the Jhelam is very striking; but, as remarked, it is better to leave the interior unvisited beyond floating through the canals. The British Residency, and the bungalows provided free of charge for European visitors, are above the city, on the right bank of the river, which here presents a noble appearance, and in a splendid line of poplar-trees. A wooded island opposite them adds to the beauty of the scene. Almost every place about Srinagar that one wants to go to can be reached by boat, and the wearied traveller may enjoy a delicious repose.

POLITICS BEFORE EASTER.

APART from the main incidents of parliamentary life, and of the course which the session has taken, there are two circumstances of special public importance which it is worthy to note in reference to the altered influences brought into operation by household suffrage. The last election showed that the enlarged constituencies are capable of brushing aside any obscure or irrelevant issues which may be presented to their notice, and of giving emphatic utterance to a very decided judgment. They have done so twice already, but the grounds on which they proceed are but little understood. On the last occasion, especially, the most experienced heads were at fault as to the result which they expect and predicted. It is necessary to remember that a new power has been called into existence, whose character and tendencies are not yet appreciated, which is capable of very thorough and very determined decisions, and which is subject to influences, acting to some extent in secret, but at the same time with vigour and effect. The course of the elections will be more than ever important, and may at any time run counter to the wishes and expectations of Parliament and the press.

There are two institutions at least in the country which Mr. Gladstone's Government, though accused, in the famous Bath letter, of a spirit of universal menace, never attacked—viz., the Bench of Judges and the House of Commons, except so far as the Collier episode and certain misplaced economies affected the one, and various extravagances of Ministerial management may be said to have lowered the other. No one knows what is the

real feeling of the enfranchised masses on these subjects, and any indication of it is of value. And occurrences like those of the election of Mr. Mitchel at Tipperary, and of Dr. Kenealy at Stoke-upon-Trent, deserve attention, both as to their political meaning and as to the manner in which they should be dealt with.

The depositary of power, it was once observed in a celebrated political novel, in this country, is always unpopular and eventually falls. The House of Commons has erected a splendid dominion and wielded it with wonderful success, but no one knows if it is fixed in the affection of the newly-enfranchised masses. They know and appreciate the distinction between a Throne and a Republic, and there have been various indications that they are Royalist in their tendencies, and consider the power of the Crown as unduly in abeyance. However this may be, those who, like ourselves, are attached to parliamentary institutions and form of government, may well attend to the relation between the House of Commons and the masses. The latter established a Parliament in power to carry out a revolutionary policy in Ireland, in complete reversal of the cautious and gradual measures adopted by the ten-pound householders. No sooner was the work achieved than the House and political party which had executed their commands were ignominiously dismissed, and power was transferred to their rivals, evidently on the understanding that the former policy should not be reversed, but only its authors or executants punished. Recently we have had two singular specimens of wayward humour: the

return of a convicted felon for Tipperary, on the one hand; and, on the other, a determined and successful effort on the part of the masses of Stoke-upon-Trent to thrust aside both political parties and their leaders, and give expression, under cover of the ballot, to a conviction, said to be shared by many populous constituencies, that the hero of that astounding spectacle, the Orton trial, is an ill-used man, and one fit to be trusted with the suffrages and support of his countrymen. His return is not merely a blow to the dignity of the House of Commons; it is a vote of want of confidence in the Judicial Bench. Somehow or other, the Bench did not gain in dignity or influence by that stupendous trial, notwithstanding all the ability which it displayed. The feeling remains in the educated classes that the law, both of contempt and of criminal procedure, requires revision; and in the lower orders a strong sentiment of distrust has been, without any shadow of foundation, unfortunately excited.

For ourselves we have no hesitation in saying that these elections show a lamentable state of feeling and opinion, which may yet produce disastrous results. It does not improve the tone of feeling in a constituency, and conduce to a general sense of public duty, when thousands can march to the poll in perfect secrecy, and record their votes without the slightest sense of responsibility, for those whom they know to be condemned by the honesty and intelligence of the country. The homage which vice and ignorance are ready in public to pay to virtue and wisdom is abolished, and with it much of the educating influences of the franchise. As far as voters are concerned, the ballot is, we fear, a demoralising agency; and in regard to candidates, the mystery

and secrecy which surround the electoral body, and the workings of its mind, are by no means conducive to a high sense of responsibility, or of respect for the tribunal to which they appeal. It may be said that such elections are the safety-valve of the constitution, and that the House of Commons, to be really representative, must reflect the worst passions as well as the highest aspirations of the country. It may be so; but we confess to a feeling of deep distrust when we find that organised opinion on both sides of politics can be swept away and rendered utterly powerless by the presence of any delusion, however rank, provided it has been proclaimed with sufficient vigour and confidence.

Under these circumstances the attitude of the House itself towards these objectionable intruders is of importance, and the personal episodes of the session have more than a mere gossiping interest. Dr. Kenealy was received with a cold disdain, the rule requiring the introduction of a new member being dispensed with, since not even Mr. Whalley, aided and countenanced by Mr. Bright, was willing to perform the ceremony. The question of privilege, subsequently raised in consequence of imputations made by Mr. Ashley on Dr. Kenealy's conduct before he became a member, was pushed aside; but the new member, throughout the proceedings, and especially at the close of his speech, plainly indicated that the House had overawed him, and that he would, if it were possible to get his life clear of the past, gladly diminish the shame felt at his presence. It was undoubtedly a tribute to the silent influence and authority of the House. If a wave of popular excitement carries there a stray demagogue or other notoriety, he must, on his own merits, vindicate his presence, otherwise he is

soon unnoticed, and at the first dissolution is heard of no more.

It is universally felt, however, that the line must be drawn somewhere with regard to the qualifications for membership; and the House decided by a large majority that at least it would draw it at convicts. The test of property has been abolished for seventeen years; but whatever doubts and scruples Liberal lawyers may entertain, the House itself is resolved that no one shall be deemed to work out a sentence of penal servitude within its walls. The power to declare what shall constitute a disability on the part of persons elected to serve as members rests with the House. Such a power is no doubt liable to abuse, and each case is rigidly watched with great care. In this instance the resolution which was passed avoided any questions about the status of felony, when it arises and when it ceases, and what are its incidents, and whether it existed in this case. All that the House laid down was "that John Mitchel having been adjudged guilty of felony, and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and not having endured the punishment to which he was adjudged for such felony, or received a pardon under the Great Seal," thus stating facts about which there was no dispute, "has become and continues incapable of being elected or returned as a member of this House." The only principle involved is that a man once sentenced for felony must either expiate his offence by pardon or punishment, before he can sit as a member. That is a simple principle, which the House would not be betrayed into any hesitation about asserting. And no one can say that the House exceeded its duty thereby.

The influences which act and react

upon the electoral body and its representatives under the system of the ballot will probably not be easy of detection. It would be with deep regret that the public could observe any diminution in the authority and prestige of the House of Commons. Its most celebrated men, however, have gradually left it, and do not readily find successors; and probably, as time goes on, there will be a total disappearance of those who are, at it were, born and bred in it, who spend half a century in it, and seem to become part of its very life, and who, as its natural leaders, concentrate within themselves its authority and power. Cabinet Ministers are frequently men who have entered Parliament after the age of forty, and who have received all their early training under totally different circumstances. Parliament has been reformed and reformed again till it may, for aught we know, fully reflect the mind and wishes of the country. But if all this has been accompanied by a marked decline in governing power and the weakening of parliamentary traditions, it will inevitably be accompanied by a decline in the authority of the House of Commons itself, which will not by any means be retarded by the violent conduct of the last few years. Under such circumstances the character and conduct of individual members are of growing importance.

Of all the purely personal episodes which have occurred thus far during the session, the most satisfactory, strange to say, is that in which the Home-Rulers appeared. In a spirit of fairness it ought to be admitted that these Irish members have shown no intolerance of temper and conduct in this Parliament. If we remember right, they and their leader Mr. Butt were complimented for their moderation last session by the

Prime Minister. They have come forward in this session, not merely as the champions of the rules of courteous and becoming language, but to assert the jurisdiction of the House over extra-parliamentary utterances. We regard that as a pledge that, so far as the parliamentary conduct of Home-Rulers is concerned, they will endeavor to show that the *personnel* of the House is not deteriorated by their presence. Undoubtedly in that case they will have a right to complain of any language "studiously insulting and provoking," and may quote the condemnation which Lord Russell in his recent book pours forth upon those who use it towards them and their country. The House itself has more to lose than the Home-Rulers by such phrases as "lot of Irish chaps," "confounded rascals," and "disreputable band." Invectives of this nature will never be an ornament to any debate or to any assembly; and where artistic talent is so completely wanting, it is better to recollect and to cultivate the proverbial advantages of a dignified silence.

During this short sitting of Parliament before Easter, the position of the House of Lords has also been brought into prominent notice. It is with great satisfaction that we observed the withdrawal of the Judicature Act. It means that the House of Lords has changed its mind (the revulsion of feeling or conviction being equally strong on both sides the House), and has determined not to surrender that appellate jurisdiction which it had maintained even in the reactionary days of the Star Chamber. So long as, under the united leadership of Lords Selborne and Cairns, a march had been stolen on the constitution, and the House had determined to divest itself of those important

functions, and thereby to lower its constitutional position and prestige, neither the House of Commons, nor the Government of the day, nor the country itself would interfere. The growing dissatisfaction, however, within and without its walls, at last found expression through Lord Penzance and others, and the House of Commons itself was invited by Mr. Walpole to aid the return of a more rational determination. The most factious opponent of the Ministry (so long as his faculties remain under the control of an intelligent understanding) could never blame the Government for the withdrawal of the measure. The Government as a Ministry could, under the circumstances, only accept the House of Lords' abdication of its functions as an accomplished fact, and legislate accordingly. Mr. Disraeli's Government was no more responsible for that projected abdication than Mr. Pitt's Government was for the insanity of George III., and the temporary demise of the royal functions. In 1873, the Prime Minister, then a private member, said:—

"For my own part, I never disguised my opinion that it would have been well to have proceeded on the old lines, and that you could have effected the required development of your judicature within the House of Lords. But the Government having considered the case, and brought forward a measure founded on principles which we acknowledge, I and others too waived our opinions in regard to the means by which the object might be attained, and felt that it was our duty to support the Government. This was the opinion of my noble and learned friend who has taken so active a part in the matter, and his view agreed with mine. I had long ago spoken with Lord Cairns on the subject, and he always thought that, if possible, we ought to proceed on the old lines; and we all know that, last year, he himself brought forward a proposition, by which a single Court of Appeal might be established in this

country, and yet, that it might be formed within the precincts of the House of Lords. Lord Cairns, nevertheless, gave the present Bill his hearty and sincere support, and possibly but for that support the Bill might not have reached us with such facility as it did."

For ourselves, we regard this change of sentiment in the House of Lords with unmixed satisfaction. Even Mr. Gladstone, who, we all know, has thought deeply about the institution of the peerage, said:—"As regards the power of the House of Lords to judge English appeals, it is a power which that House has possessed from time immemorial, and which it is very difficult to detach, even in argument, from the history and being of that House." So far from wishing to see the authority of that branch of the Legislature diminished, it must be clear to every one that the checks and counterpoise to any sudden ebullition of popular excitement are far slighter in this country than they are in America. The best mode of providing those checks, would be to increase instead of diminish the deliberative power and influence of the House of Lords. That can only be done by recognising the principle that there is in this age other aristocracy than that of blood,—viz., the aristocracy of intellectual eminence and achievement—of administrative, official, and judicial experience—of wealth, of philosophy and science. All the ripest wisdom and influence of the age might be collected by means of life, or, as Lord Salisbury called them, *ex officio* peerages into the Upper Chamber.

But without entering upon that topic, we are at every turn concentrating instead of diffusing the exercise of power; we part with old constitutional checks, while trusting to the force of public

opinion alone for our guarantee against abuses. According to Mr. Hallam, it is reasonable that the vast power of the Court of Chancery should be subject to some control. It is convenient and salutary that the ultimate jurisdiction of the peerage should be maintained both at common law and in equity. And in establishing a vast tribunal like that of the new Supreme Court, which is to fuse together all the jurisdictions of the country, it is a superfluous assault on the ancient institutions of the country to say that the ultimate restraining of judicial authority shall no longer reside where the constitution has placed it, and where it has been exercised in a manner which commands the confidence alike of the profession and the public in all three kingdoms. The plea put forward that that authority is virtually delegated by the House to its most competent members, and should therefore be abolished, is the most worthless that can be imagined. The depositary of power can scarcely be said to be ill chosen, where every precaution is taken to insure its wise administration.

It is fortunate when the condition of Ireland does not give rise to angry debates and recrimination, or otherwise lead to a large consumption of parliamentary time and energy. It has produced at different times much party recrimination; and Lord Russell, in his recent work, appears to think that while the prosperity and peace of Scotland are due entirely to Lord Somers and the Whigs, the contrary issue of the attempt to govern Ireland may be traced to George III. and the Tories. It is, however, satisfactory to observe, that after a careful review of a period during which he himself bore a most conspicuous part, Lord Russell bears testimony to this im-

portant fact, that, at least from 1829, when the Catholic claims were granted, down to 1868, it has been "the object of the advisers of the Crown of England to increase the privileges and promote the happiness of the people of Ireland." He apparently assents to the proposition, that down to 1868 the changes made amounted to the largest peaceful revolution in the history of the world. He praises in the most extravagant terms Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Act and Irish Land Act, and the manner in which these Acts were carried. But he can scarcely express his abhorrence of the bill to establish "a university, where, by an *Index Expurgatorius*, modern history and moral philosophy are not taught." The projectors of this abortive scheme should be considered, he says, as the partisans of bigotry and intolerance. And he significantly remarks in reference to the Ribbon conspiracy and the agrarian outrages, "If the late Government of Ireland earned approbation by the abolition of a Church Establishment which had no root in the affections of the people, and by giving a remedy to tenants who are evicted from their houses without any justifiable cause, so much the more is it necessary to carry into effect, with strictness and impartiality, that protection of life and property which is the first duty of a Government." He appeals for a more vigorous administration. He denounces the supineness of the Irish Government with reference to the Belfast meeting, the murders which go unpunished and undetected, while there is a constabulary which performs its duties with fidelity and discipline, and a poor-law which works its way with regularity and efficiency. "Prisoners convicted of treason-felony under the rule of Lord Kimberley and the

Duke of Abercorn, were too easily let off by the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone. But peace was not thereby obtained." One of the worst accusations which history will make against Mr. Gladstone's Government, rivalling that of buying off the Alabama claims under the cloak of arbitration, or that of allowing Russia to tear up a treaty in our faces, will be that, though his mission was to cut down the celebrated Upas-tree which he alleged to be the cause of all the poisonous influences at work in Ireland, he defaced his great work of justice by so much of weakness in the execution, that he practically aggravated evils he intended to cure. Coercive legislation of unusual stringency followed his misplaced clemency and his vaunted policy of concession. Panic in the executive was met by turbulence in the people; the Ultramontanes rose in their demands, so that not even the spectacle of an *Index Expurgatorius* proposed by a Liberal Government, would satisfy them; the Home Rule faction, the growth of which was in terms predicted in the protest of the House of Lords against the Irish Church Act, awed Mr. Gladstone into language at once timid and ambiguous; and at the general election nowhere did his Ministers suffer defeat more thoroughly than in Ireland.

It cannot be said that a prosperous and peaceful condition of Ireland has been a legacy of the late to the present Government. It would be unfair, considering past Irish history, to press this accusation too far. Yet it ought to be remembered that the pacification of Ireland was the great mission of the late Cabinet, the promise to obtain which, together with the belief inspired by it, gave them their vast majority and power. For forty

years the Liberals have ruled England, with the aid of Ireland and Irish members. Not the least of the aggravations of their present position is, that the attempt to redress grievances has neither pacified Ireland as regards England, nor conciliated any support as regards themselves. The Home-Rulers, numbering fifty members, ignore the claims of the Liberal party on their allegiance. They prefer to isolate themselves, refused even to attend the nomination of the new leader of Opposition, and fight for their own hand. The politicians who are still inclined, notwithstanding all that has happened, to go on "munching the remainder biscuit" of obsolete Liberalism, should remember that the triumph of their party will mean the ascendancy of a small band of members, whose avowed policy is condemned not on grounds of expediency, about which men may differ, but on the ground of loyalty to the Throne and Empire.

The policy of the present Government to Ireland was thus expressed in the Speech from the Throne: "The various statutes of an exceptional or temporary nature now in force for the preservation of peace in Ireland will be brought to your notice, with a view to determine whether some of them may not be dispensed with." Those Acts were the Crime and Outrage Act, 1847, fixed to expire at the end of the year; and two other Acts, called the Peace Preservation Act, 1870, and the Protection of Life and Property Act, 1871, fixed to expire 1st June next; and the Unlawful Oaths Act. These four Acts make up the special coercive code, which the unfortunate condition of Ireland has necessitated; and there is no doubt that its severity induced the Government anxiously to inquire

and consider how far it could with safety be relaxed, how far they might be justified in advising Parliament to dispense with any of its provisions. Though the Government is bound to act with resolution in preserving the peace, it has no right to ask for or maintain a coercive code one iota in excess of what is necessary. Without referring to these Acts *seriatim*, we may say that the total additions which they make to the ordinary executive powers of Government are these: Throughout Ireland the Lord Lieutenant can, after summary warning, seize the press of a newspaper containing treasonable matter, subject to the verdict of a jury after seizure. The manufacture and trade in gunpowder is restricted; absconding witnesses may be arrested; grand juries can grant compensation for injuries caused by agrarian outrages. Then the Lord Lieutenant in Council can "proclaim" any part of Ireland; and he has done so with regard to the whole country, with the exception of county Tyrone, Antrim, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Derry. In these "ordinarily proclaimed" districts, the possession of arms is restricted; no man may have a revolver without a special licence, the penalty being two years' hard labour. Additional police can be assigned to such districts at their own expense by the Government. The magistrates have exceptional powers with regard to investigating offences and issuing search-warrants in respect of threatening letters. Further than that, the Government can "especially proclaim" districts; and thereupon the powers of arrest extend to anybody out at night under suspicious circumstances, and to any stranger unable to give a proper account of himself. It is in these "specially proclaimed" districts only that this

harsh provision of law is applicable. When Mr. Disraeli's Government acceded to office, this extreme power of arbitrary arrest was exercised in the town of Belfast, in county Mayo, country Meath, part of county Westmeath, small portions of Cavan, King's County, Limerick, Tipperary, and Clare. The chief relaxation in the severity of this coercive code which the present Government has effected has been in revoking after consultation with the magistrates the special proclamation in all these last-mentioned places except Meath, Westmeath, and those portions of Cavan and King's County which immediately border on them, and a small district in Clare.

The Government apparently found that, as far as general disturbance was concerned, it was able to part with those powers; and it did so at once, as it was enabled to do under the Act. So far as exceptional powers were required, not for the purpose of dealing with political offenders, but with the agents and accomplices of the Ribbon Society, other legislation was in force which conferred the necessary authority.

The main part of the Irish policy of the present Government has been, in the first place, to withdraw considerable portions of the country from the application of the law of arbitrary arrest as it is prescribed by the Act of 1870. This law they are no doubt bound to dispense with, when they are satisfied that the ordinary legal process is sufficient to insure order. To some and even a large extent they were enabled to do so without going to Parliament for an alteration in the Act, by revoking in great part the special proclamation, and thus greatly reducing the area of specially proclaimed dis-

tricts. That is to say, as we gather it from Sir M. H. Beach's speech, though it is perhaps not made so clear as it might have been, so far as mere political offenders are concerned, it is the opinion of the Government that they can part with that portion of their coercive powers which involves the right to arrest on mere suspicion. They did so first by revoking in great part the special proclamation, and now they come to Parliament and say that it is unnecessary to re-enact the law. Further than that, they show that both under the late and the present Government this law has been leniently and carefully administered. It is now given up, and that fact is in itself a message of conciliation to the Irish people.

Then with regard to the power summarily to seize and suppress newspapers, which applied to the whole of Ireland indiscriminately, that also is given up. The restriction upon the possession and use of arms, which is of far less importance constitutionally and as a matter of personal right, is preserved. No Government would have been justified in withdrawing a restriction of that kind which has been enforced for twenty-eight years, and in allowing the free possession of arms. But the penalty for breach of the law has been reduced from two to one year's imprisonment with hard labour, and the provisions with regard to search-warrants have been considerably modified; and the hope is held out of such gradual relaxation as may ultimately equalise the law throughout the United Kingdom.

It was obvious from the whole of Sir M. H. Beach's speech, when closely examined, that the policy of the Government has been most carefully matured. It points in the direction of gradual relaxation of the coercive code so far as political

offenders are concerned, and so far as the course of events may seem to justify it. If this is joined to a firm administration of the law as it stands from time to time, we have no doubt that it is a wise course to pursue. It will rest with the Irish people themselves, how long they continue to sustain the grievance of unequal laws.

But as respects the other portion of the coercive code, that which is directed against agrarian outrage and the excesses of the Ribbon Society, a different policy is pursued. It is true that Ireland is comparatively free from cases of theft, from immorality, and from cases of brutal violence; as regards ordinary crime the state of the country is satisfactory. Ten years ago agrarian crime reached its lowest point, of 87 cases in the year. In 1870 they rose to 1329; last year they fell to 213. Still the first duty of the Government is to preserve life and property. It has to deal with a Society which has been in existence for 90 years—which lays down its laws as paramount to those of Parliament, and enforces them by assassination. The Protection of Life and Property Act, 1871, empowers the Government to arrest and detain in prison without trial persons suspected of complicity with this Society. This is no doubt an eminently unconstitutional power for an English Government to possess. And in three years and more of operation of the Act, only 19 persons have been arrested under its provisions. But the magistrates of the exceptional districts to which it applies are unanimous in their opinion that the Act must be continued. They and other competent local authorities are of opinion that the effect of the Act is shown in the amount of crime which it has prevented. Those who are responsible for the tranquillity of these

disturbed districts will pause before they divest themselves of authority in the presence of these illegal and desperate societies. The Government proposal is to extend the Act for a period of two years; which will give them an opportunity of testing whether these exceptional districts are likely to remain peaceable under the operation of the ordinary law. The Unlawful Oaths Act, which of course is continued, renders the Ribbon and other societies illegal, and denounces complicity with them.

This is the Tory policy towards Ireland, which is substantially a policy which aims at equality of law in the three kingdoms, so soon as the Irish people will show that their social condition is ripe for it. Perhaps a greater orator than Sir M. H. Beach, standing in a position which was one of triumph, would have done more justice to the scheme, and would have dealt with both the proposed relaxations and the continued restrictions in a more hopeful spirit and a less deprecatory tone. The policy, no doubt, is tentative; but it proceeds upon sound principles, and is not likely to be seriously contested. So far as mere political offenders are concerned, it at once parts with a considerable portion of its extreme and exceptional powers. Those which it retains are for the purpose of combating societies which have proved themselves the dangerous foes of law and order, and which a wise and conciliatory policy may perhaps in the more or less distant future finally extinguish.

The next question of imperial interest is that of education. The average attendance at the national schools has been doubled in the last five years. New schools have been in all the most populous places brought rapidly into existence since the Act of 1870, and the endeavours

to sweep the children into them are proceeding satisfactorily. Of this great operation the inhabitants of the country are not getting their fair share, as compared with those in the towns; and as the grant from Imperial taxes in support of education is rapidly approaching two millions of money, the claims of the country districts are, financially as well as educationally, gaining in relative importance. Upon this subject Lord Sandon—who is rapidly living down the prejudice created by his Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill of last session, and whose new Education Code has won for him Mr. Forster's tribute, that it was "a most wise and judicious endeavour to raise the standard of education"—threw himself upon the confidence of the House. The Tory party had given great pledges in the matter. "They had steadily supported the Factory Acts from the very beginning. A Royal Commission, appointed by the late Lord Derby, investigated to its very depth the whole question of the condition of agriculture. As a party they passed the Agricultural Children's Acts, and as short a time ago as last session they passed a law affecting factory education;" and had supported and virtually carried the Education Act of 1870. With regard to the general extension of education, they would be the last to check the growing aspirations of the agricultural labourers that they should be placed on a par in the matter of education with their brethren of the operative classes throughout the land. In order to accomplish that aim, caution was necessary, and the existing legislation must be watched and tested before it was altered. The Agricultural Children's Act had only been in operation since January 1, 1875, although certain provisions of it came into force last year. It takes years to habituate

operatives, whether in town or country, to legislative interference with their rules of life. The Factory Acts in towns have been in operation thirty or forty years, and the people have accommodated themselves to them. The Agricultural Children's Act is being worked carefully and cautiously. As Mr. Cross said, it is "looked upon as a strong measure in many parts of the country, and in some parts discontent is occasioned by its operation. He had no doubt that by degrees public opinion would change, but of this he was certain, that if an Act which was distasteful in many districts were enforced with full rigour, instead of fostering and guiding public opinion, they would run the risk of setting public opinion against the Act." The Government looked to obtaining considerable information by means of a year's trial of this Act, and they pledged themselves to watch very closely the progress of education in the country generally. Mr. Fawcett's resolution upon the subject raised an interesting discussion, and was in itself useful, so far as it excited attention and promoted general interest in the subject. But the policy of education in the country has now passed into the region of dry detail, and is little advanced by abstract resolutions. The question is one of confidence in the Government—whether they are to be trusted to promote the interests of education. Certainly for the last forty years the Conservative party cannot be blamed for remissness in this matter relatively to their opponents. The annual code of regulations just issued by Lord Sandon for this year has been welcomed as presenting several important improvements on the code of last year. The only fault found with it by the greatest enthusiasts in education is that some of its demands, notably the

one that, to obtain the full grant, 40 per cent of the children in elementary schools shall pass in the higher standards, are in the present state of national education impracticably high.

The standards have all been recast, and the articles which prescribe the conditions of grants have been revised in order to correspond with them. The drift of the new rules is to stimulate the managers and teachers of schools to a wider conception of their duties, and to increase the range of instruction. Sir Francis Sandford is entitled to the credit of this revision of the code; but the Government, which has adopted it, has done good service to the country, and has given a pledge of their interest in the subject which will satisfy the most distrustful of their opponents. This question of national education is by far the greatest question of the day. In the competition and rivalry of nations, as regards both war and industry, it is beginning to be thoroughly understood that the best educated people has the most lasting guarantee of success. No candid politician would doubt the zeal and sincerity with which the Tory party will urge on the great work which, chiefly under their auspices and by their support, was commenced in 1870. For the last forty years the work done in the main by the voluntary schools has been carried on by those who now, as hitherto, have formed the chief strength of the Tory party. While fiscal questions and the principle of religious liberty were doing great things for our opponents, who have lived by them for a generation, the Conservatives have constantly urged that the moral and spiritual condition of the people ought not to be neglected in the midst of unfettered industry. By their factory legislation, their sanitary improvements,

and educational zeal, they have done much to mitigate the dreary and purposeless existence to which the hollow imposture of so-called Liberalism would banish the masses. A people steeped in ignorance while religious liberty revels in intolerance, stunted and degenerated in body, while unrestricted competition runs its course, left to perish in their fever-haunted houses while their rulers are disestablishing churches and quarrelling about the suffrage,—this will be the indictment of posterity against the Liberal party, with its half-truths about political economy and its bluster about progress. The Act of 1870 will be, in time to come, looked back upon as the great legislative measure of our generation. The Liberal party, if it had been fit to be trusted with the destinies of a nation, might have covered itself with glory. But history will record that but for the Conservatives the measure would never have been passed—that its author was indignantly denounced by his friends, and proscribed as their leader—that the party itself was shattered while this great enactment was carried over their heads. The education of Ireland, once the brightest wreath on the brow of the late Lord Derby, has, under their rule, fallen into the hands of Cardinal Cullen and his priests; and at their bidding it was proposed, in the name of Liberal progress, to banish modern history and moral philosophy from the Irish University. The education of England has fallen from the nerveless hands of our divided and disorganised opponents, and is, in the opinion of all competent authorities, steadily advancing. Under the present Government the standards are “screwed up,” a determined effort is made to infuse an intelligent spirit into elementary instruction, and the religious difficulty is un-

heard of. The new code will absorb all that educational energy which has so often evaporated in polemical interests; and until some "robust" Liberal (the 'Spectator' newspaper, if no other) wakes from his despondency, even the 25th clause lies buried and forgotten.

The third measure of importance, which, in accordance with the Queen's speech, Parliament has been invited to consider, is one for improving the law as to agricultural tenancies. The Duke of Richmond has introduced a Bill relating to agricultural holdings in England. One thing that the Bill does not do is to provide for leases being granted by limited owners, so that their lessees may be put in the same position as that held by the lessees from other owners. A separate measure is promised for that purpose. The Bill introduced does not affect to deal with the subject as one concerning landowners and tenants alone, but is avowedly based on the consideration that the subject closely concerns the production of food for the million, and that it is the duty of the legislature to stimulate the producing power of the agricultural districts. Whether the Bill is passed or not this session, it is worth while to observe, that the first Irish Land Bills ever introduced to the notice of Parliament were brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Napier, on behalf of the Conservative Ministry of 1852, and that the first English Land Bill has been proposed by the existing Government. Mr. Pusey's committee of inquiry in 1848 has again been brought into prominence. It has been demonstrated that there is "insecurity to the tenant for the capital he has invested in the soil, which insecurity prevents the tenant from investing as large an amount for agricultural purposes as he otherwise would, and which

therefore results in the producing power of the country not being brought up to the pitch to which it might be raised if the tenant had security for that capital." As the law stands, except so far as various customs in different parts of the country have superseded it, the tenant may put his capital into the soil, and reap no benefit whatever from that investment on the termination of his tenancy. Various ill-arranged and ill-understood customs of compensation have arisen to supply the defect of the law. Mr. Pusey's committee did not, however, recommend compulsory legislation on the subject. They thought that the question might be advantageously settled by means of agreement between the landlord and the tenant, one difficulty being, that in the case of limited owners there is, under existing law, no power to charge the estate with the compensation agreed to be paid, the other difficulty being that such agreements are often omitted to be made. The object of the new Bill is to secure to the tenant the capital he has invested in the soil; tenancies being in the great majority of instances yearly holdings, with half a year's notice. It is proposed that when the tenant makes certain improvements, he shall be entitled to compensation subject to certain conditions,—as to the length of time which has elapsed since the improvement, and as to the consent of the landlord having been previously obtained. The compensation under the Act will represent the addition to the value of the holding, less any contribution which the landlord may have previously made towards it, and less any claim which he may have under the Act for deterioration of the holding. Power is given to charge an estate in cases of limited ownership for the compensation

paid. A year's notice to quit is to be given in the case of a yearly tenancy.

Another prominent feature of the Bill is that it does not interfere with freedom of contract. Parties can still contract for themselves, and either the one or the other can give notice that he does not intend to come under the provisions of the Bill; but unless landlord and tenant make their own agreements, the law to which they will be subject is one more favourable to the tenant, and to the investment of capital in the soil, than hitherto. And, on the other hand, the powers of limited owners to contract are considerably increased in a manner which removes some of the impediments which a system of strict settlement places in the way of improved agriculture. The measure is a very simple one, and appears to be a step in the right direction; and whether passed or not, exhibits the desire of the Government to settle one of the most pressing questions of the day, the solution of which especially devolves upon a Conservative administration.

Legislation on this subject could, in fact, scarcely be avoided. The present Lord Derby has described the agricultural produce of England as only half of what it ought to be. Other authorities have said substantially the same thing. In twenty years, as the Duke of Richmond pointed out, the total acreage under cultivation has only increased by one million of acres in England and Wales, against an increase of four and a half million of population, about one third of the country consisting of land devoted to other purposes than agriculture. The proposals of the Government are purely permissive, and considering the difficulty and prejudice which surround the subject, that is the

best mode of carrying the opinion of those interested along with the new Act. The legislature leaves the parties, who are people equally well able to take care of themselves, in the first instance to contract for themselves. The ignorant and uneducated tenants are the only class likely to stand in need of compulsory legislation, and they are not likely to have much capital to invest or to need protection. The projected Act aids both landlord and tenant equally, by enlarging the power to contract and pointing out an arrangement which is fair and equitable. And in the absence of contract, it imposes that arrangement on the parties as one more consonant to natural justice than that prescribed by existing law, and vainly sought to be remedied by custom.

The two objects of securing to tenants the capital they invest, and of promoting the cultivation of the soil to the utmost, are not likely to be finally attained by the first attempt made to legislate regarding them. But the Bill of the Government is an important step towards achieving some very desirable results. Opinion is as yet unformed with regard to any legislation which is to proceed on the principle that the sole end in view is that of extracting as much produce as possible from the soil. In the opinion of the committee of 1848, the system of securing to the tenant compensation for his outlay is "one highly beneficial to agriculture, to the landlord, and to the farmer, and one that will lead to a great increase in the productiveness of the soil and to extended employment of the rural population." The classes connected with the land, whether proprietors, tenants, or cultivators, are a large and not a very docile portion of the community. It is absolutely essential that legis-

lation on questions affecting their tenures; and interfering with their habits of life, should proceed cautiously and in a conciliatory spirit. There are, no doubt, numbers of politicians or sciolists who could rattle off a solution of the land question as easily as they could recast the whole political system of England. But statesmanship consists in making legislation and opinion go hand in hand together in a course of improvement and reform, and in securing the co-operation of the classes themselves, who must be the willing instruments, if they are not the sturdy opponents, of the changes sought to be introduced in the interests of the public.

Such are the leading features of public affairs. There are a good many omnibuses trying to get through Temple Bar at the same moment, to use Mr. Bright's well-known saying; and possibly some may break down. But every one appears to admit that the objects in view are worthily selected, and that steady progress is being made towards their attainment. Our excellent friends, the Liberals, have not yet found much occasion to blaspheme, though they have sought it eagerly, and every now and then with a faint glimmer of hope. The only foothold which seemed to promise well was the attempt to liken the Regimental Exchanges Bill (which enables officers to effect exchanges on a principle of compensation between themselves) to the Endowed Schools Bill, and to stigmatise it as a reactionary measure. Mr. Gladstone was actually tempted into the field by it. No doubt it was a fair subject on which the Opposition should take action. Whatever the merits of the Bill, a protest against an attempt to revive the purchase system—so formally surrendered—if any such have been made, was a legitimate rallying

point for the Liberal party. It appeared, however, as soon as the matter was discussed, that the sanction of a Royal Commission, nominated by the late Government, covered a large portion of the measure, and that the authority of Lord Cardwell himself could be cited in favour of personal convenience to the officers being the ground upon which exchanges should proceed. It seems to be a contradiction in terms to say that a system of exchange shall prevail, but that the ordinary standard by which we ascertain exchangeable value shall not apply. Rich and poor are alike in favour of the measure; and unless it is fatal to the honour and discipline of an army to attend to considerations of personal convenience amongst its officers, they must be allowed to adjust those considerations for themselves, and sooner or later money must enter into the transaction. The abolition of purchase never involved the abolition of exchanges, but as long as commissions in the army have any exchangeable value at all, they must, within the limits permitted, have also a money value. The "two lawyers and a county member" who acted as the Royal Commissioners, were said to have gone beyond their instructions in the advice they gave; but they did not go one whit beyond the necessities of the case. Their report *minus* their advice would have been incomplete and absurd. The Liberal party apparently were convinced that they had pressed their case too far, and desisted from any opposition to the third reading of the Bill. They discovered that their cry of reaction and of a tyrannical abuse of the power of a majority had fallen to the ground; not without some caustic references to the manner in which, in the last Parliament, the "repartee of a majority"

was made unusually disagreeable as the repartee of a disciplined and contemptuous silence.

No one, however, will impute to the Liberal party, thus far, either a factious or vexatious resistance to the Ministerial policy and measures. They are, however, very difficult to please, and their organs are now and then a little truculent in tone. At first they scornfully expressed their triumph that the new Ministry dared not repeal any of their measures, and tauntingly demanded which of them was to be the first sacrifice. Now they hardly ever oppose a Bill without denouncing

it as a flagrant violation of their most sacred principles, and a flagitious attempt to unsettle questions which the wisdom of a former Parliament had effectually disposed of; and they glibly threaten reprisals when their fortunes are changed. The supposed reversal of their measures displeases them as much as their supposed adoption. Even the possibility of a financial deficit becomes more and more remote; foreign affairs are conducted without reproach; and the general condition of public affairs leaves a critical Opposition little room for either cavil or comment.



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THE DILEMMA.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

WITH the advent of the cold season Anglo-Indian society revives from its hot-weather torpor. Drills and field-days begin; regiments are on the move; civilians look up their camp equipage and shooting apparatus; officers rejoin from furlough; wives and children return from the hills; inspections, balls, and race-meetings come off. And never were the English in India more disposed to give themselves to the amusement of the passing hour than at the close of the year 1856, when no warning note had yet been given of the great catastrophe to come, and it seemed as if the end of Indian wars had been reached at last, and that the only possible excitement remaining was to be found in field-sports, or the small gaieties within the reach of dwellers in cantonments. At the beginning of the cold season, too, there takes place the annual importation of young ladies from England. At small stations, indeed, this last element of the cold-weather excitement must needs be of a more or less intermittent and occasional character, since there

will not be found every year parents to receive a newly grown-up daughter; but in so large a place as Mustaphabad, some accessions of this kind must always be due, and on the present occasion Miss Cunningham's arrival was heralded by rumours of her accomplishments and beauty which, even with due allowance for pardonable exaggeration when describing a young lady as yet unseen, were sufficient to account for the flutter of excitement which pervaded the local society. Letters from officers returning from leave to residents at the station, made special reference to the charms of their fellow-passenger,—notably that written by young Miles of the Native Infantry, who was hanging about Calcutta after arrival in search of some employment which would prevent his returning to regimental duty, and who wrote to his correspondent that Miss Cunningham was "as nice as she looks, only Mrs. Shaperown (in whose charge she came out) would hardly let her speak to a fellow on board." Still more cir-

cumstantial evidence was afforded by Captain Sparrow, the Assistant Commissioner of Mustaphabad, another fellow-passenger on board the Burrampootra, who had rejoined his appointment straightway on landing, and looked in, a day or two afterwards, on his cousin, Ensign Spragge, of the 76th Native Infantry, while the officers of that corps were taking early tea in the mess-house verandah after morning parade. "Ah! Miss Cunningham?" said Sparrow, with an air of languid superiority, to the two or three sitting next him, as his wily cousin turned the conversation from that gentleman's experiences of London life and Continental travel to the subject of general interest—"ah! you see, Miss Cunningham is a sort of woman that don't often come out to this country. Not a mere chit of a girl just out of the school-room, to get her head turned by seeing a few young fellows in red coats, or being made love to by a P. and O. purser; she has been brought up abroad and seen something of the world; talks French and Italian, and that sort of thing, as well as English, and with really quite a good taste in music. Not that she is at all stuck up, you know. She was not on speaking terms with everybody on board, of course—Mrs. Shaperown was too particular for that; but *I* saw a good deal of their party, naturally—her father and I being in the same Commission, you see, made it different—and I found her very agreeable and well-informed. But I am afraid it will be slow for her out here, for my worthy chief, though a very excellent fellow, ain't much accustomed to ladies' society, and she's not the sort of girl to care for what you fellows call gaiety—a ball where you make up a dozen dancing couples, including the grandmam-

mas still on active service; or your pic-nics out at the Nawab's gardens, where there's no grass and no water, and nothing to do but yawn, and eat hermetically-sealed lobsters. No, no, English life spoils you for that sort of thing. I declare since I have come back from furlough I hate India more than ever."

So saying, Captain Sparrow mounted his horse, and, nodding his adieu languidly but affably to his audience, cantered off to the Residency, while the little group of officers dispersed to their respective bungalows to dress and breakfast. Nor were they the only persons discussing the subject. "The poor dear commissioner," said Mrs. Polwheedle, the brigadier's wife, to the occupant of the next carriage, as the two ladies sat listening to the strains of the regimental band playing on the Mall at sunset—"the poor dear commissioner, there's his daughter actually going to arrive in a day or two, and not a thing ready for her. I want him to let Miss Cunningham stay with us for a week or two at first, it will be so dull for her, poor girl, in that grent barn of a Residency all by herself, and not a lady within five miles. No, he has not exactly promised that she shall do so, but then you know the commissioner, it is so hard to get him to say a thing outright; he is always most friendly with us, I am sure, and the brigadier says he is very clever in his management of the natives, and very clever he must be, for he scarcely ever speaks a word. But as I said to him, my dear Mr. Cunningham, you really must let the dear girl stay and rest with us, at any rate on her way up, for she will be shaken to death with the palkee journey from Panipoor, and will never be able to get on to the Residency the same morning. And so we expect her, and then I daresay when she once stops, she

will be glad to stay with me for a day or two, and the commissioner can come down and dine whenever he likes, and I will ask some of the senior officers and their wives to meet them. This will be such a nice introduction for her—don't you think so? and much pleasanter than if she were set down all at once at the Residency, with the commissioner away all day at cutchery, and she not able to speak a word of the language. It's bad enough when you can talk it, with these native servants ready to steal the very nose off your face. Oh, I do think they are such rogues, every man of them." And as the good lady's thoughts passed from her hospitable intentions to the wrongs

inflicted by the children of the soil, her ample face assumed a rosier hue, and her voice a deeper tone.

The arrangement proposed by Mrs. Polwheedle for Miss Cunningham's reception was, however, never carried out. Two mornings after the above conversation took place, the brigadier, returning from his early ride, brought the news to his wife that the commissioner had gone down the previous day in the Nawab's camel-carriage to Panipoor, at which place the made road from Calcutta at that time terminated, to meet his daughter and her maid, and that the party had passed through cantonments on their way to the Residency at daybreak that morning.

CHAPTER II.

Mustaphabad society allowed Miss Cunningham one day's rest to recover from the fatigue of her journey, and by way of preserving its own self-respect from the imputation of curiosity—the only exception being Captain Buxey the paymaster, who as an old friend who had known her when she was a little girl, drove out to see her the first day; but on the second morning after her arrival quite a stream of visitors might have been seen making their way along the dusty road between the cantonments and the Residency, with many of whom, to the desire of seeing the fair occupant, was added a curiosity to inspect the place by daylight; for the commissioner, although a hospitable man, who gave frequent solemn dinner-parties as became his position, was too much occupied with business to receive morning visitors while living alone.

First in the field was Mrs. Polwheedle, whose barouche drove into the Residency grounds even before

the gong in the portico had struck eleven o'clock the time when etiquette assumes that visitors should be only starting from their own houses, and early enough to find Mr. Cunningham still sitting with his daughter over a late breakfast-table. "I thought I would come early," said the lady, after greetings, "because I know your papa has to be in court all day; and as he wouldn't let you stop with us on the way, as I wanted him to, I thought it might be a comfort to you to have some one to introduce all the visitors when they arrive; for you will have quite a levee to-day—the whole station in fact. It's not quite the same thing, of course, as when we arrived, when the brigadier came to take up the command; then there was a salute fired; and all the officers came to call in uniform and swords; still, I can assure you, your arrival has made quite a sensation, as well it may," she added, taking a step backward, and surveying, with

her head on one side, the beautiful young woman before her, who stood smiling and amused at the address of her valuable visitor. "My dear, you must let me give you a kiss," continued Mrs. Polwheedle, advancing as she spoke, and folding Miss Cunningham in her ample embrace; "I am sure that we shall be great friends. I have no daughter of my own—only one son; I will tell you all about him by-and-by," she added, with a knowing smile. "Then you will want some hints about the servants, for they will take you in nicely at first. Oh yes," she continued, stopping Mr. Cunningham short as he was about to speak, "I know the dear good commissioner thinks they are quite perfect angels with black faces,—just like a brigadier, in fact—he believes in the natives too; and nicely he would be robbed if it wasn't for me; I don't believe his bearer would leave him a shirt to his back. And then you will be wanting some advice about furniture," she continued, as the two ladies moved towards the drawing-room—for the commissioner, unable to come into action under fire of the invader's guns, had effected a retreat into his own rooms—"and very difficult it is to get so far up country; but, bless me!" she exclaimed, as the altered aspect of the great room broke on her, its former empty condition having been remedied by the advent of a large assortment of tables, couches, easy-chairs, and ottomans, comfortable but incongruous, which the sly commissioner had managed to introduce without her agency or knowledge, the whole set off by a brand-new grand piano, arrived a day or two before its mistress—"bless me! why, this is indeed a transformation!" nor was the lady's astonishment diminished on finding that Miss Cunningham was till then unaware

that all this splendour had been accumulated entirely on her account. "Why, I declare, my dear, one hardly knows the place again. Your papa used to give very elegant dinners, you know, as became his position; half the station would be here at a time, and everything in first-rate style. You can do the thing properly in these splendid rooms—Calcutta matting, too, I declare!" she ejaculated, by way of interlude, poking the floor with her parasol; "must have cost a rupee a-yard if it cost a pice. Splendid rooms, are they not? and no rent to pay. I often tell the brigadier he ought to write to the Government for an official residence. Our dining-room will only hold eighteen comfortably, though you can get twenty-two in by a squeeze. We must make the commissioner fix an early day to bring you to dinner,—a sort of introduction to Mustaphabad society; but, as I was saying, although the commissioner used to give such fine parties, when the ladies came into the drawing-room there was hardly a chair for them to sit down upon, leave alone an ottoman. And now I declare," she added, surveying the room with a comprehensive glance, "I don't suppose there is a house outside Chowringhee so handsomely furnished. And the whole effect is really quite chaste; the mixture of green and blue satin blends so nicely, doesn't it? But, dear me, I have never asked you about yourself all this time! Tell me, my dear, you must have had an awfully trying journey. For my part, I never will go even to the hills unless the brigadier goes with me; I really cannot travel alone. For all that I look so strong, I am really very delicate, and the least fright upsets me. Tell me, my dear, weren't you very nervous at first starting on your journey at

being surrounded by chattering natives, and you not able to speak a word to them?"

"Oh no," replied the young lady, smiling; "you see we came—that is, my companion and I—with friends of papa almost the whole way. So we had no trouble at all; and then papa sent his head man—his jemadar I think he calls him—to Calcutta to meet me, and he sat on the box night and day, and seemed never to go to sleep at all; so we got on capitally, and then papa met us at Panipoor, and brought us in a camel-carriage, a wonderful conveyance, but really very comfortable."

Thus Mrs. Polwheedle was already established on a friendly footing when the other visitors arrived, a succession of them too numerous to mention, ladies with their husbands, and bachelors, singly or in pairs—Colonel Tartar of the Hussars, to wit, driving his mail phaeton; Rowell and Scurry of the same regiment driving out together in the latter's tandem; Messrs. Cubitt and Stride of the Artillery, in a buggy hired from Nubbee Bux, general dealer in the bazaar, the horse attached to which being newly employed in such a capacity made sundry diversions by the way off the road, happily unattended with serious consequences, as the embankment was not much raised above the surrounding country. Others, more economically disposed, made the journey on horseback, among them Lieutenant Yorke and Ensign Spragge of the 76th Native Infantry, who cantered down to the Residency on their respective ponies.

The commissioner's house—destined to be the scene of a famous episode in events to come—which had been built in the days before the annexation of Mustaphabad,

and when British authority and interest had been represented by a resident or diplomatic agent stationed at the Court of the Nawab, and therefore still bore the designation of "The Residency"—had been designed with a view to symbolise the importance of the paramount authority—the reigning Nawab under treaty engagements paying the cost—and the architect had apparently intended to produce some undefined resemblance to the British Museum or a Grecian temple, without feeling quite sure which of the two should be copied. The two visitors, riding through a gateless opening in the wall which enclosed the spacious grounds, alighted under a gigantic portico of no particular order, the columns of which dwarfed their ponies to the size of sheep, and where a sepoy of their regiment was standing as sentry, and then, proceeding up a flight of broad steps, on which were lounging half-a-dozen messengers clad in scarlet tunics, with gold waistbands and white turbans, were ushered into the house. The public rooms were large and lofty; but the drawing-room, which occupied the centre of the building, deriving all its light from narrow clerestory windows shaded by blinds, and through the doors opening into the surrounding rooms, was somewhat gloomy in the daytime. Not, however, that young Yorke noticed these particulars, although the time was to come when he would be familiar with every corner of the building; for, entering straightway from the glare of Indian sunlight into comparative darkness, he was painfully conscious of making an entry deficient in dignity, as he stumbled against an ottoman, and then knocked his shins against a chair, before he became gradually able to make out the presence of the occupants of the drawing-room,

Miss Cunningham, Mrs. Polwheedle, and two officers of Hussars; and as the new-comers established themselves on chairs at the far side of a great gulf or open space, bounded on one side by a table, and on the other by a large ottoman, our subaltern became more than ever impressed with a sense of his unworthiness, while feeling, too, that his tight red shell-jacket contrasted disadvantageously with the easy grace of the long braided frock-coats of the other visitors. Moreover, although the latter had driven over, they were adorned with long glistening steel spurs, whereas the two infantry subalterns wore little insignificant appendages screwed into the heels of their boots, as befitted men of their branch of the service when on horseback, wholly without lustre or rattle, and good only for use. The road too had been dusty, and the wind high, and even a December sun is hot at mid-day, and poor Yorke was conscious that his face was flushed and dirty, contrasting unfavourably with the cool and orderly appearance of the two drivers, one of whom sat calmly sucking the top of his cane, while the other, with a pleased simper on his face, and playing with his laced cap, was talking easy nothings to the lady of the house. Nor did the conversation begin auspiciously. It was opened by Mrs. Polwheedle.

"You young gentlemen rode over on your tats, I suppose? The subaltern's tat, my dear Miss Cunningham—that is the name you know they give to a pony in this country—is the most useful animal you can imagine. It goes out any number of times a day, and does any quantity of work, and never gets tired. Every subaltern, you know, in this country keeps his pony, although how an ensign can afford to do it on his pay is a perfect wonder, with grain at sixteen pounds the rupee."

Poor Yorke felt himself getting redder than ever; but while casting about for a repartee which did not readily present itself, one of the hussar officers took up the cudgels.

"Subalterns don't always keep ponies, if you please, Mrs. Polwheedle; I have never had one since I entered the service: I prefer horses; so does Mr. Scurry here."

"Oh yes, of course," replied Mrs. Polwheedle with a smile, as if half disposed to wrath, half disposed to condescension; "I was not referring to cavalry officers; you gentlemen have your chargers, I know, and very pretty they look, but——"

"By the way," interrupted the aggressive Rowell, "that's not a bad-looking tat the brigadier has been riding lately—where did he get him from?"

"You mean his grey horse?" replied the lady, bridling up.

"Well, it isn't exactly a horse," continued the persistent Rowell; "it certainly ain't fourteen; I doubt if it's much over thirteen."

"Well, sir, and if it is not, pray what has the age of the horse to do with the matter?"

"Not thirteen years, Mrs. Polwheedle; I wasn't speaking about the pony's age, but about his height. However," he continued, seeing that the lady appeared to have had enough in the encounter, "it looks a good, useful, weight-carrying nag, and handy for getting off and on again—not far to travel either way."

This last remark might be said to complete the victory, for riding was not among Brigadier Polwheedle's strong points; but the lady was not prepared to surrender all at once the position she had assumed, so, turning again towards young Spragge, she said—

"So you have got a new commanding officer now—Major Dumble. He called on us yesterday,

and seems a quiet, gentlemanly person. How do you like the change from Colonel Marshall?"

"Well, of course we are sorry to lose our dear old colonel; he had never been away from the regiment before."

"And why did he leave it to go to another regiment, then?"

"He had to make way for Major Dumble. The major, of course, had to come back to the regiment on promotion, because he couldn't hold his appointment as a field officer; and as he must come back to his own regiment, the colonel had to be shifted to another."

"Oh yes; the brigadier was telling me something about it. Major Dumble comes from the commissariat, does he not?"

"No, from the pay department; he has been fifteen years away from the regiment."

"Well, I hope he is a good drill, and will take care to get the regiment into good order for inspection, for the brigadier is very particular. You must know, Miss Cunningham, that all the annual inspections are coming on. The brigadier has to inspect all the regiments in the station, and make a report on them to the commander-in-chief; this is a first-class brigade, you know, and so the brigadier reports direct to headquarters. You will enjoy these inspections, I am sure, and must not fail to come to them, especially the cavalry review, it is such a pretty sight. Isn't it, Mr. Rowell?" she added, turning towards that gentleman, and as it were holding out the olive branch to him.

"Oh yes," replied Rowell; "the colonel generally knocks the regiment about a bit on these occasions—pursuing practice, and that sort of thing; it amuses the brigadier and the ladies."

Just then Miss Cunningham, opposite to whom Yorke was sitting,

but a long way off, crossed over towards him. If she seemed beautiful before, the grace of her movements as she passed over the open space possessed the young fellow as with a sense of enchantment; while the rustling of her dress when she took the seat next to his raised a corresponding flutter in his heart, as he sat motionless, fascinated by her proximity, hardly venturing to look up, gazing at the folds of rich trimmings that fluttered beside him.

Yet there was nothing very formidable in her opening address. "These soldiers," she asked, "who mount guard by turns at our door, do they belong to your regiment?"

As Miss Cunningham said this in a low rich voice, which had in it an expression of unconscious pathos, and turning her long graceful neck, looked towards the listener, her manner was as if the question was full of interest for her, and her face, although it wore an open smile, seemed as one that might be readily attuned to sympathy with sorrow.

Yorke's acquaintance with young ladies was not large, and he had never met with anything like this before. Miss Glumme, one of the two young ladies imported into Mustaphabad in the previous season, never looked you in the face at all, but answered questions monosyllabically, and with downcast eyes, as if conversation was a thing unbecoming a woman; Miss Peart, on the other hand, a little brunette nowise afflicted with *mauvais honte*, jerked out her sentences with a sort of little laugh at the end of each, as if the mere act of saying anything in itself partook of being funny. But here was a young lady who appeared even when in society to take an interest in something. A queen, too, could not have been more gracious; and surely no queen ever looked more regal in her crown than did this beautiful young woman

with a coronet of rich brown hair braided over her lofty head.

It was a simple question, but Yorke felt himself growing redder than ever, as he replied in the affirmative,

"I quite expected," continued Miss Cunningham, "to find the sepoys insignificant-looking creatures, with large soft eyes and big earrings. It was quite a surprise to see them so different. You must feel very proud of commanding such fine fellows."

"I don't command them, you know," replied Yorke, "I only command my own company—at least I hold two companies just now, as we are short of officers"—here the young fellow stopped with some confusion, for it suddenly seemed to him how vain he must appear to be, bragging about his duty in this way. Besides, what could a splendid creature like this care about the small organic details of a native infantry regiment, a thing regarded by society generally, and young ladies in particular for the first three or four years of spinsterhood—if it lasted so long—as altogether beneath serious interest?

Miss Cunningham, however, persisted in her inquiries. She had come to India, and wanted to know all about the country and the people, she said. The Lascars on board the steamer were insignificant-looking people; but her papa's jemadar, who met her at Calcutta, had a most dignified appearance, and was so attentive and well-bred: although she

could not understand a word he said, he seemed to know exactly what to do; and then he sat on the coach-box the whole way from Calcutta; she was really quite ashamed that he should be exposed to such hardships, while she was travelling at her ease.

The conversation ran on in this wise for a few minutes. Miss Cunningham, who had taken pity on the forlorn condition of the young fellow sitting on the outside of the circle, and snubbed by Mrs. Polwheedle, was trying to set him at his ease; and while that lady was discoursing at some length to the other guests on a point of domestic economy, Yorke, becoming emboldened by her sympathetic manner, was gradually acquiring a little self-possession, and had got to the point of explaining the difference between a subahdar and a havildar, when fresh visitors were announced, and the other gentlemen rose to take their departure. Yorke perforce followed the example of the rest; and as Miss Cunningham at parting held out her hand with a frank gracious smile, he felt that the void in his existence, of which he had been for some time conscious, was now at once more than filled up.

"Gave the old lady as good as she brought," said Rowell to Yorke, under the great portico, as he stepped into the tandem-cart after his companion; "that's the way to deal with her. You stick up to her, my good fellow, whenever she tries the patronising dodge, and you will soon put a stop to it."

CHAPTER III.

Yorke and Spragge had engaged themselves to luncheon with the latter's cousin, Captain Sparrow, the assistant commissioner, who occupied a small house within the Residency grounds formerly belonging

to the assistant resident; and to this the two young officers repaired after their morning call. In the verandah was a lesser band of red-coated myrmidons, who ushered the visitors into a sitting-room, and pro-

ceeded to the adjacent court-house to summon Captain Sparrow. That gentleman suspended the progress of the suit which he was engaged in hearing, and presently joined them with languidly affable greetings.

"You gentlemen look quite warm in your red jackets," observed their host, as they sat down to luncheon; "but pray unbutton them if you like, and make yourselves comfortable. Liberty hall this, you see—a mere bachelor's den." Captain Sparrow, however, was dressed himself with a degree of care unusual in an Indian official at his daily work; and as he said this, he threw a glance round the room, by way of drawing attention to its appointments.

"Bachelor's den indeed!" cried his cousin; "none of your humbug, Ted. You know that you always set up for being a swell. See what it is to be in civil employ, Yorke! But you're a bigger swell than ever since you've been home. I suppose you brought all these nobby pictures back with you," he added, looking up at the walls, which were adorned with various specimens of the graver's art; "and all this new plate. Never saw a bachelor's house like it before, leave alone a den."

"Ah, you wouldn't think much of this if you saw the well-appointed establishments some men have in England; the thing is not to be done with native servants, and especially by a busy man like myself, who have no time to look after my household; still, I like to have things neat about my little place."

"Little place, indeed!" replied Spragge. "Why, you might put the whole of our bungalow into this room, roof and all—couldn't he, Arty? Well, at any rate, you don't want much preparation before changing your state. Only one more thing

wanted to complete the arrangement, eh? And now here is the lady arrived all ready and at hand. I envy you your opportunities, my dear fellow. See what it is to be a swell civilian instead of a poor N.I. sub. I declare I must take to studying the language or mugging up history, like Yorke here. However, it's too late to cut you out this time, I suppose."

"Oh, as to that," said his cousin, with a pleased simper, "you mustn't suppose that there is anything serious in that quarter. You harum-scarum soldiers fancy that if a man doesn't like living in a barn he must be bent on matrimony. For my part, I think marrying is a mistake, at any rate till you get on in life. It ties a man down too much; and children may be all very well in England, with a proper staff of nurses to look after them, but they are dreadfully in the way out here. When a man goes home with a certain position and no encumbrances, you see the pleasures of society are open to him, and he is free to travel, and so on. A very agreeable life I can assure you; but it comes to an end too soon. The only thing left now is to look forward to one's next furlough." And as the speaker concluded he cast his eyes over the table-cloth, as if surveying there the refined pleasures offered by a view of Europe to the cultivated man without encumbrances.

His cousin winked at Yorke by way of hint that he was going to draw the captain out.

"No, no, Ted, that won't do. You don't mean to tell me that you're not going to make the running in that line. Wouldn't I, just, if I had your chances! Why, I suppose you are in and out of the Residency like a tame dog?"

Captain Sparrow was evidently nettled at his cousin's want of rev-

erence, displayed, too, before a third party; but he condoned it in consideration of the opening afforded to talk about himself, so replied, drawing up both himself and his shirt-collar—

"If you mean that I have the *entrée* of Cunningham's house, just as he has of mine, of course. But we don't carry the Jack-and-Tom school of manners which appears still to pervade Native Infantry messes into civilised life, my dear fellow. Of course I could invite myself there at any time; but now Cunningham is so much occupied with his daughter that he leaves all cutchery business to his deputy—and, in fact, you must excuse my running away presently, but I have scarcely a minute to call my own; and, to tell you the truth, I don't much care about making one of the party when they are simply *en famille*,—one must draw the line somewhere." And Captain Sparrow looked mysterious, and stopped, as evidently inviting further inquiry.

This was at once made, Yorke feeling more interested than ever in the conversation.

Captain Sparrow explained that Miss Cunningham had brought out a French servant with her, a lady's-maid, at any rate she came out as a second-class passenger on board the steamer; but now, forsooth, her mistress had established her as a sort of companion, and she took her meals at the same table with Mr. Cunningham and his daughter, when they were alone.

"I shouldn't mind that a bit," said Spragge, "if she's nice-looking, and don't eat with her knife."

"That's hardly a criterion, my good fellow," replied the captain, with an air of superiority; "if you had travelled on the Continent, you would have seen quite elegant women at the *tables d'hôte* lapping up their food with their knives.

That's merely an insular prejudice of yours. Oh no; the girl is well enough in her way, but still there is an etiquette in these things."

"I shouldn't care a bit about etiquette, for my part," said Spragge. "If she's a pretty girl, I'd rather take her in to dinner any time than Mrs. Polwheedle. But I shouldn't be able to talk her lingo, which would be a drawback."

"You need not be alarmed on that score. Justine understands English perfectly, and talks it well enough, and without the vulgarisms some people employ; but still there is a propriety in these things, you know—*est modus in rebus*."

One crumb of comfort Yorke carried away, as he mounted his pony to ride home. Sparrow was not a favoured suitor, as appeared at first sight to be his natural position. Unless a thorough dissembler, which was evidently not his character, he could not be at present even a suitor at all. This conclusion reconciled Yorke to having partaken of luncheon under his roof, which at one time during the visit had seemed to the young fellow as opposed to honourable dealing. This at any rate was some consolation, as he cantered on his pony by the side of his companion, depressed, and yet not hopeless.

"Something like a young lady, by Jove!" cried Spragge, breaking the silence at last, as, on nearing the cantonments, they reduced their pace to a walk. "You don't often see such beauty as that in these parts. And no end of money, too, I expect. Old Cunningham must have saved handsomely; for beyond giving dinners and keeping elephants, he can't have had anything to spend his pay on. All those fellows in red tunics are kept up for him by Government, and, I daresay, half his private servants

too, if the truth were known. It's only we poor beggars of subalterns who have to pay for our bearers."

"How much does the commissioner get?"

"Four thousand one hundred and sixty-six rupees a-month, the pay of twenty ensigns; think of that, my boy: the mind almost refuses to grasp such a sum. My cousin Teddy gets a thousand a-month, which is pretty well, and spends it, too, on his pictures, and side-dishes, and fiddle-faddle. However, he's not half a bad fellow, Ted isn't, after all; he stood security for me once when I was harder up even than I am now. See what it is to get a civil appointment. I wish I could make up my mind to pass; but those black classics are the very deuce, and that's a fact. However, a scholar like you is sure to get something or other one of these days, and become a swell like Teddy; and then when some Miss Cunningham of the future comes out, it will be your turn to go in and win."

Too late then, thought Yorke, bitterly, as the other's random talk shot home. It must be now or never. And what chance is there that the prize will keep so long, till I am ready to claim it? Yet that night the young fellow sat up at work till late after mess; and all next day, while his chum was at a cricket-match, he stayed in the little bungalow over his books, only leaving them towards sundown, when he mounted his pony and took the way of the Course.

The Mall or Course of Mustaphabad was about two miles long, bordered by trees, and bounded on each side by the mud-banks which enclosed the rectangular spaces allotted for officers' houses—spaces some of them converted into neat gardens, some laid out in grass, some left in a state of

nature, a small desert of baked mud or sand, as the case might be. The road was a wide one, macadamised for carriages in the middle, a sandy track on either side left soft for riders, and watered to keep down the dust.

The prospect was not lively, nor was there a soul yet to be seen, for he had come out too soon; he had not spoken to any one all day; life seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable; and as he rode at foot-pace along the Mall, his heart sank within him. What if a military career was to be always like this?

Presently a moving object appeared in the far perspective, which in the fullness of time developed into a buggy and horse with two occupants, Tirtell of the 80th N.I. driving his young wife. So, after all, matrimony was possible even for a subaltern on regimental duty. And for a moment a vision passed across his mind, as of himself driving a buggy with some one by his side, her dress touching him, and even the idea sent a thrill through his frame. Could it be possible the time should ever come when some loved object should be driving by his side, looking frankly into his face, and smiling, and he talking to her at his ease, as Tirtell did to his wife? Everybody said Mrs. Tirtell was very clever, which certainly Tirtell was not, yet he was talking quite without embarrassment, and his wife was laughing at what he said. No; this would be too much happiness for human being. Besides, he could not associate such a noble presence as Miss Cunningham's with a buggy—nothing less than a barouche would befit so peerless a creature. But why build up these foolish castles in the air? Miss Cunningham the bride of a penniless subaltern of native infantry! And yet why despair? Surely his patient efforts

to qualify for preferment would be rewarded before long. Everybody said that India was the country where any man could win success without interest or favour, merely by deserving it. And if Mr. Cunningham should be averse to his daughter marrying an officer of irregular cavalry or the quarter-master-general's department (for to one or other of these goals did his ambition now point), why, surely her father's interest could easily obtain for him an assistant-commissionership; and once in the civil line, the road to wealth and preferment was easy.

A current of ideas somewhat in this fashion passed through the young fellow's mind, as his pony with loose rein bore him slowly along the Mall, now beginning to show a sprinkling of visitors. A couple of hussar officers in their braided frock-coats, and trousers with gold-lace stripes, mounted on their Arab chargers; a couple of horse-artillery officers, distinguishable from the cavalry only by red instead of gold stripes; Chupkin of the irregulars, in a uniform designed by his commanding officer after a Continental tour, which had borrowed a trifle in lace and embroidery from every cavalry costume in Europe, his wife riding his second charger; the brigadier, a stout red-faced man, mounted on the Cabulee cob which had been the subject of discussion the day before; foot-artillery and infantry officers, blue and red jacketed, and more or less well mounted; married captains driving their wives in buggies; married field-officers, with their wives and children in barouches and pair; Dispenser, the superintending surgeon, who had a family at home as well as in India, and was supposed to be heavily in the banks, in a barouche and one; some forty or fifty people distributed over

the two miles or so of road, with the substitution of coloured uniforms for white linen jackets and trousers, gave the place quite a lively appearance by contrast with the monotony of the hot season just ended. Mrs. Polwheedle, of course, was there, seated in an extra large barouche as became a brigadier's lady, and being short-sighted, merely raised a double eyeglass and stared at our subaltern as she passed him, thereby checking him short in his half-made bow; and see, can it be?—yes, it is—that must be the commissioner's carriage with the two mounted orderlies riding behind it,—Mr. Cunningham himself, who had never been known to take a drive on the Mall before, with his daughter beside him. She will never recognise me, thought the youngster bitterly; how can she be expected to remember one face in particular among so many new ones as she must have seen during the last two days? But no, he was mistaken, for as the carriage passed quickly by, Miss Cunningham, turning towards him, gave a gracious bow and smile, and Yorke felt himself turning scarlet as he lifted his cap in reply. How different, thought he, while recovering his composure after the salute—how different from the sort of bow one generally gets from our young ladies! Miss Glumme, for instance, gives a solemn bend without moving a muscle of her face, as if performing a mournful duty; while with Miss Peart a jerky little nod of the head would suffice. A queen could not have been more gracious, and surely she looks even more beautiful in a bonnet than without one. Who says that the present fashion in bonnets is unbecoming? I suppose the little brunette in the back-seat was the French maid Sparrow was so indignant at having to sit down to table

with. The blockhead! her waiting-woman will be quite as good as most of our station belles, I'll be bound. No woman could be long in her presence without gaining something of grace and refinement from the contact.

Thus musing, the young fellow turned his pony's head, and cantered back after the carriage toward the other end of the Course, where most of the company were now assembled by the band-stand; for this was the evening of the week when the band of the Hussars played out.

The commissioner's carriage was drawn up with the others round the stand, a ring being left between the performers and the horses, in which the various children, alighted from their parents' carriages, were at play. On one side of it was that of Mrs. Polwheedle, leaving no room for a horseman to interpose. The other side, that on which Miss Cunningham sat, was open; but just as Yorke with the courage of despair was about to ride up to it, the vacant place was taken by Colonel Tartar of the Hussars. Yorke could not but admire the little colonel's self-possession, as he sat lounging in the saddle, flapping the flies away from the neck of his handsome Arab pony with the brush at the end of his riding-cane, and talking to Miss Cunningham with as much ease as if he were laying down the law in the ante-room of his own mess. Ah! what a position was that! a bare twenty years' service and the command of a regiment of dragoons, for the senior lieutenant-colonel was brigadier on the staff at another station. Who might not feel at ease under such circumstances, even when speaking to Miss Cunningham! More wonderful than the colonel's self-possession was that he should presently move away from his vantage-ground, and steer his horse round

to the other side of Mrs. Polwheedle's carriage.

A sudden fit of boldness seized Yorke, and he rode up to the vacant place.

Miss Cunningham did not notice him at first, her head being turned in the other direction, and for a few seconds Yorke sat listening like the rest to the conversation between Mrs. Polwheedle and the colonel.

"Really, Colonel Tartar, you must come some day to dine with us and taste our home-fed pork; it is quite delicious. A little pork is such a nice change, you know, after the hot weather; and my appetite is always so delicate, I need a change after the constant poultry and mutton. The brigadier always sees the pigs fed every morning, or else I go myself; we are most particular about looking after them, I can assure you."

Just then Miss Cunningham turned her head, so that Yorke had no longer any ears for the conversation. Her smile on recognizing him was as frank and winning as before, as she said—

"Oh, Mr. Yorke, I am afraid you must have thought us very inhospitable in not asking you and your friend to stay and lunch yesterday, —but I had no idea you had ridden so far; it was dark when we passed through cantonments on the morning of our arrival, so it was not till our drive here this evening that I discovered what a distance it is from our house."

Yorke stammered out something in reply about its not being of the slightest consequence, and the delight it would have been to him to accept the invitation; and then gaining composure added that they had not had to ride back unrefreshed, for they lunched with her neighbour Captain Sparrow.

"Oh! Captain Sparrow?" said Miss Cunningham, again smiling,

and this time, as it seemed, with a gleam of humour in her eye; "yes, he is a very near neighbour of ours—almost our only one; we took early tea with him this morning. How nice and neat his house is; I had no idea that you Indian bachelors were so luxurious."

The feeling of jealousy with which Yorke listened to anything like commendation about even the appointments of Captain Sparrow's establishment was mingled with a sort of momentary gratification that Miss Cunningham should be favourably impressed with an Indian bachelor's household, albeit through such instrumentality; but an immediate reaction passed through his mind against permitting a deception on the point, and he hastened to reply—

"You mustn't judge of bachelors' bungalows by Captain Sparrow's. He is always regarded as the model swell of the place, and besides, he is in civil employ. A bachelor's bungalow is a very humble affair generally."

"But it seems a very luxurious arrangement to have a house all to yourself. The bachelors I have known have generally been satisfied with two rooms, or even one."

"But we don't generally have a whole bungalow to ourselves. Mr. Spragge and I live together, for instance; and after all, there are only

three rooms in the bungalow altogether, so that we don't exceed your allowance." But at this point the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of two more cavaliers, and became general, partaking for the most part of inquiries as to how Miss Cunningham had enjoyed her voyage, and what sort of a journey she had had up the country, and what she thought of India, Justine the maid looking straight to her front the while, as if not supposed to listen. "A parcel of boobies Miss Cunningham must think us," said Yorke bitterly to himself all the while, to talk such twaddle. At last the interview came to an end; the young lady, laying her hand gently on her father's arm—he was a man not given to general conversation, and had been leaning back in the carriage without talking—said that it must be time to drive homewards, as they were expecting friends to dinner. As the carriage turned round she gave them each a gracious bow, and Yorke riding off slowly to the mess-house to dinner, employed himself in trying to recall each word spoken by her, and to conjure up the tremulous sounds of a voice that still thrilled through him; for Miss Cunningham could not ask a simple question without throwing a certain amount of unconscious pathos into its low tones.

CHAPTER IV.

Yorke was not the only person fascinated by Miss Cunningham's grace and beauty. On all sides the new arrival was pronounced to be a charming addition to Mustaphabad society, the general chorus of approval being subject perhaps to reservation in the case of the parents of the Misses Glumme and Peart, who must have felt that those young

ladies were now displaced from the position of reigning belles which they had occupied since their arrival at Mustaphabad the previous cold season. Entertainments were set on foot in all directions in honour of the occasion, heralded by a ball given by the Hussars, when the new Calcutta mat laid down in their spacious mess-room, and

which those gallant officers had ordered specially for the *fête*, was pronounced on all sides to be even better with the pavement underneath, for dancing upon, than a wooden floor. Not so elastic, perhaps, but so slippery and even. Previous to that occasion our ardent young subaltern had been vouchsafed merely a few glimpses of the lady who now filled all his thoughts. Once, when he passed her driving again on the Course with her father; but, alas! there was no band that evening, and the carriage did not stop. Then, one morning while the 76th were out at drill, and the old major was blundering away worse than ever, till all the officers were visibly out of temper, the adjutant offering his advice, without any pretence of concealment, for releasing the regiment out of its clubbed state, and even the stolid sepoys were laughing, Yorke—looking from his vantage-ground at the head of the light company across the plain which extended along the front of the station, and which served as parade-ground for the different regiments in garrison—saw some figures on horseback emerging from the cloud of dust which marked the spot where the dragoons were exercising—figures which, as they came nearer, he made out to be the commissioner and his daughter, accompanied by Captain Sparrow and the brigadier on his grey pony. They had evidently been watching the cavalry, and were now coming to look at the infantry. A sense of shame at the ridiculous figure the regiment presented almost overcame the rising at his heart as the fair vision approached them. Still, a lady would hardly detect the little faults of manœuvring so obvious to the military eye; the men, at any rate, marched well, for the major had not been long enough in command to diminish their efficiency in this

respect, and a finer-looking set was not to be seen in the army. Miss Cunningham had expressed a wish to see a sepoy regiment on parade; the party was evidently coming this way at her suggestion. But no! just as they reached the point where the road to the city intersects the plain at right angles to the parade-grounds, and were near enough for Yorke to mark that she was riding a handsome chestnut Arab, and that she looked, if possible, even more graceful in her riding-habit than in ordinary costume, the party stopped, and after exchanging salutations separated, the brigadier alone continuing his course in the direction of the regiment, while the others cantered off towards the city, a slight cloud of dust tracking their steps.

At sight of the approaching brigadier, evidently bent on criticism, for battalion drill was a strong point with him, Major Dumble hastily dismissed the regiment; and while the other officers adjourned to the mess-house, Yorke returned to his bungalow to chew the cud of disappointment.

The next time he saw the fair vision of his waking dreams, she was again driving with her father on the Course, who this time occupied the back-seat with Dr. Mackenzie Maxwell, the civil surgeon—a stranger sitting beside the young lady, a middle-aged, soldierlike man, in plain clothes, wearing a helmet of felt with a white turban round it, and who Yorke thought must be a traveller, such a sun-protecting head-dress not being commonly worn of an evening. Yorke, who did not venture to approach the carriage on this occasion when it stopped near the band, asked Buxey, the station paymaster, sitting alone in his buggy, who the visitor might be. "Be?"

replied Buxey; "why, Falkland, of course," as if the question was a superfluous one; and, indeed, as soon as Yorke heard the name he knew who the stranger was; for Colonel Falkland was famous both in war and peace, distinguished for gallantry and skill in various campaigns, and holding high office in that part of India, being at present commissioner of the territory adjacent to Mustaphabad. "Is Miss Cunningham's godfather, you know," continued Buxey. "She was born in '36, at Benares; Cunningham was assistant-magistrate there, and Falkland and I were stationed there with our regiments, ensigns both of us. Mackenzie Maxwell was there too; he had just joined the—th on first coming out, as assistant-surgeon. Falkland and Cunningham were great friends even then; and when Mrs. Cunningham died—she was a famous beauty, poor thing, and died in the first year after her marriage—Falkland used to spend the best part of his time at Cunningham's house, looking after the baby, while its father was at cutchery: hundreds and hundreds of times I suppose he has dandled her on his knee. Then my regiment moved to Dinapore, and he got appointed to the staff in Afghanistan—his first piece of luck that was, for a lot of the fellows in his regiment were killed; and Cunningham sent the child home in charge of Mrs. Spangle, the collector's wife at Benares: Spangle was a very crack collector, and would have risen very high in the service if he hadn't died of liver. And now we are all met again after nearly twenty years, all except Spangle; I knew Falkland would not be long in coming over to see his god-daughter after she arrived. There he is, a brevet-colonel of three years' standing, and me still a captain, although nine and a half

months senior to him in the service. See what it is to have luck. I don't grudge Falkland his brevets, you know; he has deserved them if ever a man did; but if our regiment had gone to Cabul, and his had gone down to Dinapore, things might have been very different."

As Yorke looked at Falkland's spare figure and erect carriage, and then at Captain Buxey's portly frame almost filling up the buggy, as he sat with pursed-up lips, small round eyes, and splay feet encased in easy shoes, he could not help thinking that perchance something of the differences in their careers might be due to the individual as well as to luck; but his sense of politeness restrained him from saying so.

Then came the Hussar ball. The invitations, of course, included one for Major Dumble and Officers of the 76th N.I., and Yorke could not resist the temptation to take advantage of it, although it was almost the first time since the regiment had been stationed at Mustaphabad that he had presented himself at an entertainment of the kind; for he fancied that the hussars and people generally were disposed to look down on the Native Infantry. The ball was one of exceptional brilliancy; for, besides that sundry travellers who were passing through the place had stopped to partake of the festivities, it happened that the camp of an exalted official was pitched there at the time, and the great person honoured the occasion by his presence, accompanied by a brilliant staff. Yorke, though impatient to be there, came late, and the room was quite full when he arrived. In truth, a brilliant spectacle—nearly forty ladies, and perhaps a hundred and fifty gentlemen, almost all officers in uniform; so large an assembly had never before been witnessed in Mustaphabad.

But for our subaltern there was only one lady in the room, sitting, as he entered, on an ottoman at the far end. A dance was in progress, in which all the younger men who could get partners were engaged, and only two cavaliers were in immediate attendance on Miss Cunningham,—Captain Buxey on one side, whose stout figure, cased in a tight coatee, appeared in conspicuous profile as he stooped to talk to the lady; Colonel Tartar on the other. Yorke envied the paymaster his ease and self-possession, although, to be sure, he was old enough to be her father; but they were as nothing to the coolness of Colonel Tartar, who was lolling on the couch, resting on his left elbow, and nursing a leg with his right hand, so that Miss Cunningham had to turn half round and look quite down to speak to him. "Confound his impudence!" thought Yorke; "it is all very well to give himself airs with ordinary ladies, but has the man no sense of propriety to behave like this before such a goddess even in his own ball-room?"

Presently the colonel got up and walked away in a careless manner, and in a sudden fit of boldness Yorke approached the vacant spot.

Miss Cunningham gave him a gracious bow of recognition.

Yorke asked if he might venture to hope for the honour of dancing with her.

"I am really very sorry," she said, with a winning smile, "but I am afraid I am engaged for everything." She spoke as if she really were sorry for his disappointment, and held out her card for him to look at. "Again how different from most of our young ladies!" he thought. "Miss Peart, now, would have given a flippant toss to her silly little head, and laughed as if it were great fun to be able to

refuse an invitation and snub a fellow." Then he said aloud, looking at the card, "There are no names down after the twelfth dance; may I venture to hope——"

"I am sorry," she said again, in her low rich voice, "but we are not going to stay after that; papa is not very well to-night, and so we are going away early."

Just then Captain Buxey walked off to speak to one of the great official's staff, and Yorke was left standing alone by her.

"Won't you sit down?" said the lady, with a slight wave of her hand towards the place on her right left vacant by Colonel Tartar.

The young fellow did as he was bid, fancying that all eyes were turned towards him. Every nerve in his body seemed to be in action; it was as if he could hear his heart beat. His boot just touched the edge of her dress as it rested on the ground. It seemed like desecration, yet he dared not move.

Whether it was to relieve him from the embarrassment she noticed, or because she was wholly unconscious of it, she made a beginning of the conversation.

"What a very interesting sight this is, the variety of uniforms makes the scene so brilliant! I have never been to a military ball before, you know. In England one only knows military men by their titles; you scarcely ever see them in uniform."

"I thought you had lived mostly abroad?"

"Yes, so I have; but in France one does not meet with officers much in society. A great many of them, I believe, have risen from the ranks, and they seem rough in their manners. The Austrian officers we used to see in Italy appeared to be gentleman-like; but my aunt's friends were chiefly among the Italians, and they, you know, don't mix at

all with the Austrians. I never was in any military society till now."

Yorke worked himself up into a state of frenzy to find something clever to say in reply, but no epigrammatic generalisation which would cover the French and Austrian armies or Italian politics came uppermost, and Miss Cunningham went on. "I suppose all the officers dressed like Colonel Tartar belong to his regiment?"

"Yes," said Yorke, who had now found words, "and a very handsome uniform it is."

"And those other officers in blue with the embroidered jackets, are they Hussars also?"

"No, those are the Horse-Artillery, and those in the plain blue coats are the Foot-Artillery. They are all one regiment, you know, but officers are picked out to serve with the troops of Horse-Artillery, which is quite the crack branch of the service," he added; for our subaltern, although sensitive about the inferiority of his own position, had no small feeling of jealousy prompting him to disparage the others.

"And those in scarlet with embroidered coats?" continued the young lady.

"Oh! those are the head-quarter swells—I mean," he stammered, "the headquarter staff. Lucky fellows, they get tremendous salaries, march about all the cold season, and go up to the hills in the hot."

"And who is that officer like a Circassian noble? Is that a fancy dress?"

"Oh no, that is Mr. Chupkin of the Irregulars. Well, it is a fancy-dress, so far that they wear pretty much what they fancy in the Irregular Cavalry; but that is their regular uniform at least, for a ball-room: they dress like the men on

parade and without all that gold embroidery. Ah! that is the service," he continued with enthusiasm; "I would almost rather get into the Irregular Cavalry than even into the Quartermaster-General's department. Excuse my talking shop in this way," he added, apologetically, observing that the fair listener looked puzzled; "but everybody here is so accustomed to the ins and outs of the service, that one forgets you would not take an interest in it."

"But I do take an interest in it," replied the young lady, looking at him with a frank smile. "I want to learn all about these things. But you speak of leaving your own branch of the service. Surely you are proud of commanding those fine-looking sepoy, they look so soldierlike and manly mounting sentry at our house; and papa tells me that yours is a very fine regiment; I suppose that is a reason why your dress is different from that of the other infantry officers."

Yorke blushed as the fair speaker glanced at the wings which he wore instead of epaulets. Could she be wishing to please and flatter? and yet her manner was as if she were ten years older than himself.

He muttered something about his being attached to a flank company, although he was commanding another, and about the 76th being considered a crack corps, yet the next moment was angry with himself for the indiscretion. What a vain simple creature she must think him! With her penetration she must have found out by this time in what small account a native infantry officer was held, and must be laughing at his simple talk about a crack corps.

"There seems such a reality about the soldier's life here," continued the young lady; "one feels

quite as if living in a camp. All the officers seem to have medals,"—then noticing that there was no decoration on her companion's breast, she added quickly, "at least those who have not are sure, I suppose, to have opportunities for distinction sooner or later?"

"Oh no, there is no chance of any such luck," replied the youngster, bitterly; "there are no enemies left to fight now. No, Miss Cunningham, I am afraid we subs have joined too late for any honour and glory. The only thing left for a fellow nowadays, if he cannot get into the Irregular Cavalry or the Quartermaster-General's department, is civil employ, or even the public works; anything is better than regimental duty."

"Leave the army?" asked Miss Cunningham, turning round and looking at him full in the face; when something in his earnest glance made her turn her eyes away again. Then she added in a lower voice, and looking straight before her, "The army is such a noble profession!"

Yorke felt ready to register a vow that he would stick to the regiment come what might, but he bethought him to rejoin—

"Look at Colonel Falkland, he is in civil employ, and yet there is not a finer soldier in the army."

"What is that about Colonel Falkland?" said a musical voice, while at the same time a hand was laid on his shoulder, and looking up he saw that the speaker was Colonel Falkland himself.

"I was reproaching Mr. Yorke for want of military spirit, because he talked of leaving the army," said Miss Cunningham, archly, "and he cited you as a precedent; but you have not left the army, surely?"

"Our young friend's aspirations are very natural," said the colonel, smiling kindly; "we military civil-

ians get all the loaves and fishes in peace-time, and then when campaigning is going on we fall back into our old places, and are very much in the way of our brother officers, I am afraid, who have been doing all the dull work in peace-time."

"No, I didn't mean that, sir," broke in the youngster; "but Miss Cunningham misunderstood me: I wouldn't leave the army for the world; but I was just going to explain how you were in civil employ and yet had served in all the campaigns too, and had got your brevet for the Sutlej, and another step and a C.B. for——"

"Just what I was saying," replied the colonel, laughing; "only you put it in a more generous way. We lucky fellows come in for all the good things on both sides; but your turn will come too, I don't doubt. Every man gets his chance in India, if he is only ready for it. But here is another lucky person, Olivia, for he is coming to claim you for a dance." Then, as an officer of the staff led Miss Cunningham away to a quadrille, Colonel Falkland fell to questioning our subaltern about himself—asked him if he had passed in the language, and whether there was the full number of absentee officers in his regiment, or if there were still room for one of those now with it to obtain an appointment.

Yorke explained that there was already the full number of seven absentees, besides those on furlough; and, led away by the colonel's sympathetic interest in his affairs, he went on to say that he had passed in Hindustani, and was hard at work studying military science, so as to be ready for anything that might turn up. "But then you see, sir," he added, "there isn't much chance of an opening, for Braddon is sure to have

the first vacancy. They can't keep a man like him on regimental duty for ever; it's over two years since he was sent back to the regiment."

"Braddon?" said the colonel. "So he belongs to your regiment? Of course, I ought to have remembered that he did. Is he here to-night? I don't recognise his face."

"Oh no, he never shows in public unless he's obliged. You can't expect a man to go about much under such circumstances."

"Tell me," asked the colonel, after a pause—"I don't want to force confidence, but I should be very glad to know if he is going on steadily."

"No fear about him, sir," replied Yorke, stoutly. "And he will come to the front again one of these days, you will see. There is not a finer officer of his standing in the army, unless it be Captain Kirke, and I should feel it a regular shame if I got an appointment before him; although, of course, I am on the lookout too—it's only natural, you know, sir."

Colonel Falkland admitted that it was quite natural, and added, heartily, that he hoped his energy would find some fit scope; and as he moved off, Yorke understood the cause of the colonel's popularity, and the respect and admiration felt by all who served with him. He had come under the influence of the charm of his clear, kindly eye, his sweet voice, his courteous yet sincere manner, the sympathy which turned the conversation to the concerns of his companion, the modesty and unselfishness which diverted it from himself. Falkland walked with a slight limp, the effect of a wound received at Sobraon, and wore plain clothes, not well fitting—the only person, besides the commissioner and the station-chaplain, so dressed. And he could scarcely be called handsome; yet Yorke

thought him the most distinguished-looking man in the room, not excepting the very distinguished personage who was present.

But not even Colonel Falkland could distract his attention long from the one object which had brought him to the ball. Miss Cunningham was now dancing with Colonel Tartar, who danced well, but was not quite so tall as his partner. "Most women," thought Yorke as he watched her, "would look awkward in such case; but she can't help looking like a princess. She doesn't dance as if it were a tremendous joke, or as if she were performing a condescension, but as if it were a duty, and yet a pleasant one, to please her partner; and how well she keeps him on his good behaviour, and yet without absolutely snubbing him. Miss Glumme now, or Miss Peart, would be so pleased at being asked to dance by Tartar, that they would allow him to be as impudent as he pleased. Miss Glumme wouldn't understand it, and Miss Peart would enjoy it. But what am I, a poor subaltern of native infantry—with these confounded wings too, which make a fellow look ridiculous—to think of ever winning such a peerless creature as that! I daresay she looks on me as a mere boy, and yet I must be a good five years older, for according to Buxey she is only twenty-one. After all, I may get my company in a few years, and then with a war and a brevet-majority perhaps, her father would not object. But how can I expect her to remain unwon all the time, and have I made even a single step in advance? What a simpleton I must have seemed this evening, with my jargon about the Quartermaster-General's department, and holding two companies! Why couldn't I talk like a man of the world, such as she must have been accustomed to meet with at home?"

Thus mused the young man, moodily gazing toward her, as she danced with one partner after another, watching her movements from a corner so fixedly that if the rest of the company had not been engaged in their own concerns, his preoccupation would have been noticed. Once indeed her eyes met his, as she stopped with her partner in the course of a waltz just opposite to where he was standing, and she gave him a glance of acknowledgment which set the young man's heart bounding. Again Yorke established himself nearly opposite the rout-seat on which she was resting between the dances, in the archway which divided the long room; and this time, when she looked up towards him, her face flushed and took a sudden expression of surprise and anxiety, which caused him to drop his eyes and move away, reproaching himself for his too pointed attention, and yet inwardly rejoicing at what he had observed. Surely, he thought, she has learnt my secret; and if I have been too bold and too quick, still she has not treated it with scorn, as she might have done. Something at least has been gained already in my suit. Had Yorke, however, turned round and looked behind him, he would have understood that something other than his ardent glances caused the distress which the lady exhibited.

Shortly after this, Miss Cunningham was led into the supper-tent by Major Winge of the Hussars,—a married man with a large family, thought Yorke with a sigh of relief; and then, just as he was summoning up strength of mind to follow the more distinguished guests there, the young lady emerged again therefrom with her father and Colonel Falkland, and stepping into their carriage, the party drove off.

Yorke passed into the tent, where, among other persons, was Mrs.

Polwheedle under escort of the eminent personage, who stood by the supper-table while she partook liberally of trifle and champagne; but not even her evident gratification at this distinguished position could conceal a certain sense of uneasiness. "Yes, your Excellency," she observed between the mouthfuls, "a very sweet girl indeed; but I never saw such a thing done before. The brigadier always gives the *pas* to the commissioner, of course, for he is a civilian of twenty-eight years' standing, and so takes rank over a colonel of '51; although I really think that by rights a brigadier commanding a first-class district, and reporting direct to headquarters, ought to be considered as good as a major-general. I hope your Excellency will forgive my boldness in saying so; but if the commissioner were as old as Methuselah it would not make his daughter take rank before any married lady whatever, let alone a brigadier's lady. And your Excellency knows,—who better, indeed?—that it is a rule for parties not to break up till the senior lady present takes her departure. It is really taking a great deal upon herself for a young girl like that to go off in that way from the very tent-door, in front of everybody, almost, as you may say, before supper is half over."

His Excellency observed gravely that it certainly was a sad breach of decorum, but that the young lady was probably ignorant of the rules in such cases, and that her father was understood to be unwell, and indeed looked hardly fit for late hours.

"Oh, of course, your Excellency," replied the lady, "it was not done on purpose; she has not been much in society, I daresay, poor dear girl—has lived chiefly abroad, where you meet very queer people, I believe; still the commissioner might have told her to say a word before

going, just to explain matters, you know. And as for being too ill to stay, I am sure when we were stationed at Dinapore, and the brigadier was only commanding his regiment, the civilians at Patna used to give most elegant entertainments, and many's the time I have stayed till I was ready to drop, waiting till the general's lady should go first, for I always respected other people's position; and although people say I look so strong, I can assure your Excellency I am often exceedingly delicate, especially being so subject to a rush of blood to the head. If others can put up with illness, so might some people, I think. I have never seen such a thing before since the brigadier has commanded the station, never."

"But it was papa who was unwell, not the young lady," observed her partner, with a solemn countenance; "however, no doubt, as you rightly observe, it was a shocking solecism; but perhaps a hint from you on the subject would prevent its happening again. Your advice in matters of etiquette and good taste would be quite invaluable to young persons entering on life here. I suppose it would be no good asking you to take anything more! Shall we make way for the hungry folks behind us?" and so saying, his Excellency, offering his arm, escorted the lady now radiant with smiles back to the dancing-room.

"Seen his Excellency doing the polite to Mrs. Polwheedle?" said Jerry Spragge to a brother-sub., as he helped himself to a glass of champagne.

"I should rather think so," replied the other, following the example; "best thing out by a long way."

* * * *

"Did you see Kirke here just now?" said one officer of a native infantry regiment to another, later

in the evening, as they stood together in the doorway, watching the dancers.

"Yes," said the other. "I thought it had been settled he was to go back to his regiment; but I suppose that must have been a mistake, or he would not have been here in the uniform of his irregulars."

"Oh no; he has been sent back to regimental duty beyond a doubt, and had a close shave of a court-martial—the order will be in the next Gazette. I had it from one of the headquarter people."

"Well, it was a cool thing to come here at all under the circumstances, still more to come in the uniform of a corps he has been dismissed from, and with his Excellency in the room, too. I shouldn't be surprised if Tartar and the Hussars were to take the thing up."

"He was only here for a minute or two. I saw the commissioner talking to him, apparently in remonstrance, and he went away immediately afterwards. He is a cousin of the commissioner, you know."

"Well, I am sorry for him," said the last speaker; "although I believe there is little doubt any other man might have been turned out of the service for what he did. It is a pity so fine a soldier can't keep his hands clean."

"A pity indeed. Do you remember the day he pulled our regiment out of that mess?"

"Do I not? By Jove! if he hadn't charged into that mass of Sikhs at the critical moment, and given us time to form up again, we should have come to grief, and no mistake."

"You may say so, indeed. Our fellows were uncommon shaky just at that moment—all abroad, in fact. I shall never forget Kirke's look as he rode past us, waving that long sword of his, and his eye flashing

fire; he looked the very model of a cavalry leader. He had only one squadron with him, and the Sikhs he went at must have been five or six hundred if there was a man. If Victoria Crosses had been going in those days, Kirke ought to have had one for that charge."

"There was another man in the room just now who ought to have had a Victoria Cross, if these things went by merit."

"You mean Falkland?"

"Yes. You were not at Ferozeshah? Ah, my boy, there were wigs on the green that day, and no mistake, and pale faces too! It was just touch and go at one time, I can tell you. Falkland was worth a dozen men to the chief and Lord Hardinge on that day."

"It is strange that these men who promise so well cannot keep straight. There is Braddon, now, as fine a soldier in his line as Kirke, and he, too, must needs get into trouble, although in a different way."

"Yes, and his case will be more difficult to set right. When a man takes to shaking his elbow, there is seldom much chance of a cure. 'Tis a sad pity."

Kirke's appearance at the ball, which the two officers had been discussing, happened in this wise. While Yorke was standing in the archway, as above described, looking at the one object which engaged his attention, an officer had just entered the room behind him—a handsome, well-built,

dark-complexioned man, somewhat above middle height, with a hard, resolute, but good-natured face, smooth shaven save for a large black moustache, with clear cold grey eyes, dressed in a blue tunic with heavy gold embroidery, a scarlet shawl round his waist, and a long straight sword suspended from a shoulder-belt. He, too, was looking towards Miss Cunningham, and it was at sight of him that she betrayed the confusion which Yorke too credulously ascribed to his own love-stricken gaze. Had he looked round, he would have seen Mr. Cunningham step forward from the side of the room where he was in conversation with the military secretary, and address the new-comer apparently in terms of remonstrance, the young lady the while looking down in confusion, studying the point of her little foot as it peeped out from below her dress, as if not daring to watch, yet absorbed in what passed; and that eventually her father fell back into his former place, while Kirke, after occupying his ground some little time, disappeared from the room.

As for Yorke, he went home, soon after the commissioner's party left, in a state of rapture qualified by occasional misgivings, treasuring up each word that had been spoken, each look that had been exchanged.

And at this ball there have been marshalled together for the first time before our gentle Olivia the three men whose destinies are inextricably bound up with her own.

CHAPTER V.

The visit of the distinguished personage to Mustaphabad was of course made the occasion for holding a grand review of all the troops at the station, which took place at seven o'clock the next morning but one after the ball. According to usual practice at such

exhibitions, the brigade was organised for the purpose as a complete division of all arms. Colonel Tartar assumed command of the cavalry and horse-artillery, his own regiment being taken charge of for the day by Major Winge; similarly

Brevet-Major Gurney of the horse-artillery, in the absence of any regimental field-officer, took charge of the whole arm, so that his troop fell to be commanded by Lieutenant Cubitt, who rode past proudly at the head of it. The four battalions of infantry were divided into two brigades under the senior field-officers, giving temporary steps of promotion of the same sort; while the number of acting appointments made, of brigade-majors, aides-de-camp, and orderly officers, covered the ground with a motley staff in every variety of uniform, and mounted on every description of steed, from high-caste Arab to Deccanee pony, and left hardly any officers for regimental duty. None of these good things, however, fell to the lot of our subaltern, who was fain to be content with his place at the head of the light company.

The force was drawn up in the first instance in line of battalions in column, with the horse-artillery and cavalry on the right, and the field-battery on the left; and as the 76th move down from their regimental parade to take up their appointed place, Yorke scans the miscellaneous company of equestrians and occupants of carriages assembled by the saluting-flag, looking in vain for the one object which makes the review, and life generally, interesting to him. "Here she comes at last," he said to himself, with a flutter at his heart, as he descried three riders cantering across the plain from the direction of the city. Even at this distance he can distinguish them—the Commissioner and Colonel Falkland, each riding a big horse, and Miss Cunningham on her little high-bred chestnut Arab between them. But now the 76th wheel into their place; and our subaltern in the hindmost company finds his view for the present limited by the backs of the rear-rank of number eight.

Presently there is a stir, and the line is called to attention, the word of command being repeated by acting brigadiers, and again by commanders of battalions. It is evident that the eminent personage and his staff are coming on the ground; but Yorke can see nothing. Then the word is given to present arms, while the bands strike up, very improperly, the national anthem. Then there is a tedious pause for all in the rear: the eminent personage, accompanied by the brigadier and staff, is riding down the line from right to left. There is perfect silence through the ranks, broken only by the occasional move of a battery-horse shaking its harness. Peeping to his left, Yorke gets a momentary glimpse of the different cavaliers as they pass along the field of view of the little lane between his regiment, which is on the left of the infantry, and the adjacent field-battery. First, various staff officers, singly or in couples; then the eminent personage on a big English horse, the brigadier on his Cabulee cob ambling by his side, and looking up in conversation; then a motley group of other staff officers, including the happy holders of acting appointments for the day. Among these are three or four ladies, one of whom Yorke recognises in his momentary view as plainly as if he had been looking for an hour. Miss Cunningham riding between two men in plain clothes, one in a round hat, the other strong and erect, wearing a sun-helmet. And now the cavalcade having reached the end of the line, turns round the flank of the field-battery, and begins to return by the rear, the eminent personage as he rides along at a foot-pace regarding intently the backs of the men, as if the spectacle afforded him the deepest interest. Our subaltern of course can see nothing, for he must needs look straight to the front; but soon the sound of

voices and subdued laughter announces that the tail of the equestrian party is passing behind him, and he feels the hardness of the fate which keeps him a mere dust-crusher, while so many other fellows are enjoying themselves on horseback; still more at not knowing whether Miss Cunningham even so much as saw him. Just at this moment two artillery-horses, tired of standing at attention, took to fighting and kicking, and the challenge being taken up by several others, a sensible commotion was caused in the cavalcade; and, hearing a little feminine scream, Yorke could not resist looking round. The cry had proceeded from Miss Peart, whose country-bred pony, with the combative habits of its race, had replied to the challenge by kicking out at the beast next to it, which happily being that of Mr. Lunge, the riding-master of the Hussars, a gaunt and lofty animal, had kept its rider's legs beyond range of the pony's heels; but the commotion had set Miss Cunningham's lively chestnut Arab a-prancing, and Yorke had just time to notice the grace with which its rider kept her seat.

And now begins the serious business of the day. First, the horse-artillery and cavalry canter to the front, and the former open a hot fire on an imaginary enemy; soon the latter is found to be in force, the guns are retired, and the infantry advance into action, the first brigade leading with skirmishers in advance, the second brigade in column in reserve. The said skirmishers advance in approved form, running forward a little way at the rate of about three miles an hour, then lying down and firing; and the parade being as flat as a billiard-table, without any cover or irregularity of surface as large as a walnut, this proceeding is by general consent pronounced to be a most vivid representation of the realities of

war. Then of a sudden the enemy is supposed to disappear from the front, and appear simultaneously on the right flank, a transformation which naturally involves a change of front on the part of our side—a favourite manœuvre of the brigadier in fact, executed in his best style. And now the force, its unprotected left flank pointing in the direction towards which it had just been fighting, goes to work again in the same approved style—skirmishers lying down, the supports standing just far enough off to get all the shots meant for the other, the whole advancing at about half-a-mile an hour. But now the first brigade has had enough of it, and falls back on the second, advancing thereon in line to support it. This is surely the crisis of the day, the time of all others to be watching the infantry—to see especially the 76th marching in line like a living wall. But, alas! Yorke throwing a hurried glance across the field of view, sees that the equestrian spectators are following in the wake of the dust of the cavalry, executing some mysterious manœuvre in the far distance, and is more than ever oppressed with a sense of his own insignificance. The grand advance of the second brigade is practically thrown away, and all interest now centres in the charge made across their front by the returning hussars, with the irregular cavalry close behind them.

There still remains the march past; and as the troops move along to take up their places preparatory to it, our subaltern passing with his battalion just by the saluting flag, observes the eminent personage gallantly bowing to the commissioner and party, as if inviting them to take up a good position close to himself. Mrs. Polwhedle's carriage draws up at the same time, and its occupant feels this to be one of the proud moments of her life. It was

only a few months ago that an illustrated paper had a woodcut of her Majesty reviewing the troops in Windsor Park, the royal carriage drawn up by the royal standard, and the Prince Consort on horseback just in front. Why, this seemed almost a reproduction of the picture. Here, too, was an eminent personage immediately in front of a barouche which, if it had not the royal arms on it, was still an elegant vehicle. But unalloyed happiness is seldom the lot of mortals; the company, it must be confessed, showed a total want of the respect due to high official rank, in pressing so closely round the carriage. Mrs. Polwheedle had sounded the brigadier overnight as to the propriety of railing off a space round the flagstaff, to be kept sacred for her carriage, and perhaps the commissioner and his daughter, but that gallant officer said he was afraid such a thing was not usual; and the crowd of equestrians gradually closed up, till the charmed circle of her fancy was utterly blotted out, the Roman nose of Mr. Lunge's horse actually projecting into the carriage. "A pushing man," Mrs. Polwheedle was heard to say; "but these rankers never know manners." Mrs. Polwheedle felt with a pang that in this respect the real fell painfully short of the ideal glory suggested by the illustrated paper.

For our subaltern, too, there was a disappointment in store. The time for the infantry was now coming. It was all very well for the cavalry and horse-artillery to go scampering about during a review, kicking up a dust and showing off; but everybody knows that in a march past the infantry is the sight worth seeing. The steadiest cavalry in the world is not to be compared in steadiness with well-drilled infantry; and if there was a regiment in the Bengal army which could march steadily, it was the 76th.

We come last, thought Yorke, but we shall look best; and indeed, as the battalion came up, over a thousand and bayonets, in ten strong companies, no regiment could look better, for Major Dumble had not had time yet to spoil it. But alas for human aspirations! It was the major's duty, after passing the saluting-flag, to recover his sword, and then, wheeling sharp round, to canter gracefully up to the eminent personage and remain in attendance on him till the battalion had marched past. And that worthy officer did his best to accomplish the manœuvre, albeit unaccustomed to equestrian exercise. Grasping his horse's mane firmly with the left hand, at the appointed moment he boldly struck his right spur into the animal, and pulled the right rein smartly. Too smartly, indeed; for the charger, unaccustomed to such decided treatment from his master, gave an unwieldy plunge, which nearly unseated its rider, and turning sharp round in face of the advancing grenadier company, commenced backing steadily with its stern down and its nose up in the air. In vain Major Dumble, his left hand still holding by the friendly mane, tried by tugging at the right rein to complete the circle, and so front once more the proper way—the advancing line was on him before he could escape. The grenadiers before him began marking time; the flanks of the company continued to move on; the noble line became a curve, and the confusion thus created in the leading company spread in a few seconds from front to rear. The brigadier, flushing with rage, trotted into the fray to give some angry orders; the staff laughed, the eminent personage smiled; but at this critical point a rescue came in the person of the major's native groom, who, hovering with the rest of his fraternity in rear of the spectators, was descried

by Dr. Grumbull, the surgeon of the 78th, who happened to be among the lookers-on, and was told by him to go to his master's help. This worthy, hurrying to the front, barefooted, and horse-flapper in hand, by dint of gentle coaxing, patting the horse on the neck, and calling it his son and other terms of endearment in the vernacular, succeeded in leading it to the rear, but not until the whole battalion had been covered with confusion. And as poor Yorke passed by at the head of the light company unobserved, for all eyes were now turned away, he had just time to notice that even Miss Cunningham was smiling and looking up towards Colonel Falkland, as if asking for information, while he, leaning towards her, was evidently explaining what had happened.

CHAPTER VI.

The eminent personage while in camp at Mustaphabad gave, as in duty bound, a succession of dinner-parties, so arranged that during his brief halt every member of the local society was invited in turn; and to Yorke the supreme good fortune happened of being invited for the same evening as the commissioner and his daughter. On any other occasion he would have been duly impressed with the magnificence of the reception-tent, so spacious that thirty or forty guests seemed quite lost in it, and the easy bearing of the staff officers who were present, and who, marching with his Excellency's camp, treated the entertainment quite as a matter of course. And at another time he would have felt nervous when led up by the aide-de-camp on duty to be introduced to the eminent personage. But on this occasion all these distractions had no effect on him, for standing by the eminent personage, and in conversation with him, was the object of his thoughts and day-dreams. And when after his Excellency had shaken hands affably, Miss Cunningham, as he passed on, greeted him with her usual kindness and held out her hand, the young fellow hardly knew what he was about; and as he found his way to a corner of the room, the sudden joy which had possessed him gave way to a

revulsion of feeling bordering on despair, as he thought how clumsily he had responded to the sweet condescension. That little hand, he thought, which he would have liked reverentially to raise to his lips, he had shaken—awkward blockhead that he was—no more gracefully than if it had belonged to any other lady—the brigadier's wife, for example.

That lady's name had hardly occurred to him when he heard her voice proceeding from an ottoman behind him.

"Oh yes, a very sweet girl indeed, but quite unsophisticated, and does such very funny things. You know it is always etiquette after being introduced to his Excellency to pass on and not stand near him. You see even I, who am the senior lady here, have come and sat down here just as a subaltern's wife might do. Of course it's different in my case, because, as his Excellency will have to take me in to dinner, I shall be able to talk to him all the time; but still there is a natural delicacy of feeling which ought to teach people how to behave on these occasions—don't you think so?"

But as she said this, a dreadful doubt crept over the worthy lady's mind that perhaps, after all, his Excellency might be contemplating a *coup d'état*, and would carry off

Miss Cunningham as a partner for dinner, leaving her, the brigadier's lady, neglected on the sofa to follow. Or could it be intended that Mrs. Geeowe, the military secretary's lady, then sitting beside her, should be the favoured person? True, a colonel ranked after a brigadier; but still the military secretary was a very great person, and such mistakes had sometimes been made. In the agony of mind caused by these doubts, the good lady became conscious of Yorke's presence standing in front of her, and called him to her aid.

"Oh, Mr. Yorke, is that you? How do you do? You *are* lucky, indeed, to be invited here so soon with all the bigwigs. Just tell the A.D.C. I want to speak to him—will you? Captain Sammys I mean—that's him standing there;" and suiting the action to the word, Mrs. Polwheedle began making a series of telegraphic signals with her fan, until, succeeding in catching the captain's eye, that gentleman crossed the tent at once, holding a paper in his hand, in which he was jotting down the names of the guests, preparatory to marshalling them in pairs.

"Oh, Captain Sammys, I just want to say that if you require any assistance about the names and order of the ladies, pray command my services. It must be so puzzling to meet such a number of strangers at every station, and especially at a large station like this, a first-class brigade, you know."

"Oh—ah—well, it is," said the captain; "we do make mistakes sometimes; nice little bones of contention thrown among the natives for them to squabble over after we have gone; gives them something to talk about at any rate."

"Oh, but you don't want any bones of contention here," replied the lady, hardly knowing whether or not to be offended at the meta-

phor; "it's so easy to prevent it if you only ask the proper people for information. I wanted the brigadier to have a list of all the ladies in the station made out in order of seniority, and kept at the brigade office. Now the commissioner's wife would have been senior to me, you know, only he's not married; and of course Miss Cunningham, she doesn't count in these matters. Then Colonel M'Luckie is senior to Colonel Glumme—that's Mrs. M'Luckie, the little pale thing talking to the commissioner—you wouldn't think it, for Colonel Glumme is ever so much older, and M'Luckie is only a regimental major, and they are both brevets of '54, but M'Luckie was senior as lieutenant-colonel."

"Thank you very much. I'm sure you have made it all as clear as daylight; but it's too late now, I'm afraid, to alter my list, for I should get into a hopeless muddle. You'll go into dinner with his Excellency, and I must pair off the others the best way I can."

"I am sure you will manage very well," said the lady, a beaming smile succeeding the look of anxiety which had overspread her ample face; "you gentlemen of the staff are so clever."

Yorke, of course, went in to dinner, which was served in an adjoining tent, with the crowd of gentlemen to whose share no ladies fell, as became a subaltern; but it was his good fortune to sit nearly opposite to Miss Cunningham, who was handed in by a colonel on the staff,—and having nobody in particular to talk to, he occupied himself pleasantly enough in watching her furtively. The white ball-dress seemed perfect; but surely this rich dinner dress was even more becoming. Was there ever seen so radiant and gracious a queen of beauty before? Why does not everybody in the room fall down and do homi-

age? The colonel, happily, was a married man, so there was no cause for jealousy; but an uneasy doubt crossed his mind—what if his Excellency were to fall in love with her, and make her an offer? He was a bachelor, and not much over sixty. Would she be able to withstand the temptation of the position in favour of a humble subaltern? But just then, Miss Cunningham looking round suddenly, their eyes met, and she gave him an arch look, as if recognising a friend among strangers, which drove doubts and fears out of his head for the time. And after dinner, when the company returned to the drawing-room tent, he ventured to find his way to where she was sitting, and exchanged a few words, which sent him home with bounding heart and excited brain.

And yet there was not much in the conversation itself to turn a young fellow's head.

"I felt so sorry for your regiment at the review yesterday," she said, "just as it was coming in front, and looking so well. It was your colonel's fault, wasn't it? He got in the way, or did something ridiculous, did he not?"

"Major Dumble commands our regiment; of course it's the same thing as if he were a colonel." Angry though he was with the stupid old man, he could not be so disloyal to his commanding officer as to run him down in public, even in speaking to Miss Cunningham.

The young lady understood the implied rebuke, and at once continued, "I am very sorry for making such a blunder, and quite deserve to be scolded for it; but you see, I am so ignorant of military etiquette."

"Deserved!" cried the young fellow; "to think that I should have the presumption to say that anything you said or did was not perfect."

"Yes," she said, laughing, "but it was very far from being perfect; but there is so much tittle-tattle in the world, that it is hard not to fall into the way of talking it now and then; don't you think so?"

At this moment Colonel Falkland came up to know if she was ready to go, and Miss Cunningham rose at once.

"I didn't quite mean that, Olivia; your father is anxious to be off as soon as he can, and sent me to ask you to be ready; but you must wait till Mrs. Polwheedle sets the example of rising, or you would give mortal offence."

"There, you see," said she, turning towards Yorke laughingly—"another breach of etiquette!"

"Good heavens!" thought the youngster, "what bliss to have a private understanding set up already! and this is hardly more than the third time I have spoken to her."

Mrs. Polwheedle, however, was in no hurry to leave, for she was again in conversation with the eminent personage. "I hear that your Excellency is going to march to Bangalore. I am so pleased to think that my son will have an opportunity of coming under your Excellency's notice."

"Your son, Mrs. Polwheedle?" said his Excellency; "why, I understood the brigadier here to tell me that he had no——"

"Oh no, not his son," said the lady, tapping the brigadier on the arm with her fan; "my son by the late Captain Jones of the 10th Fusiliers—my first husband, you know—Lieutenant Jones, of the Bangalore Rangers,—as promising a young officer as there is in the army, I can assure your Excellency. He has passed in the language; and I am sure your Excellency will find him deserving of any favour you may be pleased to show him."

LORD LYTTON'S SPEECHES.

CONCLUSION.

IN the former division of this paper we investigated, somewhat minutely, certain principles and springs of action which appear to us to have directed and energised the efforts of Lord Lytton's whole life. Turning our attention, specially, to certain spheres of his public activity, we attempted to show that, there, the principles in question found such constant expression, as to establish between them and his political career the immediate, consistent, and uniform relation of cause and effect. These motive principles we discovered to be, patriotism of the purest description, and an instinctive and all-comprehending passion for improvement; and, in the instances adduced, we were able to demonstrate the unbroken harmony which subsisted between the two motives, in their joint inspiration of Lord Lytton's conduct on social and political questions. Looking on his career as a wholesome example, and designing to hold it up as such, we do not think it possible to give too much prominence to these salient features in his moral and intellectual organisation, or to those other important, if subordinate, traits, to which incidentally we have called attention. We allude to that thoroughness in investigating and mastering the details of all subjects taken up, by the neglect of which, genius, too prone to be over-conscious of its wealth of intuitions, often neutralises its own efforts; to that moral straightforwardness and candour which made Lord Lytton even more incapable of unfairly misleading an opponent, than of deceiving himself, protected from self-deception as he was, by a keenness of intellectual vision altogether remark-

able; and, finally, to that lofty desire to raise the whole tone of our national life, by exalting the conception, and raising the standard, of the national character.

Varying, as to the methods of their manifestation, with the wide variety of topics embraced in the speeches, the reader will not fail to trace the effects of these characteristics in every speech which these volumes contain; and, in their relation to some of the other subjects to which we propose to advert, they will be seen under aspects somewhat different from those under which we have hitherto considered them. We have seen how they were developed in regard to questions of internal policy, where projects of legislation on social matters, or for constitutional changes, were before Parliament and the country; and, in passing on to the group of speeches which comes next in importance to those already discussed, we shall find them equally vital and active in questions of external policy, and in the momentous crises of a memorable war.

The main end which Lord Lytton desired to promote in international questions, was the preservation and growth of England's status and reputation among other nations. This was not merely dictated by a sentimental patriotism; it was also based (since the material progress of a nation is gravely affected by the national prestige), on the practical calculation of England's material interests, justified, however, from the imputation of national selfishness, by the deliberate conviction that her moral ascendancy and material advancement were equivalent to the universal growth of civili-

sation, and the general amelioration of the race. Thus, in a crisis affecting England's prestige and general interests so vitally as did the Crimean war, Lord Lytton was not likely to be a cold or passive observer. We find, as might have been expected, that he brought all his vigilance and sagacity to bear upon the observance of its conduct, and upon the diplomatic events which are interwoven with its history; and the war debates in Parliament, which make the parliamentary annals of the period especially memorable, were indebted to his eloquence for not a few of their most brilliant features.

With the history of the Crimean war, from its ostensible cause to its immediate consequences, all are familiar; and if there were, as high authorities have believed, a final cause underlying that which was patent to the world, it is still within the domain of speculation or research; nor is it too much to say that, for what more may remain to be known as a certainty, the world must wait till the testamentary revelations of the present generation disclose to its successor the secrets of that which preceded it. Lord Lytton, in his public capacity, did not occupy himself with any such speculations. Having accepted the declared objects of the war as sufficient, beyond once or twice casually remarking that, if Lord Aberdeen had been more frank with the Czar in representing the feelings of England, the war might have been avoided, he devoted himself to one consideration,—how best it might be carried on and concluded, so as to obtain guarantees against future Russian aggression, and to maintain the honour of the British flag.

The first matter, in these volumes, bearing on the subject, we find in a fragmentary letter addressed to an anonymous friend. A certain jour-

nal, favouring Conservative views, had appeared inclined to advocate a pacific policy at a time when the nation was ablaze with martial ardour. The old parliamentary dogma that the function of an Opposition is to oppose the policy of Ministers—no matter what the policy—had been strained in the columns of the journal in question to the extent of insinuating that the Conservative party could not, or ought not, to give vigorous support to a war initiated by a Whig Cabinet. Looking back to that period of profound national emotion when a community of self-sacrifice and the pathetic ties of mutual sorrows and common hopes united all classes in the country, so that the heart of the people beat as the heart of one man, we read such doctrine even now with indignant astonishment. The object of the letter alluded to is to repudiate such a position as gravely misrepresenting the feelings of the Conservative party. For himself, Lord Lytton says that he never could have given his adhesion to any party holding such a tone. But the accusation, eagerly enough caught up by political opponents, was an absurdity, and he refutes it by the *reductio ad absurdum*. So grievous an abnegation of patriotic instinct could only rest upon a selfish and perverted view of party interest. But how, in the face of the all-prevailing sentiment, was party interest to be served by outraging that sentiment? Imbecility itself could not have fallen into such an error. The interests of party and the objects of patriotism were here indissolubly bound up together.

“ I am quite sure that a hearty sympathy with the honour of the country throughout the quarrel it is now engaged in, without reference to the persons for the moment in power, will best serve the true interests of the

party, for the people will understand it by an instinct.

"The greatest good fortune that can befall an Opposition is, when it heartily and vigorously goes with the sense of the country and has before it a Ministry that affects to do the same, but is so weak that it could not stand but for a disbelief in the possibility of forming any other Ministry which would espouse the same principles. Convince the country that the Opposition could form such a Ministry, and it must inevitably replace a Government so feeble as the one now in office."

The true object of the Conservatives was, he says, not to oppose the Government, not to oppose the war, but to oppose such defects in the conduct of the war as hindered its vigorous prosecution. Whether he wrote or whether he spoke upon the subject, such was uniformly his tone; nor can his feelings be better described than in the following eloquent passage: "Out of office or in it, let us have this one thought—'England is in difficulty and danger, and by God's help we will carry her through both, with cool English heads and stout English hearts.'"

Such are the concluding words of another letter on the same theme, addressed to Mr. Delme Radcliffe. The defects of our military organisation had then become apparent. They were manifested in the sufferings of our gallant force before Sebastopol, in the attenuation of their ranks, and in the absence of sufficient and adequate materials for supplying the waste. At this critical moment a voice was raised in some quarters for peace upon inadequate terms; in other quarters for peace at any price. This was the voice of a small section; it was not the voice of the nation. The voice of the nation was indeed raised indignantly against the official incapacity which paralysed the national efforts,

but it was equally loud against the peace party who were willing to sacrifice the national reputation. In Lord Lytton we find an admirable exponent of the healthier feeling of the community at that crisis. In the letter to Mr. Radcliffe he throws himself with passionate earnestness into the supreme questions of the hour. "What was to be done?" "How were errors to be rectified?" "How was vigour to be given to our operations?" "How could we avoid a peace which should not amply sustain England's prestige?" With something like a desperate energy, he suggests one expedient after another, often carried by his enthusiasm beyond the regions of the practicable. He will supplant the commissariat by calling in the aid of private capital. He will insure the efficacy of this expedient by penal contracts. He will meet the recruiting difficulty by popularising the army. He will open its highest prizes to the ambition of its lowest grades. He will enforce a high standard of military education. If, as is alleged, drunkenness is prevalent in the army, he will hold the Commander-in-chief responsible for its extirpation. If, "by a combination of wise expedients and appeals to generous emotions," he fails to do so, he will dismiss him, and another, and another, and another, till the right man is found. In short, he will do anything and everything in the way of sacrificing the prejudices of routine and of ancient privilege to the honour of England in a time of jeopardy.

In this patriotic outburst, those who smile at the extravagance which would meet an exigency of the moment with expedients requiring years to develop their efficacy, will think less of what we may call the empiricism of the suggestions, than of the high motives which inspired

them, and honour the honest energy of emotion which could not be better attested than by the aberration of a judgment usually so clear and sober.

But—in a pause—as if anticipating the objection that time is required to make change efficacious, he argues, that the very initiation of a sound system, while it would have a magical effect on the sentiment of the army, and the people at home, would increase, abroad, that prestige and reputation of England, which it ought to be a main object of the war to secure.

“And I own to you that, looking to the state of public opinion on the Continent, I consider it less important to the ultimate destinies of England to triumph in the Crimea by the aid of France, than to establish and bequeath, when the war is over, the incontestable repute that her military efficiency is as formidable as her national courage. Success may end this war—reputation alone can preserve from others.”

He maintains, everywhere, that the Allies should determine on a certain basis upon which peace may be established, and which no success should lead them to enlarge, and no disaster, save that which accompanies irreparable defeat, should induce them to diminish. He scouted the idea of a peace procured—perhaps dictated—by the shifting views and interests of mediating powers. “Away,” he says, “with Austrian and Prussian mediation. Let Russia herself appeal to the Western Powers—appeal to them as becomes a state which, despite its reverses, has shown the bravery which all brave men respect.” A last extract from the letter to Mr. Radcliffe will complete the summary of his general views as to the war.

“Ardent as I am to carry on this

war, till Russia concedes what I hold to be the end for which the war began; convinced though I be, that upon that point all timidity, all wavering, would entail more fatal consequences upon our position and our safety than I deem it even prudent to foreshadow; yet the moment Russia herself proposes a peace upon terms that my conscience and reason tell me this country should accept, no consideration whether those terms were popular or not, whether they were advocated by this party or denounced by that, should induce me to abet my countrymen in the profitless expenditure of human life.”

The same lines of thought are developed fully in the speeches which follow on the same subject. One of these was delivered on the 27th January 1855, during the debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion for a select committee to inquire into the condition of the army before Sebastopol; another, in support of Mr. Disraeli's resolution, condemning the uncertain language and conduct of government in reference to the question of peace or war; and a third in personally moving that Lord John Russell's conduct at the Vienna negotiations had shaken the public confidence in the ministry.

These are the speeches which address themselves directly to the main features of the subject, though there are three others—on the “Capitulation of Kars,” on the “Foreign Enlistment Bill,” and on the “State of the Nation,” which all bear on the history of the war. Now these first three speeches are all obviously attacks, either on the Government of Lord Aberdeen, or on that of his successor, delivered from the Conservative benches, and aiming—in one of them at least—at the overthrow of the Cabinet. But there is no one, conversant with the events of that period, who will not, in reading the speeches in question,

acquit Lord Lytton of having spoken them under the influence of undue partisanship. They will find them perfectly consistent with the tone of the private declarations noticed above. Anxiety for the national destinies in a grave crisis, moves him to speak; and if his words are strong, and, sometimes, almost fierce, they are not forensic utterances to support a party brief; they are the cries of a righteous indignation which cannot be repressed, raised against the administrative languor and ineptitude which are wasting the national resources, and against symptoms of political tergiversation which threaten to dishonour the country through her rulers.

The circumstances which gave rise to the motion on which the first of these war speeches was delivered, will be in the recollection of most readers. The war had not long commenced when it was obvious to the world that our Government had exercised no sort of foresight, even as to the scheme of the campaign. The army was moved to Gallipoli, from Gallipoli to Varna, from Varna to the Crimea, upon what appeared to be a principle of haphazard, without any account having been taken of season or climate, without any provision made to meet the evil effects of both. Mystery shrouded the aims of those who directed the movements of the force. For a short time that mystery was credited with a political and strategical design. Not for long. Soon it was apparent that mystery was but the cloak of ignorance upon every subject where knowledge was an essential condition of success, and that a hesitancy of movement which might have been employed to mislead the enemy, was really the tentative uncertainty of conscious ignorance, desperate in the face of enforced action. Very

early in the operations, too, it became apparent that, if there had been want of foresight in contriving the plan of the campaign, there had been an equal neglect of all the details of military economy. But the landing in the Crimea took place, and if there were mystery and blunder as before, they were temporarily lost sight of in the successes of the army. The people of England, new to warlike excitement, were intoxicated by the fine achievements of our troops, and disposed to see everything in brilliant colours. Thus, anticipating an almost immediate close of the campaign, they were not inclined to investigate too closely the cause of calamities which might, moreover, appear to their inexperience unavoidable concomitants of warfare. If there were great blunders, there were grand successes to counterbalance them, and the end was at hand. So thought the people of England. But, as time went on, and the end did not come, but, instead of it, fast and thick, came home accounts of the sufferings of an unclothed, unfed, unsheltered army, ravaged by disease, and with no sufficient medical organisation to counteract it, public anxiety began to be seriously awakened. Inkerman recorded another triumph of British prowess, but, containing in itself most of the conditions of a merely negative success, it had also many of the features of a disaster; and, from this time, the nation was thoroughly aroused—indignantly resolved not only to trace the evils to their true source, but to establish a system which should prevent their recurrence. The voice of the people was loudly echoed in the House of Commons. A demand was raised for a committee of investigation. Government resisted the motion, and Lord John Russell inaugurated

a year of personal failure and discredit, which dimmed his high reputation, by retiring from the Cabinet, on the ground that he could not share their resistance, though, as he afterwards explained to a somewhat incredulous House, he was not unable to defend their conduct. The motion was carried by an immense majority. Lord Aberdeen retired from the conduct of affairs, and was succeeded by Lord Palmerston, in whom the country seemed to recognise a guarantee for competent and vigorous administration. It was in supporting this motion that Lord Lytton made the first of the speeches to which we have alluded. There was felt to be a very strong case against the Government, but the feeling was rather vague and indefinite. Lord Lytton, in this speech, concentrated all the causes of complaint, and brought them to a focus, on the incapable Ministry.

The speech is a very masterly one: it is a complete synopsis of the effects which want of foresight and energy had upon the war, from its commencement to the close of the year 1854. The diplomatic operations preceding the outbreak of hostilities had been so protracted, and the probability that war would be the result must so frequently have forced itself upon the Cabinet, that Lord Lytton justly initiated his attack by pointing out that want of previous arrangement could not be ascribed to the hurry of surprise. He denounced the selection of Gallipoli as a first point of concentration, and demonstrated that, the sea being at the command of our fleets, to secure Odessa, the feeder of Sebastopol, which lay all but defenceless before them, should have been the first object. How true this was, the subsequent events of the campaign disclosed; and if Lord

Lytton said that he mainly attributed to this initial neglect the then condition of the army, we may add that, but for it, the war would probably have terminated twelve months sooner than it did, and thus would have been avoided that profligate sacrifice of blood and treasure, and the still more costly loss of prestige, which make the year, notwithstanding all its relieving lights of heroic achievement, upon the whole a gloomy one in our annals.

“The war had begun; our fleets were on the seas—the noblest fleets that ever left these shores—and it was on those fleets, much more than our land force, that the public relied for any advantage over Russia. Well, the ships were on the sea, and Odessa lay before them, surprised and almost defenceless—Odessa, the great depot of the Russian enemy, the depot of ammunition, provisions, troops for that Crimea which you had already resolved to invade—and you content yourselves with the holiday bombardment of a single fort. And we may judge of your private instructions to your naval commanders, when for the audacity of that notable achievement your Admiral almost makes an apology. Is Odessa, I ask, spared for the sake of humanity? Humanity! Why, you were told that Odessa was the feeder of Sebastopol.”

Then there was no adequate motive for the movement of the army to Varna: on the contrary, there was the best possible reason, in the pestilential nature of the climate at that season, to send them almost anywhere else. And again, when the invasion of the Crimea was being planned in such a fashion as made an attack upon Sebastopol a strategic necessity, information, which ought to have been in the possession of Government, should have assured them that to commence the siege at that season of the year, was an undertaking to which their preparations were alto-

gether unequal. But they had no information. Ignorant of the climate, of the topography, of the resources of the country which they invaded, they undertook to meet, on his own soil, an enemy of whose capabilities to resist them they were also in entire ignorance. Here was ignorance indeed. But ignorance is sometimes cautious; it can sometimes even conceive as possible contingencies, what to knowledge would appear inevitable certainties. And if the ignorance of Government had been of this complexion, even at so late an hour as after the battle of the Alma, measures might have been taken which would have made the events of the succeeding winter and spring not one half so disastrous. A road, for example, between the camp and the harbour of Balaklava would have obviated many of them. The very plains themselves, pervaded in dry weather by columns of dust, might have suggested the necessity which would arise for a thoroughly constructed road, when the rains of winter had converted, as they were sure to convert, these columns of dust into oceans of mud. And when the siege became inevitable, the immediate extension of the medical and hospital systems would have saved an incalculable amount of suffering and loss; and who does not know that certain epidemics are inseparable from large agglomerations of men, and peculiarly so when they are in a stationary condition? and, thus, that grave emergencies by sickness are sure to arise in a besieging army?

Again, the hutting of the army was decided upon, and huts were despatched. But, though Government must have known that combatants could not be spared for the labour of disembarking and erecting them, they made no provision to meet the difficulty. Hence the huts

were still—when this speech was delivered—in the harbour of Balaklava. Thus the evils of sickness arising from climate, to which Government should not have exposed the army, not half counteracted by the medical aid which it was their duty to provide, aggravated by insufficiency of sustenance, which their organisation should have made impossible, perpetuated by overwork, which foresight, in providing reserves, should have guarded against—were consummated by the inadequacy of shelter, which Government had taxed the country to rectify, but which the imbecility of their administrative system had left unaltered. These accusations, proved to demonstration, are piled one upon another with crushing effect, and, at the end, the obvious deduction is put with singular felicity. “What is to be done?” is the cry of every voice. No man is a more shrewd observer of public opinion than the noble Lord the member for London, and his resignation significantly tells us what ought to be done.”

He is determined that the blame shall be laid at the door of the real offenders—the Government.

“Here indeed, at first glance, Lord Raglan may seem chiefly to blame. But he told you in his despatch after the battle of Alma, that he wished he had more men; and it might have occurred to you that with young recruits—many of them mere boys, weakened by disease, and not enough for the heavy work of the trenches—Lord Raglan might have no force to spare for the supplementary labour of roads, and also that he was deficient in the necessary animals and vehicles, and you ought not to have waited for Mr. Peto’s offer—your patriotism should have been no less inventive than his. It has been said, ‘How are Government to blame for winds and hurricanes, rains and mud?’ But you are to blame for taking no pains to learn that your army would be exposed to a

climate that is subject to winds and hurricanes, rains and mud. You are to blame for not resorting to the ordinary inventions of art to counteract the hostile operations of nature. When the clouds gather, a prudent man takes out his umbrella; when the wind sets in the east, he will see that his coat can button; and a man attacked by cold and disease for neglecting such everyday precautions might as well exclaim, 'How could I foresee that it would rain or that it would blow?' as you exclaim, 'How could we foresee that there would be winds, rain, or mud?'—in a climate in which winds, rain, and mud are the ordinary phenomena of winter."

The minute knowledge of every detail of the question to which, in this speech, Lord Lytton addressed himself, will strike all, and particularly those who have the best reasons for recognising the accuracy of his statements. This intimate familiarity with a subject, widely differing from those which ordinarily occupied his attention, is a significant instance of the zeal and earnestness which he brought to bear upon every matter which appeared to him to be of paramount national importance. And we see an example of his *practical* versatility, in the sagacity and foresight displayed in this uncongenial, or, at least, unwonted, sphere.

The other two speeches on the Crimean War to which we desire to call special attention, relate to the efforts of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet for the restoration of peace. They were delivered during the course of those debates which have made the parliamentary session of 1855 as remarkable as any during the century. Our space will scarcely allow us even the slightest *résumé* of the diplomatic events immediately preceding, and concurrent with, the parliamentary events out of which these debates arose; on one or two points, however, it will be necessary

to remind the reader. The Conferences at Vienna, assembled with a view to arrange, if possible, an accommodation between the belligerents, commenced in the middle of March 1855, and came to a close during the third week in April, no understanding having been arrived at. The English and French Plenipotentiaries—Extraordinary—Lord John Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhyus—had, however, undertaken, on returning to their Governments to recommend a proposal which Austria—the mediating power—promised to urge upon the acceptance of Russia, as seeming a fair means of settling the only (but always the vitally obstructing) point now at issue between the contending parties—that point being the method of applying a principle conceded, and which pointed to the modification of Russia's preponderance in the Euxine.

The Russian proposals on this head had been alternative, and were to this effect, either, first, that while there should be no restriction as to the size of her own naval force in these waters, Turkey and her allies should be allowed to maintain what force they deemed there to be necessary; or that, instead of the latter condition, Turkey should be free to summon her allies in any force, at any time when she considered that her safety required their presence. Of these proposals the Austrian scheme was a modification, based on the principles of limitation and counterpoise; but it must be emphatically mentioned that the English Government had, twice over, during the progress of the Conferences, and in terms the most explicit, pointed out to their envoy that a scheme, *virtually identical* with this, was impracticable, inadmissible, and not to be

entertained. Lord John had, at first, followed the tone of his Government, and said himself of this very scheme, that it "could only lead to such a peace as would give Russia leisure and means to prepare a new attack upon the Ottoman Empire." A singularly short interval appears, however, to have sufficed for his conversion and that of his French colleague; for almost immediately after we find them of opinion that the proposal *does* involve a sound basis for the re-establishment of peace, and that it "ought to be accepted." In accordance with this view, when, their instructions forbidding them to negotiate farther, they left Vienna, it was with an assurance on their side, to the Austrian Government, that they would do what they could to reconcile their respective Governments to its adoption. The result to M. Drouyn de Lhuys was that the Emperor declined to listen to his suggestion and dismissed him from office, while, in Lord John Russell's case, although the Austrian proposal was rejected, he remained a member of the British Cabinet; that is, believing that peace could now be justly and honourably obtained, he was allowed to remain, and did remain, in a War Cabinet, concealing his sentiments and even expressing himself, as any one who chooses to refer to the Parliamentary Reports of the period will see, in a very decidedly warlike tone.

This chain of diplomatic events, and the tone and conduct of the British Cabinet in reference thereto, led up to Mr. Disraeli's memorable resolution, moved in the House of Commons on the 24th of May, which expressed dissatisfaction with the ambiguous language and uncertain conduct of her Majesty's Government with regard to the great

question of peace or war, and under the circumstances pledged the House to give to her Majesty its most vigorous support in prosecuting the war until a peace was obtained upon adequate and honourable terms. Shortly after Lord John Russell's return from Vienna, rumours began to spread that the Austrian proposals for peace were regarded by him as containing the elements of a pacific solution; and the peace party, reinforced by some of the eminent Peelites of the late administration, believing, and no doubt accurately, that Lord John did not stand alone in this opinion, were naturally anxious to ascertain the extent of the schism, and to turn it to their own advantage. All direct efforts having failed to elicit ministerial explanations, Mr. Milner Gibson—one of the leaders of the peace party—gave notice of a motion for an address to the Queen, which, in effect, affirmed that the proposals of Russia might offer the means of obtaining a satisfactory peace. Every sort of difficulty was thrown by the Government in Mr. Gibson's way as to an opportunity of bringing forward his motion; and when the day, eventually granted him, arrived, he was appealed to not to proceed with it, on the ground that Lord Palmerston did not consider the negotiations as finally closed. To this he unwillingly assented. Now, however, Mr. Disraeli, regarding the question from a diametrically opposite point of view, took issue with the Government, and, three days after, moved the resolution above alluded to. In his speech he stated that, during the progress of the conferences, he had imbibed an opinion with regard to the intentions of Ministers which filled him with dismay. He had been precluded by the usages of parliamentary courtesy from taking

the judgment of the House, until the protocols of the conference were laid on the table. When, however, Government, in submitting them to the House, had not taken that opportunity of stating their intentions, and since Mr. Gibson's motion was withdrawn, he felt it his duty to bring forward this resolution. His purpose, he said, was to get the House to declare "that their views were not changed, nor their spirit daunted," and that their resolve was to carry on the war vigorously until, its objects being obtained, it issued in an honourable peace; and, if possible, he wished to obtain from Government a clear and precise opinion on this point. Condemning Government for the selection of Lord John Russell as their envoy, he showed that the diplomatic deadlock of the moment was mainly attributable to his proceedings at Vienna. He demanded of the Government whether there was to be peace or war? If peace, on what conditions? if war, in what spirit they meant to carry it on? What was the real situation of the hour? Had fresh proposals been made? if so, what were they? Finally he asserted that the time for negotiation had passed, and that it was absurd and impossible to combine a diplomatic policy with an aggressive war.

Mr. Disraeli was followed by Mr. Gladstone, who maintained that the war should now cease, its objects having been virtually reached; that nothing now remained in dispute but a question of detail, and that not on a matter of principle, but on the mechanical application of the principle, now agreed to by Russia, that her preponderance in the Black Sea should cease. Lord John Russell differed with him, successfully refuted his position, adopted a martial tone, declared he was for war,

and did 'anything but admit his private views as to the feasibility of peace in accordance with the Austrian solution. On the second night of the debate various celebrities spoke—among others Mr. Roundell Palmer, Mr. Lowe, and Lord Palmerston. Mr. Palmer coincided with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Lowe took a view diametrically opposed to theirs, moving an amendment in that sense, and urging that Russia's action as to the question of preponderance removed any basis for negotiations, which it was now beneath the dignity of the country to continue. Lord Palmerston was very warlike; he denied all ambiguity, but, at the same time, contrived to avoid any definite utterances as to negotiations in progress, or to be renewed. Mr. Disraeli's resolution was negatived, and an amendment by Sir Francis Baring having been brought forward as a substantive motion, the House was adjourned till after the Whitsuntide recess. Sir F. Baring's resolution substituting, for the censuring clause in Mr. Disraeli's resolution, the words that "this House having seen with regret that the conferences at Vienna have not led to a termination of hostilities," ended in terms identical with it. The debate was resumed on this resolution by Mr. Gibson, who argued that the proposal of Russia to open the Straits to the warships of all nations was better than ours, was adequate and satisfactory, and that, Russian aggression being now checked, the war should cease. And at this point was delivered the first of Lord Lytton's two speeches on this branch of the subject. In it he began by taking issue with Mr. Milner Gibson and with Mr. Gladstone. The former had asked how the continuance of the war would serve the interests of England, and to this he replied,

"Because the continuance of the war is, as yet, essential to the vindication of the national honour, and because the national honour is the bulwark of the national interests."

"For there is this distinction between individuals and nations : with the first a jealous tenacity of honour may be a mere sentiment, with the last it is a condition of power. If you lower the honour of a man in the eyes of his equals, he may still say, 'My fortune is not attacked, my estate is unimpaired, the laws still protect my rights and my person, I can still command my dependants and bestow my beneficence upon those who require my aid ;' but if you lower the honour of a nation in the eyes of other states, and especially a nation like England, which owes her position, not to her territories, but to her character—not to the amount of her armies, nor even to the pomp of her fleets, but to a general belief in her high spirit and indomitable will—her interests will be damaged in proportion to the disparagement of her name. You do not only deface her scutcheon, you strike down her shield. Her credit will be affected, her commerce will suffer at its source. Take the awe from her flag, and you take the wealth from her merchants ; in future negotiations her claims will be disputed, and she can never again interfere with effect against violence and wrong in behalf of liberty and right. These are some of the consequences which might affect the interests of this country if other nations could say, even unjustly, that England had grown unmindful of her honour. But would they not say it with indisputable justice if, after encouraging Turkey to a war with her most powerful enemy, we could accept any terms of peace which Turkey herself indignantly refuses to indorse? Honour, indeed, is a word on which many interpreters may differ, but at least all interpreters must agree upon this, that the essential of honour is fidelity to engagements. What are the engagements by which we have pledged ourselves to Turkey? Freedom from the aggressions of Russia! Is that all? No;—reasonable guarantees that the aggressions shall not be renewed. But

would any subject of the Ottoman empire think such engagements fulfilled by a peace that would not take from Russia a single one of the fortresses, a single one of the ships by which she now holds Constantinople itself under the very mouth of her cannon?"

He then dealt with Mr. Gladstone's inclinations for peace, and the arguments by which he supported them. Mr. Gladstone had said that he supported the war at its commencement because then it was just, but that now he would close the war because its object could be obtained by negotiation. But if it was just to aim at the integrity of the Ottoman Empire at the commencement of the war, it was no less so now, and, although all the other points of dispute might be settled, there was still a cardinal difference of opinion between Russia and the Allies, on the question of Russian preponderance in the Euxine. That difference was really vital. For the proposals of Russia were inconsistent with the integrity of the Ottoman Empire since they would, in fact, conduce to that preponderance which was admitted to be a threat and danger to the integrity of Turkey. The scheme of the campaign undertaken by Lord Aberdeen's ministry—of which Mr. Gladstone was a member—implied, as soon as it comprehended the invasion of the Crimea, and the siege of Sevastopol, that the capture and dismantlement of that fortress (a main buttress of the Russian preponderance) was the material guarantee for Turkish integrity and European security which Government pledged themselves to exact. The events of the war might not, Lord Lytton argued, entitle them, as yet, to demand that Sevastopol should be disfortified, but they did entitle them to demand an equivalent, in Russia's complete resignation of a Black Sea fleet,—

not a sail of hers being now able to show itself in these waters. So that Mr. Gladstone, who acquiesced in the invasion of the Crimea, ought, if he wished to be logical and consistent, to insist upon terms which nothing in the Russian proposals gave any hope that Russia would entertain for a moment. Lord Lytton then discussed and disposed of these Russian proposals in a few sentences, proving that the obvious results of both would be to keep four powers "in the unrelaxing attitude of war." "Is it," he asked, "on such a barrel of gunpowder as this that you would invite the world to fall asleep?" Assailing the attitude of the peace party and their allies, as calculated to prolong the war by rash and illogical movements to precipitate peace, he showed that it did not tend merely to inspirit the enemy, but to involve the Allies in calamity, by damping the ardour of the nations. After discussing the various amendments proposed on the original motion, he condemned them all, and asserted of that which was then before the House, as a substantive motion, that it was Mr. Disraeli's resolution "stolen, mutilated, and murdered." And, indeed, stripped of its censuring clause, the motion became an unmeaning platitude, for if there had been no reason to distrust the Ministry there could have been no cause for the House vaguely to assert its vigorous determination. He congratulated the House, however, on one result of the motion. It had quickened the ministerial energies, and compelled them to make distinct declarations. Hints had been thrown out in various quarters that it might be well to enlist the sympathies and co-operation of the "oppressed nationalities," and on this subject Lord Lytton delivered himself eloquently as follows:—

"In plain words, shall it be a war in which, to use the language of Mr. Canning in 1826, you will enlist 'all those who, whether justly or unjustly, are dissatisfied with their own countries;' in which you will imitate the spirit of revolutionary France, when she swept over Europe, and sought to reconcile humanity to slaughter by pointing to a rainbow of freedom on the other side of the deluge? Does history here give to the hon. member an example or a warning? How were these promises fulfilled? Look round Europe! You had the carnage—where is the freedom? The deluge spread, the deluge rolled away—half a century is fled, and where is the rainbow visible? Is it on the ruins of Cracow?—on the field of Novara?—or over the walls of defeated Rome? No; in a war that invokes liberal opinion against established rule, what I most dread and deprecate is, not that you will fulfil your promises and reap the republics for which you sowed rebellions,—what I dread far more is, that all such promises would in the end be broken—that the hopes of liberty would be betrayed—that the moment the monarchies of England and France could obtain a peace that realised the objects for which monarchs go to war, they would feel themselves compelled, by the exhaustion of their resources, by the instincts of self-conservation, to abandon the auxiliaries they had lured into revolt—restore to despotism 'the right divine to govern wrong,' and furnish it with new excuse for vigilance and rigour by the disorders which always distinguish armed revolutions from peaceable reforms. I say nothing here against the fair possibility of reconstructing in some future congress the independence of Poland, or such territorial arrangements as are comprised in the question, 'What is to be done with the Crimea, provided we take it?' But these are not all that is meant by the language we hear, less vaguely out of this House than in it, except when a Minister implies what he shrinks from explaining." And woe and shame to the English statesman who, whatever may be his sympathy for oppressed subjects, shall rouse them to rebellion against their native thrones, not foreseeing that in the changes of popular representative government all that his Cabinet may promise to-day a new Cabinet to-morrow may legally revoke; that he has no power to redeem in freedom the

pledges that he writes in blood; and woe still more to brave populations that are taught to rest democracy on the arms of foreign soldiers, the fickle cheers of foreign popular assemblies, or to dream that liberty can never be received as a gift, extorted as a right, maintained as an hereditary heirloom, except the charter be obtained at their own Runnymede, and signed under the shadow of their own oaks."

The debate dragged its slow length along, and ended in the acceptance of the amendment without a division, having produced, at least, this good effect, that it had served to expose the fallacies of the peace party, and to weaken their influence, besides promising to make the Ministry more circumspect by concentrating public attention on their conduct. One feature in the debate—viz., Lord John Russell's very pronounced avowal of a warlike policy, while it was accepted by some as a satisfactory answer to the suspicions of a schism in the Cabinet, and thereby strengthened the position of Ministers in the face of a vote of censure, was soon followed by consequences of unexpected gravity; for presently occurred an event which brought into discreditable prominence, from which escape was impossible, the conduct of Lord John Russell in regard to the negotiations at Vienna. On the 25th of May, a circular was addressed to the diplomatic agents of Austria, in which Count Buol disclosed the real state of the case as to the Austrian proposals which had been rejected by the English and French Governments, and declared that the plenipotentiaries of both had *approved of them and promised to recommend their acceptance*. It was not likely that a revelation so extraordinary should fail to produce a profound sensation, confirming, as it appeared to do, the suspicions so recently

allayed by the utterances of Lord John Russell, inconsistent as these were with the allegations contained in the circular. And the sensation was naturally intensified when at a very early date Lord John, in answer to a question put to him in the House of Commons by Sir John Walsh, admitted that the contents of Count Buol's despatch were correct. Mr. Milner Gibson having referred to this in the House on the 3d July, and virtually repeated the question, Lord John then declined to give (until the entire policy of the Government was a question before the House) any answer, and confined himself to the statement that Mr. Gibson had misrepresented the meaning of his reply to Sir John Walsh. Mr. Gibson, however, returned to the charge on the 6th July, and asked Government for an explanation relative to the discrepancy between their views and those of their colleague the plenipotentiary, in reference to the Austrian proposals as to the adjustment of the Black Sea difficulty. He farther wished to know how Lord John could reconcile his retention of office with the sentiments he had declared at Vienna. In reply, Lord John admitted that he *had* considered that these proposals did contain a security for Turkey, and that he had not changed his opinion. His colleagues, however, had differed with him. As to his retention of office, he justified it on this ground, that, whatever his private sentiments might be, he had felt it his duty not to weaken the Government by deserting it at a time when "the tendency of the public mind was to distrust all persons who might be the depositaries of power, and to run down authority." Lord Palmerston defended Lord John's conduct, insisting that it was ludicrous to suppose that, in a Cabinet,

one member of it was not entitled to subordinate an occasional opinion to the views of his colleagues without incurring the charge of political dishonesty. Mr. Disraeli, in one of his most powerful speeches, exposed the fallacy and the immorality of considering the question of peace or war as an open question in a Cabinet pledged to carry on the war vigorously. Lord John, he said, was a peace minister in a war cabinet; having found a pacific solution he was bound to give the public an opportunity of judging of it, instead of concealing it and preferring place and party to patriotic duty. It was under these circumstances that Sir E. Lytton gave notice of a motion affirming that Lord John Russell's conduct, and his continuance in office, weakened the confidence of the House and the country in the administration.

On the night appointed for bringing forward the motion, Lord John rose and anticipated it by informing the House of his resignation, on the ground that there seemed to be a somewhat general feeling that his continuance in the Cabinet was prejudicial to the efficient conduct of affairs. The fact actually was that a certain party in the Ministry had represented to Lord Palmerston that they were prepared to resign office rather than resist Sir E. Lytton's motion; and thus it was that Lord John Russell, who ought long ago to have been dismissed in deference to higher considerations, was now sacrificed to the cohesion and even existence of the Palmerston Cabinet. Lord John took the opportunity to repeat the explanation and attempted justification of his conduct. His tone was less humble, more Pharisaical, than on the former occasion; and he vented no small amount of spleen, in no very measured language, on the followers who had

turned against him and compelled his resignation. Sir E. Lytton then delivered the speech which was to have introduced, but in which he withdrew, his motion for a vote of censure. This was an occasion to call forth all his moral and intellectual energies. The condition of the country was very critical. The minds of men were anxious and bewildered. Seeking direction and encouragement, their eyes were turned upwards to their rulers, half in hope, and half in despair. Let us remember the heavy burdens which war always imposes, and then add to the sum of these, that burden, all but too grievous to be borne, with which incapable ministers had overtaxed the loyal self-sacrifice of the nation. Let us remember that public sentiment had driven from office a previous administration, responsible for that criminal surplus of suffering and sacrifice, and replaced them with a Government, from whose antecedents, expectations of vigorous action and pure motive had been formed. And, then, let us follow the upward look of the people, and see what they saw. What did they see? Vigour? Patriotism? Candour? Intelligible action? Nothing of the sort, but rather the opposites of each. And now while they are still under the bewilderment of these strange phenomena, a new revelation suddenly discloses pusillanimity, greed of office, duplicity, subterfuge. A startling revelation truly! There was a cry of amazement and indignation. Whom were men to trust? We who have been tracing Lord Lytton's characteristics can conceive the impression produced upon him. Sincerely loving his country and proud of his countrymen, we can imagine with what eyes this high-spirited and manly preacher of an heroic standard must have beheld in the high

places of the nation, a spectacle to make honesty bang her head and patriotism well-nigh despair.

He states his case against Lord John Russell as this, that having accepted as satisfactory the Austrian proposals at Vienna, he remained in the British Cabinet which rejected them, and was thus either guilty of promoting a war which he believed to be unnecessary and therefore wicked, or, by remaining in the Cabinet with the view of gradually converting his colleagues, or simply for the sake of retaining office, he there maintained an element of doubt and vacillation fatal to the vigorous prosecution of the war. His case against the Cabinet was, that, if they had been in earnest about the war, they could, by no possibility, have permitted peace or war to be an open question among their members, which they virtually announced it to be, by retaining Lord John Russell; and also that there was good reason to believe, evidences of which he adduced, that though they had ostensibly declined the Austrian proposals, they had, for a long time afterwards, continued to hesitate whether they should not, after all, accept terms which they had denounced as inadmissible and ignominious. He charged them with having suspended their action on this supreme question, until they had observed the tone of parties in the House, in the great debate which began on the 24th of May, thus fishing for a policy and shaping their conduct, not in accordance with conscientious conviction, but merely with an eye to the retention of office. These were heavy charges to bring, and the truth was so obscured by dubious utterances, by mystifying suppression, by misleading suggestions, and by the skilful adaptation of parliamentary forms to the uses of ministerial

strategy, that it required immense skill, constructive ability, and perseverance to substantiate them. But Sir Edward Lytton was more than equal to himself on this occasion; and there could be no better proof that his speech reached its mark than the extravagant violence and passion of Lord Palmerston's reply. Sir Edward Lytton's speech reminds us of his great performance on the Reform Bill of 1860, in many respects, and among others, in this, that it is especially free from redundancy of ornament. In neither case does he sacrifice anything to show; his eloquence seems to lose its self-consciousness, and his rhetoric is obviously a means and not an end: and all this because, in both instances, he was even more than ordinarily in earnest. We have seen how, in his attack on a previous cabinet, he could lash incapacity for presuming to rule; we see in this speech how he punishes incapacity which has dared to maintain itself in office by dissimulation. In all his orations we trace the influence of the "*exemplaria Græca*," and the grand Roman model. This speech is a Philippic. It has the brilliancy of Cicero's attack without the coarseness of his invective; and it is not less distinguished by the arrangement of Demosthenes than inspired by his noble patriotism. An astute party-leader could have selected no more formidable champion to set in the fore-front of such a battle. The simple fact that he was above the intrigues and ambitions of vulgar partisanship made him formidable. Like Sir Galahad,

"His strength was as the strength of
ten,
Because his heart was pure."

Fortunate it was for the Conservatives that their ranks boasted, at such a juncture, the presence of a

man whom an exceptional combination of qualities fitted, above all others, to vindicate the national honour thus practised upon by unworthy trustees. There is no partisan feeling in the attack; and when he brings his accusations against Lord John Russell, he does so, he says, more in sorrow than in anger. In the very heat of the onset he can remember to be magnanimous, and pays an eloquent tribute to Lord John's great previous services; and the very elevation of his tone must have been more galling to the object of his rebuke than the most ruthless attack of the most pointed sarcasm. Apos-trophising Lord John, he exclaims:

"Oh, is it you—I declare that I speak more in sorrow than in anger—is it you, whose brief and touching allusion to your past services deserved louder cheers than it received—is it you, whose labours and whose genius have so honoured your name that we feel every stain upon it as a national calamity—is it you who have taken from the people of England power and dignity for twenty years—is it you who could call upon your countrymen to send their children to a slaughter which you deemed unnecessary, and advise your Sovereign to jeopardise her sceptre rather than endanger that feeble and rickety thing you call a Government?"

Beyond the Crimean speeches, these volumes do not contain a great deal of matter bearing upon international questions, but what they do contain is very clear and comprehensive. In the prefatory part of the book are two memoranda—one on the Anglo-French alliance, the other on the Danish war—which express, in a few pregnant pages, Lord Lytton's views as to the policy of England in certain of her relations with continental states. The former note was written at a time when the real issues of our alliance with France

had not developed themselves. Had it been then published, it would certainly not have been received with general favour or credence; but reading it now, by the light of subsequent events, none will fail to be struck with the sagacity which was able, so accurately, to forecast the future. The vast majority of people in England regarded the alliance in one of two ways: either they disapproved of it,—from prejudice, however, not from reason; or they favoured it, because they thought it was a guarantee for general peace and prosperity, and for the special benefit of the two nations mainly concerned. Lord Lytton, however, foresaw in it a dislocation of the European system, and the inauguration of that prolonged period of armed peace which has for years, and increasingly, taxed the resources of most nations, in scarcely a less degree than the formidable wars with which it has been, from time to time, checkered. He also foresaw that the hopes of benefit for England were quite illusory, and those for France herself, to say the least of it, highly problematical. England, according to Lord Lytton's views expressed in this note, is peculiarly fitted, by her naval strength and her enormous wealth, to be the counterpoise of France. Regarded as such by other states—regarded as, naturally, the soul and centre of European organisation against the aggressive policy of France—her intimate alliance with that Power would, necessarily, produce alarm and anxiety in all other nationalities to whom France is formidable. In their eyes, the danger of French aggression would, of course, become doubly alarming by the possibility, at least, that England might co-operate against them, and, at all events, by the certain emancipation of France from an immemorial re-

straint which, before the alliance, the power of England exercised upon her warlike activity. Moreover, Europe would instinctively feel that in the joint action of these two nations thus allied, France would really dictate the course to be pursued, and that England, to preserve the alliance, must yield to her dictation. Again, alliances are only founded on common interests, and England, by casting in her lot with that power whose interests are in a state of permanent antagonism to those of her continental neighbours, necessarily detaches herself from the confidence of all other European states. For, guided by the instinct of self-interest, the other powers—the ancient allies of England—seeing in her no longer a safeguard, would, naturally, withdraw from her their respect, esteem, and support. As for the two nations principally concerned, any benefit that accrued to them must fall to the share of France. For the first aim of other nations would be to make the best possible terms with her, until the opportunity occurred of crushing her by a coalition. France could injure them; England, by herself, could not. The influence of England would thus be transferred immediately to her ally. The loss of ancient friendships, and of that position of weight and authority which she had hitherto enjoyed, would, therefore, be the result to England of an alliance with France. And all this without a single compensatory condition, but with everything that could render the alliance a source to her of certain disadvantage and probable peril. For when every sacrifice had been made, there would still remain the after, and very tangible, risk that, at no remote period, England, declining to accompany France in ambitious schemes repugnant to her instincts, or

opposed to her interests, would find herself alone, in a time of peril, the friendship and the alliance altogether vanished or altogether worthless, from the collapse and humiliation of their ally, whose emancipation from the restraint imposed by English vigilance would not improbably tempt her to aggressions involving her own downfall. All this would certainly not be for the benefit of Europe; it would not produce that general peace and prosperity which were held out as the prospective results of the alliance. And how would England fare in this respect? Would all this conduce to diminished taxation, to economised expenditure,—to those boons, in a word, which made the alliance popular with the commercial politicians of England? Such, generally, were the results which, in 1857, Lord Lytton foresaw from this unfortunate step in our international policy. And no one requires to be reminded how completely events have justified his predictions. England is isolated; she has lost her prestige and authority. No amount of self-deception can blind us to that fact. Russia's repudiation of the Black Sea Treaty, in the winter of 1870, was a pretty sharp and immediate exposition of the dilemma in which the alliance had landed us. As for France, she at first threw amazingly on the one-sided bargain. For several years she rode on the topmost wave of success, and appeared to be, among European powers, *facile princeps*,—formidable to all, and the cause of continual panics even to ourselves, the trusty, but no longer the confiding, ally whom she had manœuvred into isolation. Where is she now? Where is her alliance? Where are our other allies?—friends, even? Have we a single one? Lord Lytton's speech

on "Our National Defences," delivered no later than 1860, contains several strong passages, which express the sentiments of uneasiness and mistrust with which England watched the policy of France at that period—a sentiment which found spontaneous national expression in the volunteer movement:—

"If you look to the history of the world, I doubt if you can find an instance in which armies such as those with which France now casts over Europe so dark and so ominous a shadow, have ever been dispersed except in the shock of battle. And whatever the Emperor's personal ambition, it is in vain to deny that his power over the French consists in this—that he is the representative of a thoroughly French idea. What is that idea? The aggrandisement of France—the aggrandisement of France, not by the patient development of her own resources, but by the diminution and humiliation of every other power in Europe whose equal rivalry provokes her jealousies or offends her pride. That idea is not new—it does not date from the French Empire; it was the mainspring of Richelieu's policy."

"Well, then, to this French idea of aggrandisement for France at the expense of her neighbours—this French idea which, in the midst of her first terrible Revolution, Burke so well described when he said, 'The main object of France is not to be free, but to be formidable'—to this idea, cherished by the French in all phases of their history, in all forms of their government, the present Emperor has given new vitality and force; but if he died to-morrow, that idea would not perish with him."

And his deduction is, "Therefore, again and again I repeat, let us defend our shores." Events have proved that Lord Lytton's views on the French alliance were altogether the result of philosophical calculations based upon a just appreciation of national characteristics, and upon the teachings of history; and his son does not need to assure

us that prejudice, whether national or personal, had nothing whatever to do with them. It is interesting, however, to read that—though he condemned the French alliance, as above—"in the fine and chivalrous character of that great people, in their sensitive sentiment of national and personal honour, in their capacity of enthusiasm for abstract ideas, their grace, their wit, their amiability, he felt, throughout life, the liveliest and most appreciative sympathy." An early and intimate acquaintance with the home life of the French had familiarised him with the real excellences of their character, "which are strangely misrepresented in their popular literature, and very inadequately recognised by their foreign critics." Nor, in his speculations as to the results of the alliance, was his judgment affected by personal animosity to the French Emperor, or by either of those conflicting views of the capacity of that remarkable man which have divided popular opinion into two extremes, of undue depreciation on the one hand, and of over-estimation on the other. One of the earliest of the Emperor's English friends, he wrote, as far back as the year 1839, an estimate of his character on the fly-leaf of a copy of the '*Idées Napoléoniennes*,' presented to him by the author. If we compare what he then wrote with an opinion on the same subject delivered twenty years later, we shall be struck with the harmony which subsists between the two. The inscription on the fly-leaf is as follows:—

"The book of a very able mind; with few ideas, but those ideas bold, large, and reducible to vigorous action. Very much depreciated at this day by the critics of a drawing-room, Prince Louis Napoleon has qualities that may render him a remarkable man if he ever returns to France. Dogged, daring, yet somewhat reserved and close

he can conceive with secrecy and act with promptitude. His faults would come from conceit and rashness; but akin with those characteristics are will and enthusiasm. He has these in a high degree. Above all, he has that intense faith in his own destiny, *with* which men rarely fail of achieving something great; *without* which all talent wants the *mens divini*or.—1839.”

And in his speech on the “National Defences,” in 1860, he says:—

“And of all reigning sovereigns the Emperor of France is the one on whose conduct you can least reckon, according to the ordinary rules of policy and self-interest. His whole career has been one portentous prodigy. It may be a mad scheme to invade England with all her armies and all her fleets; but it would not be so mad as his invasion of France, when he landed at Boulogne with a steamboat and an eagle. In the temperament and the genius of this modern Augustus—more daring, more restless, than his Roman prototype—imagination holds a sway that baffles the calculations of sober reason. He has those strange mysteries of character which we plain men call superstitious; but they are superstitions of that nature which makes men's motives inscrutable, and their actions marvellous—superstitions as to his mission, as to his destiny, which the startling incidents of his fate have served to deepen and confirm, and which perplex the sagacity of statesmen, as the eccentricities of a comet may perplex the science of astronomers. Deal with the conventional policy of orthodox potentates, and the red-tape routine of methodical cabinets, we, sober Englishmen, very readily may; but deal with the splendid fantasies of a child of fortune and genius we never can do, except by a double stock of those vigilant precautions by which common-sense defeats the chimeras of genius and commands the caprice of fortune. Therefore, I say, defend your shores.”

England allowed it to be pretty well understood, after the Crimean war, that she would abstain from all interference in Continental disputes, save in such as affected, not,

as formerly, the balance of power. but only her own vital interests. While, however, the foreign policy of this country is shaped by the Cabinet with that amount of reserve and reticence towards Parliament which has been usually observed, it has a tendency, at any given time, to represent the ideas prevalent for the moment in the Cabinet, rather than those which embody the sentiments of the country at large. Hence we have had intervals of abstention, relieved by paroxysms of meddling, according as the temperament of this or that foreign secretary, of this or that Cabinet, has been expressed in our international policy. Any course (save, indeed, a warlike one) might, therefore, be expected on the part of the Cabinet at any time; and the public interest being alienated from foreign affairs, public opinion on any question brought suddenly into prominence, would naturally be as incalculable as everything must be which is the joint product of ignorance and caprice. Thus, in 1859, after the sudden peace of Villafranca, when a congress was contemplated to modify and mould into shape the crude provisions of the treaty hastily agreed upon by the two Emperors, there were those who argued that England's policy of abstention precluded her from taking part in the congress in question. Lord Lytton's speech on “The Italian Question” deals with this view. He admits the force of Bolingbroke's position with regard to the policy which a nation ought to observe in the dissensions which agitate its neighbours, to the effect that—

“The state which keeps its own particular interest constantly in view has one invariable rule to go by; and this rule will direct and limit all its proceedings in foreign affairs, so that such a state will frequently take no

share, and frequently a small share, in the disputes of its neighbours, and will never exert its whole strength, except where its whole interest is at stake."

But he adds that, in this Italian question, we had limited ourselves to that degree of interference which was proportioned to our interest in the quarrel—that was, to remonstrance and offers of mediation. Therefore, as we had attempted to prevent the war by these pacific exertions, we were logically bound to take part in a congress assembled to correct and consolidate the conditions of peace. The very same interests which forced us to be neutral in the calamities of war urged us not to be apathetic about the security of the peace. He argues the point, however, upon higher ground—he says that abstention in this case would not be "the becoming position for a nation which not only occupies so high a rank, but which has always volunteered its voice on behalf of all that can advance or civilise mankind, even where its interests would not permit it to promise the succour of its arms." And again, in two or three very forcible sentences:—

"But suppose it is said, that the peace, after all, be concluded on principles as crude and as maimed as those on which it commenced,—Would not England, if she took a part in the Congress, have a share in the discredit to which the peace might be exposed?

"Sir, I think not. As we had no share in the war, so we cannot be responsible for the fact accomplished in a sudden cessation of arms. No discredit can attach to us, even if we fail wholly to improve the conditions of a peace to which we were originally no party, which we neither made nor could prevent; but credit and honour attach to us, as they do to all men who, whether they succeed or not, cast their influence on the side of human interests; for success ebbs and flows with the tide of human affairs, but the con-

sistent advocacy of good stands forth clearer and bolder in every ebb and in every flow, as the landmark of future ages. And it is on that advocacy, often failing for the moment, but never discouraged, that England founds her reputation, and identifies her solitary power with the common interests of the world. And therefore I say, succeed or not, England would be untrue to her own fame if she neglected any peaceful chance of rectifying the errors and improving the condition of her neighbours. But take the other alternative. Suppose you rigidly abstain from a share in the Congress, however honourably invited—do you mean to tell me that we shall be in a station of greater dignity if the affairs of Europe be settled without us, or in a position of greater safety, when we have shown our supreme indifference to the triumph of every principle and the interests of every ally?"

In the same speech he has some very significant remarks on the hazards of neutrality, and says of England:—

"But when a nation like England is not only neutral in war, but declines all interest in the peace that follows—when it withdraws its weight from both scales in the balance, and has neither arms for the war nor counsels for the peace—I cannot imagine a position more inevitably exposed to the resentment of human nature."

In his speech on the Franco-German war, in 1870, he adverts to the same subject, and shows that the ill-judged policy of Austria during the Crimean war, led to the disasters she had subsequently undergone:—

"But there comes a crisis in any European war, where the State which most provoked jealousy and resentment is the State which shrinks out of all participation in the common danger. The example of Austria, in the Crimean war, may suffice to show the eventual evils incurred by a State which absolutely preserves a neutrality that seemed prudent at the moment. If Austria had taken part either with the Western powers or with Russia,

can any one believe that she would have encountered the disasters resulting from a neutrality which left both parties indignant at what they considered her selfish inaction? If she had sided with the Western powers, does any one believe that France would have despoiled her of her Italian dominions? If she had sided with Russia, does any one believe she would have been deserted by her old ally in the struggle to preserve from Prussia so fair a portion of her Germanic dominions?"

He states the case as between the French and German belligerents with philosophical impartiality, and is not disposed to lay upon either nation an unequal share of responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities. The respective aims and ideas of two great nationalities had become irreconcilable with each other. France, with her sensitive consideration for her hereditary place in the balance of power, and even from the point of view of her own security, regarded with jealousy and apprehension the prospect of a consolidated German Empire. Germany, on the other hand (or the moving power in Germany), aiming at this consolidation, might consider that the sooner this battle was fought out the sooner the unification of Germany might be effected. Hence a war was inevitable, and was a mere question of time. The actual pretext, therefore, was really a matter of little moment to the world in general, and need not prejudice public sentiment one way or other. Prussia, indeed, by contriving to be the challenged rather than the challenging party, was able to unite all Germans for the defence of Germany, which she could not have done for the invasion of France. She thus only followed her own obvious interests, and was entitled to credit for astuteness in not seeming to provoke a war which she really desired; but she had no claim to sympathy on the ground

that her pacific intentions were outraged and dissipated by the impetuosity of France. It appeared, therefore, to Lord Lytton that the pretext and the circumstances attending the declaration of war, need not prevent us from keeping "not only our actions, but our minds even, in the only genuine neutrality which could avail us, if we are to become hereafter mediators, — the neutrality of impartial sentiment and judgment." With regard to France, however, (alluding to that mysterious sketch of a treaty alleged to have been submitted by her representative to Prussia, and which comprehended the seizure and conquest of Belgium), Lord Lytton says, that unless she can condescend to assure us that such a proposal was never authorised, "our neutrality in point of action might be maintained, but our neutrality in point of sentiment would be impossible!" In regarding the same matter from another point of view, he says, "that if the existence of the treaty be authentic, it condemns the ultra-pacific tone of our foreign policy."

The "Memorandum on the Danish War" is a condensation of materials for a speech on that subject, so full of interest as the first of the grand closing series of events leading up to the unification of Germany, and not without much significance and instructiveness for the student of history, as an indication of the impotence of the Anglo-French alliance. The note presents us with a complete synopsis of the circumstances out of which the war arose, complicated as they were, not merely by the difficulties of Denmark's own internal policy, but also by the subtle and far-reaching schemes of Prussia. It is needless to say that Lord Lytton condemns the policy of the British Government in reference to that dispute, involv-

ing us, as it did, in a position ludicrous and humiliating to the last degree. He indicates the moment when, logically and without loss of honour, we might have recoded from a situation of embarrassment, in which, owing to the comparative smallness of our interest in the question, we never had any just reason for finding ourselves. It was our duty to call upon Denmark to fulfil the conditions of the treaty of 1852, which imposed upon her certain obligations in relation to the Duchies of Sleswig and Holstein. When she failed to do so, it was obviously unreasonable that we should expect Germany on her side to respect the treaty thus violated. And when the Danish Government acknowledged that failure, and stated that it was inevitable—stated frankly that popular feeling was so opposed to the fulfilment of these engagements, that it would have overthrown any Government adhering to them,—*then* was the time when we ought to have fallen back into the attitude of other neutral powers, whose interests in the question (taking France and Russia for instance) were really much larger than our own. Denmark's refusal (no matter on what pretext, whether on that of inability or any other) to fulfil the treaty in accordance with our advice, by redressing certain grievances of Sleswig which appeared to us to be just, clearly freed us from any further obligation in the matter.

Lord Lytton's ideas on foreign policy may be deciphered in two other speeches included in the collection. One, and that a very lengthy one, is on the Honduras question, which, although it involved us in an imbroglio with the United States of a very grave character, is so obscure in its details, and now so completely an affair of the past, that it would not afford a very interest-

ing, or very direct, medium of investigation. We shall therefore pass it over, as also, for the same reason, the speech on our last war with China. In neither should we see Lord Lytton's views under any novelty of aspect; and enough has, we think, been said to show that in this department he acted as in all others, never hazarding an opinion, or, at least, never taking a prominent part on any question, until he had sifted and re-sifted its merits, and familiarised himself with its minutest details. We think we may also say that we have adduced evidence to show that, if in no sphere his patriotism is more distinct, in none is it so completely under the control of foresight and strong practical common-sense. In great orations on topics such as these, a speaker is naturally under strong temptation to indulge in *ad captandum* flights of rhetoric, and to employ a tone, either of national self-glorification or of suggested menace and depreciation towards other States in which the elements of antagonism may be apprehended. Lord Lytton is never thus guilty. His tone on such occasions is one of grave and dignified courtesy towards other States, and of manly but not obtrusive confidence in the spirit and resources of England. Individuals of such a carriage—not more full of self-respect than of respect and consideration for the feelings of others—are seldom embroiled in quarrels with their neighbours; and in like manner, the statesman whose international policy uniformly employs a similar tone, is least of all likely to involve his country in discreditable relations with other powers, or to compel her to maintain in war a position morally indefensible. There is another topic of interest on which Lord Lytton's views may be gleaned from these volumes, and that is Colonial

policy. It may be noted that, of the speeches on this subject, none are of a date prior to his tenure of office as Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Derby's Ministry of 1858; but if, as is possible, he had paid no special attention to this important branch of policy until official life made the study of it a necessity, it is clear that from that period his familiarity with it was complete. His first parliamentary appearance on a colonial question was made in an official capacity, when introducing as Secretary of State a measure which resulted in the organisation of the new colony of British Columbia. The speech contains an interesting account of the territory and great natural resources of New Caledonia, and of the peculiar circumstances which made it necessary to provide by a, so to speak, impromptu contrivance for the government of the district. These circumstances were the discovery of gold, and the consequent influx (chiefly from the United States) of large numbers of adventurers of a very promiscuous character, and not likely, from the nature of the quest which attracted them, to settle into a harmonious or orderly community. Moreover, between these immigrants and the white settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company who were in friendly relations with the native Indians, the collisions likely to take place in the absence of any legitimate sovereign authority, might lead to complications with the American Government. And thus, as the governor of the adjacent island of Vancouver had no jurisdiction on the mainland, the Home Government felt the necessity of establishing some immediate, even if provisional, machinery, whereby temporary law and order might be secured among the motley multitude of gold-seekers, and peace maintained between them

and the natives. The premature erection of the colony of British Columbia was thus the result of a fortuitous discovery; but, in this speech, Lord Lytton pointed out that that which was, for the moment, dictated by a special necessity, must have been, in the immediate future, a deliberate act of the Imperial Government. Favoured with a climate more genial and equable than that of England, with large portions of land of exceeding fertility, with great mineral wealth, including an inexhaustible supply of the most valuable kind of coal, with abundant fisheries, and with forests of timber especially adapted to ship-building—the territory enjoyed, with all these advantages, a maritime situation so important that Lord Lytton thought it was entitled to be considered as the key of the Pacific. And thus, in introducing a provisional measure called for by the discovery of the gold-fields, he felt himself able to predict that even should the expectations connected with them fail to be realised, there were, behind these, other prospects, which would not prove illusory, and which promised that a temporary arrangement for the government of the territory would speedily merge in the regular institutions of a self-governing colony, destined to attract population and rise to eminence on a foundation independent of, and more solid than, the precarious yield of an auriferous region. These provisional arrangements Lord Lytton proposed to make in such a manner as, without risking the experiment of self-government in a form of society so unsettled, should prepare the way for free institutions to be established at the earliest possible period. A legal decision had been obtained, in the case of Vancouver's Island, that the Crown cannot establish any legislature except an elective assem-

bly and a nominative council. At the moment, there did not exist in the projected colony materials for the formation of such a constitution, or only such as were uncertain and imperfect. His scheme, therefore, was to empower the Crown, for a period of five years, to make laws for the district by orders in council, and to establish a legislature consisting, in the meantime, of the governor alone, but with authority to the Crown to establish, either by itself or through the governor, a representative assembly and a nominative council, as soon as the means of doing so presented themselves, even should that happen before the five years' limit had expired. Events proved the wisdom of these arrangements and the correctness of these forecasts. The statistics of the colony, after ten years' existence, showed that it was fulfilling its promises of future importance. Involving no cost to the mother country, its rapidly increasing revenue sustained not merely the burthen of ordinary expenditure, but provided a surplus to assist in carrying out measures for its own development. Besides which, the profit to our trade with the colony during that decade, showed a tribute paid by the latter to the mother country of £300,000. No drawbacks to the development of the colony, save such as were avoidable, then existed; the chief of these being the absence of a road between the town of Victoria and the harbour of Esquemaunt, and the erroneous policy which, on the union of Vancouver with British Columbia, deprived that harbour of the advantages of free-trade, by which it appeared likely to profit in a degree altogether exceptional. Looming, too, in the future, was the prospect which time and civilisation might realise, that British Columbia should eventually become Canada's outlet

to the Pacific. The establishment of this colony was undoubtedly the most important of Lord Lytton's measures as Colonial Secretary. As such he regarded it with justifiable pride, and it is characteristic of the man that he never ceased to take the warmest interest in its history—systematically informing himself of its progress, and appearing as its champion at a crisis when incorporation with the Dominion of Canada appeared to him to be premature, contrary to the welfare of the colony, and apt to produce an unanimous demand on the part of the colonists for annexation to the United States.

The other results of his administration were neither few, account being taken of the shortness of his official career, nor without great practical utility; so that altogether it would appear, from his brief trial, that, had physical strength admitted, and opportunity not been withheld, his genius and energy fitted him to be an invaluable servant of the Crown in that department. His son tells us that, during the last few years of his life, he contemplated with despondency the spirit, or rather the absence of spirit, which characterised our policy both at home and abroad. The tone as well as the actions of the Gladstone Administration were repugnant to his intellectual instincts and to his political convictions; but it was the apathy of the general feeling of the nation which especially filled him with dismay. This tone in the Government, acquiesced in, or at least tolerated, by the country, was at one time painfully evidenced in regard to colonial matters; and the other speeches prepared by Lord Lytton on questions of that nature are mainly intended to denounce and oppose the course of languor and indifference which Government seemed bent upon pursuing, the inevitable tendency of which was

to the dissolution of our colonial empire. In these speeches we find the abstract principles which guided Lord Lytton's views on colonial policy, as well as the special methods by which he thought they should find practical application. He regarded the colonial tie not merely with reference to the interests of the parent state; but also from the point of view of her responsibilities, not merely with regard to the material advantages which the connection brings to us, but also with reference to the welfare of our dependencies, which we, having planted them, are under obligation to assist through the perils and difficulties of immaturity. He regarded it also from the point of view of England's prestige as the head and centre of a system as unique in the magnificence of its proportions as in the loyalty and intelligence of its populations, scattered, indeed, but mainly identical in race, language, and religion. The vital importance of this prestige is brought forcibly before us in one of the speeches by the significant question—what impression would be produced on Europe, and upon the people of this country, if the First Minister suddenly came down to either House and announced that Canada had ceased to belong to the Queen of England? Apprehending that policy of disintegration on the part of Government above alluded to, he, in these speeches, builds his argument against it out of a variety of considerations, so as to make the cogency of his central position apparent in as wide as possible a range, and in every aspect under which all diversities of individual sentiment might regard it.

To the utilitarian he addresses the reflection that trade follows the flag. And we imagine that, as a general principle, all colonies, great or small, do, as a matter of fact,

prefer commercial dealings with the mother country. Taking Australia as an example, Lord Lytton says—"Mr. Elliot cites Australia. She imports into the United Kingdom more than fourteen millions; she takes from the United Kingdom more than eleven millions of home produce. Australia receives from us at the rate of £12 a-head; while the United States of America, our best independent customer, receive from us about 15s. a-head." And again: "Australia takes from you twelve times the amount in proportion to population that is taken from you by your best independent customer." And, in another speech, adducing an instance where the commercial relations between the colony and the mother country are under serious restrictions, he says: "And even Canada, in spite of her unfavourable tariff, takes four times per head the amount of our produce taken by the people of the United States. If Australia left us, or if Canada were united to the American Republic, who shall say that there would be no loss of custom?"

For the political thinker, whose utilitarian philosophy takes a less sordid view, or is at least capable of contemplating advantages separated from their remote cause by a longer series of connecting links, he has this consideration, that the diminution of trade with the colonies would be a small item in the loss which separation would involve. The real loss, from a commercial point of view, would be represented by the decrease of that energy which gives England her commercial pre-eminence among all other nations.

"But this has always seemed to me a small item in the question of gain to a country that has become the centre of a colonial system, just as by a continuous strain upon his muscular force a

man gradually increases his physical strength. And thus in the old classical story Milo began by carrying a calf just weaned, and carrying it every day, at length imperceptibly acquired the strength that could with ease carry the weight of the full-grown ox. So a nation that has begun to extend its dominions to the range of infant colonies, finds itself unconsciously augmenting the fund of all its energies in like extent—maritime—commercial. The greater the strain upon its powers the more the powers increase and the more easy becomes the pressure. Suddenly remove that strain, suddenly bid these powers relax in their enterprise and their endurance—and the loss of strength follows the collapse of exertion."

To those who take a more comprehensive view of the interests of England than that which limits itself to considerations of mere commercial expediency, he addresses the following observations:—

"Meanwhile I take the question on a wider ground than that of trade. I say that our colonies repay England not in hard money alone—not, if you please to say so, in hard money at all—but by the rank and the dignity, by the moral power, by the weight in Europe, which are due to a sceptre that casts over earth a shadow so vast and so tranquil. There is an awe which belongs to these attributes of imperial grandeur; that awe strengthens the voice that comes forth from this island on behalf of humanity and justice; that awe may keep from invasion the island itself as the centre of that marvellous combination of energy and intellect which seems to have found the secret of controlling the widest extent of empire by the smallest amount of force. But if you lost your colonies either because you said with this Report that you could not afford to protect them, or because they left you when you placed their protection upon a principle ungracious in itself and impracticable in its application, your authority would forfeit an influence, and your very shores a security."

And similarly in another speech—

"To part from such communities,

when consciousness of their own strength to stand alone makes them demand the completion of national sovereignty—to part from them thus may be wise and safe, for we then only relinquish unwilling subjects for attached allies. But to part with them now, and with cynical indifference to their security and welfare, is to leave behind the seeds of a rancour that will descend from generation to generation, and to replace loyal subjects by indignant foes."

He sums up what we may call the argument addressed to utilitarianism in the following words:—

"Whether as customers for our manufactures and merchandise, whether as outlets for our surplus population, or whether as healthful stimulants to enterprise and energy, I maintain that our colonies are of vital importance to the mother country, and immeasurably overpay the cost and the perils which are the noble conditions of a great empire."

To those who think that national action should be dictated by somewhat higher motives than utilitarian expediency, and that, here, moral obligation should be a paramount consideration, he says:—

"Yet, if you accept the advantages of a great empire, you must accept its responsibilities. Foremost amongst these responsibilities is a humane care for life and property even where not threatened by invasion. England would hear with shame and horror that in any part of the world you called men British subjects, you placed them nominally under the British flag, gave them British laws, called them countrymen, and then left them to be butchered by savages, or to be the prey of civil war with each other, because you said you had no interest in their welfare."

We feel that no apology need be offered to the reader for adding to our already somewhat copious quotations from Lord Lytton's colonial speeches. Little indeed which he wrote on any subject, can be read without both pleasure and profit;

and we are so anxious that his views on these topics should be represented as clearly as possible, and so conscious of our own inability to equal his own words in expressing his meaning, that we do not hesitate to conclude our quotations by an eloquent passage in which his own high English spirit of patriotism addresses itself to his countrymen :—

“ My Lords, is it necessary that we should abnegate the high rank in which Providence has placed our country? Shall we be content to imitate the example of Holland, without the excuse which alone justified Holland in withdrawing from the magnificent part she played on the great stage of European interests, and sinking into the silence and inertia of a fifth-rate power? The excuse of Holland was poverty and debt—was a national bankruptcy, which left her unable to support fleets and protect colonies. Have we come to this? And are we to hear this melancholy news from a Cabinet composed of all the talents? Certainly it would be a miserable confession. But there is a confession infinitely more disgraceful, which much in the anti-colonial philosophy that I fear has infected our enlightened Government, appears to imply. No, we are not grown too poor to support our colonial empire, but it is implied that we have grown too cowardly,—we fear the enemies to which it may expose us—we dread to leave any point at which their cupidity and ambition may assail us; we spend vast sums in improving our fleets and artillery, but only for holiday display, just as the Chinese place numerous images in front of their ranks, not to fight, but to frighten the enemy. We are told—we, the men of a generation only younger than that which fought with Wellington and Nelson—we are told that Canada is a free-born possession, that it exposes us to attack from America, and the statesmanship of panic bids us get rid in time of a possession which we are afraid to defend. My Lords, no man is more for the policy of peace than I am, but I am prepared for any danger which honour compels us to risk—for without

honour life is as worthless to a nation as it is to a man. But I am not prepared to encounter all the dangers that must befall England if she once, without a blush, makes that confession of cowardice to the New World and the Old. Do it, and prepare for every insult and every aggression.”

Fully recognising the duties and responsibilities of the mother State towards her dependencies, he thought that the former should require from the latter such co-operation in defensive measures as might be fairly expected of them, and in a proportion increasing with the resources at their command. It seemed to him that wherever a nation plants its flag, it is bound to defend the honour of that flag, and that every colony attacked, for the sake of striking at the empire, is entitled to the utmost military aid which the empire can bestow. But the colony which enjoys the protection of the flag, and shares in the imperial prestige, ought also to share in the imperial obligation to protect that prestige, when it is threatened by an attack on the colony in question. Thus, he thought, we were entitled to expect from every such colony a skilled and organised Volunteer force, in case of need. He believed, however, that in this exaction the parent State confers a greater benefit than it receives, by encouraging in the colonists a spirit of manhood, courage, and self-sacrifice, vitally essential to any community which aspires to be prosperous and great. On this point he, when Colonial Secretary, addressed earnest exhortations to all colonial Governments with the happiest results; and in an admirable letter to Sir George Bowen, on his appointment to be Governor of Queensland, it formed the subject of one of a concise series of memoranda on the duties of his

office, which were acknowledged by their distinguished recipient to have been of the highest value to him.

We trust that, in what we have said and quoted, we have done some justice to Lord Lytton's views on this important topic, and that his sentiments on questions of foreign and colonial policy will appear to the reader as consistent with the enlightenment of his other political views as they do to ourselves. If it is otherwise, we feel that the blame must rest with our own imperfect powers of exposition. In this review of his political speeches, we have devoted ourselves mainly to the matter which they contain, and only touched very briefly and incidentally upon the manner in which he expressed himself as an orator. In doing so, we have served our deliberate purpose of emphatically pointing to his political philosophy as an exemplar of incalculable value to the young politician in his attempts to solve those grave problems which confront him at the outset of his career; and not without solid advantage for all—beset, as every politician must be, by the temptation to square political morality to the requirements of political expediency. But we need not apologise for having given special prominence to that element in his speeches which will do more to ennoble Lord Lytton's fame than the highest flights of his oratory, nay, more than the most brilliant of all his other achievements in the wide sphere of his intellectual activity. For who can doubt that, by these volumes, he will be remembered, not as the accomplished speaker, but rather as a great man who, in an apathetic generation, loved his country with all the frank ardour of a simpler age, and who unwearyingly applied the efforts of his genius and his labour to preserve her

greatness, her goodness, her freedom, and her prosperity.

Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn has said of these speeches, that they will "remain models of the highest and noblest eloquence, and of deep thought, such as should characterise the statesman." From this verdict of an authority so distinguished, few will be disposed to dissent. To fulfil the conditions of eloquence, we seldom miss in them any of the requisite elements. There is wealth—luxuriant wealth—and grace of diction. There is an equal wealth and power of illustration. There is ardour and *élan*. As for wit, the pages are full of antithesis, and sparkle all over with epigram; and, on occasion, there is satire as gracefully pointed and as delicately subtle as it is free from malignant venom. Then there is lucidity of arrangement, seldom leaving us much to desiderate; and nothing could be happier than his method of presenting an argument, or more telling than the way in which a chain of arguments is often linked together, leading up to a climax of exceptional cogency, or summed up and their essence condensed in a single sentence, in which we are enabled to appreciate the entire merits of the question by a *coup d'œil*. With all these elements of eloquence, however, there is one feature in the speeches which occasionally appears to rob them of their full effect, and that is over-elaboration. Orations, when listened to, or even, indeed, when we read them, are associated in our minds with ideas of spontaneity and extemporaneous utterance. Of course it would be absurd to say that previous preparation necessarily subtracts from the effects of oratory; but it should be kept out of sight—nothing should be allowed to remind us of it; for if the suggestion be obtruded upon us, much of the force of the speech

will be lost. This may seem unreasonable, but it is a fact which will be attested by the experience of all. That, therefore, which, on the one hand, is connected with the extreme value of Lord Lytton's speeches, as the well-weighed, thoughtful utterances of a philosophical mind, is associated, on the other, with one of his few blemishes as an orator. The only other exception which we would venture to take to the style of the speeches is that, now and then, they have a tendency to employ language too majestic, and a tone too earnest and emphatic, when compared with the importance of the subject under discussion. These two blemishes would certainly not be carried off by Lord Lytton's style of delivery. Of this his son says, that it was greatly inferior to the intellectual attributes of his eloquence; and we do not think it would be too much to add, that his high position as an orator rested entirely upon these attributes. His delivery had to contend with the grave hindrance of a constitutional defect—deafness. To this his son attributes his failure as a debater, though he himself ascribes it to another cause. He says that he did "not possess, or rather had not cultivated, the readier faculties in any proportion to the slower and more reflective ones;" that he had little repartee, not much presence of mind, and a slow memory. In this his son thinks that he underrated himself; but between the two solutions the truth probably lies. "I cannot speak," he says, "without either preparation or the pressure of powerful excitement." It is very true that under the latter stimulant he achieved certain great successes; but they were few and far between, compared with the triumphs which rewarded the efforts of previous elaboration. The tendency of habitual literary labour—the labour

of the study—is, certainly, to unfit a man for extempore oratorical success. Nothing so much disqualifies for spontaneous utterance as a fastidious regard for perfect polish and accuracy of style; and a refined appreciation of the niceties of language is inevitably developed by leisurely composition into this fastidiousness. By it a speaker's attention is distracted from the thoughts which he wishes to express, or divided between them and the careful rounding of his periods; and so the thoughts and the words, instead of flowing forth together in a sort of mechanical harmony, alternately wait, one for the other, and an ineffectual speech is the result. Stuart Mill's failure as a parliamentary speaker was a notable recent case in point. This would satisfactorily account for Lord Lytton's comparative unsuccess as a *debater*; and even his *set* speeches, carefully elaborated and committed to memory though they were, and magnificent as they appear when read, still produced an effect altogether disproportioned to the genius which they display, and this from an equally simple and inevitable condition. Flowing as the full river of his speech always is, and fervid, even to passion, as it often is, the *torrens copia* did not flow from that inspiration which a speaker gathers from the electricity of a great assembly. The words and the thoughts were there, but the *vivida vis* which can thus only be communicated was wanting. But with all these obstacles to success, the high position which he reached as a parliamentary speaker is not disputed, and it affords a signal instance of that efficacy of labour and perseverance and determination to excel, which he was never tired of inculcating. These it was which procured for him, almost equally with his genius, that general

brilliancy of success which rewarded his career as completely as it waited upon the achievements of his ideal heroes.

"Labor omnia vincit!" the trite old copy-book aphorism found never a more earnest exponent than in him—never a more signal verification than in the wide range of his diverse successes. And he who would express the aspirations of his life in the noble motto—"δύειν ἀριστεῖν καὶ ὑπεύροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων"—will learn from Lord Lytton's precept and example that, unless the homely Latin dictum be associated with the lofty Greek sentiment, the aspirations expressed in the latter will not be fulfilled.

We cannot close this paper without congratulating the present Lord Lytton on the manner in which he has introduced the public to an intimacy, hitherto denied them, with this sphere of his father's life and activity. To anything coming from such a source we naturally looked forward with the highest anticipations; and when we say that these have not been disappointed, we say a great deal. If the prefatory memoir confines itself within very restricted limits, it fully serves its purpose of enabling us to complete a conception of opinion and character which the speeches, by themselves, could only have done in an

imperfect degree. It is enriched, as we have seen, with several fragmentary results of his father's researches and speculations, the value of which it would be difficult to overstate. Nor are the wise reflections which, here and there, the editor offers us on political matters, in a manner as unobtrusive as it is graceful, unworthy either of his own distinguished reputation or of the juxtaposition in which we find them.

His tone as a biographer—especially one writing under the circumstances—is worthy of much commendation; so remarkable is it for its impartiality, and a justness of appreciation which natural predilections are never suffered to disturb. This moderate and discriminating tone, combined with an instinctive recognition of the propriety of subordinating his own personality, are the essential attributes of a good biographer, and are the qualities which recommend his work not more to the intellect than to the taste of cultivated readers. And thus, in looking forward to a full history of Lord Lytton's life, we recognise that his son is especially fitted to raise such a monument, and such a monument as shall be worthy of one of England's greatest sons, of one of her manliest and noblest gentlemen.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

SCENES IN KASHMIR.

I HAD to break off rather abruptly last month in treating of Kashmir, and must now refer briefly to a few more picturesque places in that beautiful country. There is one excursion from Srinagar, which can easily be made in a day by boat, that is specially worthy of notice, and it takes through canals and through the apple-tree garden into the Dal-o City Lake, and to two of the gardens and summer-houses of the Mogul Emperors. I write on the shore of Ulleswater, at once the grandest and most beautiful of the English lakes: the mountains and sky are reflected with perfect distinctness in the deep unruffled water, and the renewed power of the earth is running up through the trees, and breaking out into a dim mist of buds and tiny leaves; but exquisite as the scene before me is, its beauty cannot dim or equal my remembrance of the lakes of Kashmir, though even to these the English scenery is superior as regards the quality, to use a phrase of Wordsworth's, of being "graduated by nature into soothing harmony."

The Dal is connected with the Jhelam by the Sont-i-Kol or Apple-tree canal, which presents one of the finest combinations of wood and water in the world. The scene is English in character; but I do not know of any river scene in England which is equal to it—so calm is the water, so thickly is the stream covered with tame aquatic birds of very varied plumage, so abundant the fish, so magnificent, as well as beautiful, the trees which rise from its lotus-fringed, smooth, green banks. An Afghan conqueror of Kashmir proposed to cover this

piece of water with a trellis-work of vines, supported from the trees on the one side to those on the other; but that would have shut out the view of the high, wild mountains, which heighten, by their contrast, the beauty and peacefulness of the scene below. Many of the trees, and a whole line of them on one side, are enormous planes (*Platanus orientalis*), mountains of trees, and yet beautiful in shape and colour, with their vast masses of foliage reflected in the calm, clear water.

From thence we pass into the Dal, a lake about five miles long, with half the distance and breadth, one side being bounded by great trees, or fading into a reedy waste, and the other encircled by lofty mountains. The most curious feature of this lake is the floating gardens upon the surface of its transparent water. The reeds, sedges, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants which grow together in tangled confusion, are, when they cluster together more thickly than usual, detached from their roots. The leaves of the plants are then spread out over the stems and covered with soil, on which melons and cucumbers are grown. These floating islands form a curious and picturesque feature in the landscape, and their economical uses are considerable. Moorcroft mentions having seen vines upon them, and has supplied the detailed information regarding them which has been made use of by succeeding travellers and statisticians. "A more economical method of raising cucumbers cannot be devised,"—and, he might have added, of melons also. According to Cowper,—

"No sordid fare,
A cucumber!"

But, thanks to these floating gardens, you don't require to ruin yourself in order to eat cucumbers in Kashmir; and the melons are as good as they are cheap, and must have valuable properties; for Captain Bates says, "those who live entirely on them soon become fat," which probably arises from the sugar they contain. Usually, in the fruit season, two or three watchers remain all night in a boat attached to these islands, in order to protect them from water-thieves. On the Dal I came across several boatmen fishing up the root of the lotus with iron hooks attached to long poles. This yellow root is not unpalatable raw, but is usually eaten boiled, along with condiments. Southey's lines, though strictly applicable only to the red-flowering lotus, yet suggest a fair idea of the lotus-leaves on this Kashmir lake, as they are moved by the wind or the undulations of the water.

"Around the lotus stem
It rippled, and the sacred flowers, that
crown
The lakelet with their roseate beauty,
ride
In gentlest waving, rock'd from side to
side.
And as the wind upheaves
Their broad and buoyant weight, the
glossy leaves
Flap on the twinkling waters up and
down."

Still more useful for the people of Kashmir, as an article of diet, is the horned water-nut (*Trapa bispinosa*), which is ground into flour, and made into bread. No less than 60,000 tons of it are said to be taken from the Wular Lake alone every season, or sufficient to supply about 13,000 people with food for the entire year. These nuts are to be distinguished from the nuts, or rather beans, of the lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*), which are also

used as an article of food, and prized as a delicacy. These, with the lotus-roots, and the immense quantity of fish, provide abundance of food for a much larger population than is to be found in the neighbourhood of the Kashmir lakes; but of what avail is such bounty of Providence and all the land lying round, when the first conditions of human prosperity are wanting!

Passing the Silver Island and the Island of Chúnárs, I went up to the Shalimar Bagh, or Garden of Delight, a garden and pleasure-house, the work of the Emperor Jehángír and of his sponse Núr Jahán; but fine as this place is, I preferred the Nishat Bagh, or Garden of Pleasure, which is more in a recess of the lake, and also was a retreat constructed by the same royal pair, and planned by the Empress herself. The Garden of Pleasure is more picturesquely situated, though shaded by not less magnificent trees. The mountains rise up close behind it, and suggest a safe retreat both from the dangers and the cares of state; and its view of the lake, including the Sona Lank, or Golden Island, is more suggestive of seclusion and quiet enjoyment. Ten terraces, bounded by magnificent trees, and with a steam of water falling over them, lead up to the latticed pavilion at the end of this garden. Between the double storeys of this pavilion the stream flows through a marble, or, at least, a limestone tank, and the structure is shaded by great *chúnár* trees, while, through a vista of their splendid foliage, we look down the terraces and water-courses upon the lake below. This was, and still is, a fitting place in which a great, luxurious, pleasure-loving emperor might find repose, and gather strength for the more serious duties of power. Jehángír was a strange but intel-

ligible character. One historian briefly says of him—"Himself a drunkard during his whole life, he punished all who used wine." And after the unsuccessful rebellion of his son Khusrú, he made that prince pass along a line of 700 of his friends who had assisted him in rebelling. These friends were all seated upon spikes—in fact, they were impaled; so we may see it was not without good reason that Jehángir occasionally sought for secluded places of retirement. But these characteristics, taken alone, give an unfair idea of this great ruler. Though he never entirely shook off the dipsomaniac habits which he had formed at an early age, yet it may have been an acute sense of the inconvenience of them which made him so anxious to prevent any of his subjects from falling into the snare; he hints an opinion that though his own head might stand liquor without much damage, it by no means followed that other people's heads could do so; and the severe punishment of the adherents of a rebellious son was, in his time, almost necessary to secure the throne. He did, in fact, love mercy as well as do justice, and was far from being a bad ruler. He was wont to say that he would rather lose all the rest of his empire than Kashmir;* and it is likely that in this and similar gardens he enjoyed the most pleasure which his life afforded. His companion there was Mihrunnisá Khanam, better known as Núr Jahán, "the Light of the World."† When a young prince he had seen and loved her, but they were separated by circumstances; and it was not until after the death of her hus-

band, Sher Afkan, and he had overcome her dread of marrying one whom she supposed to have been her husband's murderer, that Mihrunnisá became Jehángir's wife, and received the name of the Light of the World. A great improvement in the Emperor's government resulted from this union; the story is a curious illustration of the abiding power of love, and it goes far to redeem the character of this dissipated emperor, who would allow nobody to get drunk except himself. I daresay, if the truth were known, the Light of the World must have had a sad time of it with her amorous lord; but she was at least devoted to him, and seriously risked her life for him when the audacious Mahabat Khan unexpectedly made him a prisoner. The memory of these faithful lovers seems still to linger about the Nishat Bagh, and to have transferred itself into the imperial splendour of the plane-trees, the grateful shadow of the mountains, and the soft dreamy vista over the placid lake.

Nearly all the English visitors had left Kashmir before I reached that country, and this gave me more opportunity of enjoying the society of Mr. Le Poer Wynne, of whom I may speak more freely than of other Indian officials who remain. Two or three officers, on their way out of the valley, appeared at the Residency, and a couple of young Englishmen, or Colonials, fresh from the antipodes, who could see little to admire in Kashmir; but the only resident society in Srinagar was a fine Frenchman, a shawl agent, and Colonel Gardiner, who commanded the Maharaja's artillery, a soldier of fortune ninety years of age. Colonel

* *Voyages de François Bernier, contenant la Description des Etats du Grand Mogol.* Amsterdam, 1699.

† She was also, for a time, called Nur Mahall, the Light of the Palace; and under this name must be distinguished from the queen of Jehángir's son Shah Jahán, to whom was raised the wonderful Taj Mahál at Agra.

Gardiner was born on the shores of Lake Superior, and had wandered into Central Asia at an early period. There was something almost appalling to hear this ancient warrior discourse of what have now become almost prehistoric times, and relate his experiences in the service of Ranjít Singh, Shah Shúja, Dost Mohammed, and other kings and chiefs less known to fame. If (as I have no reason to believe) he occasionally confused hearsay with his own experience, it could scarcely be wondered at considering his years, and there is no doubt as to the general facts of his career. Listening to his graphic narrations, Central Asia vividly appeared as it was more than half a century ago, when Englishmen could traverse it not only with tolerable safety, but usually as honoured guests.

But most usually the Resident and myself spent our evenings *tête-à-tête*, no one coming in except an old Afghan *chuprassie*, whose business it was to place logs upon the fire. This Abdiel had been a sepoy, and was the only man in his regiment who had remained faithful at the time of the Mutiny—"among the faithless, faithful only he;" and the honesty of his character extended down into his smallest transactions. He took a paternal but respectful interest in us, clearly seeing that the fire must be kept up, though our conversation ought not to be disturbed; so he would steal into the room as quietly as possible, and place logs on the fire as gently as if we were dying warriors or Mogul emperors. Wynne himself was a man of very interesting mind and character, being at once gentle and firm, kindly and open, yet with much tact, and combining depth of thought with very wide culture. When a student he had employed his long vacations in attending

universities of Germany and France, and was widely acquainted with the literature of these countries, as well as able to converse fluently in their languages. To the usual oriental studies of an Indian civilian, he had added a large acquaintance with Persian poetry, and really loved the country to which he had devoted himself chiefly from a desire to find a more satisfactory and useful career than is now open to young men at home with little or no fortune. Perhaps he was too much of a student, disposed to place too high a value on purely moral and intellectual influences, and too much given to expect that young officers should renounce all the follies of youth, and old fighting colonels conduct themselves as if they were children of light. That sprang, however, from perfect genuineness and beauty of character, to which all things evil, or even questionable, were naturally repulsive; and it was wholly unaccompanied by any tendency to condemn others, being simply a desire to encourage them towards good. There was not a little of the pure and chivalrous nature of Sir Philip Sidney in Le Poer Wynne; and he might also be compared in character to the late Frederick Robertson of Brighton, whose sermons he spoke to me of as having made quite an era in his life. European culture and thought had not taught him to undervalue either the methods or the results of "divine philosophy," nor had his mind been overwhelmed by the modern revelations of the physical universe, though he was well acquainted with them; and his departure from much of traditional theology had only led him to value more the abiding truths of religion. Our conversation related only in part to the East, and ranged over many fields of politics, philosophy, and literature. I cannot recall

these nights at Srinagar without mingled sadness and pleasure. It never struck me then that we were in a house at all; but rather as if we were by a camp-fire. My host had a way of reclining before the fire on the floor; the flames of the wood shot up brilliantly; brown Abdiel in his sheepskin coat suggested the Indian Caucasus; and instead of the gaudily-painted woodwork of the Residency, I felt around us only the circle of snowy mountains, and above, the shining hosts of heaven. And to both of us this was a camp-fire, and an unexpected happy meeting in the wilderness of life. A few months afterwards, Mr. Wynne, after a short run to Europe on privilege leave, returned to Calcutta, in order to take up the office of Foreign Secretary during the absence of Mr. Aitchison, and died almost immediately after. He had not been many years in the Indian Civil Service, and the highest hopes were entertained of his future career. I had felt, however, instinctively, that so fine an organisation, both mental and physical, must either "die or be degraded;" and perhaps it was with some subtle, barely conscious pre-cognition of his early doom that Wynne rose and made a note of the lines which I quoted to him one night when we were speaking of the early death of another young Indian civilian—

"But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise."

But praise, or fame, as here used by Milton and some of our older writers, is not to be confounded with the notoriety of the world, which almost any eccentricity, vul-

garity, self-assertion, or accidental success may command. It is even something more than the "good and honest report" of the multitude, or the approval of the better-minded of the human race, both of which judgments must often proceed on very imperfect and misleading grounds. Milton himself expressed the truest meaning of fame when Phœbus touched his trembling ears, and, immediately after the passage just quoted, he went on to say—

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

It may be fancied that the poet is rather inconsistent here, because he begins by speaking of fame as "the last infirmity of noble minds;" and surely it can hardly be an infirmity to value the judgment which proceeds from the "perfect witness of all-judging Jove." But there is no inconsistency when the whole passage in *Lycidas* is considered, beginning, "Alas! what boots it with incessant care—?" The argument is that it must matter nothing, seeing that when we expect to find the guerdon and break out into sudden blaze, then comes Fate with the abhorred shears; but to this Phœbus answers reprovingly that fame is not of mortal growth, and only lives and spreads above. This suggests a double life even now, and identifies fame with our own better existence. There is no subject, however, on which men are so apt to deceive themselves as when appealing to a higher and unseen judgment: probably few criminals go to execution without

a deceiving belief that Heaven will be more merciful to them than man has been, because they can shelter themselves under the truth that Heaven alone knows what their difficulties and temptations have been, forgetting that it alone also knows their opportunities and the full wickedness of their life. Every man should mistrust himself when he looks forward to that higher fame with any other feeling than one of having been an unprofitable servant; and even this feeling should be mistrusted when it goes into words rather than to the springs of action. It is in the general idea, and as regards others rather than ourselves, that the consolation of Milton's noble lines may be found. The dread severance of the abhorred shears extends not merely to the lives of the young and promising, but to all in human life which is beautiful and good. What avails the closest companionship, the fondest love, before the presence of Death the separator? In even an ordinary life how many bright promises have been destroyed, how many dearest ties severed, and how many dark regrets remain! For that there is no consolation worth speaking of except the faith that all which was good and beautiful here below still lives and blooms above.

There are several very beautiful or striking places about the sources of the Jhelam which no visitor to Kashmir should omit to see. Islamabad can be reached in two days by boat, if the river is not in flood; and the mat awning of the boats lets down close to the gunwale, so as to form a comfortable closed apartment for night. In late autumn at least, the waters of Kashmir are so warm, as compared with the evening and night air, that towards afternoon an extraordinary amount of steam begins to rise from them. But the air is exceedingly

dry notwithstanding the immense amount of water in the valley, and the frequent showers of rain which fall; and there is very little wind in Kashmir, which is an immense comfort, especially for dwellers in tents. There is now no difficulty in obtaining information in regard to Kashmir amply sufficient to guide the visitor. The older books on that country are well enough known, such as those of Bernier, Jacquemont, Moorcroft, Hügel, and Vigne; and it is curious how much information we owe to them, and how repeatedly that information has been produced by later writers, apparently without any attempt to verify it, or to correct it up to date. Three books on Kashmir, however, which have been published very recently, will be found of great use to the traveller of our day. First and foremost of these is 'A Vocabulary of the Kashmiri Language,' by the late lamented medical missionary, Dr. W. J. Elmslie, published by the Church Missionary House in London in 1872. It is a small volume, and gives the Kashmiri for a great number of English words, as well as the English for Kashmiri ones; and he has managed to compress into it a large amount of valuable and accurate information in regard to the valley, its products and its inhabitants. To any one who has a talent for languages, or who has had a good deal of experience in acquiring them, it will be found a very easy matter to learn to speak a little modern Kashmiri, which is nearly altogether a colloquial language; and for this purpose Dr. Elmslie's vocabularies—the fruit of six laborious seasons spent in the country—will be found invaluable. The acquisition of this language is also rendered easy by its relationship to those of India and Persia. The largest number of its words, or about

40 per cent, are said to be Persian; Sanscrit gives 25; Hindústani, 15; Arabic, 10; and the Turanian dialects of Central Asia, 15. The letters of ancient Kashmiri closely resemble those of Sanscrit, and are read only by a very few of the Hindú priests in Kashmiri; and it is from these that the Tibetan characters appear to have been taken. The second important work to which I allude has not been published at all, having been prepared "for political and military reference" for the use of the Government of India. It is 'A Gazetteer of Kashmir and the adjacent districts of Kishtwár, Badrawár, Jamú, Naoshera, Púnch, and the valley of the Kishen Ganga, by Captain Ellison Bates, Bengal Staff Corps.' This volume was printed in 1873, and will be found very useful to those who can get hold of it. The principal places in the valley, and in the districts mentioned above, are enumerated alphabetically and described; and there are nearly 150 pages in which routes are detailed in such a manner that the traveller will know what he has to expect upon them. It has also an introduction which contains much information in regard to the country generally, but a great deal of this has been taken from the older writers, and some of it does not appear to have been verified. In this respect Dr Elmslie's 'Kashmiri Vocabulary' affords more original information than Captain Bates's 'Gazetteer,' but the later will be found a very valuable work of reference. The third volume I speak of is of a less learned description, and is 'The Kashmir Handbook: a Guide for Visitors, with Map and Routes. By John Ince, M.D., Bengal Medical Service;' and was published at Calcutta in 1872. This work is not free from errors, as notably in its rendering of the Persian inscriptions on the Takht-i-

Súlman, and it indiscriminately heaps together a good deal of information from various sources: it is also very costly for its size; and the arrangement is not very good; but, nevertheless, it is a useful guide-book. Armed with these three recently published volumes, the visitor to Kashmir is supplied with all the information which an ordinary traveller requires in going through a strange country; but their maps are not satisfactory, and he will do well to supply himself with the five mile to the inch sheets of the 'Trigonometrical Survey.' The antiquarian may consult Cunningham's 'Ancient Geography of India,' published in London in 1871, and Lieutenant Cole's 'Illustrations of Ancient Buildings in Kashmir.' For the sportsman there are 'Brinkman's Rifle in Kashmir,' and several other books, more or less of a light character. Bernier, the first of all the European travellers in Kashmir since possibly Marco Polo, is exceedingly good; Jacquemont's Letters are graphic and amusing, though full of insane vanity; and Moorcroft gathered himself much more information regarding the country than almost any other traveller has done, for Elmslie may almost be regarded as having been a resident.

At Pándrathan, not far up the Jhelam from Srinagar, we came upon the site of an ancient capital of the Kashmir valley, and on a very ruinous old temple situated in the middle of a tank, or rather pond. The name of this place affords an excellent example of the present state of our knowledge of Kashmir antiquities; Dr. Ince, Captain Bates, and Lieut. Cole, following General Cunningham, deriving it from *Puranadhisthana*, or "the old chief city"—while Dr Elmslie, adopting its Kashmir sound *Pandrenton*, derives it from *Darendun* and his five sons the famous *Pandus*. Hügel,

again, made the mistake of calling it a Búdhist temple, though it is clearly Hindú, and associated with the Naga or snake worship. The water round this temple makes an examination of the interior difficult; but Captain Bates says that the roof is covered with sculpture of such purely classic design, that any uninitiated person who saw it on paper would at once take it for a sketch from a Greek or Roman original. This suggests actual Greek influence; and Cunningham says, in connection with the fluted columns, porches, and pediments of Mártand,—“I feel convinced myself that several of the Kashmirian forms, and many of the details, were borrowed from the temples of the Kabulian Greeks, while the arrangements of the interior and the relative proportions of the different parts were of Hindú origin.” It is not improbable, however, that these Kashmir ruins may have belonged to an earlier age, and have had an influence upon Greek architecture instead of having been influenced by it; but, be that as it may, this beautiful little temple, with its profusion of decoration, and grey with antiquity, stands alone, a curious remnant of a lost city and a bygone age—the city, according to tradition, having been burned by king Abhimanu in the tenth century of the Christian era.

Camping for the night some way above this, and on the opposite side of the river, I saw some magnificent hunting-dogs of the Maharaja, which bounded on their chains, and could hardly be held by their keepers on the appearance of an unaccustomed figure. They were longer and higher than Tibetan mastiffs, and had some resemblance in hair and shape to Newfoundlanders, but were mostly of a brown and yellow colour. The men in charge said these dogs were used for hunting down large game, especially leopards and wolves, and

they were certainly formidable creatures; but the ordinary dogs of Kashmir are very poor animals, even excluding the pariahs. Bates says that the wild dog exists in some parts of this country, as Lár and Maru Wardwan, hunts in packs, and, when pressed by hunger, will destroy children, and even grown persons.

At Bijbehara, immediately above which the Jhelam begins to narrow considerably, there is one of those numerous and exquisitely picturesque-looking Kashmir bridges, resting on large square supports formed of logs of wood laid transversely, with trees growing out of them and overshadowing the bridge itself. This town has 400 houses; and the following analysis, given by Captain Bates, of the inhabitants of these houses, affords a very fair idea of the occupations of a Kashmir town or large village: Mohammedan zemindars or proprietors, 80 houses; Mohammedan shopkeepers, 65; Hindú shopkeepers, 15; Brahmins, 8; pundits, 20; goldsmiths, 10; bakers, 5; washermen, 5; cloth-weavers, 9; blacksmiths, 5; carpenters, 4; toy-makers, 1; surgeons (query, phlebotomists), 2; physicians, 3; leather-workers, 5; milk-sellers, 7; cow-keepers, 2; fishermen, 10; fish-sellers, 7; butchers, 8; musicians, 2; carpet-makers, 2; blanket-makers, 3; Syud (descendant of the prophet), 1; Múllas (Mohammedan clergymen), 12; Pir Zadas (saints!), 40; Fakírs, 20. It will thus be seen that about a fourth of the 400 houses are occupied by the so called ministers of religion; and that the landed gentry are almost all Mohammedan, though the people of that religion complain of their diminished position under the present Hindú (Sikh) Raj in Kashmir. For these 400 houses there are 10 mosques, besides 8 smaller shrines, and several Hindú temples, yet the

Kashmiris are far from being a religious people as compared with the races of India generally. Let us consider how an English village of 4000 or 6000 people would flourish if it were burdened in this way by a fourth of its population being ministers of religion, and in great part ruffians without family ties.

It is a very rough and uncertain calculation which sets down the population of Kashmir at half a million. The whole population of the dominions of the Maharaja is said to be a million and a half, but that includes Jamú, which is much more populous than Kashmir. Captain Bates says that the estimate of the Maharaja's Government, founded on a partial census taken in 1869, gave only 475,000; but that is better than the population of the year 1835, when oppression, pestilence, and famine had reduced it so low as 200,000. It is, however, not for want of producing that the population is small; for, according to the same authority, "it is said that every woman has, at an average, ten to fourteen children." I do not quite understand this kind of average; but it seems to mean that, on an average, every woman has twelve children. That shows a prodigious fecundity, and is the more remarkable when we learn that the proportion of men to women is as three to one. This disproportion is produced by the infamous export of young girls to which I have already alluded; and it is impossible that such a traffic could be carried on without the connivance of the Government, or, at least, of a very large number of the Government officials. Dr. Elmslie's estimate of the population of Kashmir, including the surrounding countries and the inhabitants of the mountains, was 402,700—of these 75,000 being Hindús, 312,700 being Súrí Mohammedans, and 15,000

Shias. His estimate of the population of Srinagar was 127,000; but the census of the Government in 1869, gave 136,000 for that city.

At night our boatmen used to catch fish by holding a light over the water in shallow places and transfixing the fish with short spears. So plentiful are these creatures, that between two and three dozen were caught in about half an hour, and many of them above a pound weight. I cannot say much of them, however, as articles of diet. The flesh was insipid and soft as putty, and they were as full of bones as a serpent. Vigne acutely observed that the common Himáliyan trout varies so much in colour and appearance, according to its age, season, and feeding-ground, that the Kashmiris have no difficulty in making out that there are several species of it instead of one. Bates mentions eleven kinds of fish as existent in the waters of Kashmir; but, with one exception, all the fish I had the fortune to see seemed of one species, and were the same in appearance as those which abound in prodigious quantities in the sacred tanks and the ponds in the gardens of the Mogul emperors. The exception was a large fish, of which my servants partook on our way to the Wúlar Lake, and which made them violently sick. Elmslie agrees with Vigne in mentioning only six varieties, and says that the Hindús of Kashmir, as well as the Mohammedans, eat fish. Fly-fishing is pursued by the visitors to this country, but the fish do not rise readily to the fly, and Vigne says he found that kind of fishing to be an unprofitable employment. Much, however, depends on the streams selected for this purpose, and an Angler's Guide to Kashmir is still a desideratum. Dr. Ince mentions several places where good casts are

to be had, but otherwise he affords Piscator no information.

Islamabad is a fine name, and the town which it denotes is the terminus of the navigation of the upper Jhelam. Boats do not go quite up to it, but within two or three miles of it, and there are a number of highly interesting places round it within a radius of thirty miles. Though the second town in the province, it has only about 1500 houses, and its population is a little doubtful, as the statistician leaves us at liberty to calculate from ten to thirty inhabitants to the house. It lies beneath the apex of the tableland, about 400 feet higher, on which the ruins of Martand are situated. By the Hindús it is called Anat Nag; and it is of importance to notice the number of Nags there are in Kashmir in general, and in this part of the country in particular, as the name relates to the old serpent-worship of the country. The present town of Islamabad is a miserable place, though it supports no less than fifteen Mohammedan temples, and its productions are shawls, saddle-cloths, and rugs. At the Anat Nag, where the sacred tanks are alive with thousands of tame fish, there are fine plane-trees and a large double-storeyed building for respectable travellers. I only stopped for breakfast; but a very short experience of the interior of that building drove me out into a summer-house in the garden. There is no doubt that if the fleas in the larger edifice were at all unanimous, they could easily push the traveller out of bed. The water of the sacred tanks proceeds from springs, and is slightly sulphureous in character, which does not appear to affect the health of the fish; but it is strictly forbidden to kill these fish.

At Islamabad, when I visited it, a good many newly-plucked crocus-

flowers were in course of being dried in order to make saffron, though the great beds of this plant are farther down the Jhelam. I entirely agree with the Emperor Jehángír—the man who would let nobody get drunk except himself—when he says, in his journal, of these crocus-flowers, “Their appearance is best at a distance, and when plucked they emit a strong smell.” With some humour Jehángír goes on to say—“My attendants were all seized with a headache; and although I myself was intoxicated with liquor at the time, I also felt my head affected.” One would like to know how the Light of the World was affected on this occasion, but history is silent; and, so far as I know, only Tmolus loved to adorn his head with crocus-flowers, as we learn from the first Georgic of Virgil, 56—

“Nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittet ebur, molles sua thura
Sabei.”

Notwithstanding their odious smell when fresh, these saffron-flowers, when dried, are much valued as condiment for food, as medicine, and as supplying one of the colours with which Hindús make some of their caste-marks. The saffron is called *kóng* in the Kashmiri language; and, according to Elmslie, 180 grains of saffron—the dried stigmata of the *Crocus sativus*—bring nearly a shilling in the valley itself. In good seasons about 2000 *traks* of it are annually produced in the valley, and a *trak* seems to be equal to nearly 10 lb. English. October is the season for collecting the flowers. A dry soil is said to be necessary to the growth of them; and in from eight to twelve years they exhaust the soil so much, that eight years are often allowed to elapse before growing it again on the exhausted ground.

The garden at Islamabad was full of soldiers, priests, and beggars; and I was glad to move on five miles to Bawan, on the Liddar, where there is a similar grove and fish-ponds, but far more secluded and with more magnificent trees. This is a delightful place, and almost no one was to be found in the enclosure round the tanks, which are held specially sacred. On the way thither I passed large flocks of ponies on graze, this part of Kashmir being famous for its breed. They are not in any respect, except size, to be compared with the ponies of Tibet; but they are tolerably sure-footed, and can continue pretty long daily journeys. At Srinagar I had purchased, for my own use, a Khiva horse, from a Panjabi colonel and well-known sportsman. It had been brought down to India in the year 1872 by the envoy whom the Khan of Khiva sent to Lord Northbrook to ask for assistance against the Russians—a request which was politely but firmly declined. This animal was of an iron-grey colour, with immensely thick, soft, short hair, and was of extraordinary thickness and length in the body, and so shaped that a crupper was required to keep the saddle from slipping on its shoulders. Nothing startled it; it was perfectly sure-footed, and could go long journeys among the mountains; but, though it had been shod, its feet soon got sore when I rode with any rapidity along the plains. Its favourite pace was an artificially produced one, which consisted chiefly in moving the two feet on one side simultaneously, and in that way, which was rather an easy pace, it went almost as fast as it could trot or canter.

The caves of Bhúmjú, in a limestone cliff near to Bawan, do not present very much of interest. One of them penetrates indefinitely into

the mountain, and the belief is that it goes on for twenty miles at least; but it gets so narrow and low, that I was fain to come to a stop after going about 200 paces with lighted torches. Dr. Ince, in his *Kashmir Handbook*, calls it the *Long Cave*, and says that it "may be traversed for about 210 feet; beyond this the passage becomes too small to admit a man, even when crawling, so that its total length cannot be ascertained; the natives, however, believe it to be interminable. It is the abode of numerous bats, and the rock in many places is beautifully honey-combed by the action of water, which is constantly trickling from the higher portions of the roof." The water does, trickle down upon one beautifully, but the honeycombing of the rock is the deposits of lime made by the water; and even within the 200 feet a sense of pressure is experienced from the rock-walls. Of course I was told all sorts of stories as to what lies beyond, such as great galleries, halls, sculptures, inscriptions, rivers, waterfalls, evil demons, gods, goddesses, and so forth. All this sounded very interesting and enticing; but worming along a small aperture is by no means suited to my constitution or tastes, so I resisted the temptation, and said to myself, "Let General Cunningham creep up it: he is paid for looking after the archæology of India." About fifty feet from the entrance of this passage, and opening from the left of it, there is a small cave-temple. In a still smaller excavated room nearer the entrance, there are the bones of a human being; but skeletons are not scarce in Kashmir, and no particular antiquarian interest attaches to these remains. Another cave in the immediate neighbourhood, which is reached by ladders and very steep stone steps, shows more traces of human workmanship.

This is called the *Temple Cave*. At its entrance there is a fine trefoil arch, and on one of the platforms inside there is what Ince speaks of as "a Hindú temple built of stone, of pyramidal shape, about $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, and one of the most perfect specimens of this style of architecture to be seen in any part of the country." I examined this cave rather hurriedly, and took no notes concerning it, so I cannot speak with absolute certainty; but my recollection of this Hindú temple and perfect specimen of architecture is, that it was a somewhat ordinary but large *Lingam*, an emblem which need not be explained to polite readers.

On the sides of the bridle-path from these caves to the table-land above, successive lake-beaches were distinctly visible. Geology leaves no doubt as to the truth of the old tradition that the great valley of Kashmir was once a magnificent lake, which has now subsided, leaving only remnants of itself here and there. The name of this ancient lake was Sahtisar, and the mountains surrounding it were thickly peopled. The tradition goes on to say that the lake became the abode of a terrible monster called Yaldeo, who, after devouring all the fish there were in the great water, proceeded to appease his hunger by devouring the inhabitants of the surrounding hills, who, in consequence, had to fly into the higher mountains above. At this stage the traditional Rishi, or holy man, makes his appearance on the field; his name was Kashaf, and his great sanctity had given him the power of working miracles. This holy man proceeded to the north-west of the lake, where the Jhelam issues from the valley at Bara, struck the ground with his trident, and the opening earth caused waters of the lake to disap-

pear, which soon brought about the death of the monster Yaldeo. Hence the name Kashmir, which is made out to be a contraction of Kashaf-mar, the place or country of Kashaf, the Rishi, who may thus be said to have made it. As to the truth or probability of this story about Kashaf, I need say nothing. The Hindú may turn round upon us and argue: "You say the age of miracles is over, and you can show no modern ones in support of your religion more probable or less puerile in appearance than those which the masses of this country believe that our devotees still accomplish. As the age of miracles is past for you, so, unhappily, is for us the age for the incarnation and appearance on earth of our gods, otherwise you would not be here. This we have long been taught, and see abundant reason to believe, is the *Kala Yogi*, or Black Age, when the gods have retired from the earth; but that does not prove they have never been here before. We find that even the rationalistic Socrates did not deny the actual existence of the gods of Greece; and that, in an age of culture and criticism, the historian Plutarch thoroughly believed in them. Is the universal belief of whole nations and of hundreds of millions of people for tens of centuries, to go for nothing in elucidation and proof of the past history of the human race? If so, what importance, what value, can we attach to the reasoning and conclusions of a few Western scientific men and critical historians who have formed a school within the last century? The probability would be that they, too, have fallen into delusion, and are blindly leading the blind. It is more rational to believe that the gods of ancient Greece and India really existed, as at the time they were universally believed to exist, and that they have now, alas! passed away from

this portion of the universe, or have ceased to display themselves to the degraded human race."

Some way up on the table-land, in a now lonely and desolate position, which commands the great valley of Kashmir, I found the wonderful ruin of the great temple of Mártand. Vigne was quite justified in saying that, "as an isolated ruin, this deserves, on account of its solitary and massive grandeur, to be ranked, not only as the first ruin of the kind in Kashmir, but as one of the noblest amongst the architectural relics of antiquity that are to be seen in any country." According to tradition, a large city once stood round it—and there are indications that such may have been the case; but now this wonderful ruin stands alone in solitary unrelieved glory. It is strange, in this secluded Eastern country, where the works of man are generally so mean, and surrounded by these lofty snowy mountains, to come upon a ruin which, though so different in character, might yet vie with the finest remains of Greek and Roman architecture, in its noble dimensions, in its striking and beautiful form, in the gigantic stones of which it is composed, in its imposing position, and by the manner in which gloom and grandeur are softened by its exquisite pillars, and its delicate though now half-defaced ornamentation.

This temple is situated within an oblong colonnade, composed of fluted pillars and decaying trefoil arches and walls. It rises above these in such perfect majesty that one can hardly believe its present height is only about forty feet. Its majestic outlines are combined with rich and elaborate details; but a description of these, or even of its outlines, would give no idea of its grand general effect, while desola-

tion and silence are around. Moreover, as Captain Bates remarks, "It overlooks the finest view in Kashmir, and perhaps in the known world. Beneath it lies the paradise of the East, with its sacred streams and glens, its brown orchards and green fields, surrounded on all sides by vast snowy mountains, whose lofty peaks seem to smile upon the beautiful valley below."

Baron Hügel asserts of this ancient ruin, which he calls by its name of Korau Pandau, or, more usually, Pandu-Koru, that it "owes its existence and name to the most ancient dynasty of Kashmir. The great antiquity of the ruin will be acknowledged, therefore, when I remind the reader that the Pandu dynasty ended 2500 years before Christ, after governing Kashmir, according to their historians, nearly 1300 years." That would give an antiquity of nearly 5000 years to this temple: later archaeologists, however, are more moderate in their demands upon our belief, and set it down as erected between A.D. 370 and 500; but the reasons for this are by no means conclusive. When one knows nothing about the history of an ancient temple, it is always safe to call it a temple of the sun; but in this case there is some support for the supposition in the Sanscrit meaning of the word Mártand. That, however, does not throw any light upon its age; and we may as well ascribe it to the Pandu dynasty as to any other period of ancient history. Kashmir may have been the mountain-retreat where Pandu himself died before his five sons began to enact the scenes of the Mahabharata; but modern Indian archaeologists have got into a way of constructing serious history out of very slight and dubious references. This is not to be wondered at, because the first synthetical inquiries,

as conducted by Lassen in particular, yielded such magnificent historical results, that later antiquaries have been under a natural temptation to raise startling edifices out of much more slender and dubious material. Hügel's date is quite as good as that of A.D. 370; and where all is pretty much speculation, we are not called upon to decide.

But sufficient is dimly seen in the mists of antiquity to reveal something of the past, as we stand by this ancient temple and gaze over the Valley of Roses. A temple such as Mártand, and the city which once stood in its neighbourhood, would not, in all probability, have found a place on this plateau, except at a period when the valley was a great lake. Hence we may presume that this temple and city of the Pandus belonged to a very ancient period when the inhabitants of Kashmir were located on the slopes of the mountains round a great beautiful lake, more picturesquely surrounded than any sheet of water now existing upon the earth. The people were Indo-Aryans, retaining much of the simplicity and rich, powerful naturalness of the Vedic period, but civilised in a very high degree, and able to erect splendid temples to the Sun-god. Associated with their Aryan religion they indulged in the serpent-worship which they had adopted from more primitive races, and, perhaps from the rude Turanians of the neighbouring abodes of snow. In these ancient times the people and rulers of Kashmir would be very effectually secluded from aggressive forces. No rapacious neighbours would be strong enough to disturb their family nationality; and in their splendid climate, with a beautiful lake connecting their various settlements, it is far from unlikely that the Aryans in Kashmir may have

presented a powerful, natural, and art-loving development, analogous to that which, about the same period, they were beginning to obtain in the favoured Isles of Greece. But, whether produced by natural or artificial causes—whether due to Fate or to a short-sighted desire for land—the disappearance of the lake, and the desiccation of the valley, which tradition assigns to the year 266 B.C., must have wrought a great change in their circumstances, associated as it was with the increase of the warlike mountain-tribes around. Gradually the valley-plain would afford a more fertile and easily worked soil than the slopes of the mountains, which were soon forsaken for it. The primitive serpent-worship and the natural Vedic religion would be affected by the evil Brahminism of the plains of India; and this, again, had to struggle against the rising influence of Buddhism, which is unfavourable to warlike qualities. Tartar chiefs began to dispute the kingdom with Hindú dynasties; fierce mountaineers in the Hindú Kúsh would greedily listen to rumours about the terrestrial paradise; and there would be the commencement of that state of hopeless vassalage which has condemned the Kashmiri to centuries of misery, and developed in his character its falsity and feebleness. Nothing more definite can be discerned of that early period except that the Kashmiris were a brave and warlike people; and that, even then, its women were famous for their beauty, as illustrated by the legend of the two angels Hárát and Márat, who were sent on earth by God to reform men by their example, but were ensnared by the beauty of a fair Kashmiri. Other countries are not without stories of the kind; but to Kashmir it was reserved to corrupt the reforming

angels by means of a simple courtesan. Mermaids, too, there appear to have been in the lake—the beautiful daughters of the serpent-gods, before whom even Brahmins trembled and were powerless. With the Mohammedans there comes a more troubled era. After an ineffectual attempt in the end of the tenth century, Mohammed of Ghuzni conquered Kashmir in the beginning of the eleventh century; chiefs of Dardistan and Kings of Tibet make incursions into it, and forcibly marry the daughters of its tottering Hindú monarchs; even distant Turkistan sends vultures to the prey; and the only heroism is displayed by Queen Rajpútani, the last of its Hindú sovereigns, who, rather than marry an usurping prime minister, upbraided him for his ingratitude and treachery, and stabbed herself before him. The sixth of the Moslem monarchs who succeeded and who reigned in 1396 A.D., was the ignorant zealot Sikander, nicknamed Bhútshikan or the Image-breaker, who devoted his energies to destroying the ancient architecture and sculpture of Kashmir, and succeeded only too well in his endeavours. In the next century reigned the Badshah or Great King, Zein-ul-abdin, who gave Kashmir its most celebrated manufacture, by introducing wool from Tibet and weavers from Turkistan, as also *papier-maché* work and the manufacture of paper. This extraordinary man reigned fifty-three years; he was a patron of literature, a poet, and a lover of field-sports, as well as a most practical ruler, and he gave the country a great impetus. This vantage-ground, however, was lost almost immediately after his death, and, as he had foreseen, by the growing power of the native class of the Cháks, who soon rose to supreme power in Kashmir by placing themselves at the head of the

national party. Under one of their chiefs the valley asserted itself nobly and victoriously against its external enemies; but this advantage was soon lost, through internal jealousies, enmities, and treachery; and a request for assistance offered by one of the Chák chiefs afforded Akbar the pretext for conquering the country and making it a part of the great Mogul Empire.

On the way from Mártand to Achibal I saw the only serpent which appeared before me in Kashmir; but, before I could get hold of it, the wily creature had disappeared in the grass; and those who have closely observed serpents know how readily they do disappear, and how wonderfully the more innocuous ones, even the large rock-snakes, manage to conceal themselves from the human eye in short grass, where it might be thought that even a small snake could easily be detected. I have been instructed by Indian snake-charmers, who are rather averse to parting with their peculiar knowledge, and have tried my hand successfully on a small wild cobra, between three and four feet in length, so I speak with knowledge and experience on this subject; but this Kashmir snake I refer to eluded my grasp. It was only about two and a half or three feet long, and had the appearance of a viper; but I do not know what it was. The *gahas*, or *aphia*, is a species of viper which is said to be very dangerous, and is most dreaded by the people of the country. The latter name has suggested, and very properly suggests, the *ὄφης* of the Greeks. Serpents are scarce in Kashmir, and do not at all interfere with the great pleasure of camping-out in that country. There is more annoyance from leopards, especially for people who have small dogs with them; for the leopard has quite a mania for that

sort of diet, and will not hesitate to penetrate into your tent at night in quest of his game.

Achibal and Vernag are two delightful places, such as no other country in the world can present; but their general characteristics are so similar that I shall not attempt to describe them separately. They resemble the Shalimar and Nishat Gardens, to which I have already alluded, but are more secluded, more beautiful, and more poetic. *Bal* means a place, and *Ash* is the satyr of Kashmir traditions. *Ver*, according to Elmslie, is the name of the district in which the summer palace is situated; but it is probably *vir*, which may be either the Kashmir word for the weeping willow (which would suit it well enough), or an old Aryan form for the Latin *vir*. On the latter supposition it would be the haunt of the man-serpents, and it is exactly the place that would have suited them in ancient or any times.

Both Achibal and Vernag were favourite haunts of our friend Jehángír, and of his wife Núr Jahán, the Light of the World. If that immortal pair required any proof of their superiority, it would be found in the retreats which they chose for themselves, and which

mark them out as above the level of ordinary and even royal humanity. At Achibal, a spring of water, the largest in Kashmir, rises at the head of the beautiful pleasure-garden, underneath an overshadowing cliff, and this is supposed to be the reappearance of a river which disappears in the mountains some miles above. At Vernag, also, a large spring bubbles up in almost icy coldness beneath a gigantic cliff, fringed with birch and light ash that

“Pendent from the brow
Of yon dim cave in seeming silence make
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs.”

It is more specially interesting, however, as the source of the Jhelam or Hydaspes; and as I sat beside it on an evening of delicious repose, an old schoolboy recollection came to mind, and it was pleasant to find that if I could not venture to claim entirely the

“Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,”

yet I had escaped the Maurian darts, and had been enabled to travel in safety—

“Sive per Syrtis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.”

NEW BOOKS.

ONE of the greatest of recent national enterprises—of that quieter kind which makes small commotion in public affairs, but contributes much more surely than more noisy works to the cultivation of the country—has been the National Portrait Gallery, of which a few vague notices have appeared from time to time in the papers, and of which a few enterprising sight-seers have seen the beginning. Such a collection is of the deepest interest to all historical students; it often clears up to us the dimmer byways of history, and gives life and human expression to names, which, as names only, call forth but a dim and uncertain interest. With still greater force may this be said of the biographical collections, formed without any national character or help, at uncertain intervals, by hands unassociated and individual, according to personal taste or experience, which, gradually accumulating, write for us, as it were, a second or more particular history between the lines of the broader record, and illuminate the past in a way more effectual than can be done by any imperial record of wars and negotiations. Each man where he appears clears a little standing ground about him—an old-fashioned street perhaps, a cluster of quiet fields, a worm-eaten crowded old library, a cell or closet. Each with his “little span of sky and little lot of stars” reveals to us how our predecessors lived and laboured, not much wiser, or less wise, than we are, giving us little occasion for complacency in the thought of our nineteenth century privileges, but at the same time leaving in our minds no discouraging sense of falling back. Development is a pretty

theory; and far be it from us to deny or doubt its decisions as to the Ascidians, &c., of whom our knowledge is small, and in whom our interest is still smaller; but so far as men are concerned, and so far as history goes, there is not much to be found in favour of the development theory. From Homer downwards, men, as poetry shows them, have been as like the men we know as it is possible to conceive; and every contribution to biography shows more clearly the unchangeableness of the *pâte* from which we all are fashioned. Garments change and ways of living, and those conveniences, which to the vulgar mind serve to transmogrify life altogether, alter and grow; but the being in the midst of them no more changes his mind than his outward semblance, and is all through our very brother, in weakness as in strength, in foibles as in talents. Every new evidence of this is interesting; and the art of biography is, like the kindred art of portrait-painting, a perpetual aid to us in our researches into the past. The more various the faces, the characteristics, the individualities, presented to us by either, the more is our horizon enlarged, and our views of our race grow wider and more great.

The last figure displayed to us by this act of literary portraiture was one of the small and characteristic order of Princes, a man in himself more remarkable even than his position, though that was one which not half-a-dozen men since the world began have held. To-day we go back into a narrower world, a scene more obscure though not less characteristic—a race almost as limited as that of princes. It is a scholar,* mild and dim, with stooping frame

* Isaac Casaubon. By Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College.

and inward-gazing eyes, that calls our attention; not loudly, for the man is still, unused to commotion, and scared by it like any frightened mouse among the autumn sheaves; yet, in his way, with force as characteristic as the loudest soldier or statesman whose trumpet Fame has blown most strenuously. Nay, almost more so; for the great general and the great ruler must alike submit to certain conventional restrictions; but the humble scholar is safe to hold his own against those tricks of fashion which never reach him, those levelling influences of the great world to which, in his seclusion, he is scarcely subject. We might indeed roam over the bigger record of the world, and many of the lanes and byways of the age in which he lived, without finding him out, where he works like a mole in the learned gloom of his library; but once that the lantern of patient and friendly research is turned upon him, his very strangeness and novelty give him interest. The dimness of him, unaccustomed to the light, the timid movements, the hard ado he has to keep his obscure silent way amid the too much glitter and sensation of the surrounding crowd, all mark the perfectly novel individuality of the figure. He is new to us, yet so true, that, though we never perhaps saw another specimen of his kind, we recognise the portrait in a moment. Dr. Pattison has chosen a hero whom few biographers perhaps would have selected from the full ranks of the unrecorded; but his choice, if it does not supply any source of very warm interest or enthusiasm, at least affords a picture original and novel as well as true.

The name of Isaac Casaubon, one of the most learned men, and absolutely the first Greek scholar of his time, will probably recall to a great many readers the imaginary

bookworm whom one of the greatest of living novelists has called after him; and perhaps some shadow of a feeling that the gentle old scholar had been wronged by the shadow of that selfish egotist thrown over him, has moved Dr. Pattison to vindicate his good name. The Casaubon of Geneva, of Paris, of London, is, however, very little like Mr. Casaubon in 'Middlemarch.' Scholarship, properly so called, is not, perhaps, in itself a widening or liberal pursuit—though we speak of a liberal education, and our fathers called letters Humanity. In the nature of things, however, the mere acquiring of knowledge for no particular purpose, the pursuit of reading, as reading, for the information of one's own individual mind, without any immediate reference to the world or other minds, is not an expansive or morally improving process. A man whose warmest wish is to be left alone, to get rid of the interruption of friendly visits and social intercourse, and shut himself up with his books, must be liable more or less to the imputation of selfishness. Dr. Pattison does not claim any higher aims for his hero. When he was in full possession of the royal library of France, then one of the first in Europe, his historian allows that Casaubon did not even attempt to arrange or catalogue the wealth of books around him so as to make them useful to others, but, like a glutton, read, shutting himself up in solitary luxury to consume the food for which he had so inordinate an appetite. His productions, such as they were, "are now consigned to one common oblivion." Even for scholars they have, Dr. Pattison says, "but a secondary value"—"an historical interest," no more. Casaubon had no genius, though a great deal of industry, and no perception of the loftier beauties of literature. "The higher

accents of Greek history and speculation he could not catch." "Greek speculation was wholly closed to him." His occupation in this world was to read—not the best of books, even; simple reading, of anything or everything that turned up, seems to have contented him. The books he edited are not the greater works of antiquity, but the lesser; he "interpreted the past" only by means of its second-rate exponents. Dr. Pattison, however, though he perceives his failings, is somewhat disposed to elevate his bookworm into a sublime position, raising him upon the pedestal of all those dusty piles through which he worked his not very profitable way. "The scholar is greater than his books," he tells us in a little burst of enthusiasm. "The result of his labours is not so many thousand pages in folio, but himself. . . . Learning is a peculiar compound of memory, imagination, scientific habit, accurate observation, all concentrated, through a prolonged period, on the analysis of the remains of literature. The result of this sustained mental endeavour is not a book, but a man."

Perhaps as strong a protest as could be found against that self-culture which has come to be the gospel of a certain class of minds, is involuntarily conveyed in these words. Granted that in Athenæus and Polybius, and other obscure classical authors, Casaubon's authority was in his generation of the highest, and his knowledge, so far as his age had gone, the most complete; and what then? It took him fifty-six years to cultivate and gather this knowledge—and after? The man died and departed, carrying all that dusty lore along with him, to a place in which it was very unlikely to help anybody, even himself. With toil, and trouble, and melancholy pains he gathered it, burrowing like a mole in old MSS., and spending weeks on the arrangement of a de-

fective sentence, which perhaps was of singularly small importance to any mortal after it had been deciphered. Poor, excellent soul! for excellent he was. We are glad to find him out in his library, and make acquaintance with another blurred and feeble page of human life, in which, as in so many, the meaning is a great deal better than the carrying out; but surely it is a mistake to make a sublime example, or pretend to elucidate a noble figure of "a man" out of the dim record. The impression made upon us is not of a lofty or great character. The tendencies of his age, and the nature of his mind, led him towards this profession of learning, but less with an articulate intention of "interpreting" the past, than of satisfying his personal tastes. He knew Greek better than any man of his time, and taught it ably. He read, in season and out of season, lived for reading, filled his mind with books, though not by any means, or always, with the greatest books. Acquirement was the conscious and anxious aim of his life—not communication, as it must be, we presume, with every pure scholar. And he lost no opportunity of acquiring, and never turned aside willingly for a day from the life he loved, counting all time lost that was not given up to study; a man most faithful to his plan of life, and to the inclinations on which that plan was founded. Otherwise a good man, pure-minded, humble, amiable, with no greater fault than a little querulous temper now and then, a defect scarcely worth speaking of; but not a great typical man, nor a sublime example, poor good soul! any more than if the wares he dealt in had been hides or leather, instead of books. He, too, like any other workman, "made drudgery divine" by the Christian purpose of his dimly labouring life and steadfast goodness and faith. But what

more can be said? It is perhaps one of the special dangers of biography that the writer is tempted thus to erect into individual greatness the personage, whosoever that may be, of whom he writes, making, or trying to make, a hero out of a very plain man, and tracing visionary halos around the most prosaic brows. Dr. Pattison has fallen into this snare. His book, if perhaps, throughout, somewhat over important for its subject, is a good book, carefully written, and with few of the ordinary blunders in good taste which make modern biography remarkable; but he makes a mistake when he presents to us this dim-eyed gentle mortal as one of the men whose images enthrall humanity. A mild interest, a calm curiosity, are all that Casaubon is likely to call forth from any reader. The world was not much the better for his blameless existence. He went through many troubles, but not in any marked or striking way so as to call forth more than a general sympathy; his example was not any great thing to follow, nor his unobtrusive figure to gaze at. But apart from these superlatives, when we come down to the soft half-light in which such a wayfarer has his natural place, he is pleasant to meet with, a shadow among the shadows, mildly characteristic, recognisable in his very dimness; and so long as we are not called upon to make a hero of him, the Scholar is a pleasant variety among our many gleanings of human lives.

Casaubon was a French Huguenot by birth, educated and settled in his young manhood in Geneva, where he lived through the worst time of the valiant little struggling canton, cultivating the Muses on something still less palatable than the "little oatmeal" which is the proverbial fare of their followers; and helping to make the

schools of the city famous even when Geneva was besieged and starving. He starved too and held on, and even married wives, one dying early, and leaving him free to contract a second union in his twenty-seventh year. He married a daughter of the great publisher Henri Estienne, or to give him a more high-sounding title, Henricus Stephanus II., monarch and autocrat of type, and press, and library. Dr. Pattison is very fond of speaking of this excellent woman, evidently the best of housekeepers and managers, even in her advanced age, by the endearing and familiar appellation of Florence Casaubon. Was he thinking of Dorothea, we wonder, whose enthusiasm we fear would have been as much in the Huguenot scholar's way, as it was in that of Mr. Casaubon of 'Middlemarch'? This is a small affectation, quite out of place in the record; for indeed the glimpses we have of the family are very vague, and the good Swiss-Frenchwoman contributes but little to the realisation of the scene. The household was always, or almost always, poor and struggling, composed of many children, of whom a considerable proportion dropped off and died, leaving no doubt divers gaps in the hearts of the parents, but no incident to be related, or to call for special notice. Poor, but yet not too poor—able to make shift and drift on, which is all so many of us can do; moving from Geneva to Montpellier much against the will of the former city, which, even when it proved a stepmother to him, did not like to lose her illustrious son; and from thence to Paris. For, while he was still young, the scholar had become illustrious. A poor professor of Greek in a corner of Switzerland, he had become at a comparatively early age a kind of Mont Blanc among the learned men of the time, attracting

the notice of the bigger world in a way which no scholar nowadays would be likely to do. There is much more of the commodity to be had now, for one thing; but the chief reason was that learning was having its day in the sixteenth century, and was in fashion—a fact which tells largely with every one of the arts. For another while it was the Painter who was in fashion and had a royal reign of it, deriving in most cases more advantage from the high tide which carried him so far, than the Scholar with his blinking owl-eyes and absorbing, secluded occupations, could ever do. The Professor of Geneva and Montpellier knew more Greek than any other man in the world, by the confession of the learned Scaliger himself; and naturally Paris thirsted to have him, though those were unquiet days for the Huguenots, and the Saint Bartholomew was scarcely out of mind.

It is a curious symptom of those times in which the king was the real fountain of honour, and all men pretending to great reputation came in a monarch's way, that the simple Casaubon, with no pretensions whatever, except those brought to him by his learning, a poor man, the son of a still poorer persecuted Huguenot preacher, was in some degree the friend and favourite of two reigning princes, neither of them inconsiderable men. Henri Quatre, that *Re galantuomo*, the last French king, up to Napoleon, whose tradition warms the national heart, entertained the most friendly regard for him, specially exerted himself to attach the scholar to his capital, was fond of talking with him, and showed him many signs of personal favour. He even paid Casaubon the compliment of trying to convert him, being still in the first fervour of his own conversion, and eager to have as many followers

as possible; but even the failure of this attempt did not prevent Henri from fulfilling nobly his vague promises, and committing the charge of the royal library, to which all Catherine de Medici's fine collections had been added, into the stranger's hands—a post more acceptable and more congenial than the chair in the Sorbonne, which had been the limit of Casaubon's desire in coming to France. And when Henri died, and Casaubon went to England, he was received with open arms by another and very different king—no *Re galantuomo*, indeed, but a man very much better qualified to judge of the qualities of a scholar—our own uncouth and pedantic but not unliberal James, of whose immediate group of attendants Casaubon became one, having a pension of, Dr. Pattison says, £300 a-year secured to him at once, without even the name of an employment to justify this very liberal allowance. Thus, whatever pecuniary difficulties he might have through family burdens or failure of expected inheritances, Casaubon had not much to complain of in the way of neglect. He was not subject, as so many are, to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He was not overlooked, nor were his claims slighted. Dr. Pattison is disposed, like so many biographers, to be pathetic over the little rewards attained by so much labour and so many acquirements; but, considering Casaubon's original position, these complaints seem to us extremely unjustifiable. What scholar now, of whatsoever reputation, is likely to see two kingdoms vying to secure his services, and two kings courting his society? Even the income which he received was good, according to the value of money at the time. He saw the finest company of both France and England, had a cardinal to convert him on one side of the Channel, and

a bishop to Anglicise him on the other. We do not see what the Rector of Lincoln College would have more for his hero. Even kings, to be sure, could not make his good children live, or change the hearts of his troublesome ones. He had some sorrows in this way, it is supposed, from references in his diary, which were past telling. Poor father, with his heart aching and groaning underneath the cheerful, sober aspect which he kept up at the king's elbow! but enough of other men have borne the same.

The circumstances of his attempted conversion are curious and characteristic. The early divines of the Reformation, as Dr. Pattison points out, had made bold to serve themselves heirs to the early Christian centuries, and to assert that their simple worship and pure belief made them the real successors of the primitive Church. This bold assumption carried everything before it, by mere force of utterance, until Rome had a little revived from the shock of the Reformation, and had found, after all, that her weapons were not entirely snatched from her hands. Casaubon, like most others of his faith, had been trained in this theory, which, indeed, with the lively vitality of all strongly announced dogmas, still lives and thrives and holds its own in the Protestant world. But when the more judicious *convertisseurs*, who had just made prize of a king, and had the full tide of popular favour with them, found this mild and learned Huguenot among them, they set to work with much judgment, and, Dr. Pattison thinks, a certain degree of success. Casaubon did not give up his faith like Henry Quatre. Had he been open to mere worldly inducements, the prize held up before him was so much smaller than that which converted the king—a dusty library instead of a

glorious kingdom. But the scholar was not subject to temptations of that kind. He was moved, however, by the arguments which Cardinal du Perron brought from the fathers; and having an eminently candid mind, could not prevent himself from acknowledging that the works of the early Christian writers were not so entirely in favour of Protestant views as he had been led to believe. Dr. Pattison gives us a brief *résumé* of his experiences on this important subject:—

“In his disputes with the Cardinal he gave up much of the ground which the Calvinist polemics were accustomed to maintain; and it was becoming known that he disapproved the neglect or contempt of Christian antiquity which the Calvinist doctors professed. Especially on the Eucharist he did not conceal that the doctrine of the Catholics was nearer than that of the Calvinist Churches to what he conceived to be the opinion of the ancient Church. We find him admitting to his friends that ‘there were many weak points in the Protestant system;’ that the writings of the fathers were often ‘strongly forced to get from them a sense favourable to the Protestant view;’ that Du Moulin’s position that ‘Scripture is so plain that it needs no interpretation,’ is false and dangerous. We can imagine that his appearances at the Temple of Charenton, often far between, were narrowly watched; and what a scandal must have been created when the man who, a few years before, thought it a sin to be present at mass, now heard (on Passion Sunday, 1610) a Papist preach, and could approve much—not by any means all—that he said.”

Casaubon had thus evidently reached a point, common enough in more modern days, which begins when the candid and open mind, coming, fresh out of all the innocent prejudices and dogmas in which it has been trained, and the first associations which have shaped its life, steps into the wider world, expecting to find all lines of separation as clearly drawn as ever—Pro-

testant and Catholic (or whatever else the distinction may be) rigidly and distinctly defined, and no debatable land between them. When, lo! the discovery breaks upon the new adventurer into that broader universe, that he himself is no longer in perfect and entire concord with anybody—that among his enemies and among his friends he is equally in agreement and in disagreement, just as often feeling all his sympathy unwillingly drawn away from his own side, as to it. He finds that he can “approve much, though not by any means all,” which the very ringleader of his adversaries says—and, alas! that he cannot be any longer sure of approving what his own leader and captain of his side gives forth; a curious position, very common nowadays, but not at all common in the more decided and dogmatic sixteenth century. Here his own confession of his sentiments in respect to Du Moulin, the leading pastor of the Huguenots, in the neighbourhood of Paris, comes in with great force to fill up the other side of the picture. It is from an entry in his diary, bearing date the 5th September 1610.

“Communicated, and heard the learned sermon of Du Moulin. I cannot indeed deny that the ancients thought very differently of this sacred mystery, and administered it otherwise. I could wish that we had not departed so far, either from their faith or their ritual. But inasmuch as neither that faith nor that ritual rests upon the explicit Word of God, and I am but a private individual, whose duty it is to follow and not to lead in the Church, I have no just ground for making any change myself, least of all so at a time when every effort is being made to establish all the superstitious figments which ages have accumulated.”

Men of this description are the despair of the *convertisseur* in all Churches; they dazzle and tantalise

him with hopes, so open are they to conviction, so far as anything can be proved, either to their judgment or heart, till he thinks himself sure of an easy and brilliant conquest; but, alas! beyond that line no power on earth will lead them. They agree with him on some points, with his direct antagonists on some others; and they have learned to know—a discovery fatal to almost all dogmatical systems—that there is no moral necessity laid upon them to be in absolute agreement, either with one side or the other. The consequence is that neither side has any confidence in, or love for, this order of man. He is distrusted in the party to which he belongs nominally and by origin, and he is a bitter disappointment to the party which had hoped to win him. The reader will find in Dr. Pattison's volume a very interesting conversation reported to have taken place about the same period as the foregoing entry in Casaubon's diary between him and Uytenbogaert, a Dutch preacher of Arminian views, in which the scholar gives similar vent to his doubts. We can extract only a very small portion of this conversation; but the objections will carry much reality and sympathetic feeling, we are sure, to many who are acquainted with the Churches most kindred to that of Geneva. The first objection is in respect to the “police ecclesiastique,” and is too long to quote.

“3. Nous n'avons plus de dévotion; en l'acte même de faire la sainte cène, comme nous allames, quel'un me demanda comment se porte le coque de vos poules d'Inde? se dire des injures. 3. Pour les malades porter la cène, cela est dans l'antiquité. 4. Pour le baptême, est advenu qu'en un temps extrêmement rude quel'un portoit son enfant pour estre baptisé à Charenton, l'enfant étant malade à la mort on ne voulut pas le baptiser devant le prêche;

l'enfant mourut, le père se révolta. . . Je sçay que M. Calvin a esté grand personnage, mais ses disciples empirent les affaires. Il y a un vrai Pharisaïsme. M. Goulart un jour taschoit de faire jurer les Institutions de M. Calvin. Je suis en la plus grande peine du monde. D'un costé et d'autre je suis mal, nonobstant qu'il y a des gens doctes, graces à Dieu, qui m'aiment."

Notwithstanding these objections, nothing could be further from Casaubon's mind than the idea of changing his faith. He might have been, we do not doubt, as good a Catholic as he was a Protestant, with just as many difficulties on one side as the other, and the same sincerity and faithfulness through all, had his career begun in the Church of Rome instead of that of Geneva; but change was not in him. He remained steadfast in spite of all the temptations of king and cardinal, though it does not seem that it would have grieved him had his children seen fit to take the step which was impossible to himself—as one, but that an unsatisfactory one, of the family did. However, the exertions made for his conversion had a very distinct effect upon him, though not the effect intended. He was, though not a sound Calvinist, a very good Christian. His inclinations had always led him to the literature of Christian rather than of Pagan antiquity. The fathers were more dear to him than the philosophers or poets, or even historians of old; and the one thing really desirable in life seemed the possibility of being able to give himself up to that study. His arguments with the learned Du Perron were all out of the fathers; and thus, as Dr. Pattison points out, his mind was directed as a duty to this special class of subjects which attracted his inclinations. This fact became more distinctly apparent when he found his

last refuge in England, after the murder of Henry IV. To say refuge is perhaps incorrect; for he was still so much prized in France that only conditional leave of absence, liable to be terminated at any moment, was given him by the French Government, and his pension continued to be paid to him all the time he remained in England, where he died at fifty-six, in the summer of the year 1614. Dr. Pattison gives, on the whole, a pleasant picture of King James, who received the scholar with open arms—was never so happy as when he had him at his elbow—and, indeed, troubled the student much by desiring his constant attention, and dragging him after him in his hunting expeditions.

"James's learned repasts have been often described, among others by Hackett: 'The reading of some books before him was very frequent while he was at his repast; he collected knowledge by variety of questions which he carved out to the capacity of different persons. Methought his hunting humour was not off while the learned sat about him at his board; he was ever in chase after some disputable doubt, which he would wind and turn about with the most stabbing objections that ever I heard, and was as pleasant and fellowlike in his discourses as with his huntsmen in the field. Those who were ripe and weighty in their answers were ever designed for some place of credit or profit.' . . . Casaubon was rapidly established in the royal favour. The king was insatiable of his conversation, sending for him, and keeping him talking for hours. James talked well himself, liked a good hearer, but was ready—which is not always the case with good talkers—to listen in return. In graver conversations he was perhaps even superior to what he was in light talk. Casaubon, on his part, was a ready talker; and if his French was not good, his matter was inexhaustible. His memory supplied him with an endless store of diversified information on the topics which James liked best. The conversation was conducted in French,

which James spoke fluently, though we may suppose with a Scotch accent. Casaubon, who never could accomplish English, and was compelled by the bishops to stumble on in Latin, found his tongue set free in the royal circle."

Casaubon carried out his favourite tastes, and fulfilled the desires of his new hosts in England by a book of criticism upon the great work, in defence of the Catholic Church, of Baronius, which does not seem to have been successful. Nor did the Huguenot scholar, so far as would appear, find himself particularly happy in England. He missed his books, the thousands of unarranged and uncatalogued MSS. which he had left behind him in Paris, and he found too many friends eager to talk and listen, and ask him to dinner. Even his own personal library he was allowed to have only in instalments, the French authorities being unwilling to lose hold of him; and his wife was frequently abroad, leaving him utterly helpless, weeping and moaning in his diary over the care and troubles that he was so little able to bear. The good Geneva woman who would not learn English and hated the country, and whom, in her homely middle age, Dr. Pattison still insists upon talking of as Florence Casaubon, was evidently one of those wives without whom the life of the spoiled husband, accustomed to depend on her for everything, is a burden to him. She was much away, while the unfortunate man, in the weakness of his declining years, struggled with all the annoyances of a foreign household, and painfully toiled through the necessary studies for his last book. It made no addition to his fame; and his biographer bemoans the unfortunate controversial bias of the times which distracted the scholar from pure classical lore to

patristic literature, and the arena of polemics. And though Casaubon's life was not a bright one, it ended early enough to escape that dreary record of departures which generally fills the last chapter of an old man's life. A man who dies at fifty-six escapes much which those who survive the threescore and ten have to endure, and in this there is compensation for his shortened days. He died, having got all the distinctions of which, in his sphere, he was capable—in possession of a fame which extended through Europe, and the support and sympathy of many friends. Henri Quatre had courted him; James of England and Scotland, with still greater warmth, sought his society; Marie de' Medici held him fast as in a leash, not willing quite to forego such an honour to the nation. This was what the poor hunted *pasteur's* son of Dauphiné came to by learning and by Greek. We cannot allow that he had very much reason to complain. He was never rich, to be sure, never, to speak more correctly, anything but poor; but if the substantial pudding was now and then defective, the praise never failed, and that is a wonderful compensation. His life was full of toiling and moiling, but for the objects most dear to him, his own cherished and darling aims; and it was so far a successful life. We cannot, with Dr. Pattison, give the world assurance of a man by whom it will be deeply impressed, or of an example profoundly instructive; but yet the stooping figure, the dim, gentle countenance, the thirst for reading, which makes even friends irksome, and all distracting lesser business a burden to him,—makes an agreeable picture, and comes to us full of a certain touching personality. We knew nothing of this being yesterday—to day he is clear to us with all his fretfulnesses and feeblenesses—his candid dissatisfac-

tion, yet loyal faith—his blameless life, his dusty researches, his eagerness to read everything at once, his peevish pathetic outcries for the wife whose absence turns all the world upside down. The Scholar fits kindly, if not magnificently, into his place in the long and various story of mankind—the story most worth study of any in existence; and we thank Dr. Pattison for the revelation.

Just one word more, however—and the censure is a paltry one—Why should all our canons be disturbed by some mischievous printer's devil who has been permitted to spell greek with a small g, and to write french and english in this humiliating way? The Rector of Lincoln College can never himself have been guilty of such an affectation; it is worse than calling good Madame Casaubon, excellent, homely housewife, and mother of twenty-two children, jauntily, as if she had been still eighteen, by her pretty Christian name.

A very different record calls our attention* when we lay down the life of the sixteenth-century scholar. William Macready is also in his way a representative man. If his profession does not rank so highly in the consideration of the world, its rewards are infinitely greater, and the reputation that attends it of a much more immediate and enthusiastic kind. No one who appeals to the public sympathy secures so instant a response, unless it be the orator, whose effort is of a similar character. A great actor in his moments of triumph has perhaps the most intoxicating homage that man can receive. The cheers with which a great soldier is received are loftier in sentiment, but they are neither so individual nor so disinterested. He has won his bat-

les by means of other men; and he has glorified his country and the very persons who applaud him, by his victory. But the actor works out his great efforts alone; and he adds nothing to us except delight, and the strange excitement of feeling ourselves played upon like Hamlet's recorder, as easily, with a little effusion of breath, a few touches of the finger. He makes our hearts beat, and quickens the blood in every vein; he stirs us out of apathy, out of cold preoccupation with our personal thoughts and troubles, into a mad passion of concern for the fictitious cares of some feigned personage—into storms of indignation and gaspings of suspense. We lose consciousness even of ourselves while we follow his every movement. No other artist has such complete personal sway over us. The painter, even when he raises enthusiasm, does it in a calm, silent way, and is never confronted by shouting and shrieking applauses. The poet is read in silence by solitary readers, who can make no record of the heart-beat which sweeps over them, rustling stilly, like the wind in the trees, and unnotable. But the actor has his praise at once, hot and glowing from eye and voice, in the first swell of its rising, before even consideration and criticism have cooled it down. No wonder if his head is popularly supposed to be turned by all this incense-burning, and if the current idea of him is that of an inordinately sensitive, susceptible being, craving constant flattery to keep him in good humour; vain (as is complementarily said, with that respect for women which is so remarkable in literature) as a woman, fantastic, uncertain, effeminate. We expect him to be always posing, feeling himself on the boards, playing a part in private

* *Macready's Reminiscences* : Macmillan & Co.

as in public life. To be sure, like every other conventional conception, this idea is apt to be rudely disturbed by personal contact with actors; but that way of learning is not open to all, and such is still, among many, the ordinary idea of "theatrical people." Mr. Macready's Reminiscences—the long and full personal record of a respectable and steady-going life—might have been written as a direct reply to this false conception, so completely does it disprove and discountenance it. Here is a great actor, the son of an actor, —brought up in the unwholesome atmosphere of a theatre, amid all that dismal kind of contrast between shadow and substance, which has been embodied in our common phrase, "behind the scenes"—setting down for us his impressions and recollections through all the changes of his existence, for a period of nearly fifty years. What hysterics, what melodrama, what posturing, how much fine language and exaggerated sentiment, would it be natural to find! The reader who knows better will be aware that nothing of this kind is to be expected from Macready; but even he, perhaps, will scarcely be prepared for so plain and businesslike a record. It is full of all an actor's uncertainties, to a quite remarkable extent,—his doubts of himself, and fear how he is to do an individual part, coming down to the very last year of his theatrical existence; and the theatre is never ignored, but, on the contrary, is always, as it ought to be, the central point. Cheers tingle through the sober pages, and storms of applause; yet no merchant punctual to his desk, no clerk in an office, could go on more steadily, more perseveringly, more soberly on his way, than this actor fed upon flattery. The excitement that we meet with is foreign and accidental; the record itself is that

of a serious, conscientious, persevering, and diligent life.

The subdued tone, the steady tenor of the way, the unimpassioned quiet of the narrative might, indeed, seem almost exaggerated, when we consider what the man was, and the nature of the scenes in which he lived. But its sincerity and faithfulness cannot be doubted; and we have no right to take any exception to the tranquil portrait, made so steadily, so minutely for us, by the hands of the hero himself, the person most cognisant of the real verities of his career. The early part of it, indeed—the autobiography proper—is, no doubt, an old man's chastened and sober view of a young man's life which, probably, was not quite so calm and regular in reality as it appears over a long lifetime; but the later reminiscences come from a diary kept day by day through the most important years of life. They set before us very clearly not only a courageous struggle against early difficulties, marked by all those qualities of perseverance and diligence which conquer fate in all professions, but a uniformly high conception at once of the results to be obtained from his art, and of the uses and duties of life. Macready, no doubt, had his characteristic faults, and he does not scruple to indicate, though with a gentleness very natural in the chronicler of his own foibles, the sins of temper which he never wholly overcame, and which on various occasions injured his prospects; but the combination of a really high ideal in respect to Art with all the more commonplace gifts which make a respectable householder and careful house-provider, has never been more strikingly set forth. This member of a most improvident profession, this child of the theatre, born as it were in sock and buskin, seems during all his

mature life to have prosecuted but two objects with concentrated and undeviating force—i.e., excellence in his art, and a provision for his family. Alas, poor Macready! the greater number of the children for whom he toiled so lovingly, dropped out of life before him, leaving him comparatively lonely in his old days, and the fortune he made for them fell into the hands of others. This saddest of all evidence of the vanity of human hopes, makes the close of his record dreary enough, and deprived him of the only earthly sunshine which ever truly lights up the fading way towards the grave, which we have all to tread in our time. But his art repaid him with a more sure, if less consolatory, return for his exertions. We owe it to him that Shakespeare now appears as true Shakespeare, and not in the successive travesties which inferior hands had made of his immortal works; and we also, in some degree at least, owe it to Macready that our theatres themselves are purged of the openly vicious. It would be vain to say of the profession which Mrs. Siddons had followed before him, and in which the Kembles, Young, Kean, and Miss O'Neill, were his contemporaries, that he elevated its character and reputation; but at least he kept it up at the level to which these bright names had raised it, and added his quota to its good fame, while the credit of restoring the Shakespearean text belongs to him alone. Throughout all his long career upon the stage, his persevering effort to keep up the character of the representations given, and to make the very best that could be made of theatrical entertainments, is as evident as the thrift, sobriety, and prudence with which he conducted his own life, except, indeed, in respect to those outbursts of occasional temper which are not to be

ignored, and of which he himself was so heartily ashamed and sorry. He fell upon Bunn once, and gave the manager a thorough thrashing, by no means undeserved, in a moment of exasperation, for which the reader forgives him, as indeed the public would seem to have done at the time. But these little outbursts do not much disturb the record, which is that of a good and worthy life, full of duty and charity, and all amiable motives. His domestic life seems to have been a model of everything that is desirable in a father and husband; and amid all his successes, and all the flatteries of society and applause of the world, the great actor seems never to have forgotten those duties towards his children, which much more humble and less occupied men often treat so lightly. He was always eager for work, that they might reap the benefit, and constantly set before himself the amount of provision made for them, and the necessity of adding to it; and not only so, but helped personally in their education with a zealous and unflinching care. A merchant could not have been more regular and orderly, nor a clergyman more uniformly moved by a high sense of duty. The theatre may well feel itself honoured in so creditable a representative.

The beginning of Macready's career on the stage was as creditable to him as any of his after-efforts. He was at school at Rugby, a boy gaining a certain amount of distinction, and turning his thoughts to very different pursuits than that of the stage, his connection with which, it may well be supposed, won him no particular favour among a crowd of supercilious schoolboys. He had acted in various school plays with marked success; but otherwise was conscious of no special faculty, and quite the reverse of any liking, for his father's profession, which he

does not seem to have seen under any very favourable light. His intentions were to try for a scholarship or exhibition to Oxford, and to go to the bar, the chosen vocation of so many young men; but a speedy period was put to these flattering dreams. The boy was not yet sixteen when the news fell upon him like a thunderbolt that his father was unable to pay his bills at Rugby, and was indeed on the edge of ruin. It is perhaps impossible that the older man, who had borne his share of those spurs which every struggling man must meet with in the world, should look back upon the premature decision which bound him as a boy to a profession for which he had no special taste, without some lingering bitterness. His father, too willing to embrace the magnanimous offer which helped him over some part of his immediate difficulties, said, as was natural, the best that could be said for his own trade, even while slightly dissuading his son from entering upon it, as "it had been the wish of his life to see me at the bar."

"I was not then aware of the distance between the two starting-points in life. My father was impressive in his conviction that the stage was a gentlemanly profession. My experience has taught me, that whilst the law, the Church, the army, and the navy give a man the rank of a gentleman, on the stage that designation must be obtained in society (though the law and the court decline to recognise it) by the individual bearing. In other callings, the profession confers dignity on the initiated; on the stage, the player must contribute respect to the exercise of his art. This truth, experienced too late, has given occasion to many moments of depression, many angry swellings of the heart, many painful convictions of the uncertainty of my position. I was not aware in taking it that this step in life was a descent from that equality in which I had felt myself to stand with those of family and fortune, whom our educa-

tion had made my companions. I had to live to learn that an ignorant officer could refuse the satisfaction of a gentleman on the ground that his appellant was a player; and that whilst any of those above-named vocations, whatever the private character, might be received at court, the privilege of appearing in the sacred precincts was too exclusive for any, however distinguished, on the stage."

We are not aware whether this restriction, which seems an unfair and scarcely warrantable stigma upon a respectable profession, still exists, but there can be no doubt that a gleam of bitter feeling shows in Macready's mind. A little reflection would have shown him that the other and still greater creating arts share the same disabilities, and that painters and authors, until they obtain the very highest level of their profession, are equally unacknowledged by society, and equally liable to feel themselves fallen from that equality with "those of family and fortune," which exists in the Republic of a great school. The resolution, however, which the Rugby boy thus manfully took, was never departed from: and though he felt the drawbacks of the career which he thus accepted from the highest motives—without however in any sense of the word choosing it—he held by his decision. Other claims came in to confirm him in his adherence to the profession once adopted, and his future life centred in the theatre, for which he seems at first to have had almost a repugnance. In later years, when he records some infantine private theatricals of his children, he adds a pious God forbid! that they should be tempted to follow him to the actual stage. But notwithstanding this absence of enthusiasm for it, he seems to have set himself from the first day of his theatrical career to the most careful preparation for its duties—working as no stage-struck genius ever

worked to master all its mysteries, and to possess himself fully of the characters he represented. The elder Macready was in the better sense of the word a strolling manager, moving about with his company from one town to another—and in days when every country town of any size really supported and prized a theatre, a person anything but unimportant. His increasing difficulties, however, left the whole control of his theatres—for he seems frequently to have managed more than one at a time—for a short time in the hands of the sixteen-year-old neophyte; and thanks to the boy's strenuous exertions, aided by other assistance, the pressure was speedily removed, and the usual round from Birmingham to Manchester, from Newcastle to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and back again to Bristol and the West of England, the "season" of one place succeeding that of another, was resumed in comparative comfort. Macready made his *début* at Birmingham at seventeen in the character of Romeo; and his account of this first appearance may, with some interest, be compared with a few of his last performances.

"My father, to whom of course I deferred, had selected Romeo for the character of my *début*, and accordingly I was now in earnest work upon it. Frequently in the course of my solitary attempts, the exclamation would escape me, 'I cannot do it!' and in some of my private rehearsals I heard the discouraging remark of my father, 'That will not do,' to damp my courage, and cast the gloomy shade of doubt on my exertions. Still, however, I persevered; and as the time of making the desperate plunge approached, my hopes were somewhat cheered by the encouragement of the lady who was rehearsing the part of Juliet with me [Mrs. Young, from Drury Lane Theatre], and my father's admission of 'very great improvement.' By dint of practice and repeated rehearsals alone and with the other per-

formers, I had got by rote, as it were, every particular of place, gesture, feeling, and intonation, and well for me I did so, for if it made my heart beat more quickly to read in the street playbills the announcement of 'the part of Romeo by a young gentleman, his first appearance on any stage,' the emotions I experienced in first crossing the stage, and coming forward in face of the lights and the applauding audience, were almost overpowering. There was a mist before my eyes—I seemed to see nothing of the dazzling scene before me, and for some time I was like an automaton moving in certain defined limits. I went mechanically through the variations in which I had drilled myself, and it was not until the plaudits of the audience awoke me from the kind of waking dream in which I seemed to be moving that I gained my self-possession, and really entered into the spirit of the character, and, I may say, felt the passion I was to represent. Every round of applause acted like inspiration on me. I stood on air, because another being, a happier self; and when the curtain fell at the conclusion of the play, and the intimate friends and performers crowded on the stage to raise up the Juliet and myself, shaking my hand with fervent congratulations, a lady asked me, 'Well, sir, how do you feel now?' my boyish answer was without disguise, 'I feel as if I should like to act it all over again.'"

Thirty years later, in the same place, we take at random, opening the book as it comes, another record, which, besides showing the difference between the accomplished actor and the *débutant*, gives at the same time a characteristic glimpse of the musings recorded in this diary. This second extract is dated April 1841, at which time he was forty-eight, and at the top of his profession, a great London star, dazzling the provincial audiences, which so long before had dazzled him.

"April 14th.—I tried to act Rich-
elieu here, and did my best with a company that would paralyse a Hercules.

The house was enormous. I went forward to a call I could not evade—but reluctantly. I have not had time to think before of my early days here. As I returned to the hotel, I looked for the house where I passed many days of my boyhood. . . . How much of chance there is in life; yet how much more is there in conduct than in fortune! Of that I am sure, and I only quarrel with my imperfect education, and the painful consequences of a faulty example. *April 15th.*—Acted *Virginius* with care and pains, and, I thought, in some parts, well. The audience seemed interested, but did not applaud with the fervency they used to do. They called determinedly, and I went reluctantly; was well received. . . . In thinking over the very few occasions left me in my life to repeat my visit here, I fell into a train of thought in which the question of the actual value of my life as to my individual personal enjoyments came palpably before me. My children are my life. My ruminations led me to see, in my mind's eye, my own body stretched out in its stiff and yellow coldness, my shrunken rigid face, and the whole picture of shrouded death in my own person. It brought that blessed and lovely child . . . to my mind, whose death has very much loosened the sort of bond of instinct that held me to life. I feel now, in dying, I shall have something to go to. *Plymouth, April 26th.*—Acted *Macbeth* in my very best manner, positively improving several passages, but sustaining the character in a most satisfactory manner. '*J'ai été la personne*,' this was felt by the audience. They called for me, and received me most cordially. . . . I have improved *Macbeth*. The general tone of the character was lofty, manly, or, indeed, as it should be, heroic, that of one living to command. The whole view of the character was constantly in sight—the grief, the care, the doubt, were not that of a weak person, but of a strong mind and of a strong man. The manner of executing the command to the witches, and the effect upon myself of their vanishing, was justly hit off. I marked the cause. The energy was never slackened—the great secret. A novel effect I thought good, of restlessness, and an uneasy effort to appear unembarrassed before Banquo previous to the murder. The banquet was improved in its forced hilarity of tone—

the scene with the physician very much so. It was one of the most successful performances of *Macbeth* I ever gave."

This mixture of close self-criticism and dispassionate self-approval with thoughts of the gravest character intermixed, as the actor comes and goes from the theatre, gives us a curious picture, and one very different from the conventional ideal. It is not often, however, that Macready is so pleased with himself as on this successful night. A few days later he complains of having "put himself out" of *Macbeth*. "Inspired by the audience, made every effort, but it was all effort. I could not revive the Plymouth feeling—" In these vicissitudes he spent his life, never to the end of his career being permanently satisfied with himself, or able to control a thrill of excitement, half panic, when he saw his name on the play-bills!—a most singular instance of susceptibility. He retired from the stage in the year 1851, being then 58, amid such universal flattery of applause as few men ever earn, and with the satisfaction of feeling that he acted his very best as he went over in succession all his great characters; and retired to Sherborne to end his life and educate his sons in quiet. The pretty romantic episode of his marriage we have not touched upon, but it is given with much simplicity and tenderness, and forms an idyllic chapter in his life. At Sherborne he lived several years, and there lost his wife and several of his children. Some time later he made a second marriage, and removing to Cheltenham, lingered through the weary years till he had reached fourscore, when he died, joining in the grave at Kensal Green, to which he records so many visits, five child-

ren, besides the wife and sister who had been the companions of his life. Two others, who had also preceded him out of the world, lay one in India, another under the sea. The slow years, indeed, had been trouble and sorrow to the man who had said, "My children are my life." Strange that long life should be so generally prized and longed for! How melancholy that last dim chapter, full of records of death and separation, is!

Such records as those we have been discussing—records of individual life, serious, full of many labours, and ending amid many shadows, belong to the graver side of literature; but the lively travel-book, rippling along, in its easy rambling narrative, like a shallow brook over the stones, which conveys to us Mr. Hugh Rose's impressions of Spain, is of lighter mettle.* We do not venture to assert that the reader will get much solid information out of it, though the author evidently and sincerely believes that he is teaching us a great deal that is perfectly new; but he will find at least a quantity of easy reading, with some picturesqueness of detail, and brightness of diffusive description. Spain is so little known, and has suffered so little invasion by the ordinary tourist, that even a superficial account of its peculiar scenery, physical and moral, is not unwelcome. Mr. Rose, in his position as English chaplain in a mining town, has had unusual facilities for observing a very primitive portion of the country, and a class of which few people have taken much notice; and though he has not gone very deep down, he has mastered the bright and sunshiny surface of Andalusia, with its light-hearted population, its wild and

picturesque scenery, its dust, its mud, its *insouciance*, and its friendliness. Our ideas of Spain centre chiefly in bullfights, in matadors, in mantillas, in black eyes and guitars and orange-trees, varied by indistinct notions of a pronunciamiento and of a chronic state of warfare, never coming to very much on one side or the other. We know it is true that there are, as in other places, not only noble old towns with fine cathedrals and fine pictures, but also villages and labouring people, and some kind of industry; but the notion of a Black Country does not consist with anything we know or have ever heard of in connection with that land of sunshine. The title indeed does not seem to be particularly appropriate, for except when immediately within the smoke of the smelting works, blue skies and broad surrounding plains of undisturbed country seem to encircle the mines; and the miner in most cases appears to live at a sufficient distance from his work to escape the constant cloud which blots out skies and fields in that Pandemonium of the Western Midland counties, which impresses the traveller even in a rapid railway journey by its visible pall. The miner whose path in the early morning is lined by the gay little stalls of coffee-sellers and the *frittature* that he loves, and who comes home in the evening to sit at his open door with all his neighbours round him, singing country ditties to the tinkle of his guitar, does not convey to us the idea of a very hard-worked or oppressed labourer. He has, it is true, all the special dangers of his trade to encounter, the "lead colic" which kills so many at an early age, and all the other diseases that haunt a mining population; but hard as his underground work may be, it has

* Untrodden Spain : by the Rev. Hugh James Rose.

its alleviations in the cheerfulness of morning and evening. The following is a description of the town into which the vicinity of the mines has forced a much greater population than it ought to have:—

“Here is a typical mining town. It is on the outskirts of the wild range of the Sierra Morena. It stands on the gently declining slope of a hill. Around it stretch plains of tawny sand, covered in spring with green crops of barley, broad-beans, and coarse wheat, belted in with olive groves, their dusky stunted trees enclosed in crumbling stone walls, each enclosure having a small dark round shanty—the ‘lodge’ of the olive guard in its midst.

“The town is old, as many a fragment of crumbling Roman or Moorish masonry will show. It was built originally for some eight thousand people, and now at least forty thousand are packed within its walls literally ‘like herrings in a barrel.’ The town is not Moorish, for the Moors knew well how to build the houses high, and with courtyards or patios for coolness within doors, the high wall on either side of the narrow street precluding the rays of the tropical sun from ever looking upon them. . . . The houses of the mining town are, at least a great proportion of them, of Spanish design, and consist of a one-storied building, made of the huge thick blocks of granite in which the lead usually is found, with very small iron-caged windows without glass; others of modern and wholly different architecture have sprung up in a thick and growing crop all around and among them. The streets are not paved as a rule, but have been pitched at some remote period. In the summer droughts, the loose stones roll about and yield to your tread, often giving horse or man a nasty fall; in the winter, the water stands in pools six inches deep, and streams of water rush during the tropic rains down the streets. Open drains abound in the suburbs; here is a long sluggish black stream which flows from the ‘washing grounds’ of the servants on the hill just above the town; it once was soap-suds, but has lost its beauty now. You never would believe that inky fluid had made

your linen clean. As you approach the streets towards the suburbs, they, hitherto narrow and pitched, are broad, straggling, and of the natural soil; that is, in summer six inches of dust, which the slightest wind whirls into your face in dense and blinding clouds; in winter, six inches of deep black mud. Here and there it is ‘being mended;’ that is, huge heaps of granite are being carried to the worst places in panniers on donkey-back (the refuse of the masons), and are shot down into the mud or pools of inky water unbroken. Great, many, and loud are the curses of the muleteer: the road-mender, the saints, his beast, his kin (‘sangre,’ literally blood), all come in for a share of his curses.

“I have seen these roads, on the outskirts of the town, sometimes well-nigh impassable for man or horse; only a donkey could be trusted to pick his way over the stones and through the pools of black, stinking mud. From these latter sometimes even a sensitive donkey will recoil with a face of horror, and shut his brown eyes if he must take the plunge.”

This does not seem a very comfortable dwelling-place; but even such a town acquires a lively aspect in the evening, when the men have come home across the dusty plain from their work underground.

“In a rough way by far the greater proportion of them are musical, especially among the lower orders. The guitar is the favourite instrument, and hundreds of the men play upon it, or at least get a few notes out of it. But let me describe to you the sort of music it is. We are passing down the quarter inhabited chiefly by miners, rough labourers who tramp from place to place for work. In some streets every room of every house contains at night from seven to ten of these poor fellows, who wrap themselves in their mantas (large warm rugs) without undressing, and so get their repose. All down the street you hear the tinklings of guitars: every door is open, and you will be warmly welcomed if you enter to join the circle of twenty and thirty who are sitting, some outside the room in the street, some within, doing nothing but smoking their usual little paper

cigarillos, and listening to the music. One miner is now holding forth. There is very little air in what he sings, none at all in what he is playing; all that comes from his guitar is 'tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,' the same note struck over and over again very quickly. It is an accompaniment or relief to his voice, and nothing more. As for his song, it is nothing but a wild loud ditty; the words are childish, but full of love—

'Black her eyes are,
And rich her hair;
Chaste is my girl,
And very fair.'

And so on. At the end of each verse the man raises his voice in a series of rising and falling cadences several times repeated. The Spaniards will sit listening to this till midnight."

In this pleasant and easy way Mr. Rose gives a good many agreeable pictures; and his book, we do not doubt, will enliven and diversify the reading of many of those steady followers of literature who object to novels, but yet retain a natural craving for something amusing to lighten their heavier lore. He is throughout so pleased with the scene and his description of it, and with himself and his companions, that he proves a cheery guide across the Campo, where all is wild and primitive, and through the rough streets he describes.

We have spoken of people who object to novels, and we did not mean, we acknowledge, to pay any compliment to their judgment by the description. But, on second thoughts, we retract the injurious thought. We have not ourselves recovered, nor do we hope soon to recover, from the stream of novels which kind hands poured upon us to shorten the hours of a recent illness. Ye gods! what folly, what inanity, what false views of life, what incompetence to form any view of life at all, what hideous travesty of human experiences, were in these productions! That so many people

should exist within the narrow limits of this island capable of writing so ill is a most serious thought. It reaches the length, if not of a danger to the State, at least of a threatening and ever increasing peril to the sanity of the State's subjects. If so much folly could be organised and made to work in unison, a work which happily seems impossible, what earthworks and bulwarks could those of us who retain our senses find to shelter ourselves in? The idea is too terrible for more than a passing mention. Fortunately folly will not allow itself to be organised or guided, else the fools must long ago have gained command of everything. As it is, they have gained some fatal mastery over the lesser publishers, to an extent appalling to think of. We are disposed to be a little lenient to those which have feminine names on the title-pages, for there can be no doubt that quantities of women able to read and write have very little to do, and no way to earn a little pocket-money; so that their attempts in this line may be excused at least. But a male appellation drives us wild. What? a man! who could learn to make shoes or at least cobble them; who could be a draper's assistant; who could, best of all, 'list for a soldier, and do something which is really wanted! that he should choose instead to drivel out his fifty chapters of inanity and caricature his kind, is more than flesh and blood can endure. Reluctantly we allow to such writers as the author of 'At Her Mercy' a kind of right to make novels for which he has some faculty as an ornamental art, in the hope that in the intervals of his days he does something better. But we do not allow it at all to the writer who calls his book 'Innocent as a Baby,' and who would be in-

finitely better employed were he cobbling or tailoring or growing honest grain or even cabbages for somebody's use. When Miss or Mrs. So-and-so does it, we are sorry that she should make such an exhibition of herself, but yet can understand how, with not much else to do, this way of using superfluous energy is advantageous to the performer, or that she thinks it is.

But the men ! and we want soldiers, everybody says. Why does not Mr. Disraeli *qui se connait* in novels bring in a bill that every able-bodied man found concocting one, shall (unless he can plead genius, which should be at once received as sufficient to quash every accusation against him) be at once drafted into a line regiment, and made to serve his country in an honest way ? It would be a gain to the army ; and what an unmeasurable boon it would be to the critics, and to every subscriber to Mudie's who has any regard for his own sanity ! We almost wonder indeed that a first-class subscription to that extraordinary condensation of circulating libraries should not be considered as in some degree accounting for the melancholy vapours, getting now and then the length of madness, which is so much more general a complaint now than it used to be. Overwork, people say ; might it not be over-novels—too much trashy reading, insipid stories, and foolish "leaders," and silly literature altogether ? The Commissioners in Lunacy might, we think, with profit, give a little of their attention to this important subject. The way in which the public allows itself to be led by the nose in these matters is as wonderful as anything we know. Not very long ago a clever but very artificial novel was blown up into the sky by the suggestion of some

rash critic that it was written by George Eliot—a suggestion which, without deceiving any competent judge, gave a fictitious popularity to the work, and to the unfortunate writer a hapless impulse to imitation, the strain and pain of which reacted most unfavourably upon the latter part of his book. And in absolute contrast to this mistake, has not a very well known writer, with a very marked style of her own—for to be so frankly and good-humouredly vulgar as Mrs. Henry Wood, is not given to many professors of literature,—imposed upon the world and the press a collection of weak and maudlin Sunday-school stories, which, under the name of 'Johnny Ludlow,' have gained for themselves a certain reputation as the work of a new writer ? Thus we let ourselves be hoodwinked calmly, and with meekness consume the food, be it sweet grass or harsh thistle, which Mr. Mudie holds out to us. The subordination of the diner to the cook who provides his bill of fare, was never more complete.

Here is one novel,* however, which, with many faults, has a glimmer of genius about its every page, which at once enchants and tantalises the reader. Why will Mr. Macdonald make all his characters, almost without exception, talk such painfully broad Scotch ? Scotch to the fingertips, and loving dearly our vernacular, we yet feel it necessary to protest against the Aberdeen-awa' dialect (is it not Aberdeen ?) which bewilders even ourselves now and then, and which must be almost impossible to an Englishman. So many beautiful thoughts, tender, and delicate, and true, must be obscured to the reader by this obstinate purism, that we feel angry, disappointed, and impatient at the author's perseverance in this mis-

* Malcolm : by George Macdonald.

taken away. It is something like the elaborate Orientalism of the saw, and even the shavings, in Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of the "Shadow of Death," a picture which is false at once to art and nature in its tremendous strain after truth, *i.e.*, fact, a very different and much lesser thing than real verity. Why should we care to look upon saws and shavings if it were given us to see the Christ? And what do we care for the exact words, or rather breakings up and riddlings of words, used in a northern village when we have once got a glimpse of the insight and power in them, the poetry and wisdom that make themselves felt through the veil? It is poor art, and not truth at all, to insist upon this desperate accuracy. Sir Walter's Scotch was never like this. It preserved all the idiomatic fragrance, the character and individuality of the language, without insisting upon any local vulgarity. There is nothing in it that a man from Dumfries or from Perth might not have spoken, but little of the special tones which distinguish the two from each other. The writer remembers distinguishing a man as from Annandale, because he pointed out a house at a distance as "sitting" among the trees. Sir Walter would have found it quite unnecessary in print to make his Annandale man use this word: Mr. Macdonald would carefully and painfully prevent him from ever employing any other. For what use? such close adherence to the actual is in its way an affectation, and must injure the works which are so obstinate in their use of provincial dialects as distinguished from the wider language. All Mr. Macdonald's personages, except the Marquis and Lady Florimel, use this dialect, and use it almost without distinction; Miss Horne, a minister's daughter and gentle-

woman in her way, being quite as "broad" as the fishwives; and this, we think, is again a mistake.

We may as well make a clean breast of all our objections at once, and say that the plot of 'Malcolm' is about as poor as a plot could be—badly conceived and worse put together, and with no rationality whatever to recommend it. A foundling who turns out to be a marquis, but will not accept his rank; a husband so easily convinced of the death of his wife and child as to let the one break her heart slowly through twenty years of misery within reach of him, and the other become his servant without a suspicion or inquiry; a broken-hearted wife who, throughout all these twenty years, has lived with an old relative who loved her dearly, without ever breathing a word of her troubles into that sympathetic ear. All this might pass muster in the foolish novels we have been talking of, but is unworthy of Mr. Macdonald; and the mystery which could have been so easily cleared up at any moment, with all the witnesses within reach and everything handy, is in such utter contrast to the perfectly manly, simple character of Malcolm himself, and his absolute superiority to all the foolish frauds that abound in novels, that we feel its unreasonableness all the more. The young man's instinctive rejection of everything false, and the manly honesty and independence that mingle with his perfect friendly humble-mindedness, and readiness to serve his master in any way that is wanted, is admirably done, and the hero is made really the central figure in the book and the most interesting—a thing which very few novelists succeed in doing. Mr. Macdonald has the power of setting before us a man, young and endowed with all poetic gifts, without

either elevating him above our sympathies, or purchasing our regard by the addition of peccadilloes which weaken his character and ideal—and this is a very rare power. From Shakespeare downwards the first gentleman has been a great trouble to his creator, and the failures in making anything worthy out of this individual are almost as many as the writers who have tried their skill upon him. Mr. Macdonald eases the difficulty certainly by making his hero a fisher youth, with the free habit of speech and possibility of action which belongs to that class; but at the same time he makes us so well aware of the greater capabilities in Malcolm's nature, and shows the true superiority of a fine mind and good heart to all adventitious distinctions, that his hero is a real hero, fully occupying the foreground and justifying his election to the chief place and chief interest in the tale.

But the reader who knows Mr. Macdonald's works will not require to be told how many beautiful bits, without too much to do with the story—pure crystals, reflecting a hundred delicate prismatic gleams of poetry and thought, are to be found in this book, as in all his other productions. We will quote but one, which is so full of the visionary gleam, the light that never was on sea or land, that it almost reconciles us to the extremely incoherent and somewhat monotonous figure of the mad laird, a half idiot, half poet, who wanders about the country lamenting, with wearisome iteration, "I dinna ken whaur I came frae," yet at other moments can muse as follows. This poor creature is being hunted from place to place by the keepers of a madhouse, in which his mother, a most theatrical and absurd person, wishes to shut him up,

and has escaped in the evening to the seashore with a child who is his chief friend and counsellor.

"Phemy, I dinna ken whaur I came frae."

"Hoot, laird! ye ken weel eneuch; ye cam frae Go-od," answered Phemy, lengthening out the word with solemn utterance.

"The laird did not reply, and again the night closed around them, and the sea hushed at their hearts. But a soft light air began to breathe from the south, and it waked the laird to more active thought.

"Gien he would but come oot and show himsel'," he said. 'What for disna he come oot?'

"Wha wad ye hae come oot?" said Phemy.

"Ye ken wha, weel eneuch. They say he's a' gate at ance; just hearken. What for will he aye bide in and never come out and lat a puir body see him!'

"The speech was broken into pauses filled by the hush rather than noise of the tide, and the odour-like wandering of the soft air in the convolutions of their ears.

"The lown wind maun be his breath, sae qualet! He's no hurryin' himsel the nicht. There's never nae-body rins after him. Eh, Phemy! I jist thought he was gauin' to speyk!'

"This last exclamation he uttered in a whisper as the louder gush of a great tide-pulse died away on the shore.

"Luik, Phemy, luik!" he resumed. 'Luik out yonner. Dinna ye see something 'at micht grow to something?'

"His eyes were fixed on a faint spot of steely blue out on the sea not far from the horizon. It was hard to account for with such a sky overhead, wherein was no lighter part to be seen that might be reflected in the water below; but neither of the beholders was troubled about its cause; there it glimmered on in the dimness of the wide night—a cold faint splash of blue-grey.

"I dinna think muckle of that, sir," said Phemy.

"It might be the mark of the sole o' his fut, though," said the laird. 'He micht hae jist settin' doon, and the

watter hae lowed up about it, and the low no be willing to gang oot. Luik sharp, Phemy; there may come anither at the neist stride—anither foot-mark. Luik ye that gait and I'll luik this. What for willna he come oot? The lift maun be full o' him, and I'm hungert for a sicht o' him. Gin ye see onything, Phemy, cry oot.'

"What will I say?" asked Phemy.

"Cry, Father o' lights!" answered the laird.

"Will he hear to that, div ye think, sir?"

"Wha kens? He micht just turn his heid; and ae luik wad sair me for a hunner year."

"I's cry gain I see onything," said Phemy.

"As they sat watching by degrees, the laird's thought swerved a little. His gaze had fixed on the northern horizon, where, as if on the outer threshold of some mighty door, long low clouds, with varied suggestion of recumbent animal forms, had stretched themselves, like creatures of the chase, watching for their lord to issue.

"Maybe he's no out o' the hoose yet," he said; 'surely it canna be but he comes oot ilka night. He wad never hae made sic a sicht o' bonny things to lat them lie without onybody to gaither them. And there's nae ill folk furth at this time o' nicht to mak an oogly din, or disturb him with the sicht o' them. He must come oot in the quiet o' the nicht or else what's a' for? Ay, he keeps the nicht to himsel', and lea's the day to us.

That'll be what the deep sleep falls upon men for, dootless—to haud them oot o' his gait. Eh! I wuss he wad come oot whun I was by! I micht get a glimp o' him. Maybe he wad take the hump aff me, and set things in order in my heid, and mak me like ither fowk. Eh me! that wad be gran! Naebody wad daur to touch me syne. Eh, Michty! come oot! Father o' lights! Father o' lights!"

The critic is somewhat harshly treated whose mouth is stopped when he has just opened it to find fault, by so beautiful an expression of the yearning wistfulness of nature, looking in perpetual longing hope yet despondency for the God who will not show Himself. We forget that we were saying something very disagreeable about the mad laird and his mother; but all the same Mr. Macdonald should not make such impossible people. The two bad women of the story are monsters of aimless and purposeless iniquity. The author, it is evident, does not know what kind of creatures very wicked women are, and why should he attempt to draw them? Melodrama is not for him, and we do not willingly accept it at his hands.

THE CHINA WAR OF 1860: SIR HOPE GRANT.

THE recent death of the distinguished writer gives a more personal interest to this second series of selections from his private journals. It comes scarcely within the scope of our notice to attempt even the slightest outline of Sir Hope Grant's biography, were we in possession of the indispensable materials. But we should feel ourselves wanting in respect to his memory, as assuredly we should fail in doing justice to the work before us, if we did not revert to the light thrown on his character in the earlier volume of '*Incidents in the Sepoy War.*' Without going beyond the one volume and the other, we have Sir Hope presenting himself to us with a frank unconsciousness, as the ideal of the class of officer that has made the reputation of the English army—men whose strong military instincts supplement deficiencies in scientific training—who may be confidently counted upon in great emergencies to redeem the consequences of official blundering and popular indifference; whose soldier-like qualities, in short, supply the most plausible of arguments in favour of a "happy-go-lucky" system of administration. The chivalry of men of the type may be relied upon as surely as their courage. Their solid qualities serve their country better than those that are more showy. Strong good sense, unflinching resolution, and a readiness to accept at a moment's notice all the responsibilities of a momentous decision, go far to supply the place of brilliant military genius. Soldiers to the backbone, and animated by a martial

spirit that blazes out in moments of crisis, though habitually it half conceals itself under studied calmness of demeanour, they have the gift of inspiring comrades who understand and sympathise with them; of persuading their men to follow through charges like that which carried the Russian batteries at Balaklava or swept the open plains of India of the hosts of mutineers we had armed and drilled. The cadet of an old Perthshire family, Sir Hope Grant received his first commission at the age of eighteen. It was in 1826 that he joined the 9th Royal Lancers, and for thirty-two years he stuck to the corps. In 1857 the outbreak of the Mutiny found him commanding the regiment at Umballah; in the following year he was gazetted Major-General "for distinguished services;" but in 1865 he renewed his connection with the 9th as colonel, being reappointed to the regiment. He mentions gratefully in the '*Incidents in the Sepoy War,*' *apropos* to the arrival of the present Sir David Baird on the staff of Sir Colin Campbell, that he was indebted to Sir David's father for his start in life and the successes of his subsequent career. The suppression of the Mutiny was by no means the first fighting he had seen in the East. In 1841 he had accompanied Lord Salton to China as Brigade-Major; he received a Companionship of the Bath for his behaviour at the taking of Chinkiang-foo, and at the landing before Nankin; but when his chief sailed for home, Grant rejoined his regiment in

* *Incidents in the China War of 1860*, compiled from the Private Journals of General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., Commander of the English Expedition. By Henry Knollys, Captain Royal Artillery, author of '*From Sedan to Saarbrück,*' and editor of '*Incidents in the Sepoy War.*' Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1875.

India. He was present at most of the important actions in the Punjaub—at Sobraon, Chillianwala, Goojerat; and was gazetted Lieut.-Colonel in recompense: and it was probably his distinguished conduct against them in the field that gained him the regard and devotion of those fiery Sikh Lancers, whom he handled with such effect against the Sepoys.

After reading the journals written during the Mutiny, we feel that we not only know much of the man, but we are conscious of a growing personal attachment to him. If we admire him as a brave soldier and dashing leader, it is certainly not that he sounds his own trumpet. He speaks often of others and seldom of himself, at least when it is a question of honour and glory; but his very silence is significant. We hear much of Sir Colin Campbell and Havelock, of Outram and Laurence, Neill and Archdale Wilson, but very rarely of Brigadier Grant. With simple vigour he describes some desperate hand-to-hand affair where the English troopers were entangled in enclosures and surrounded by swarms of hostile horsemen—how this officer was dismounted and saved by some deed of heroism—how this private soldier won the Victoria Cross, and that other one deserved it. But it only occurs to us incidentally that Col. Grant himself must have been in the thick of it all, observing coolly among the carbine-shots and gleaming sabre-blades. Now and then, it is true, he relates some adventure of his own, or records some hair-breadth escape with manly frankness, because he has to discharge a debt of gratitude to some friend or follower. And then we find out how his troopers regarded him, and realise what a rare gift he must have had of attaching even men of alien races. Nothing but the high-

est order of courage united to a winning friendliness of manner could have established such a hold on the affections of his native orderlies as is shown in the following incident—one of a few which we venture to recall. In the assault on Delhi he finds himself “in rather an awkward predicament, unhorsed, surrounded by the enemy, and, owing to the darkness, ignorant in which direction to proceed,” when Rooper Khan rides up to him and offers him his horse, observing, “it is your only chance of safety.” Rooper Khan had been one of the few “faithful among the faithless found,” in a regiment of irregular horse that had mutinied. Grant, as we should have expected, declined to buy his life at the price of the orderly’s; but laying hold of the tail of the trooper’s horse, is happily dragged out of the press. Two Europeans of his own lancers showed similar devotion immediately afterwards. One of them had his horse killed under him at the same moment that the Colonel lost his own, when the other, “seeing me dismounted in the midst of the foe, earnestly besought me to take his charger.” Always thoughtful and ready to do a kindness, his genial bearing and considerate behaviour firmly attached his officers and staff. Lieutenant Anson presents himself, having received an appointment as aide-de-camp. Grant likes the young man’s looks, but sees he is somewhat diffident, and ill at ease: so he stoops to draw a bottle of Bass from under the bed, administers a glass of it with a cheery word and smile, and thenceforward the Brigadier and his aide-de-camp are the best friends in the world. Yet he can be stern and severe when discipline requires it. A party of the 53d have broken loose, and are busy looting a village; he has a dozen of the marauders tied up and flogged!

on the spot; but notwithstanding those "degrading effects of the lash," that we have heard so much of, these wild Irish bear him no grudge, and assuredly were not spoiled for soldiers. "Take care of your backs, boys—here comes the Provost-Marshall;" they used to observe pleasantly when they saw the disciplinarian approaching. A thoroughly Christian soldier, who, had he lived with Spenser's Red Cross Knight, might with him have carried everywhere on his shield "the dear remembrance of his bleeding Lord," he never obtrudes his piety even in his journals. But no more does he avoid the subject, nor is there possibility of mistaking the predominating tone of his mind: witness his recognition of a direct interposition of Providence when a heavy rainfall balked a contemplated attack of the enemy, by leaving the English intrenchments dry as Gideon's fleece, while all the country around was wringing wet; or when the occupation of Peh-tang passed over without the conflagration he hourly expected; his remark on the death of Havelock, and his last leave-taking of Nicholson. We learn how thoroughly he had the confidence of his superiors, not only by despatches from his old comrade Lord Clyde, from Sydney Herbert, and others, but by the circumstances of the advance for the relief of Lucknow, when Lord Clyde, then Sir Colin, left him in charge, although himself accompanying the column. We remark his quick military intelligence and his readiness to volunteer for responsibility on occasion, by advising beyond his immediate province; as when he saved a bridge condemned to be blown up by the Commander-in-Chief, and galloped off in the burning atmosphere to make sure that the counter-order arrived in time. As for his chivalrous tenderness of heart, we have him reining up in the jungle by the de-

serted wife and children of one of these mutinous sepoys he was hotly pursuing, and seeing personally to the unhappy family being bestowed in a *dooly* and sent comfortably to the rear. At Lucknow he is busy among the women he finds in the Residency, agitated as they were by the arrival of the long-expected deliverance, at a time when the leader of the relieving force might well have been excused from these personal attentions. There is something at once touching and amusing in the notion of the dignified General fresh from the field of victory, charged by an *exigeante* lady to whom he had tendered his services, with the commission of going in quest of a certain cheese known to exist in the Residency, and making interest for a morsel of it. Sir Hope hunted up the civilian who possessed the treasure, and then good-humouredly entered upon a series of wanderings through the buildings in search of the invalid to whom the odd specific was to be administered.

We have reverted to the 'Incidents in the Sepoy War,' selecting from them almost at random, because, as we said, they show the man himself more characteristically than the later volume. For 'The China War' necessarily partakes somewhat less of the nature of personal narrative, while it carries us among scenes that are less thrilling in their excitement. Though there was some hard fighting in China, it only came in the ordinary course of what was a smooth and highly successful campaign. There were no flying advances through a plurality of hostile armies; no leaving long communications to take care of themselves; no onslaughts on vast fortified encampments with handfuls of men that the garrison might have swallowed. In China, Sir Hope was exalted above the comrades he used to mix more familiarly with; he was isolated

from them in the more serene atmosphere of supreme command, and the dashing leader of light dragoons was bound to see to the safety of his person. But for that very reason, if this second work is the less sensational, if it abounds less in personal anecdote and gossip, it is decidedly more valuable and instructive; while we shall find it very far from deficient either in picturesque or humorous features. Sir Hope writes with the authority of its author on the campaign he directed himself to its fortunate conclusion. He dwells, though lightly, on the anxieties inseparable from his high command, anxieties that often were magnified into cares, since a foreign and independent general had to be consulted at every step. He tells the true story of certain important differences of opinion, regarding which it was only wisdom to preserve silence at the time. He gives us his ideas as a veteran officer—indirectly—on the relative merits of the French soldiers and our own; and finally, the captured Chinese despatches included in the volume, offer us some strange and suggestive glimpses at the inner machinery of the Celestial administration.

Reading this second volume, we are more persuaded than ever that Captain Knollys had an admirable idea, when he prevailed upon Sir Hope Grant to consent to the publication of his Journals. It is obvious that there can be no safer or more precious materials for military history than the notes that an officer in high command has jotted down from day to day, purely for his personal satisfaction. It is true that nowadays a British army is sure to go into the field amply provided with excellent professional correspondents. But they must necessarily watch the campaign from the point of view of the outsider; al-

though they may be admitted to mingle with the staff, and may push forward to commanding vantage-ground. On the spur of the moment they must combine the imperfect information they have either gathered in dim glimpses through the smoke-clouds, or collected from excited men who may be neither well informed nor communicative. They are bound to rush to hasty conclusions, to evolve before the despatch of the post-bags some intelligible theory of passing events. They would themselves be the first to confess that, in the eager race with indefatigable competitors, the sense that they must in no case be left behind if they can help it, often hurries them to mistaken impressions; and when days must elapse between the arrival of despatches, errors of fact and induction are more easily circulated than set right. The public would ask nothing better than that commanders-in-chief should become their own chroniclers, could it only assure itself of their exactness and impartiality. At least commanders-in-chief must know their own minds; the complicated motives that weighed with them in originating their system of strategy, the secret history of the military and political considerations that were brought to bear upon them in modification of their plans. Caesar's Commentaries and the Wellington Despatches must always remain model specimens of the best style of the genuine war correspondent. The terse and vigorous diction of the great Roman and the Iron Duke—the soldierlike point and brevity with which they narrate events precisely as they occurred, without condescending to colour things or to extenuate them—has assured their works immortal popularity by carrying conviction of the fidelity of every page. While as a specimen of the reverse method of treatment,

we may turn to those memoirs of Napoleon that were arranged at St. Helena under the great prisoner's personal supervision. Nothing ought to have made more fascinating reading than notes on the most marvellous of modern campaigns by the master-mind who directed them. But it was felt that Napoleon was never to be trusted. Magnificent genius as he was, he was so unscrupulous in the pursuit of his ambitious purposes, so vain of his stupendous reputation, that he had shown himself capable of the meanest falsehood in advancing the one and enhancing the other. His confidential letters, compared with his inflated bulletins and state papers, had made his manner of treating history notorious. The overthrow of Waterloo and his exile had left him none the less susceptible; and in consequence, the volumes he inspired to his aides-de-camp, to all intents and purposes fell still-born from their pens.

As we need scarcely say, we have no idea of inviting comparisons between the leader of the China expedition and the most famous and successful masters of the sword and pen. But his work and style have certain qualities in common with theirs—qualities that are of the very essence of good military narrative. He is honest, simple, and wonderfully exact; and we may, perhaps, apply to his unstudied composition a compliment paid by Sir Colin Campbell to his capacity as a general—"My old friend Grant is quite invaluable, . . . from his ready application of ground, and the manner in which he is able at a glance to make his dispositions." For Sir Hope always says the right thing in the right way, telling you in the fewest words precisely what you are interested to know. He goes straight to seize on the salient points of a situation, and overlooks nothing of interest in his

rapid survey of its surroundings. But when we talk of the simplicity of his unstudied work, we only take his Journals as we find them. We remember that they are the work of a busy man, dashed down in moments snatched in the short intervals of his repose from sustained exertions in tropical climates. When a soldier has been marching all the morning under a sun that has heated the cannon-shot beyond possibility of handling; or when he has unbuckled the heavy sabre that has been tiring his arm through a succession of sharp skirmishes, he can scarcely be in the mood most congenial to calm and polished composition—and still less, when his over-wearied brain is weighted with all the anxieties of command. Yet, taking the Journals just as they are given us, we are by no means sure that Sir Hope had not the gifts of a writer had he chanced to turn his attention in that direction. It is certain that he instinctively lays hold of the picturesque, pathetic, or humorous side of anything that is going forward within the range of his observation, and that, to use a familiar but expressive phrase, he can tell a story uncommonly well. Besides, whether consciously or unconsciously, he illustrates, with great ability, directly or indirectly, the qualities of the troops he sees in the field, and the character of the natives of all ranks with whom he was thrown into contact.

Naturally he knew the British soldier most familiarly after more than thirty years' intimate experience of him. And it strikes us as remarkable that his account of the conduct of the soldiers in the many affairs he was present at, especially in India, where we were so terribly overmatched, should confirm entirely on all points the conclusions of Mr. Kinglake, that accomplished student of the art of war. Often in the

jungle and the paddy-fields, entangled among gardens and compounds, embarrassed by swamps and by water-courses, the incidents of the great Inkerman day are faithfully reproduced. It never occurs to the soldiers broken up, out-flanked, and fearfully outnumbered, that, properly speaking, they should consider themselves as beaten, and consequently they are never beaten at all. They draw together naturally, showing a bold front to the enemy, each man feeling that, when his shoulder touches a comrade's, he has his back to a work that will cover him effectually. So with the officers. They are only too eager to do a little private soldiering, dashing out to accept a challenge to single combat whenever they are defied by some audacious solitary enemy. But they rise to the occasion and sober down when they find themselves in some position of unexpected responsibility, and the men as instinctively respond to their habits of discipline, and obediently follow the lead of their superior. It is days of determined battle like that of Inkerman—protracted and heroic struggles like those that crushed down the rising of India—that enable us to listen with equanimity when we are told that Englishmen have degenerated. We have our faults as soldiers—and of course we could wish we were without them; but it is scarcely vainglorious to say that our faults as a warlike people approach very nearly to virtues. For we sin on the side of over-confidence, and are inclined to indulge in a superb consciousness that we shall “pull through” somehow, as we always have done. We neglect to fortify the exposed face of the Inkerman hill, although it is almost a moral certainty that we shall be assailed there sooner or later. The assault comes; we decline very foolishly

the first offers of assistance, but we defend the position with such stubborn determination that the trial, when we have surmounted it, leaves us more self-confident than before. So in India. A vaguely ominous uneasiness pervades the British cantonments. We hear of mysterious communications transmitted through the villages of the subject races, communications which it is altogether impossible to explain in any reassuring manner. Warnings are multiplied, and they are all neglected; for we will not be persuaded that our millions of Indian dependents can have the hardihood to dream of rising on us in their overwhelming numbers. The rebellion that we might so easily have provided against occurs, and takes us utterly by surprise. Officers are butchered as they are seated at the mess-table; handfuls of Europeans are penned up in their indefensible quarters; knots of civilians and military men barricade themselves in open billiard-rooms, armed with such weapons, as they can snatch up. Here and there one of these outlying posts is stormed; here and there a feeble garrison is overpowered; but the Europeans scattered through the northern provinces give each other a hand from station to station; men who, according to rule and reason, should have capitulated many times over, march out to relieve those of their countrymen who are at bay at even a greater disadvantage. The natives, who would have precipitated themselves on a faltering or flying foe, fall back in prudent hesitation before the slight columns of the *sahibs*; waverers are gradually confirmed in their time-serving loyalty; wily potentates, whose semi-independent states are at stake, cast in their lot with the victors of Plassy, Assaye, and Sobraon. England emerges from the ordeal more

feared than ever, and probably more in favour with her dependants than before. In India, as in the Crimea, we came off better than we deserved — there is no denying it. It would be short-sighted and criminal in the extreme for responsible ministers to pander to a false economy by trusting too much to the qualities that have repeatedly saved our honour. But none the less are those qualities that Mr. Kinglake has illustrated in his Inkerman volume, and Sir Hope Grant in both volumes of these Journals, full of the assurance that England's future will not be unworthy of her famous past.

We will venture to go a little further, though conscious that we are approaching delicate ground, which Sir Hope Grant has often hesitated to tread. But it is so much the fashion of a certain school of writers at home as well as abroad, to glorify at our expense the great military powers of the Continent, that those who think and know differently are bound to speak their minds when they find facts in their favour. Sir Hope Grant does every justice to the courage and dash of his French allies; he tells how their small contingent distinguished itself in the attack that broke into the quadrilateral of the Taku forts, and in the fighting near Peking. But we think any one who reads his narrative dispassionately will admit that he implies that theirs is the courage which is more apt to rise with success than to be braced under discouragement. Certainly we gather that their discipline left a good deal to desire. Give them a Napoleon who can chain victory to their eagles, and they will march across Europe in a shower of decorations and titles until they break their teeth over such natural obstacles as the frozen steppes of

Russia. Let them meet with reverses or discouraging delays at the outset—set them to hold Hindustan with all the probabilities against them, and although they would doubtless sell their lives dearly, they have neither the heart nor the patience to struggle out through a losing game.

There is another point of contrast between the two nations that Sir Hope brings out very clearly in his present volume; and indeed it was borne in upon him unpleasantly enough by the gratuitous delays repeatedly interposed by our allies. Neither the French leaders nor their government at home were in any great haste to push forward operations. Persuaded of success in the end, they cared little how long the war was protracted; and they were prepared to relieve the drain on their treasury by making the war help to support itself. Military glory was as the breath of their nostrils to them; and the soldiers in China had the sympathy of their countrymen in France. So long as they sent home fresh trophies to the *Invalides*, and entitled themselves to inscribe new names on the Arch of Triumph, all went well, and the French were quite contented. The army had better “be kept in wind,” and as well in China as in Algeria, when once the expenses of transporting it thither had been provided for. With the English, on the other hand, the campaign was strictly a matter of business. In former days our Eastern wars of conquest had been duly debited in the ledgers of our great trading company, and the annexed provinces had been valued, and the value credited by us as a set-off. In this case no annexation was contemplated. It was a mere question of vindicating commercial rights and diplomatic privileges which had been understood to have been al-

ready conceded ; of re-establishing a military prestige which a former failure had gravely endangered. Perhaps the troops fought none the worse, that they knew they were expected to fight against time ; but that pressure of home-opinion added seriously to the responsibilities and anxieties of the Commander-in-Chief, for frequently the French General and he were straining in different directions, like ill-matched dogs in their couples. Repeatedly the Frenchman would have made his approaches by the more scientific and circuitous road, after waiting to elaborate all the preparations ; while the Englishman, eager to go straight to his object, insisted on pressing forward by the more direct path, and with such appliances as might suffice for his purpose.

Sir Hope Grant, as we have said, treads with the utmost discretion and reluctance on that very delicate ground ; but occasionally, as we shall see, in justice to himself and his soldiers, he is obliged to tell his own story very plainly. Therefore it is of the more consequence that before following him, we should establish beyond all doubt that his version of occurrences may be absolutely trusted ; and perhaps we can find no more conclusive proof of this than in his account of how the command was conferred on him :—

“ Her Majesty, on the recommendation of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, was pleased to nominate me to the command of the British troops, with the rank of Major-General ; a mark of favour which I appreciated the more, because I had sought for it neither directly nor indirectly. Indeed, I heard from home, that in the first instance, Sir Charles Wood, Secretary of State for India, had offered great opposition to my appointment, and had considered that Sir William Mansfield, whom he considered greatly superior to myself, should be selected instead. But the Duke urged my fitness for the command, and at the same time pointed

out the injustice of passing over a senior and competent officer, who, his Royal Highness was good enough to say, had always done his duty.”

It is scarcely possible that modesty should go farther ; and yet we read, too, a certain manly consciousness of the talents and rational self-confidence which went far to secure the success of the expedition. Sir William Mansfield declined to accept the second place—a mistake, in Sir Hope Grant's opinion ; and we may assume with confidence that Sir Hope himself would have acted differently. As it was, his two generals of division were Sir John Michel and Sir Robert Napier, the future commander of the Abyssinian expedition. Among other officers who have especially distinguished themselves before or since, were Sir Garnet Wolseley, then Lieutenant-Colonel, who was Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General ; and Fane and Probyn, who had made their reputations during the Mutiny as daring leaders of irregular horse. The army consisted, of course, of regiments and batteries that had been forwarded from India to reinforce the troops already quartered in China. Thanks to the vicinity of our Indian possessions, and the abundance of our transport shipping, for once in an Anglo-French alliance, we were in a decided superiority of numerical force. The first instructions to the Governor-General of India had been, to send forward “all the troops he could spare.” It was only when successive regiments had been fairly embarked and despatched that it was discovered that our contingent had been limited to 10,000 men by the terms of arrangement with our imperial ally. In that small excess of force lay the possible germs of future heartburnings, and indeed Sir Hope in his dealings with our allies had most awkward cards to play throughout. Count Palikao

himself—he was then General de Montauban—seems to have been honestly desirous to make things pleasant, and he showed himself fairly accommodating for a man who was tolerably opinionated. But in his position of French General commanding, he seems to have felt bound to represent and express French military traditions and susceptibilities. It was his business in the first place to beat the Chinese; but he had to see at the same time that the imperial troops had at least their share of loot and laurels. Then, as we have said before, he was in no great hurry; now that the expeditionary force had a chance of gaining glory and promotions, they were quite disposed to make the most of it. It was Sir Hope Grant's first object to finish the war before the wet season; and how important that was, perhaps was hardly realised until the generals had learned by actual experience the nature of the ground they had to fight on. Whatever the shortcomings of our land transport and military trains, we were in complete readiness to take the field a full three weeks before our allies. Had our General not put his shoulder to the wheel, and almost persecuted his colleagues with importunities, the advance must have been delayed so as to let the rains and the winter interpose to delay the Chinese submission. After General de Montauban had at last been prevailed upon to fix a day for beginning, and when Sir Hope naturally assumed the matter to be settled, in talking it over with General Jamin, who commanded the French depots near the theatre of war, Jamin only smiled good-humouredly at the wild absurdity of the notion. As yet, as he said, they had scarcely begun to collect their beasts of burden; and when the animals were bought they would have to be broken. We in the

meantime had had the forethought to procure all we wanted from India, Japan, and Manilla. In fact we were so amply provided that Sir Hope had offered to spare De Montauban 170 of his excellent ponies at cost price. Nothing can be more significant of the reluctance to rapid campaigning that he had to overcome, than the fact that De Montauban declined the offer. He believed he could supply himself on more reasonable terms elsewhere. And that at a time when imperial generals had always *carte blanche*, so long as they undertook to maintain the military prestige of the Empire; at a time when Paris was in the occupation of an army of architects and workmen, and when any city or department might have a bridge or a branch railway for the asking, if it were an object to keep it in good humour.

But go back to the beginning, and to the harbour of Hong Kong when Sir Hope Grant steamed into it early in March. We were then awaiting the reply of the Chinese Government to the joint ultimatum that had been forwarded by the French ministers. Pending the arrival of the answer we were still technically at peace, and could hardly venture upon an overt act of war. But Sir Hope had set his affections on a sea-blown promontory on the other side of the harbour, of essential value to us on military and sanitary grounds, and which he feared our more free-and-easy allies might be less scrupulous in appropriating. As he could not seize on it, he determined to try to "trade," as the Americans would say; an idea that anywhere out of the Celestial Empire would scarcely have suggested itself to a hostile general on the very eve of inevitable war. However, the practicability of the idea was fully justified by the result. The mandarin governor

of the province was all affability, and granted his enemy a lease of the coveted promontory in consideration of a rent of £160. Having settled this matter so satisfactorily, the Commander-in-Chief sailed for Shanghai, and there he made the acquaintance of General de Montauban, "a fine, handsome, soldierly-looking man, apparently under sixty years of age, with a pleasant expression, and in general appearance quite the *beau sabreur*." At Shanghai the reply to the joint ultimatum reached them: as Sir Hope pronounces it, it was "cheeky in the extreme." That, as it happened, had been precisely the feeling of the Celestial officials with regard to the propositions of the allied invaders. In the words of their answer, "The dispatch written on this occasion is in much of its language too insubordinate and extravagant for the Council to discuss its propositions more than superficially. For the future the British minister must not be so wanting in decorum. . . . It will behove him not to adhere obstinately to his own opinion, or so doing, he will give cause to much trouble hereafter." The contemptuously supercilious tone of the answer vouchsafed the Barbarians, not only indicated the urgent necessity of war if we proposed to hold the Chinese to their engagements, but serves also to explain the very peculiar conditions under which the war had to be conducted. Misled by their ignorance or by their confidence in the inaccessibility of the capital, the officials of the court and the central government thought it safe to talk the traditional court language. If the enemy ravaged outlying provinces and occupied cities on the coast, it was only what the native insurgents had been doing elsewhere. But the authorities in those maritime dis-

tricts that had been enriched by European trade and had seen something of European soldiers, behaved very differently. Nothing could be more obsequious than their demeanour, or more accommodating than their acts. The quarrel of their emperor was not theirs—on the contrary, they turned to his European enemies for protection against those terrible Taepings who spared neither age nor sex. We actually garrisoned the emperor's city of Shanghai for him by request of his own governor, while preparing to force the forts on the Peiho as a preliminary to the advance on his capital. It was our object, as Captain Knollys points out, to vanquish the Chinese only up to a certain point and in certain places. We must open the Peiho and threaten Peking; but it would have been little short of a disaster to us had we overthrown the emperor's throne, or even forced him into the flight he meditated at one time. We must have a recognised government to treat with—a government that could sign a satisfactory peace and offer solid guarantees for its observance. In these circumstances it was evidently our first object to conciliate and reassure the natives everywhere beyond the precincts of the fortresses in the Gulf of Pechili. There need have been no difficulty in this, and Sir Hope Grant did his best, but his allies gave him a great deal of annoyance and anxiety. He paid for everything his army wanted, and, in consequence, supplies came pouring in. But the French, on the other hand, were inclined to their time-honoured but short-sighted practice of feeding the war from the country they occupied; and their behaviour to the well-meaning and placable provincial mandarins was on some occasions wantonly overbearing. Admiral Page,

who was in command of the fleet at the beginning, seems to have been of a most ill-conditioned disposition and violent temper. The town of Ting-hai had been surrendered without a shot, and the garrison had consented to give over its arms. Delegates had been sent into the allied camp to make the final arrangements. "The poor mandarins," writes Sir Hope Grant, "were humble and submissive, chiefly owing, I believe, to the kind manner in which they had been formerly treated when our people held possession of their island. But I was much vexed with the French admiral, whose manner to the Chinese was harsh and overbearing." Fortunately Admiral Page was soon replaced by an officer of much more accommodating manners, and things in consequence went far more smoothly.

That occupation of Ting-hai gave us the first experience of those smouldering jealousies that might lead to grave misunderstandings, if excessive regard were not paid to the susceptibilities of our French friends. Admiral Page had been unreasonable as usual with regard to the billeting of his men, and nothing but Sir Hope's admirable temper prevented an absolute quarrel between them. Then when the flags of the two nations had been displayed side by side from a joss-house on the hill behind the town, the feelings of the French were outraged by the discovery that the English seamen had rigged up the loftier flag-staff. An amicable understanding was only restored when our allies had hunted out a still higher pole, whence their colours were left to float in undisputed supremacy.

Sir Hope Grant had found occasion to return to Hong Kong. He reached Shanghai for the second time in the middle of June, and it was then that the council of war as-

sembled which was to decide on the manner of attack on the forts at the mouth of the Peiho. Each of the allied generals had his plan. De Montauban's idea was to disembark the men 25 miles to the south of the forts, and to march them along the barren coast, trusting to his ships for provisions and water, although in that case he could not have taken his light field-pieces with him. To Sir Hope Grant, this scheme appeared hazardous in the extreme. "The difficulties of landing would be great; heavy winds might probably arise and prevent communicating with his ships for days; and above all, it was most unlikely that the large fort, which was armed with about sixty very heavy guns, could be compelled to yield to the fire of light field-pieces only." What he himself proposed was to begin with an attack on the Peh-tang river, which, unlike the Peiho, was undefended by chain barriers, and whose defences generally were understood to be less formidable. Once established there, they could take the Taku forts in the rear. Neither general succeeded in convincing the other; and Sir Hope assented to De Montauban's suggestion, that they should act independently on their respective ideas. On further reflection, however, General de Montauban admitted the weight of Sir Hope's objections by abandoning his own scheme. But it must be confessed that, with all its hazards and drawbacks, he might have found something more to urge in its favour, had the allies been more exactly informed as to the nature of the country that lay between Peh-tang and the Taku forts. We shall see subsequently, however, that the Chinese were characteristically neglectful of those natural defences that might have made their forts wellnigh impregnable.

While the generals were consult-

ing together at Shanghai, the troops had been proceeding northwards to their destination. The rendezvous of the French was fixed for Che-foo, a harbour on the southern of the converging jaws that lock the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili; while the English were collecting at Ta-lien-wan, opposite. It was at the latter place that Sir Hope Grant welcomed our Commissioner, Lord Elgin, on the 9th of July. A few days subsequently, on the occasion of a formal visit from the French General and Admiral, Sir Hope passed his troops in review in honour of his colleagues.

"Though the force of cavalry and artillery was small, the sight in such a distant land was undoubtedly one to be proud of showing to the representatives of a great foreign Power. It must be remembered that the force had been conveyed a distance of 5000 miles from India; that they had been embarked and disembarked several times during the journey; and that although frequently unprovided with proper landing-places, scarcely a casualty had occurred. Each English soldier was a splendid fellow, and looked as though he were a thoroughbred gentleman—powerful and strong enough to contend with any men the world could produce. The Sikhs, too, with their beautiful turbans wound gracefully over their ears and drooping down the backs of their heads, were almost equally splendid, and looked as if they intended to vie in acts of daring with the British. I need scarcely add that the Royal Artillery was as usual in the most beautiful order, and that the horses were turned out in a manner which did credit to both branches of the service. . . . The French General walked down the line with us, and frequently expressed his admiration of our troops. Such a sight, he said, would not have been extraordinary in Hyde Park or in the Tuileries, but he could never have expected to witness it in China."

Such were the men Sir Hope Grant had at his disposal. They were at last embarked on the 26th

July. For a couple of days the ships lay to, in sight of the Taku forts, which loomed large on the horizon at a distance of some twenty miles. Then, on August the 1st, the campaign may be said to have begun in earnest, when we came to an anchor off the mouth of the Peh-tang. Not that there was any fighting as yet. The two forts, although they looked formidable, offered no opposition to the disembarkation; the few "braves" who were left to man them, contenting themselves with an attitude of curious observation. It became clear afterwards, indeed, that the Chinese had arranged their Peiho defences on the fixed idea that they were only to be exposed to attack from the front. But in the meantime, and on the very first experiences of the country, the Allies had an unpleasant foretaste of some of the natural obstacles that were to oppose their progress. The left bank of the Peh-tang was so muddy that there was no landing on it. Even on the right of the river, "we found very little better than slush; and General Montauban, just as he had set foot on shore, suddenly found the river rising and the water surrounding him." He took refuge on an artificial mound, which soon became an island in the middle of an ocean. Sir Hope Grant, as he saw a couple of miles of mud stretching before him, pulled off boots and stockings, tucked up his trousers, and so prepared for the worst, headed the march of his column. The chief of the French staff had mounted his pony, but both horse and man were nearly swallowed in a water-course. After bivouacking for the night upon a causeway crossing the marshes, the troops entered Peh-tang in the morning without firing a shot. The garrison, before withdrawing, had prepared a disagreeable surprise for them, but a friendly old man gave them timely

warning of it. Sixteen great shells had been carefully hidden under a slight covering of soil; while gunlocks communicating with trains of powder were so disposed as to explode under the pressure of the foot. With the occupation of this place and on the first day after the landing, the Commander-in-Chief's anxieties began. The surrounding country being swamp and submerged at high tide, French and English were crowded together among the houses, beyond the possibility of careful supervision.

"The occupation of the town was fraught with the most fearful risks it has ever fallen to my lot to encounter; and had we not been protected by that great Being who rules above, terrible and fearful consequences would have ensued. The town was very small, not much more than 500 yards square, and in it were crowded 11,000 of our men, exclusive of the French force, amounting to above 6700 more, and about 4000 of our horses, mules, and ponies, all stowed away in houses and in narrow lanes. The buildings were almost all thatched, fires burning, dinners cooking, men smoking; in fact all the accessories for the outbreak of a blaze. After the storm the weather became very hot, and the thatched roof as dry as tinder. Had a spark fallen on one of them, it is difficult to say what would have been the result."

With this sense of imminent and hourly danger oppressing him, it is no wonder Sir Hope Grant grew impatient to push forward the advance on the Peiho. It is impossible not to speculate on what might have been the fate of the expedition had some of these Chinamen, who set such slight store by their lives in the desperate fighting a few days later, only devoted themselves now to an act of patriotic incendiarism. Moreover, the rains that paralysed the invasion for the time being threatened to breed a pestilence in

the camp, as refuse accumulated in the damp under the blazing sun. Yet even with regard to an immediate advance, there was again discussion between the generals. De Montauban objected that "the state of the country would be the destruction of the men." Sir Hope replied that a few days of fine weather had made campaigning as practicable as they were ever likely to find it; and that although the health of the armies had hitherto been marvelously satisfactory, yet prudence forbade their remaining where they were. De Montauban yielded in the end, and with a good grace. It would appear that Sir Hope had not only the stronger will, but the sounder sense, and that his colleague on second thoughts had generally the intelligence to recognise as much. Yet though the advance had to be undertaken sooner or later, it must be owned that a careful general must have risked his troops in it with many misgivings, and might even have doubted of ultimate success. For the country between the rivers was all swamps and salt-marsh, intersected everywhere by deep water-channels. The recent rains had helped to flood it. At first sight there had seemed to be but a single road, and that was carried along the narrow causeway where the troops had bivouacked on the night of their landing. But subsequent reconnaissance had discerned a cart-track branching away to the right of this causeway, and apparently tending towards the banks of the Peiho by something of a circuit. So, while Sir John Michel's division, with a body of French, were to move forward along the causeway, Sir Robert Napier was to explore the cart-track. It was more than doubtful, however, whether this second column would ever succeed in arriving at its destination, and Sir Hope Grant accompanied it accord-

ingly. He had not overrated the difficulties it had to encounter.

"The horses got bogged, the guns sank up to their axle-trees, and the waggons stuck fast. At last we were compelled to leave the waggon-bodies behind us, and to content ourselves with the gun and waggon-limbers. The cavalry likewise were much embarrassed in struggling through the mud, and even the infantry found it hard work, and lost a good many pair of boots. At one time I really thought we should have had to give up the attempt; but Sir Robert Napier was full of energy; the struggle was continued, and by means of drag-ropes and perseverance the artillery were hauled over the two miles of mud, and sound ground reached."

That they were ever permitted to emerge on the firm land is only another illustration of how much success in war depends on the chapter of accidents, and a proof the more of that strange supineness of the enemy which we have remarked upon already. The Tartar horse showed dash and gallantry immediately afterwards; the Chinese infantry and gunners fought most resolutely behind their defences, and died like men. Had the cavalry only lined the edges of the swamps, and had some light field-pieces been sent forward to support them, Napier's division could never have extricated itself. Had the head of the long causeway been properly defended, surely the crowded column, exposed to a raking fire, need never have been suffered to debouch from it and form. Napoleon had availed himself of opportunities somewhat similar, with decisive success, in the marshes before Mantua; but General Sang-ko-liu-sin was no Napoleon, and the European forces were permitted to deploy on firm ground before the fighting began in earnest. Then the front of the battle extended over more than two miles. The column that had come by the cause-

way carried the outlying mud forts that were opposed to it; while, far to the right, Sir Robert Napier, with his Sikh horsemen and Armstrong guns, proved too much for the Tartar cavalry. Then the French General, unwilling apparently *à s'arrêter dans un si beau chemin*, proposed an immediate assault on another fortified position in his front. Sir Hope objected. The place in question did not seem to fall within the general scheme of operations: it was of great extent, and its defences apparently were formidable. General de Montauban was obstinate, however; and as he proposed that his own people should bear the brunt of the onset, Sir Hope consented to follow in support. Again the Englishman was proved in the right. As he politely puts it, when the enemy opened fire in return, "fortunately for the French, the range was too great to be effective, otherwise their loss would have been heavy indeed. General de Montauban at last recognised the futility of the attempt, and withdrew his force."

Next day another of the Chinese positions was carried, after some severe fighting, and then the allies stood immediately face to face with their grand object, the Taku forts. The history of the capture, with the interchange of official communications that preceded it, is in every sense the most important part of Sir Hope's narrative. The question whether the campaign was to be concluded in a single season depended on these obstructions being promptly disposed of; and Sir Hope gave the crowning proof of his fitness for the command, not only by the sound decision he came to, but by his determination in persisting in acting upon it. As was almost invariably the case, General de Montauban and he had come to diametrically opposite conclusions. The forts were four in number, two on either bank. Sir

Hope proposed to begin by attacking the exterior one, that lay inland, and nearer to our own armies on our side of the river. De Montauban wished to cross and deliver the assault on those on the opposite bank. Each general stated his arguments and objections at length in a formal memorandum. The dispute turned mainly on the question as to which of the forts would best repay capture by tending to render the others untenable; and each general expressed himself equally satisfied as to the fort of his own selection best answering that primary condition. But Sir Hope urged besides, that in being taken over the river, the troops must suffer severely from the fire of the Chinese, and that after having run the gauntlet of the enemy's batteries, they would find the country on the other side almost unfit for siege operations. General de Montauban yielded, under solemn protest. He only sent a comparatively small force to co-operate. It is said he never showed himself on the scene till the affair was over, and then he had left his sword behind by way of implying marked disapproval. The conclusion that Sir Hope's quick military perception had led him to was verified by circumstances from point to point, as well as by complete final success. The surrounding ground, though difficult, was found to be practicable. The fort, as it proved, had been constructed entirely with a view to meeting assaults to be made from the sea-side. The walls on the face we approached were flimsy, and crumbled under fire; the guns were pointed in the opposite direction—the Chinese artillerymen, when they slewed them round, had to work them with little or no cover; and lastly, when once this fort was our own, the remaining three had no choice but to surrender. We may add, in proof of the greater

care with which Sir Hope had examined into the matter, that it came out afterwards that General de Montauban had actually based one of his most serious objections on a vital miscalculation, by which a distance of 1500 yards was considerably more than doubled. The tone, too, of these counter-dispatches, is significant of the spirit in which the writers were inclined to act. All Sir Hope argues for is the carrying the forts in the most summary way, and at the smallest expenditure of life. General de Montauban professes a similar purpose, but it is clear that he considers the gaining of glory a most important element to be taken into account. By adopting Sir Hope's plan, the navy would be out of the action altogether, and would have to go home without obtaining personal satisfaction for their failure of the preceding year. He writes that the solution of the problem in the way Sir Hope Grant proposes "will not even give any satisfactory result to the navy." "It is in attacking these forts in concert with the land forces that our brave allied navy will find an opportunity for a glorious revenge." On an impartial retrospect we can hardly give too much credit to Sir Hope for the courage with which he accepted so terrible a responsibility, while placing himself in the meantime in a most invidious position with our allies, whom he was bound to humour for his own comfort. We can do no better than quote Captain Knollys' remarks on the subject:

"Seldom indeed have commanders been willing to assume the amount of responsibility which Sir Hope Grant so readily took upon himself. Had there been the slightest miscarriage, had the result been even indecisive, the military reputation of the projector would have received a death-blow. The war had never been popular in England; and an outburst of censure would have arisen based on the fact

that our allies had emphatically condemned the course we had adopted. It must be remembered that in 1860 there was attributed to the French a knowledge of and aptitude in the science of war, which was supposed to leave every other nation far in the rear, similarly as in 1875 any Prussian practice is lauded as perfection, for the sole reason that it is a Prussian military practice. On the other hand, in the event of a successful issue, the hazards attendant on the assumption of responsibility would be forgotten in the feeling that 'all's well that ends well'—were in point of fact forgotten in the anxiety to smooth over the susceptibilities of our allies."

The defence proved what admirable soldiers the Chinese may show themselves behind fortifications, and how very lightly they regard their lives. Everything was against them. Such science as their engineers possessed had been ingeniously exerted so as to leave them unprotected; their marksmen were only armed with rough matchlocks. Twice a great powder-magazine exploded—to those who looked on absolutely seeming to gut the forts, and spreading death and destruction everywhere around. But when the smoke cleared away, the survivors were still to be seen at their posts, and they fought on with the same determination as before. The matchlock-fire was so steady that our marines were foiled when they tried to bridge the water-courses with pontoons. Indeed, had it not been for the services that countrymen of their own rendered to their enemies, our first attack might have ended in a repulse. But the Chinese coolies who carried scaling-ladders for the French behaved as if it were their business to go on forlorn-hopes for us. These ladders our allies used as bridges. "The Chinamen jumped into the water up to their necks, and supported the ladders upon their hands and shoulders, to en-

able the men to get across. These poor fellows behaved gallantly, and though some of them were shot down, they never finched in the least." The French, on their part, showed the greatest dash and courage: there was a rush for the honour of first planting the standard on the walls of the fort, but it was an English officer—Chaplin—with the colours of the 67th, who was the winner in it. Once in, the assailants held possession of the gate: there was no other issue from the complicated fortifications of the enceinte; so that few of the Chinese attempted to escape, and many of them determined to sell their lives dearly. Some, however, did succeed in breaking out, although they had to drop from a wall many feet in height on ground that bristled with pointed bamboo stakes.

The surrender of the other forts followed in a day or two, judicious pressure having accelerated negotiations. The chains at the mouth of the Peiho were cleared away, and our steamers and gunboats could come up the river. The allies started forthwith on their march inland, the French following one bank and we the other. But what strikes one as strange, is the certainty with which our civil and military chiefs seem to have counted on all serious resistance being at an end. Sir Hope Grant writes in that sense to Lord Canning, and feels he can spare a regiment to send back for the defence of Shanghai against the Taepings. As it proved, he was not far out in his reckoning, although we did have another engagement later. Yet the Chinese mishaps at the Peiho mouth might have been supposed only to incite an ordinary people to more determined resistance. The Chinese, or at least their Tartar soldiery, are far from unwarlike. They had made a most gallant stand behind the defences of the fort we took: their

Tartar cavalry had shown courage in the field. The available numbers of their regular troops might surely have given trouble enough to the sum total of our forces. Sang-ko-lin-sin, the general commanding on the Peiho, was said to be retreating with 30,000 men. It was estimated that there were 60,000 Tartars of the Imperial Guard residing in their quarter of the city of Pekin. On the face of things there seems to have been no reason why the Emperor should not have united those forces, had he taken the field in person, as was once suggested. Yet when the French and English envoys first started on their progress up the Peiho, they went almost unguarded, considering they were in an enemy's country. "The strength of the English escort was fixed at 1000 men and a battery of artillery; but the French, for reasons best known to themselves, objected to our so employing more than 150 men." As it was, when we fought some days later at Chan-chia-wan, after so far "marching into the bowels of the land without impediment," we had barely 4000 men of all arms, who disposed easily enough of all the forces that were opposed to them. Possibly we need never have fought at all, had it not been for the attack on the English party who had risked themselves among the enemy somewhat rashly under a flag of truce. The affair seems to have originated in the unpremeditated aggression of insubordinate and half-disciplined soldiers chafing under the sense of defeat. Afterwards their general, whose head probably sat uneasily on his shoulders, and who, even more than his men, was smarting under the humiliation, seemed to have felt an irresistible impulse to vent his spite, and show the barbarian side of his nature. Then it probably occurred to the authorities that, with hostages

in their possession, they might delay our advance; while their horribly barbarous treatment of the captives was no extraordinary abuse of their cruel prison system. But the Chinese defence had collapsed altogether. They still showed bodies of troops in the field, as they mount painted guns behind pasteboard battlements, that by putting out a semblance of strength, they might restrict our demands if they did not succeed in frightening us. But they rather blundered into that battle of Chan-chia-wan than otherwise, hostilities being precipitated by those very proceedings of theirs, which they expected to have a precisely opposite effect. Shortly after that second defeat, Probyn with a handful of irregular horse was permitted to push a reconnaissance close up to the walls of their capital, and subsequently Sir Hope Grant himself could let his horse drink out of the moat that flows round Pekin. Naturally Sir Hope's narrative does not add much to our information on that unhappy business, in which not a few English and Indians perished in miserable torture. But he explains that Captain Brabazon, who appears originally to have volunteered from curiosity, was actually despatched on the recommendation of the commandant of the artillery, because it was believed his report on the country might be valuable. Captain Faue, who made a similar application, was peremptorily refused, most fortunately for himself, and thus in all human probability a most distinguished officer was saved to the army.

The looting of the Emperor's Summer Palace by the French has been a very vexed question. Sir Hope Grant, as Captain Knollys remarks, has treated it "with the utmost tenderness;" yet we think that his Journals, supplemented by the independent testimony quoted

by Captain Knollys, are absolutely conclusive as to the rights of the matter. We might have charitably assumed that Count de Palikao's recollections had misled him strangely in the evidence he gave subsequently before a committee. There the French general denied positively that his troops had been pillaging at all before the arrival of the English. But he had volunteered a similar assertion to Lord Elgin, when the English envoy rode up to the palace; and on that occasion he was flatly contradicted by the sights that Lord Elgin witnessed himself. To begin with, it must have been a most unaccountable misapprehension as to the road that landed the French at the palace before the English. Sir Hope Grant, telling us of the previous arrangements, says: "General de Montauban and I agreed that, as the army of Sang-ko-lin-sin had apparently retreated, we should make for the Summer Palace, where we should probably find the Emperor or principal government officials. It was the turn of the English to march first, and as the country was much enclosed, rendering our advance in a regulated line impracticable, I pushed on in front with a strong advanced-guard and with flankers." Reading that passage by itself, we might imagine that it had been left free to the French to find their own way to the common destination. But Captain Knollys' subsequent explanations effectually dispose of that hypothesis. "When the armies, after a halt for breakfast, resumed their march at 10.30, the French, according to the arrangement for procedure for that day, were on the left, next to Peking. Between them and the road leading to the Summer Palace was the entire British force; and Sir Hope assumed, as a matter of course, that this relative position would be maintained. During the

march the French dropped a little behind, crossed our rear, and then made straight for Yuan-min-yuan." Sir Hope, who was then with his advanced-guard, saw signs of serious resistance in front of him, and rode back to communicate with the French. He could neither see nor hear anything of them. Lord Elgin, telling the story in his journal, says that he and the Commander-in-Chief could not imagine what had become of our friends. His lordship and Sir Hope had their quarters for the night in a temple of Confucius; and although they received no intelligence before morning, it seems to have occurred to them that the attractions of the superb palace might explain the deviation in our allies' line of march. After breakfast they mounted and rode thither, and there, sure enough, they found the French. Let Sir Hope tell for himself what he saw on his arrival:—

"In the distance we at last perceived the palace, beautifully situated amidst gardens and woods and a range of large suburbs in front. We passed the park walls by a fine old stately gateway, and, proceeding up an avenue, came to a range of handsome dwellings roofed over with yellow tiles, turned up at the ends, Chinese fashion. In different parts of the grounds were forty separate small palaces, in beautiful situations. The park was carefully kept—the footpaths and roads clean and in excellent order; and there were various pretty pieces of ornamental water. We found that the French had encamped near the entrance of the Great Audience Hall, and it was pitiful to see the way in which everything was being robbed."

Then follow several rows of asterisks, implying a very great deal that the discretion of the editor has left unpublished. General de Montauban, however, was quite equal to the occasion. "One room only in the palace was untouched," Sir Hope adds; but half

of the contents of that room General de Montauban most generously placed at our disposal. He had reserved any valuables it might contain, he was good enough to say, for equal distribution between the armies. Nothing whatever had been touched, he averred afterwards, before the arrival of the English; but the most conclusive proof to the contrary is the notorious fact that the tents of the French were filled with their valuable spoil. With regard to the burning of the palace, Count Palikao's memory played him equally false on the occasion of his subsequent examination on the subject. Then he claimed complicity in the deed, alleging as the reason for it that it was thought desirable to terrify the Chinese into sparing the lives of their European captives. As it happens, Sir Hope had written at the time—"General de Montauban objected to their destruction, and would not co-operate with us." And to verify beyond a doubt that version of the affair, he prints the despatch he addressed to De Montauban, setting out formally his reasons for persisting. He thus expressed in his Journals his private feelings: "I could not but grieve at the destruction of so much ancient grandeur, and felt that it was an uncivilised proceeding; but I believed it to be necessary as a future warning to the Chinese against the murder of European envoys and the violation of the laws of nations."

The rest of the narrative, interesting as it is, invites little comment. The Chinese were thoroughly cowed, ready to accept the terms the allies might dictate, and thankful for any concession that might save the credit of the authorities in the eyes of the people, although they did their best to gain time, and to drive a somewhat less un-

satisfactory bargain. But the allies had no time to spare, and had passed masters by experience in the art of negotiation with the Celestials. Each proposition was accompanied by an ultimatum embodying a threat of summary proceedings in the event of unnecessary delay. Prince Kung, the chief Chinese commissioner, a near relative of his sovereign, and one of the greatest dignitaries of the empire, had the assurance to protest against the burning of the palace on the ground that peace had been settled previously. He was reminded that nothing whatever had been settled as yet; and it was hinted, moreover, that much worse things might happen unless the treaty were concluded quickly. When the allies were kept waiting before Peking, they threatened to bombard a breach in the walls unless the gate they asked for was given over to them. When the solemn meeting took place at last in the Hall of Ceremonies, where poor Prince Kung, thoroughly humbled, came up and obsequiously saluted Lord Elgin, the commissioner "returned him a proud and contemptuous look."... Kung "was a delicately gentlemanlike-looking man, evidently overpowered with fear." But the system of coercion by menace worked well; we despatched the business that had immediately originated the expedition in a marvellously short space of time; we buried with military ceremony in the enemy's capital the unfortunate prisoners they had tortured to death; we exacted all the concessions we came in quest of; we obtained ample redress for the indignities and injuries that had been inflicted on us; and we returned to the coast by wonderfully rapid marches, just in time to embark our men before the storms of winter burst on the bay of Pechili. Our readers may form their own opinions

as to how much of our unchecked success was directly owing to Sir Hope Grant's abilities and determination—to the tact and temper on which Lord Herbert repeatedly compliments him. But we think they will be disposed to concur with Captain Knollys in his verdict—"It is scarcely too much to say that the China War of 1860 may be considered the most successful and the best carried out of England's 'little wars,' if indeed the latter term be not a misnomer."

We regret that we have no space to spare to Mr. Sidney Herbert's letters to Sir Hope, reflecting, as they do, equal honour on both, and illustrating that patriotic war-minister's concern for the good of the service and the welfare of the soldier. But, interesting as these letters are, the Chinese documents that fell into our hands at the Summer Palace and elsewhere, must claim precedence. They are quoted at considerable length, and, in their way, are unique. They suggest strange and instructive pictures of the internal administration of the tottering Celestial Empire, and of the relations existing between the Emperor and his chief dignitaries. They enable us to estimate the difficulties that had to be overcome by the earlier pioneers of European diplomacy, when they had to force or turn the traditional barriers that hedged the divinity of the heaven-descended sovereign. They show how it became necessary to fall back so frequently upon brute force for the application of a pressure whose consequences could not be misunderstood, and they are the best justification of such acts of conspicuous retaliation as the burning of the magnificent imperial palace. They illustrate quaintly the influence of the best European models on the Peking officials who had taken to aping the forms and language of

"the barbarians," for they are garnished freely with official phraseology and portentous epithets, applied or misapplied *à tort et à travers*. But they seem to reveal to us the existence of two distinct classes of public men. Besides the slavish and ignorant courtiers and placemen, there are patriots with the capacity for statesman-like thought, and with the courage to break through the restraints of etiquette when the safety of their country demands plain speaking. First in order, we have a memorial from the imperial commissioner, commenting on the ultimata of the allied powers. Ho-Kwei-tsing temporises. Personally, he is impressed with the power of the invaders, and is far from hopeful as to the upshot of a war. But although he gently insinuates his grave misgivings, he takes extreme care not to ruffle too rudely the equanimity of his court, and he feels it safest to indicate his loyalty and patriotism by hearty abuse of the foreign envoys.

"It would not be right, when an increase of the French and English force is spoken of, not to be prepared against them. . . . Bruce and Bourboulon are inseparable in wickedness, and their character is indeed sanguinary and treacherous. Still, utterly objectionable as the eight propositions of the Barbarians may be, your servant, feeling that it would not be so easy at a moment's time to dissolve the hardness of these chiefs, . . . and that if he were to keep them quite at arm's-length he would lose all chance of gaining the day, had resolved to receive the commands your Majesty deigned to issue, authorising their admission into Peking to exchange treaties, &c."

More interesting still is the memorial from Sang-ko-lin-sin to his master, written soon after the loss of the Taku forts. The general prays the Emperor to start on a hunting-tour—

"That measures for attacking and

destroying the Barbarians may be facilitated. Your slave lately lost the position at Taku, where he commanded, in consequence of the unforeseen explosion of the powder-magazines at two of the north forts simultaneously, and not from any slackness in the defence or insufficiency of means. Therefore he apprehends that now it will be difficult to make the Barbarians submit; and yet that their demands can hardly be granted."

He urges rather mysteriously that if the imperial force should experience another reverse, and if the hearts of the soldiers should fail, the consequences might be momentous; and this Mr. Wade interprets to mean, that the Emperor in that case might be made prisoner. Consequently, he insists that his Majesty had better remove himself out of the way of the danger, when his slave "would then be at liberty to choose his own time and mode of attack, and might advance or retire as events should make necessary. Without any doubt he would sweep the vile brood from off the earth, and redeem his previous shortcomings." Sang-ko-lin-sin is understood to have been an able man; but it is difficult to determine whether this advice of his was honestly given or no. The beaten general may possibly have wished to postpone a dangerous meeting with an irritated and despotic master. Certain it is, that when the Emperor expressed an intention of following the advice, he immediately provoked most plain-spoken protests from many other of his high officials, who expressed themselves with dignity and eloquent good sense. Meantime, before noticing these, we must advert to a rescript of the Emperor, dated the 7th September, as showing the personal considerations that must embarrass Chinese plenipotentiaries, the precarious tenure on which they hold their lives and posts, and the treacherous nature

of the pledges that may be extracted from them:—

"As the ministers have conceded trade, the only course will be to assent to the proposition under consideration, and so to keep the Barbarians in hand for the time, and when negotiation breaks down altogether, to recall Kweiliang and his colleagues to degrade them. . . . As to the exaction of (war) expenses, such a thing is utterly out of the question. . . . If Kweiliang and his colleagues have so madly lost themselves as to presume on their own authority to concede these last two points, they have not only disobeyed our written commands and shown fear of the Barbarian, but they have simply taken up the empire and put it into his hands; and we will at once vindicate the law by the execution of these ministers, and then fight it out with the Barbarians."

The more we yield, the Emperor argues, the more will be demanded of us.

"Besides, this rebellious chief, idly yelping, frantically barking, is certain to bring forward other restrictive conditions, and once he is come will not go away. . . . Is it reasonable (of the Barbarians) to exact compensation by holding a knife to the throat?" One thing strikes us in reading this document, expressed, to say the least of it, with sufficient energy and arguing considerable decision of character: Was it really written by the Emperor at all, or did some one else who was wielding his authority, handle the vermilion pencil? If the Emperor, as Sir Hope tells us in the beginning of the book, was understood to have worn out his intellect and brought on paralysis by his debauchery, he must surely have been nearly as much of a cipher as the infant who now sits on his throne. If his dominions were being actually governed by some prince of the blood, whose power

was temporary, or by a group of mandarins of a rival faction, it might go far to account for the frank audacity of expression in the remarkable remonstrance sent to Peking in answer to the announcement that his Majesty had decided on his hunting-tour. It was given out that the tour was merely preliminary to his Majesty's taking the field in person, and that at a time when the Barbarians were hurrying forward to his capital by forced marches. The memorial in reference to that step, signed by 27 officials, reads almost like irony before it breaks out in indignation. The ministers "admire the awe-inspiring demeanour and the well-devised strategy thus displayed. But the common people are extremely slow of comprehension; they easily suspect and with difficulty appreciate. . . . If defence and holding out in words are to mean flight and dispersion in fact, your ministers, without urging that thus the temples of your ancestors and the altars of your tutelary gods will be abandoned, only ask, where else could your Majesty's personal safety be better assured than at the capital?" Other memorials of similar purport were written in terms even more vehemently indignant. The remonstrances seem to have had their effect with the sovereign or his advisers; and the series of documents closes appropriately

with the draft of another decree in vermilion, in which the Emperor expresses his intention to march to Tung-chow in person at the head of his army, "to take the vengeance heaven requires,—to do an act of punishment and subjugation, the effect of which shall be widely felt."

Before taking leave of a volume we have found deeply interesting, we have only to say a word of Captain Knollys' editing. He has done his work this time with as much judgment as before, and his task on this occasion was far more delicate. With so many of the gifts of a good military historian, he must have exercised no little self-restraint in confining himself to a part that is strictly subsidiary. He contents himself with bridging the breaks that would have left the narrative incoherent, and with letting in necessary light upon points that would have otherwise remained in obscurity. He supplies or amplifies some details on which Sir Hope Grant either preserved a generous reticence, or which, if they were to be found in the private Journals, were never intended for the public eye. He brings out into clear relief conduct and military merits that have scarcely been fairly appreciated; and, in short, his book does justice to the memory of a general whose loss we regret more than ever after reading it.

THE BUDGET AND THE NATIONAL DEBT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the world-renowned financial prosperity of Great Britain, an English Chancellor of the Exchequer, in sketching out the policy which shall illustrate his official career, has several prominent difficulties in his path apart from the labour of traversing an enormous field of detail. In the first place, his sources of revenue have been diminishing for years, and the public mind is educated to expect an ever-progressing diminution. Next, the imperial expenditure, what with the growth of population, and what with the growth of wealth, has a constant tendency to increase. In the third place, there is a vast body of local expenditure constantly forcing itself upon his attention, threatening to subvert the results of imperial economy, and demanding to be readjusted as regards its relations to imperial expenditure. In the fourth place, he has before him the duty of operating upon the National Debt, and to define the duty of the public with reference to that debt, having regard to the past efforts made by two successive generations concerning it, the exigencies of the present, and the interests and claims of posterity.

In reference to the financial policy of Sir Stafford Northcote, we are inclined to think that the Conservative party, will accord a measured, though perhaps not an enthusiastic approval. There was this singular disadvantage under which he laboured at the outset of his official career—namely, that his first Budget, dealing with an enormous surplus of nearly six millions of money, had to be explained to the House of Commons with all its measures completed, within six weeks from his sudden and unexpected acceptance of office. The

chief merit of that Budget, introduced in a speech of great ability, was that it avoided the premature enunciation of a distinct financial policy which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not had time to initiate, or the Cabinet, weighted with the entire business of the session, the leisure to mature. It disclosed what we may call an *interim* policy; and, taken in conjunction with the Budget and other measures of the present year, the financial principles of the Government will for the most part readily command approval. It is not too much to say that Sir Stafford Northcote's position now would be one of considerable triumph, if it were not for the unfortunate error committed last year, for no good reason that was ever assigned, of discounting the expected increment of the revenue. The country, and probably the Government also, has been in consequence by no means free, during nearly the whole of the past financial year, from the fear of a deficit. A good harvest and an unexpected increase in the yield of the income-tax, have been amongst the causes which have prevented that disastrous termination to the first year of Conservative finance. It would have been no answer to remonstrances to say that the people were free to contemplate the money in their pockets which ought to have been in the Exchequer; and the result would have been all the more vexations, because it had been brought about in a perfectly gratuitous way, to meet a surplus already inconveniently large, and not by any means in deference to any expression of public opinion. Though we have escaped a deficit, at any rate all chance of a surplus vanished before the Cabinet had time to mature a financial policy. If the

reform of the system of indirect taxation is tolerably complete, there is, nevertheless, the great question of the reform of direct local taxation, and the final settlement of the question resorted to in the last Parliament and by the last Budget, of the transfer to the national Exchequer of the hitherto local charges in respect of the administration of justice, police, and lunatics. It is clear from the measures of the present session that a comprehensive revision of the system of local administration and taxation does not form part of the programme of the Government either for this or future sessions. The plan is to effect by degrees important modifications and improvements, and if "subventions" in aid of the local rates are from time to time required, they will not be easily forthcoming. The weakest part of last year's Budget, and the strongest part of the present proposals, lie in the references to the National Debt, and the Ministerial policy in regard to it. But even upon that subject (by far the most feasible one, in the whole range of finance at least, in the present state of public affairs, for the Government to make its mark and exhibit a definite will and policy, which are the life of administration),—even upon that subject, the loss of the expected increment—in other words, of the proceeds of some tax prematurely remitted—comes in to hamper and weaken the proposals which are made.

Before proceeding to criticise the financial policy of the Ministry, it is necessary to refer to that leading feature of last year's Budget—the novel principle upon which the estimates were then framed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer described that principle, speaking in April 1874, as one "which has been gradually acted upon in the framing of the estimates, and which has not been fully adopted until

this year—and that is, the taking into account, or the discounting of, the expected increment of the revenue." It was a distinct change of principle, to which the Opposition side of the House was already partly committed, and which was adopted without discussion. Mr. Gladstone took good care to extinguish any attempts to cavil or criticise within the House; but, nevertheless, it may be doubted whether either the House or the country approves it. The then leader of the Opposition said:—"A good deal has been said here and elsewhere on the subject of certain alterations which have taken place, whether in this year or some recent year, in the mode of making the statements of revenue which are submitted to the House. I do not think that is a subject into which it is expedient for the House largely or profoundly to enter. In my opinion the true and only security of Parliament with reference to the estimates of revenue on which it is called upon to proceed, is to hold the executive Government of the day strictly responsible for those estimates." And then he followed with a protest against prying behind the scenes, and thereby diminishing the dignity of the proceedings of Parliament. In this way Parliament was prevented from scrutinising the details on which the estimates proceed. That may be all very well. But it is quite another thing when it is prevented from discussing the principle upon which they are made up, and whether it approves of the Executive Government discounting an expected increment. It seems to us that an important change of principle, on a matter in which the nation is vitally interested, ought not to have been withdrawn from parliamentary cognisance. But whenever the front benches are in accord the House of Commons is paralysed,

and adverse opinion must find some other mode of expressing itself. Sir Stafford Northcote said: "Some years ago the practice was to estimate the revenue for the coming year upon an average of years. For a time it became the practice to take the revenue of the year immediately preceding. Now we find that every year, increase of population, and other circumstances, lead to increase in consumption, and it has gradually become the practice to take the estimates of the revenue at a higher amount than the actual yield of the past year." It appears to us that the full development of that practice leaves no margin to cover unexpected contingencies, and is not called for by any public requirements. The surplus in hand, whether by the whole or the greater part of the increment obtained, goes, under an Act of Parliament passed in 1829, to the credit of the National Debt Commissioners, and is devoted to the legitimate and useful purpose of extinguishing debt. Even if the increment were certain, beyond all chance of disappointment, to arise in each successive year, it is by no means a reckless repayment of debt to say that on its first appearance, it shall for that year belong to the Commissioners, and thenceforth permanently swell the revenue of the nation.

It was extraordinary that the unwise inflation of last year's estimates should have been so unanimously approved; but there is a reluctance to force upon a Chancellor of the Exchequer more money than he is willing to take. And, moreover, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, whilst indicating his disapproval of a celebrated measure last session, it does not follow that because the House is unanimous therefore its opinion is matured. Lord Eldon used to say of a certain bench of judges, that he reversed their judgment

with far more hesitation when they differed than when they were unanimous. In the former case they had generally considered their judgments; in the latter, they had in all probability followed, without thinking, the first of their number who had expressed an opinion.

The experience of the past year has not, however, been lost upon Sir Stafford Northcote; and it is certainly not from Mr. Gladstone, or from Mr. Gladstone's late colleagues, that he ought to incur adverse criticism. The principle upon which he proceeds this year is this:—

"I may say, in approaching the estimates of revenue, I propose to build them upon as safe and cautious a principle as I can. I do not think it right altogether to disregard the undoubted fact of the normal growth of revenue. It is quite certain that for many years past there has been—good years and bad years taken together—a very considerable, and, upon the whole, a very steady growth of revenue. The growth of the revenue may be brought to something like an average, but it does fluctuate from year to year. It is therefore always necessary for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the immediate arrangements of the particular year, to look at the particular circumstances of the moment. . . . We must not look on this year as one likely to be very remarkable for an advance in the revenue."

Moreover, in an earlier part of his speech, Sir Stafford Northcote deprecated the complaints made against his estimates of last year, not only as unfounded, but as being "somewhat exaggerated." "I admit," he says, "that there were some mistakes;" but he regards the idea that there was a danger of a "serious" or "terrible" or "disastrous" deficiency, as "something in the nature of a delusion." As circumstances have turned out, the small estimated surplus has been fully realised, and even exceeded by £130,000. That is the result, taking the figures all round. The

strong point of the case against the Chancellor is, that in the estimate of the three great items of revenue—viz., customs, excise, and stamps—the expected increment was so lavishly discounted, that the actual receipts, taking them altogether, showed a deficit. Fortunately this deficit was covered by other means—by an unexpected increase in other items of revenue. Sir Stafford Northcote and the country have doubtless had a narrow escape, and we may heartily congratulate ourselves on the result. As it is, the English people have reaped the advantage of a remission of a penny off the income-tax a year earlier than prudence would have dictated; and this session, so full of useful measures, is relieved from the additional burden of financial legislation. On the other hand, we have to begin the new financial year with a still smaller estimated surplus, though doubtless it is one which will reap the benefit, to which it is certainly entitled, of a considerable portion, perhaps a moiety, of any expected or possible increment to the revenue. The actual revenue of last year was £74,921,873; the estimated revenue of next year is £75,685,000—which shows an estimated increment of £763,127, in spite of the circumstances that three-quarters of a million of remission takes place in the ensuing year by virtue of last year's Budget. The average normal growth of revenue for the last ten years is estimated at £2,500,000; which is a million in excess of the extent to which that increment has this year been discounted. The total estimated growth of revenue last year was £1,884,000; the total estimated growth this year is (after allowing for remissions and for the transfer of £300,000 from miscellaneous receipts of last year to those of this year) about £900,000, or less than one-half of the sanguine

estimate in the former Budget; the difference showing the superior wisdom which the Ministry have gained on this subject by the light of a perhaps painful experience. It is easier to take taxes off than to put them on; and as Sir Stafford Northcote chose, of his own free will, to sail close to the wind last year, he is obliged, whether he like it or not, to sail nearly as close this year.

The liberal remissions of taxation which were made last year are probably the last of any importance which will be made for some time to come. If the Ministerial scheme for the reduction of the National Debt takes effect, that will still further for the next two years diminish the surpluses which may possibly arise. But the objects of indirect taxation are now so limited in number, and liable in many cases to imposts so small in amount, that it is not worth while to make a reform in the tariff the chief aim of finance until the time arrives when a great blow can be struck and sensible progress made towards rendering England a free port for nearly every commodity. To quote Sir Stafford Northcote's words—"I am not prepared to say that in future years of prosperity improvements may not be made; but I do think we may fairly hold up our heads and say that there is no great cry or urgent necessity for any great reform or readjustment in our system of taxation. Looking back for a considerable period of time, we have seen how one tax after another, which pressed upon national industry, has been removed, and how in one way or another great relief has been given to the public. I do not know that there are any taxes which are now disagreeable to those who pay them, or which can fairly be said to be injurious to the public welfare."

We are glad to see, moreover, that not a word was dropped this year

regarding the repeal of the income-tax. A tax which will very shortly, perhaps in the current financial year, yield two millions of money for every penny in the pound levied, ought not to be lightly dispensed with; nor should the machinery for its collection be abolished until the necessity for the tax has been finally superseded. Our objection to hastily, if not prematurely, reducing it to twopence in the pound, was that an agitation for its repeal was thereby invited, since the inequalities and other vexatious characteristics of the tax would be theoretically more intolerable, as the result attained by submitting to them became less in account. But to judge from the state of feeling exhibited at the last election, and the apathy with which any agitation for repeal is met, the last subject upon which a minister would go to the country with any chance of success would be the abolition of the income-tax. Most of our leading statesmen have been bred up in a time when the tax was regarded with peculiar hatred and disgust; but we recollect Sir George Cornwall Lewis drawing attention to the fact that that disgust was not shared to any great degree by the constituencies of even eighteen years ago. There has been a strong revulsion of feeling about this tax within the memory of the present generation; and most of its objections disappear if the tax is permanent and small. Our grandfathers before the battle of Waterloo paid two shillings in the pound, and raised less than sixteen millions; we pay only twopence, and nearly four millions roll into the Exchequer, with the certainty that if we were involved in war a levy at the rate which gained for this tax the legacy of hatred which our forefathers bequeathed to it, would yield forty millions, after making a large de-

duction for a probable fall in the assessments.

According to the view of the Government, when the tax was high, and when there was an uncertainty from year to year at what rate it would be levied, "then, undoubtedly, the tax was much harder and more oppressive than it would be if it were kept low, uniform, and, as far as possible, steady." "We may," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "in asking you to renew the income-tax at 2d. in the pound, do so with the hope and belief that it may be regarded as a tax useful in point of amount, but rather to be held in abeyance and ready only for some great emergency, and not to be called upon for trivial occasions." This, we have always contended, is the right policy in regard to the income-tax; and it is a reversal of the proposals made by Mr. Gladstone for its total and immediate repeal. The secret which lies buried in Mr. Gladstone's breast as to the mode in which by readjustment of taxation this impost could be abolished, becomes less and less interesting to his countrymen, as the public gradually bring themselves to the conclusion that a low, uniform, and permanent rate of income-tax is a politic, and, on the whole, just expedient of finance, and as little burdensome as any substitute which could be devised.

Obviously, the most prominent subject for a finance minister to take in hand, is, as we ventured to suggest last year, to lay down some broad principle of national duty in regard to the National Debt. If once some standard of duty in respect to this matter fixes itself in the national mind (and in order that it should do so some leadership or statesmanship is required)—some rule of action which public opinion may regard as just alike to the in-

terests of the present generation, the claims of posterity, and, we may add, the efforts of those who have gone before us—it would soon take its place as a fixed rule of financial policy which Ministers and people alike would respect except under extraordinary emergencies, when its operation could for just cause be suspended. We were amongst those who considered last year that, in the absence of a very definite policy, or of any opportunity for fiscal reform, something ought to have been done with a view to operate upon the National Debt. It was a matter of some regret that the efforts of the Government in that direction were visibly slackened. It is true that half a million a-year was set apart for the payment of fresh terminable annuities; but that half-a-million was, as the Chancellor explained, already finding its way to the National Debt Commissioners in a different form. And by his intercepting, as it were, the expected increment of revenue, and devoting it forthwith to the remission of taxation, the National Debt Commissioners received last year in the shape of a surplus (if anything at all) very much less than they were accustomed to get under Mr. Lowe's administration of the finances. There was an Austrian statesman who observed that a state hardly knew what it could do in the way of finance until it was hopelessly bankrupt. And an English Chancellor of the Exchequer is often apparently more bold and skilful in his policy when he has no surplus to deal with than when he is oppressed with the weight of his cash-box. "What am I to do with all this money?" Mr. Lowe plaintively asked in the House of Commons when introducing one of his Budgets. The Lenten deputations which haunt the

unhappy financier with a surplus, the prolonged penance of gravely discussing remissions of taxation which in the aggregate would swallow up all his resources, the impossibility of satisfying everybody or anybody, benumb the faculties of all but the boldest and most sanguine men. Fortunate is the Chancellor without a surplus:

"*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator;*"

that is to say, with no deputations to rob him, he can joyfully pay his debts. He is thrown upon his own resources, and the result in Sir Stafford Northcote's case is that we have far more satisfactory indications of a decided policy than we had when last year his surplus equalled the whole revenue of Belgium.

Now, upon this subject of reducing the National Debt, we are apparently, under the guidance of a strong Government, on the eve of coming to some general agreement as to the rule of conduct or duty to be observed. It is, of course, in the exclusive interest of the present generation to regard all repayment of debt as superfluous, and to restrict the duty to a mere matter of discharging the contract obligation of paying year by year the annuities we have granted. It is in the interest of posterity that those annuities should be cancelled and the debt extinguished. To strike out the mean between these conflicting interests is the problem; to weigh the relative advantages of, on the one hand, reducing debt in the interest of future generations—on the other, of remitting taxation in the interests of ourselves and posterity, and in the interests of the general development of national prosperity.

Last year, Sir Stafford Northcote said: "We entirely accept the view that we are under *no moral*

obligation whatever to do more than pay the annuities we have contracted to pay, and we admit that there are often circumstances which render it more desirable to apply a surplus in some other way than in reducing those annuities. But, at the same time, when you have the opportunity it does seem desirable that something should be done towards the reduction of the debt." And thereupon he proceeded to do nothing, and as we have shown less than nothing. Perhaps, on the supposition that there was "no moral obligation" to do otherwise, he was right.

This year he says: "I am no enthusiast on the subject. I do not take either the extreme view of those who think that everything ought to be sacrificed to the diminution of the debt, nor of those who represent it as merely a question of buying consols at 92. I think we ought to make continuous and steady efforts for the reduction of the National Debt, and that our efforts ought not to be violent and spasmodic. We ought to have reference to the general condition of the country and of its taxation." And then he proceeds to detail a very considerable scheme, and one which we believe to be sound in principle, and proceeding upon a safe rule of action in regard to the amount of effort which it exacts from the public.

There are these general considerations to be taken into account, in defining the extent of what we venture to call our moral obligation in this matter. On the one hand, in regard to excessive reductions and the heavy burdens of taxation which it would involve, it must be remembered that by expanding the resources of the country the pressure of the debt becomes every year proportionately lighter. At the close of the great war, the debt stood at 900 millions in round

numbers; it is now, after the lapse of nearly 60 years, 780 millions. But taking the pressure of the debt man for man throughout the country, although the actual diminution in point of figures has been so small, yet from the enormous increase in wealth and population the actual pressure of debt has been reduced by considerably more than one half. The average charge per head in 1816 in respect of interest and cost of the National Debt was about thirty-one shillings. At the present moment, it is only fifteen shillings and sixpence; which is exactly half what it was. But when we take into consideration that the wealth of the country has at the same time been quadrupled, the relative pressure of that half is considerably lightened.

Even allowing for increase of population the wealth of the united kingdom per head has considerably more than doubled. So that taking the pressure of debt man for man throughout the country, it is about one-fourth of what it was. This largely increased ability to pay is no doubt an excellent thing for the national creditors. It shows that the policy of developing the national resources in lieu of concentrating too great efforts on the repayment of debt is just to the creditor as well as advantageous to the public, provided that the argument is not pushed too far and the duty of gradual reduction is not forgotten.

For when we come to the opposite theory that the only liability is to pay annuities, and that every shilling devoted to pay off principal is so much abstracted from the wealth-producing power of the country, we are landed in a number of absurdities which it is unnecessary to refer to. There have been people, perhaps there are now, who argue that the National Debt is an advantage to the country as a means of investing its surplus capital.

Setting aside any question about surplus capital, it transcends imagination to suppose that, when fifty years ago this country could carry on its government for 15 millions a-year or thereabouts, it was any advantage to add to its expenditure a sum more than double that amount by way of interest on its debt. It is plain that we are bound to operate upon the debt; and the problem from time to time, upon which we look for guidance to Cabinets and statesmen, is how to decide between conflicting duties, when, on the one hand, taxes may be remitted—and, on the other, debt may be cancelled. It is a question between the claims of the present generation and of posterity; and it is often a very difficult one to determine. Everything which lightens the springs of industry, as it is called, and facilitates the accumulation of wealth, is an advantage both to this and to future generations. On the other hand, to raise taxes wherewith to reduce debt is a burden to this generation, and an advantage exclusively to posterity, which, from the diminishing presence of debt, may be very disproportioned to the sacrifice it entails on us. And yet no one in his senses can doubt that in its years of prosperity a rich country is bound to lighten the burden which it hands on to posterity, which may have its own difficulties to deal with, and to which we cannot insure the continuance of our prosperity. No one can appreciate the power of the future on the human mind and on society. It is the source from which everything great and noble has been drawn. We literally owe to posterity the care and forethought which we instinctively give. Increased resources and diminished burdens are a legacy which, without stopping to moralise upon it, they are entitled to expect at our hands.

When Mr. Gladstone, in 1866,

made his chief, and, if we remember rightly, his only effort of any importance for reduction of debt, he made a memorable speech which startled the whole country. Relying upon a book which had recently been published by Mr. Jevons, and also upon some very confident opinions which had been expressed by scientific authorities, he boldly predicted that in about a century our whole available supply of coal—that is, available at a cost consistent with its profitable consumption as an agent in production—would cease. With it would cease also our manufacturing supremacy as regards a large portion of our trade. Capital and labour would then leave the country, in search of more favoured regions, and the debt would remain a charge upon the land. It was one of those sensational pictures which Mr. Gladstone loves to draw; and the pleasure was enhanced by its being held up to the contemplation of landed proprietors, who would be left alone to sustain the burden, and who at the time were arrayed against him in strong hostility to the only Reform Bill which he ever introduced. That it was a great exaggeration was afterwards admitted. Cheap coal is not the only source of our supremacy. Our geographical position, our national habits and political security, are important elements of our prosperity, and there are fields of industry to which coal is not essential. Still, the failure of coal and the presence of a burdensome debt are two of the items in our survey of the future which whisper insecurity, and which deserve attention. When our debt was heaviest, our monopoly of financial resources in manufactures and commerce was greatest. It will be well if, when our monopoly in those respects or some of them fails us, our debt, relatively to other countries, may tell in our favour by

comparison instead of heavily against us. When we look at the present position of affairs, and see that coal and iron and wages have been for a series of years rising, and that increased consumption of spirits and beer is the inevitable consequence of increased wages, there is the obvious conclusion that our reserves are disappearing, consumed in drink. And under such circumstances it is abundantly clear that "something should be done," as Sir Stafford Northcote said last year, for the reduction of debt.

There is, however, no reason to fear that our position relatively to other countries in the matter of debt is not an improving one. We trust that that position will be improved as much by uphill efforts of our own as by the downward course which other nations are so rapidly taking. As we have touched upon the position of England relatively to other countries in respect of commercial rivalry—and debt is a heavy weight in the race—it will be interesting to compare what the various nations of the world have done in that respect.

As far as Europe is concerned, a new series of national debts began in the year 1848, when Europe was plunged in a great struggle of democracy and military empire. The disposition to borrow was stimulated by the enormous accumulation of wealth, and the fearful sacrifices entailed by war and the preparations for war, and the maintenance of great military armaments. England in that interval since 1848 has diminished her debt; but the total liabilities of the world are three thousand millions greater than they were in 1848, when they stood at seventeen hundred millions. Up to 1860 the average borrowing of the world was at the rate of thirty-five millions a-year, caused chiefly by the revolutions of 1848, the Crimean war of 1854, and the

French-Austrian war of 1859. Since 1860, when America entered the money market as a borrower at a prodigious rate, the indebtedness of the world has increased at the average rate of two hundred millions a-year. The proximate causes were the American civil war, the Prussian-Austrian war, and the French-German war. If this average is kept up, in 25 years more the total debt of the world will reach ten thousand millions, the interest of which, taken at the average rate of five per cent, will amount to the present aggregate public revenues of all the states of Europe and North America.

France is not free—as Mr. Dudley Baxter, to whom we are indebted for the above calculations, has pointed out—from the danger of losing her financial credit. In a period of 82 years, the revenue of Austria has never equalled its expenditure; sometimes the deficits have been 9 and 10 millions sterling in time of peace. Italy is being plunged year after year deeper into debt and danger by a course of over-expenditure. France is spending 100 millions; her credit, however, is greater: she has a fertile soil and rich agriculture, and the saving habits of her people lay up a store of wealth; but, as pointed out by the eminent statistician quoted above: "She is now bearing a burden of debt greater than that of any other nation, and at the same time is keeping up and even augmenting her war establishment. When England came out of the French war in 1815, she had a load of debt of the same amount, 900 millions, and greater in proportion to her resources: but England reduced her military and naval establishments to the lowest point; and from 1817 to 1850, her total expenditure never exceeded 52 millions, out of which the charge of the debt was at first more than 32 millions. France, with an equal charge of her

debt, insists upon keeping up a total expenditure of 100 millions. England started with a monopoly of financial resources in manufactures and commerce. France starts with diminished manufactures, and the loss of her position as a financial centre. England found her debt intolerable till the immense expansion of trade lightened her burden. France will find her debt a very heavy burden, even if her national susceptibilities do not lead her to make it still more crushing. It is to be feared that war budgets may drag her down to the financial position of Austria, if not to that of Italy."

We have no wish to exaggerate our obligation in respect of reducing debt. The plan which considerations of policy and prudence recommend is the wisest, namely, to continue to make sensible, gradual, and steady efforts. The particular scale which should be adopted is now best adjusted by regard to the efforts of those who have preceded us, and to what is fair, having regard to the result of those efforts as between ourselves and posterity. Solving the problem by the aid of the past, two considerations offer themselves; first, are we relaxing or increasing our efforts whether absolutely or relatively to our increasing wealth? second, having regard to the diminished annual charge for debt compared to that of 1816, are we taking to the diminution of present taxation more than our fair share of the total annual relief afforded by the patriotic self-denial and wise forethought of the two generations to whose efforts we owe the lightened burden of the debt? The Chancellor of the Exchequer laid stress upon the fact that down to 1860 the charge for debt was never less than £28,000,000; whilst since that time there has been considerable relaxation of effort;

unless our memory deceives us, the charge for debt was at one time since 1860 little more than £28,000,000. He proposes that the country should, until circumstances require a change of policy, exert itself to secure a result equal to the minimum attained by the country before 1860, when it was far less wealthy and less capable of grappling with the task than it is at present. In other words, he ascertains the moral obligations of the country in this matter by reverting to the state of things before the Long Annuities of 1860 fell in, and urging that, with the enormous addition to the national wealth, and the vast relief to national taxation which have occurred since that time, we should not fall behind, in comparison with that time, the lowest effort which was then made. But his plan is susceptible of another vindication, which has reference to the second question suggested above. The total diminution in the annual charge for debt since 1816 (supposing we discontinued further reductions, and merely estimated the capital value of the terminable annuities) gives a relief to the tax-payers of eight millions a-year. Obviously that relief, to which we are indebted to others as well as ourselves, was not provided for the exclusive benefit of the present generation. By Sir Stafford Northcote's policy we take the benefit of half, and our charge for debt is four millions a-year less than it was sixty years ago; and we accept the continued burden of the other half, as a duty to posterity, and in continuance and acknowledgment of achievements from which we are ourselves receiving our full share of benefit.

A few words on both these considerations will not be out of place. Upon the first, we may quote Sir Stafford Northcote, who said—"In 1859 we were paying £28,673,381

interest on the debt, while in the year 1874 we paid only £27,094,480, being less by £1,578,000 than we were paying in 1859." That is a comparison between the operations of the two years absolutely. Then, comparing them relatively to the increased wealth of the country, he says—"I find that a penny income-tax in 1859 was only £1,150,000, whereas, in 1874, it was £1,900,000, or an increase of 65 per cent. There has thus been a decrease of 5 per cent in what we are paying for the reduction of the debt, and an increase of 65 per cent in the wealth of the country as measured by the produce of the income-tax."

But it is in following up the second of the questions that we arrive at some principle, other than a mere arbitrary selection, which justifies the adoption of £28,000,000 as the annual payment to be hereafter made to the National Debt Commissioners. The history of that debt shows that, however rash were the arrangements made in contracting it, the statesmen of that day had very strict notions with regard to the duty of repayment. It was ever in contemplation (though it proved to be impossible) to retain the income-tax after the conclusion of peace, in order to discharge it. But although the nation firmly refused to endure the income-tax, from the moment the war had ceased, still it bravely faced the difficulties before it; and its success in doing so is not merely to be measured by the reduction of the capital sum by the amount of 120 millions, although that was as considerable an achievement as that now proposed to us—viz., to pay off 213 millions in 30 years. Within less than 40 years it greatly reduced the total interest payable (certain 4 per cent, 5, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent loans being reduced to 3 per cent), giving relief to the tax-payer of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions per annum; and besides that, it

raised, and subsequently paid off, 20 millions for the slave-trade emancipation, 8 millions for the Irish famine, and at a later date 40 millions for the Crimean war. The total result of these proceedings is, that whilst immediately after the Peninsular war our forefathers took upon themselves the payment of 32 millions a-year, the total annual charge at the present day of the annuities would be less than 24 millions, if we determined to desist from further reductions, and dealt simply with the perpetual annuities and the estimated capital of the terminable annuities. One vindication of the figures of Sir Stafford Northcote in fixing 28 millions as the sum to be hereafter paid to the Commissioners, is that they proceed upon the principle of appropriating out of the 8 millions, by which we are annually relieved, one moiety—viz., four millions to our own relief, and the remaining moiety of four millions for the advantage of posterity, who are at least equally with ourselves entitled to share in the advantage. It seems to us to be a fair division to make, and if the arrangement were to stand for thirty years, considerably more than a quarter of the whole debt would be extinguished. But if peace be preserved the effort will by no means equal the efforts hitherto made. And if disturbances should arise, and the proposed Act in future years should be repealed, it would afford a salutary precedent that at any re-settlement of a compact of this nature with the National Debt Commissioners, the then existing generation should recognise that a moiety of the relief secured to them by their predecessors is the utmost to which they are entitled, and that their posterity has an absolute title to the remainder which it is mere spoliation to assail. If some rule of action of this nature were accepted, and the relative claims of

ourselves and posterity to the benefits bequeathed to us by the wise providence and judicious self-denial of our predecessors were adjusted, the public conscience would soon recognise a "moral obligation" in the matter, and the relations of the State to the debt be placed upon a fixed principle of public duty, only to be departed from under circumstances of sufficient pressure. By paying to the Commissioner this fixed annual sum of 28 millions, we gain at least this advantage, which was the alluring characteristic of a sinking fund—viz., that the balance devoted to reduction of debt grows every year at compound interest, and after 1885, when a mass of terminable annuities fall in, the sum devoted to repayment will exceed that amount of 10 millions which in 1865 Mr. Gladstone declared was the minimum of national obligation. However difficult it may be to fix any standard of obligation in the matter, we are convinced that no one who reviews the exertions made in past time can fail to see that, as between ourselves and posterity, we are not free to choose, but that there is a moral obligation upon us to continue the work which has begun, and not to intercept for ourselves the whole benefits which have been handed down alike for our profit and for that of succeeding generations. However difficult it may be to define that obligation, it exists, and cannot honestly be got rid of.

Whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer is right in fixing upon 28 millions as henceforth our annual charge or not, he is clearly and indisputably correct when he points out that since 1860 the reduction of debt has proceeded less vigorously than before that date, notwithstanding the increase of wealth, population, and revenue. In 1816, out of the 32 millions a-year which the debt then cost us, £1,900,000 were paid

in respect of terminable annuities. By the year 1840 that £1,900,000 had increased to £4,300,000. And during a quarter of a century preceding 1860—viz. 1835-59, the average annual charge in respect of terminable annuities was £4,000,000. In that year, celebrated for one of Mr. Gladstone's great budgets, £2,094,000 worth of annuities lapsed. Mr. Gladstone was bent on enormous remissions of taxation, and he consumed the whole of that relief and the proceeds of a tenpenny income-tax in effecting them. Thus the operations on the debt were reduced one half; and relief effected by our predecessors was accepted without any proportionate effort being made for our successors. Even if we had immediately created fresh terminable annuities of like amount, and devoted the price to redemption of perpetual annuities, we should even then have reaped the benefit of the extinction of these latter, without diminishing our efforts for those who will succeed us. But as a matter of fact nothing of any importance was done in that direction till 1866, when terminable annuities to the extent of £1,725,000 were created to replace the larger quantity which had been extinguished in 1860. In 1867 there was a further relief of £585,000 a-year from the falling in of further annuities. These, however, were never replaced.

The effort made last year was not made from taxes, but with moneys which in any event were destined for the extinction of debt. Consequently we have not yet retraced our steps and recovered our virtue sufficiently to be on the same level as our predecessors before 1860 with regard to this portion of our national duty.

Another way of marking the result of our operations upon the debt is that adopted by Mr. Gladstone in 1866. He pointed out

that in the first forty years of uninterrupted European peace we had paid off 100 millions besides the additional debt incurred for the emancipation of the slaves and the relief of Irish famine; making altogether 128 millions, or an average of more than three millions a-year. Then came the Crimean war, which heavily increased our liabilities. By 1866 we had paid them off and stood in the same position as we did in 1854—viz., with 800 millions of debt. Since 1866 we have paid off 20 millions, that is at an average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions a-year, which is less than was effected in the far less prosperous years which succeeded the great war, and indicates a certain amount of indifference which is only to be justified by the circumstance that a gigantic fiscal reform has been going on which has strained, while it has developed, the resources of the country. The Government of Mr. Disraeli has now proposed a measure worthy of the occasion, and one which will redeem the character of Parliament in the eyes of our successors. So long as the nation adheres to the proposed settlement, an effective permanent surplus, increasing at compound interest, and therefore with vigorous rapidity, will be available for the public creditor. Even if nothing occurs to suspend the progress of this work, and the whole £213,000,000 are paid off in thirty years, the achievement, compared man for man, and wealth with wealth, and year by year, will not stand a moment's comparison in point of difficulty and enterprise with that of the last sixty years on the same subject. The amount of debt then paid, including the charge for the Crimean war, &c., was not very far short of the total of the projected operations. Such a result in the past by men who were weighted with a heavier debt and a far

heavier annual charge in respect of it, with far less resources, on whom taxation pressed with far heavier weight, was a more signal triumph of patient endurance, and of manly regard for posterity, than that which is now proposed to ourselves. Those sacrifices entail on the present generation, in our view, a "moral obligation" to continue the same policy in the interests of our successors, and to avoid the national disgrace of intercepting for our exclusive use the fruits of their self-denial and patriotic exertions.

It is impossible to conclude a review of Sir Stafford Northcote's financial policy without drawing attention to the Bills already introduced by him last February to consolidate and amend the Acts relating to Loans for Public Works, and to the scheme gradually unfolding itself for the adoption of Local Budgets. Local indebtedness has reached the sum of £84,000,000, and it will increase not merely by £3,000,000 a-year as hitherto, but probably with even greater rapidity. There are the loans for the purposes of the School Boards, under the Artizan Dwellings' Bill of Mr. Cross, under the Sanitary Acts, under the Harbours and Passing Tolls' Act, to meet deficiencies in the old savings' banks' accounts, and so on. A great deal of this money is raised at a rate of interest over 4 per cent, the object being to compensate the creditor for the obscurity, real or imaginary, which often hangs over the borrowing powers of local bodies. "It is intended," says the Chancellor, "to simplify the system under which these local debts are contracted. We propose to introduce a Bill which will have the effect of providing in future that all debt which may be contracted by local authorities shall be in the form of debentures." The object of these debentures is to do away with all obscurity about the borrowing

powers of those who resort to them. They are to be "registered at a Government office and authenticated by a stamp," proving that the borrowing power has not been exceeded, and that the statutory provisions have been complied with. In this way the local debt of the country may be put upon a uniform and low rate of interest, and the annual charge in respect of it reduced. The duty or privilege of registration will bring with it also a liability to audit, equally advantageous to the debtor and the creditor. "We desire to bring about a complete system of registration—also of past indebtedness." Then there is the further question of the annual income levied by rates, amounting now to 19 millions, exclusive of tolls and dues. That will be slightly reduced by the transfer made last year of more than a million of local expenditure to the debit of the national Exchequer. The local expenditure in England alone, including that which is defrayed by rates, dues, and grants-in-aid, is 24½ millions. Her Majesty's Ministers, in part pursuance of their projected plans for local reform, intend to adopt the plan of local budgets, under which there will be returns, and audits, as we understand it, of local expenditure, distribution of local grants-in-aid, and of local loans. And for next year the Government promise a Valuation Bill, which will "improve the system of assessment, and remove some of the anomalies which now exist." Perhaps we shall not turn out to be taking a too sanguine view, if the proposed measure should effect one uniform valuation on one uniform principle for all purposes, instead of, as now, three different assessments for three different kinds of taxation. As regards the past, the Government can already point to a considerable extension of the area of rating, by the abolition of certain exemptions

which have hitherto been allowed. It is evident, from the number of Bills already in progress, which bear directly or indirectly on the subject of reforming local administration and taxation, that neither we nor others are yet in a position to judge the policy of this Government in general, or of the Finance Minister in particular, until events have more fully developed it. We know enough of it, however, to perceive that it is wide and comprehensive, and proceeds upon carefully matured principles, as becomes a party which has been for decades in opposition, but which is at last intrusted with a majority. We know enough of it also to perceive that it is neither sensational nor clap-trap. A large quantity of useful and durable work was bequeathed to them by their predecessors, of a class which can only be undertaken by a Government strong in the confidence of both Houses of Parliament. Whether we look to these measures, partly of finance and partly of reform, or to the Bill to facilitate the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes in large towns, or to the measures for consolidating and amending the sanitary laws, or to Lord Salisbury's Bill to consolidate all the public Acts relating to India, or to the Agricultural Tenancy Bill of the Duke of Richmond, there are everywhere abundant materials for answering the question so often put regarding the policy of the Conservative party. It seems to us, looking at politics from the position of independent critics who recognise in the Tory party, worthily led, the best instrument for the government of the country, that so long as the leaders of the party trust themselves, they have no reason to complain of the fidelity and confidence of their followers. It is only when in their anxiety to show themselves superior to "prejudices," and to

gladden themselves in the sunshine of their opponents' approval, that they get into difficulties. Their chief rock ahead at the present moment is probably the Supreme Court Judicature Act, which sprung from a sort of *mésalliance* between Lords Cairns and Selborne, by virtue of which neither the House of Lords nor the country generally ever had the opportunity usually afforded by our party system, of understanding both sides of the question, and arriving at a mature conclusion. The consequence is, that the Act crumbled in pieces before it came into operation, and at the present moment it is difficult to say what view the House of Commons will take as to allowing the mutilated Act to come into operation, and the question of the final appeal in all three kingdoms to stand over indefinitely. It is the inevitable result of allowing a moribund Government in the interval between the resignation of Mr. Gladstone in the spring of 1873 and the close of that session to pass an important measure, contrary to the better judgment of the Opposition and its leaders. Then the *entente cordiale* between Mr. Gladstone and Sir S. Northcote over the Budget of last year boded no good to the finance of the Government. The glowing commendations of the Opposition chief were all the reward that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is ever likely to get from his two wonderful exploits of last year, swelling his surplus beyond all reasonable bounds by

fanciful estimates, and prematurely taking off a penny from the income-tax, both which measures were distinct peace-offerings to Mr. Gladstone. And no one who regards an open system of party warfare as the most effective security we have for wise legislation, if not also for wise and prudent conduct in the executive, and who considers that each party, in the interests of the nation, should stand clear of all responsibility for the administrative acts of the other, will forget that, of an unusual and unwise compact between Ministry and Opposition, was born, if not the Alabama Treaty in all its deformity, at all events the total inaction of Parliament and the incapacity of the then Opposition to condemn a policy for which they had rendered themselves in part responsible. The events of the present session are, however, bringing into strong relief the fact that this strong Government, with every probability of a long career before it, has a comprehensive and matured policy of its own, which it is steadily and gradually carrying into execution. It is none the less welcome to their party that it is progressive, and full of improvement and reform, and we trust that the manner in which it is received will show that the Tory party are as free from prejudice, and as national and comprehensive in their aims, as Liberals can pretend to be, and quite as ready to sink class interests and feelings in furtherance of the common welfare of the country and its institutions.

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THOUGHTS ABOUT BRITISH WORKMEN—PAST AND PRESENT.

"READY money," wrote Lord Byron, "is Aladdin's lamp." It was so certainly in his day. The noble poet could hardly have received the idea of a time when the offered guinea, or crown, or shilling, or groat, would not be competed for by many; when the promised guerdon, instead of being the prize of the foremost, would be turned over, weighed, and gauged in cold blood, and finally rejected unanimously as insufficient remuneration for the service required. It follows that things have altered greatly since the reigns of the Georges; for ready money, if there be any limit to it, will call up nowadays but a very impotent genius, who will be fain to confess that against combination and agitation his spiriting has little power. It is the recipient rather than the giver of wages who excites the competition. The cry is, "Who will have me and all my associates on our own terms? Employers, don't all speak at once." Somehow or other this money and labour question finds its way into all manner of places which seem to have no connection with it. A strange feeling, not altogether desirable dur-

ing a religious service, is aroused when in a lesson or Gospel read in church one hears how labourers standing idle in the market-place were ordered into a vineyard, with the assurance that whatever was right they should receive. It is impossible to help thinking of the myriads now standing idle, and of the answers they would give if offered work in that style. Indeed, this subject of the labourer and his hire is one that cannot be left outside the church, nor set down at the door of the house of feasting, nor bolted out of the secret chamber. Like care behind the horse-man, it follows a man everywhere.

The situation, as far as my learning goes, is unprecedented. Thus it is that no man is able to say how it will change or end. Philosophers do not seem able to forecast the result better than men in the streets. "Labour must eventually knock under to capital," says one friend. "Perhaps so," says another; "but before that can happen capital will have nearly disappeared." "Capitalists have had their day," puts in a third; "the time has come for recognising the

rights of labour. Colossal fortunes have long enough been made for capitalists out of the labourer's *thews and sinews*." "While they are trying the question," exclaims a fourth, "prices are raised to a ruinous extent." "The revenue returns do not prove very great general distress," observes a fifth, not clearing the argument much.

A few nights ago I sat at a friend's hearth, listening to remarks like the above, also to a great many political deductions therefrom, and to some suggestions for restoring a proper understanding between employers and employed. But I did not, from anything that was said, obtain a perception of the causes or consequences of the evil under discussion, and could find myself in agreement with only one old friend, a rather reserved man, who said that the struggle was very unfortunate. I thought over what had been said, while I was undressing that night, without feeling at all wiser; and, the next morning being wet and gloomy, pursued the subject by the fireside. There, instead of making progress in solving the problem or any part of it, I found myself charmed away back into other days seldom thought of now, and recalling in reverie the ideas and sentiments which I had entertained regarding those whom we used to call "the labouring poor."

I heard about poverty and suffering as early, I think, as I heard of anything. George the Third either was king, or had not long ceased to be king, at the time when I remember myself seated at my mother's knee and being instructed concerning the estate of those from among whom came servants, messengers, labourers, and the lower classes of artisans. I was given to know how it was by the goodness of Providence, and not by my desert or right, that I was in any degree

better off than the poorest poor; that no man was to be looked down on because he was in a humble station; that it was the duty of all, according to ability, to alleviate misfortune, whether arising from straitened means or any other cause. My teacher was one always alive to the claims of distress, and whose "pity gave ere charity began." She did not mention the great mystery of the differing estates of this world in such manner as to engender self-sufficiency; but she bade me to consider with a feeling heart the circumstances in which many people well known to me were appointed to live. She told me how their bread was seldom or never made of wheaten flour, but of barley. I thought barley bread very nice, and could see no hardship in being obliged to eat it; but my mother showed me the difference between eating coarse food occasionally as a treat, and subsisting always on such fare. She roused my pity by telling me how decent families all round us dined daily on potatoes alone, the exception to this diet being the Sunday meal, which was perhaps enriched by a bit of bacon. She showed me how much there was that might be improved in their lodgings and apparel, and how cruel was their case when sickness fell on their houses. For weeks together I have seen meals daily despatched from our kitchen to poor invalids whose relatives could not provide them necessary nourishment. Often I laid down my face and wept at the tales of sorrow that were told in my hearing, and was not reproved for my tears. Great were my ideas of the privilege and happiness of being able to make people comfortable and contented.

I was beguiled into this retrospect, which was longer than I have written it, partly by the remembered

words of one who to me yet speaketh though she has long been dead, but chiefly to absolve myself in my own mind, of the suspicion of having been reared in pride or in hardness of heart, or with unbecoming feelings towards those who have to get their living by the labour of their hands.

I do not say that, as I grew older, my feelings were not rudely shocked sometimes by knowledge which came with riper years. It was not pleasant to find out that some of my mother's pensioners were anything but worthy people, nor to discover that the undoubted sufferings of many families arose from drunkenness, or waste, or quarrelling, and not directly from the hand of Providence. Every lad, I suppose, who has been at all imbued with generous feeling, has more or less of this bitter awakening, and is frightened towards belief in universal wickedness and undeserving. I remember certainly some symptoms of juvenile cynicism in myself. Whether the disease would have grown strong within me if left to itself, I know not; but misanthropy had little chance with me, for the time of my beginning to be acquainted with men was the time also of my being taught by a new instructor who did not favour hard opinions—at any rate did not favour hard opinions of working men. It was in my youth that the late Mr. Charles Dickens began to publish his works. It may be said that the mind of all England was powerfully influenced by him—the minds of youth especially. I own to having drunk deeply at Mr. Dickens's fount; and, having said that, I need scarcely add that anything like doubt of the soundness and inherent goodness of our poorer classes had no chance of establishing itself in my mind. It is true that I detected a difference between Mr. Dickens's doctrine and

that which I had received in my childhood, inasmuch as Mr. Dickens seemed always to uphold and justify the poor and humble at the expense of the wealthy and great, whereas my early lessons contained no clause attributing to any class or condition an overflowing measure of kindness or hardness, of virtue or vice. All the world, however, so entirely subscribed to Mr. Dickens's sentiments that I was fain to be satisfied with them, and to think intently of the uprightness and the hallowed feelings which humble sheds generally cover. It may have been that I believed Mr. Dickens to have fully developed a truth which had been but imperfectly perceived in the days of my childhood. The less is contained in the greater: I may have thought that a proper respect for and sympathy with the labouring class were but the germ which now had been warmed and expanded by a great philanthropist into a belief that the labouring class is entitled to our first regards, that it is habitually oppressed and wronged by other classes, and that no other class is equally kind and honest.

Of course I have outlived, as I believe most people who now can read or write have outlived, Dickens's creed. I know, at last, that the labouring class are not one whit more moderate, or more just, or less selfish, than any other class. I know also that, inasmuch as they are the least educated class, and the class least likely of all to perceive or to take care about the remote consequences of their conduct, their avidity, or injustice, or selfishness is greatly more dangerous to the community than would be either of the same passions in a class whose knowledge may be greater.

As I thought on, I began to suspect that Dickens, by the way in which he was able to imbue the public, high and low, with admira-

tion of, and fondness for, those who toil with their hands, had been largely instrumental in bringing about the untoward state of things which is perplexing everybody at this moment. It was an unpleasant thought, as must be every thought that would connect damage or calamity with the name or mind of Charles Dickens; and I got rid of it for a season by the further reflection that these great changes which we behold in the world are brought about by subtle and inevitable causes which will have their operation irrespective of any advocate or opponent, be he who he may, or charm he never so wisely. Dickens was, at the most, but the exponent of a sentiment and a force which, whether he had spoken or held his peace, would certainly have made themselves felt. The comfort of this reflection did not, however, last long. Grant that certain currents of opinion do set in, gain force above ground and under ground, and finally compel general recognition, still the intensity with which they affect the world, and the nature and degree of the action which they bring about, may greatly depend on the power and talent of their advocates and expositors. The great French Revolution *must*, we may assume, have happened in some way whether Voltaire had written or not; yet one cannot help suspecting that Voltaire, as having sneered down all belief and sentiment, was the cause of its horrible circumstances, and of the processes by which it was effected. And so there would have been a war between labour and capital whether Mr. Dickens had ever spoken or not; but the whole of this country would never have so quietly allowed the schemes and passions of labourers to paralyse our industry and assert themselves so immoderately, if the public mind had not been carefully and powerfully pre-

pared to believe that labourers must be in the right in such a contest—and if labourers had not been sedulously taught that, in making their claims and endeavouring to enforce them, they were but demanding their natural rights, and taking a course which must be attended by the good wishes of every generous mind.

If I reluctantly adopt the opinion that Mr. Dickens did mischief, of course I do not imagine that he did it wittingly. He, when he wrote his charming works, had no more idea of the possibility of labour rising up and attempting to impose its own terms upon capital, than I had when I was screaming over his monthly numbers and enjoying them with all my heart. He saw how oft-times the needs of poor "inferiors," as they were then called, subjected them to the caprices, the exactions, and the oppressions of those who were richer, but in no respect better, than they; and he thought probably that if he could here and there rescue a meek suffering spirit from tyranny, his exhortations and his pictures of life would not be uttered in vain. Possibly he doubted whether in a world so hard as he saw around him even his teaching could do any good: he may have written from a sense of duty and pity despairing of success. But Mr. Dickens was preparing the shape and manner of a revolution just as much as Voltaire was. He was encouraging the innovators; he was making capitalists feel that they were criminals because they were masters; and if the brothers Cheeryble were saved from [the general condemnation, it was because with God all things are possible, and a camel had gone through the eye of a needle. He was leading the hearts of the whole of his readers to believe and to feel that they who had been called by Providence to labour with their

hands were a meritorious and a down-trodden class, whose cry by reason of their taskmasters when it should go up to heaven must be heard with sympathy and awe on earth.

Then I asked myself what I would have had Mr. Dickens do. If he knew well that the rich were often inconsiderate and harsh to the poor; if he knew that the meek and suffering poor were sometimes ground and starved by their taskmasters,—was he to hold his peace? His efforts, as I thought, had resulted in a greater change than he or any of his readers could have imagined; and it is easy for those who may pursue the current of thought that I did to trace back to him a good deal of the trouble that tries us to-day. But how could he foresee this? Certainly, I decided, he could not foresee it. The evil, if he did it, was done with the very best intentions, for the sake of humanity, and under the guidance of the very kindest feelings. A writer, if he is only conscientious, has nothing to do with possible future results. He must cast his bread upon the waters, and leave to Providence the temper in which the world may find it after many days. But I could not rest satisfied with this solution. I could not believe that the works of so able a man as Mr. Dickens could in so short a time after their publication bear fruit so different from what he can have intended, and he be all the while absolutely irresponsible. The evil which has been produced, I said, is a general and most determined attempt on the part of working men to obtain supremacy over employers. The manner in which Mr. Dickens contributed to this attempt was by representing the labourer generally as meritorious and wronged, the employer generally as tyrannical and niggardly. My heart had been melted by his scenes: I had delighted in them:

they were so lifelike that none could think of questioning their truth. And here a little light began to break in. The scenes were not only lifelike, but very many of them were doubtless the artistic exhibitions of facts known to the author. But after all (and I felt guilty towards Dickens in putting this question to myself)—after all, though the scenes and incidents may have been strictly true, was the impression sought to be conveyed, of workmen generally, and of employers generally, and of the relations between them, as true as the scenes and incidents? I was pleased and disturbed as this inquiry presented itself, but more than ever inclined to go on thinking. My pleasure arose from a little glimmer of light which was breaking into my mind, my annoyance from a feeling that I was disloyal to the guide, philosopher, and friend with whom I had walked these wellnigh forty years. But the question I had put to myself must have an answer. Had Dickens's pictures of mankind been true? Were workmen generally as good, and modest, and unselfish, as he represented them? and were masters and rich men as hard and brutal as he led us to believe? I thought I saw the fallacy now. I had hit a blot in even my revered Dickens. Dickens, I thought with a shudder, was amiable, but not just. Good heart as he was, he cast in his lot with the weaker side; but, having chosen his party, he made himself a thorough partisan. Circumstances which unfortunately have nothing to do with fiction have lately made us acquainted with the work-a-day characters of workmen and employers, and neither in the one class nor in the other can be traced much likeness to Mr. Dickens's representative specimens. My favourite author did not, I begin to fear, when writing his early works, take care to

be strictly just. Not having been so at first, it was hardly in human nature that he should become so after he was gladdened by the unbounded popularity to which his sentiments attained.

I admit, then, that Mr. Dickens made a mistake in the pictures of the employer and employed which he stamped on the popular mind. I see that, in taking the unfair view which he did, he prepared evil which he never had a notion of as proceeding from anybody, least of all as proceeding from himself. It occurs to me that even the failings which "lean to virtue's side" require to be sharply controlled; for they, perhaps, being disguised as goodness, do wider and more irremediable mischief than the open preaching of error.

Even if I do Dickens injustice in supposing that he viewed unfairly the relations between classes, I still think that he erred in putting forward his views so strongly as he did, considering that his works were read so largely by those whom he represented as the wronged and oppressed. The doers of mischief and iniquity certainly need to be told of their misdoings; and if the priest or prophet have a vocation at all, it is to call the strong ones of the earth to a proper regard of the weak. But all experience tells us that (except when one particular result is aimed at) it is inexpedient to say much about their wrongs to the weak. The particular result glanced at is the rousing of the weak and oppressed to vengeance. When that is the object, they cannot, of course, be too strongly impressed by their grievances; but where resistance is not contemplated there is no kindness in increasing discontent, planting seeds to rankle in the heart, and engendering thoughts of vengeance to be treasured up against

the day of wrath. Those who are at all down in the social scale are quick enough in discerning and murmuring against their condition. They require no seer to bring them to a conviction of their inferior estate. It is to the possessor of wealth and power that the prophet must say, *Thou art the man.*

But an author cannot choose his readers. He cannot say, "This is a book for men of substance only: poor men, labouring men, are not intended to look at it." The more, then, does it behove him to represent things fairly, and to take heed to his words. The faults which he would cure are probably not all on one side. Let him, if he must be severe on one party, be equally severe on the other where they deserve it: let not the side which he favours be represented as models of kindness, meekness, patience, while those whom he would convert are made to look like monsters.

The mischief done by a man of talent is not confined to his own works. He is sure to be followed by a swarm of imitators; and imitators, as critics say, exaggerate the faults of their models without being able to approach their excellence. And surely the benevolence of Dickens was sought to be copied by ten thousand of his followers: they thought they might get a good mark for *that*, though they might be unable to approach his wit or his living representation. Thus it became a fashion to be pathetic over the sufferings, or the supposed sufferings, of the working classes. And even now, when the incorrectness of much that was talked and written a quarter of a century ago is understood, people who might be expected to have learned the un wisdom of such a course delight to draw comparisons between the poor and rich—to extenuate the vices of the former until they

appear to be virtues, or at the worst necessities, while the evil that rich men do is condemned unsparingly. I thought of a right reverend prelate who is particularly addicted to whitewashing the vices of the lower orders with excuses drawn from their temptations and their want of elevating occupation. One could imagine a professional agitator doing this as a pretty certain means of ingratiating himself with the populace; but how a cultivated man, who is far above the suspicion of laying traps for vulgar applause, can think it right in times like these to be fruitful of such sentiments, is more than I can understand. It is not that I dispute the truth of much that has been so said. Undoubtedly, poverty and ignorance may lessen the heinousness of many a crime. It is good that those whose duty it is to punish crime, and those whom duty or inclination may call to denounce it, should remember this: but it is not good that those who commit the sins should be continually told that though such things would have been unpardonable if done by a man of substance, they are venial in one of low estate. The meaning of such sayings, is, I believe, wholly misunderstood by many, and they are looked upon as indulgences or dispensations. It would be ungenerous—nay, it would be unjust—not to make the distinction which I think the bishop to blame for speaking out publicly. Speeches like that, which tend to make the masses indifferent to their own besetting weaknesses, cannot be made without loss of dignity in the speaker. The many are, it is to be feared, already too insensible to the debasing character of some of their offences, and do not require a bishop's soft-sawdery of crime to make them ready to absolve themselves. It is a dangerous doctrine

that poverty shall cover the multitude of sins.

Mr. Dickens has carried me away from my subject as he has often done from study or care. I could not think that he could err without sifting the whole matter to assure myself that the error was not really mine. But now to recover the thread of my morning's reverie. The British workman is before us in a new character to-day. He is no longer a subject for the pity or the assistance of people of the estate in which I was born—that is, of people of narrow fixed incomes. He has by this assertion of himself made persons such as my parents were objects of pity, and put them to their shifts to pay their way at all in the times which he has created. He no longer wants Mr. Dickens or any other philanthropist to draw his merits into the daylight or to demand from other classes of the community a kind consideration of him. He can make himself heard and felt. Can I at all define his claims and his aims?

He claims, thought I, more wages than he receives at present, whatever his present pay may be. He puts no limit to his demand. He stands to get as much as by any amount of pressure, by any amount of advantage taken, at anybody's expense, or at the expense of the whole community, he can obtain. At the same time he demands to work fewer hours in the week.

His great means of enforcing his views and wishes are, united and concerted action; accumulated funds, which enable him to live for a longer or shorter period in entire idleness; and the enormous sympathy and toleration which, despite the inconvenience he is causing them, all classes, from long schooling and set notions, are disposed to accord to him.

He has plenty to urge in defence

of the course which he takes. He may sell his labour at the highest price that it will fetch; he may combine with his fellows so as to make his demands formidable, and to free him from competition. He knows, and everybody knows, that employers of labour often make large profits; there should be smaller profits and higher wages. His demand for higher pay will cease only when he is convinced by inspection of his employer's books that no more can be squeezed out of the concern.

Everybody says—at least I know of none who says the contrary—that the workman, whether he be wise or foolish in his attempts, is, at any rate, acting strictly within his legal rights. It may be unpleasant for the employers to encounter strikes every few weeks. It may be inconvenient for the public to have prices continually increasing. But the labourer means to have all he can get without regard to capitalist or public. We hear now and then, that while the struggle is going on between capital and labour, other countries, where the fight is not so absolutely *à l'outrance* as it is with us, are underselling us and taking away our business. That is to the labourer a remote consideration; he does not see how it concerns him just now; at any rate it concerns his employer just as much. Let the employer look to it, and concede all the labourers' demands. Now I thought that if everybody was right in such views as I have stated, and everybody chose to be obstinate, there was no help possible for us in this matter. Capital and labour must eat each other up like the famous cats, and we, the public, as long as no law is infringed, must stand quietly by and mark the ruin as it comes. No wonder that my friends were unable last night to

suggest what should be done. There doesn't seem anything in history to guide us. In old days an uprising of the lower classes was commonly attended by infractions of the laws, and then the government stepped in and quelled the malcontents, or, possibly, was overturned by them. But laws have been so managed by this time, and uprisings have been so cunningly ordered, that the country may be made to suffer cruelly for the benefit of a particular class—no, I will rather say, for that which a particular class fancies to be for its benefit—and yet has no pretext for interfering, indeed, does not see well how it could interfere if the pretext were apparent. In so far as adhesions to these combinations of labour are brought about by open force, and not by free will, the law can and will discountenance them; but open force is exceptional, and against moral pressure the law is powerless. It is evidently here, however, that the weak points in the unions are to be looked for. They could not exist if competition were possible—that is, if labour were really free. Our system has hitherto supported itself upon the existence of competition. If one man refused a fair offer, another accepted it. What was not enough for the best, secured the services of the second best. Thus ready money, as Byron said, could always command service. The old idea of the power of competition has failed us. But surely, if those who combine for their own selfish ends thereby damage the community at large, the law has a right to follow them and overtake them if it sees how. But here I was running away after checks and remedies before I had got my subject quite under review.

The workman says that his action in regard to time and wages need have no effect whatever on produc-

tion or on prices. He claims only a larger share of the profits which have hitherto gone into the pockets of his employer. Let the price of the thing produced remain exactly what it was, but let the division of the proceeds between the employer and his workmen be in a different ratio. This is plausible; and it is with a view, probably, to the enforcement of some such principle that the workmen are so anxious themselves, or by their delegates, to inspect the books of their employers. Certainly, so long as additions to wages should be deductions from profits, the public would have no reason to complain. But so far as our experience goes, it would be unjust, and it is impossible, to regulate wages on this principle. It is at once an answer to such a proposal—"Suppose that the undertaking were making no profit, would workmen be content to work without wages, or even to participate in a loss?" We know that they would not be content to suffer, and indeed they could not do it. Wages must be paid before profit and loss are reckoned. The value of labour does not rise and fall with the market price of the commodity which it produces, but is regulated by accidents of a wholly different kind. In the normal condition of the labour market—rather in that condition of it which all our economic theories have hitherto supposed, namely, when every man is willing to work for the best wages he can get—the value of labour is regulated, like the values of most other things, by the relations of supply and demand. The above, I am aware, are but a few of the arguments which prove the workman's idea of calculating his own remuneration by the profits of his employer to be visionary; but as I know that thinking men had quite decided

against the possibility of wages being so regulated, I did not spend more time in pondering that idea.

In the workman's early movements for increase of pay, and as long as his employer could raise his prices on the public, strikes were successful. It was, perhaps, unfortunate for the workman that they were so; for the initial success has made him a superstitious believer in the efficacy of strikes, and has probably made him the recipient of less wages in a given time—say in the last four years—than if he had worked steadily on at the rates which his employer was willing to pay. More than this: it is not at all certain that the labourer has yet encountered all the evil consequences of his conduct in the last four or five years. He has roused the resistance of the consumer (not yet the consumer's anger towards him, the labourer, but the consumer's objection to pay high prices for the sake of his own pocket), and he has united, or is fast uniting, employers in a league counter to his own. As it took a long time (during which strikes went on and prospered) before the closing of the consumer's pocket was felt; so, probably, it will take many months to develop the depressing force of the consumer's holding back. It may be expected, therefore, that the terms offered by employers will become lower and yet lower. Thus it is possible that when steady work may be resumed (supposing that state of things to be destined ever to return), the last state of the workman will be far worse than the first. And to any loss he may experience in the rate of wages will have to be added the amercements which he has laid upon himself to furnish a fund for strikes, and to maintain the agitators who encourage him in his ill-advised courses.

Now it happened that I was ready to meet the argument which had been advanced by one of my friends of last evening—to wit, that the revenue of the country was suffering very little; the conclusion derivable from this argument being, of course, that too much importance (as regards the public) is being attached to the contest between capital and labour, and that *somehow or other* we are going on exporting and importing much at the same rate as we did when things were confessedly prosperous. I was ready, I say, to meet this argument, because I have acquaintances in the service of manufacturers and companies, and I have heard many of them frequently declare for some months past, that they were buying raw material at a price for which they could never be recouped, and exporting the products of their industry at a loss, rather than lose their customers so long as there remained a hope of business being re-established. If my informants spoke correctly, as I believe they did, the revenue will not long remain insensible to the strain which is upon industry; and the argument from the trade returns of the Government is not powerful.

And now came the consideration which fretted me most of all. Were the strikes injurious to the great mass of the nation? If so, is not every nation or community at liberty to relieve itself (if it knows how) of a loss entailed upon it by the cupidity of a particular class? What I was asking myself seemed to be answered by the principle about the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Once it is clear that the welfare of the general body is interrupted, or is seriously threatened, by the selfish action of a class, there is a case for the interference of the Legislature. Now it seems to

be admitted on all sides that, through the action taken by workmen to increase their wages, prices generally have been raised to a ruinous amount. This alone is a public injury; but this is not the worst result of strikes on the public. Strikes force certain industries to stand still, and unreasonably high prices cause the demand for articles of commerce to diminish. Thus the opportunity is afforded for other countries to step in and take away our business. Hitherto, through our industry and skill, and the natural advantages of our island, we have been able to set foreign competition at defiance. We have felt so sure of our superiority that we appear to have come to a resolution to give up all the aims which of old were thought worthy of the efforts of States—as colonisation, acquisition of territory, military prestige—political importance, and to devote our energies to the accumulation of wealth, or as we prefer to put it, to the practice and encouragement of the arts of peace. And no sooner do we let the world see us undisguisedly in our new rôle, than lo! an enemy starts up within our own four seas, and threatens to injure us more grievously than the ambition of princes, the lust of conquest, the extension of empire, or the most devastating war! If we are bereaved of our manufactures and our commerce, we are bereaved!

Now I, who (as may be judged from the unlearned manner in which I write of these important matters) am neither a philosopher, nor a statistician, nor one versed in the science of production, am nevertheless persuaded by the teaching of the press, and by the observations of all I meet, that our national prosperity is seriously threatened by the suspension of industry and by the high prices which prevail. The

national revenue does not yet indicate evil ; but when it *does* indicate it the evil will have advanced some way towards ruin, and it may be impossible to arrest it. A well-judged step towards retrieval will be ten times more effective now than probably it can be two or three years hence. Now it is worth the while of every citizen who takes a part in strikes, or encourages those who take part in them, to consider calmly whether in an extended period—say of four or five years—any benefit whatever to workmen is likely to accrue through strikes ; and whether, on the whole, a less amount of wages is likely to be received, while the purchasing power of those wages is likely to be sensibly reduced. And it is worth the while of every citizen who does not participate in strikes to consider whether by some action of the Government as representing the suffering classes the mischief may not be arrested. I am aware that the law cannot regulate the rate of wages ; but I think that the law, if judiciously applied, may fairly circumscribe the power of trades-unions. These unions, though they may not often openly discover their mode of operation, are in reality instruments of terror, which artificially restrain the natural instinct of man to compete with man for the wages of labour. It is no extenuation of their injustice that their victims dare not claim the protection of the laws or exhibit in any form their consciousness of being oppressed. By clever organisation the associations of workmen have contrived to outwit the law and to defy its general spirit, which undoubtedly intends that every man shall be at liberty to dispose of his own labour, if he chooses, irrespectively of the plans or interests of others. If, then, the

spirit of the law is manifestly eluded by the arts of clubs or unions, the Legislature has a perfect right to execute its counter-stroke, and to frame a law that shall bring unions within its operation. It is idle to say that no such law can be devised. The real difficulty lies probably not in devising a law, but in bringing opinion into the state necessary for making such a law effectual. The old whine about the labourer's wrongs, which I have made a subject of blame for kind-hearted Dickens, is still at this moment exercising an influence far too general and too potent for the health of the community. It is not sufficiently recognised that the labourer has managed to get things so much under his own control that he is excessively dangerous to all other classes. It has been such a fashion to pet him and sympathise with him that people have preferred to bear anything at his hands rather than to complain of his proceedings. As to denouncing those proceedings as infractions of other people's rights and as a wrong to the public at large, no one ever thinks of such a course. We are continually reminded that workmen have a perfect right to combine and to put what price they choose on their labour ; but those who so preach to us forget to add that the proposition is true only so long as each labourer is perfectly free to combine or not to combine. The moment such pressure, whether physical or moral, is put upon a workman as forces him to forego employment which, if entirely unshackled, he would gladly accept, the association which applies the pressure is acting unjustly, and is open to the censure of the public. It ought to encounter that censure ; and the press ought to have courage to lead the public mind to a proper consid-

eration of the matter. It was by means of the press that the workman obtained in such an uncontrolled manner the opportunity which he now so frequently abuses; and it is the press alone which can rescue us from the tyranny of labour which is well-nigh established. Surely there has been license enough and toleration enough! Would there be anything illiberal or unbecoming in making the labouring man understand that the attitude which he has assumed, and the unscrupulous manner in which he pursues his ends, are warnings of danger to us all! Would it not be considerate to say to him that should any general calamity occur which could be traced to his cupidity and obstinacy, the reaction in public feeling would be sharp and severe? He has not any longer, he should be made to remember, those privations and disabilities which made him formerly an object of benevolence to the charitable, and of sentiment to the impressionable. He is maintaining his position simply by force of old feelings and associations. One striking exhibition of him in his new character might rudely dissipate old ideas and expose him to something like public indignation. In such case it would be impossible for his friends to make appeal to pity on his behalf. He is known to be (when he chooses to work) exceedingly well off as to the natural wants which he is able to provide against, and Government and science are very busy in endeavouring to procure for him advantages which are beyond his appreciation. The only excuse that has a sound of reason about it is that he has been beguiled into his present position by persons partly mistaken and partly designing; but he has been so long warned on this head without showing the least symptom of

attention, that such an apology would probably be made in vain for him in the day of trouble.

It may have been, I said to myself as I looked out at the clearing sky, and remembered an appointment for the afternoon,—it may have been the labourers who in times past wanted our thoughts and our help: it is the capitalists and employers who want them now. As in that case, so in this, we must give the help for our own sakes. When we thought the workman was unduly depressed we took up his cause, and said that for our own good as well as for his we must see him righted. Now that we have taken him out of the mire and set him much higher than, I fancy, we ever intended or dreamt of, we must, for his sake and his employers', and our own as a community that desires to thrive, or at least to subsist on reasonable terms, make him sensible that he is overstepping all bounds, and that our patience has nearly run out. It is no doubt true that the evil, if not interfered with, will cure itself. But while the cure is being wrought in that way, our means and our pre-eminence in working are being sapped. A good understanding between employers and employed will be recovered at a fearful price if it is to cost us our wealth and our customers. It must be evident to those who observe the fluctuations of business, that, other things being equal, wages, with or without strikes, will improve while our trade flourishes; also, that wages will and must decrease when trade is depressed. Another proposition whose truth is obvious is, that continual interruptions of business and the forcing up of prices when there is no unusual demand must depress trade, and by consequence bring down wages whether workmen band together or

whether they do not. We hear and read continually of the amount of capital which lies idle in this country, partly because trade is so depressed, and partly because the disposition of workmen is so hostile to capital that capitalists have not the spirit to embark in undertakings which promise good returns if only the labour market were in a healthier state. This capital, but for the strikes and quarrels, would undoubtedly have been embarked in enterprises which would have made a call upon labour. The labourer would thus have been in great demand, and his wages would have risen. There is every reason, too, to think that up to the present period they would have remained at the improved level, and perhaps have still been improving. Whereas now all the fights are about reductions of wages. Not only cannot the workman increase his gain, but he cannot hold that which he has attained to. With all the means and appliances of his unions, he is unable to resist the fall, and the fall promises to go on.

I shall never, I said, as I took my hat and gloves, feel unkindly towards the labourer, or look down upon his calling. I am sure my disposition does not that way tend. But I feel that the time for thoughtless indulgence has gone by, and that to be kind to him we must seem a little cruel. He will hardly open his mind to the logic of facts as long as he believes that public approval is encouraging him in being deaf to it. We must even go beyond the method of laying all the blame upon the agitators and acquitting the workmen. Let the agitators feel the weight of public indignation which they have righteously earned, but let the workman be made aware that he too has his sin to answer for. It is time that the press were bold and candid with him; and I am sure that to hear a little of the public mind would do more towards opening his eyes to the meaning of his daily darkening prospects than all the censure which can be poured on the vicarious heads of agitators and fomenters of discord.

THE DILEMMA.

PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

As Yorke rode home to his bungalow at the other end of the station, after the dinner-party in the eminent personage's camp, smoking his cigar and reviewing the events of the evening, he felt for the time an elation which he had never before experienced. Miss Cunningham, he thought, must surely now understand my feelings. True, I have not said a word which could be taken to mean distinctly what I long to express; but I could not, if I would, disguise the passion I feel. She must see that I worship the very ground she treads on; and, seeing that, she is too noble to trifle with my love. She would have discouraged me ere this if it had been displeasing to her. There would be no such kind greetings if she thought my homage unworthy. But then what, after all, has passed between us that I should dare to build any hopes upon it? We have not spoken more than half-a-dozen times, and only a few words at a time; what is this to build a romance upon? And what am I, with no good looks worth speaking of, no money, no position, to hope to win this noble woman, so beautiful, so accomplished, so well placed? I may know a little more than other fellows about some things, but I have given her no opportunity to find this out; a donkey's braying were scarcely more inane than my conversation whenever I have been talking to her. Yet, after all, to be sure, women don't choose men for their good looks or their wit. There is Turtell of the 80th N.I., certainly not much to look at, and about as stupid a fellow as there is in the army, yet he found

a pretty woman to fall in love with him, and one with ten times his brains. Look at Grumbull, too, our doctor; what little chance the climate leaves a fellow, will be lost if he gets into his hands. And yet if he were a perfect Galen, Mrs. Grumbull could not have a higher opinion of him; and she is a clever woman enough. No; there is no accounting for tastes, as Jerry would say; if only she chooses to fancy a penniless sub, neither face nor empty purse need be against me; and as for fortune, why, after all, every man in India starts in the race of life from "scratch." Lawrence and Outram were once penniless subs, and with no better prospects than I have; and something tells me that if I do ever get a chance, I too shall be able to turn it to good account.

But then, again, whispered conscience, what are your chances in the race you are now running? You may be right in thinking that women throw away their hearts at random, but there must be opportunity—companionship—the means of meeting. Here are you, only a few miles off, 'tis true, but what are your chances and opportunities? A few stray words at a ball or dinner-party. What do you know of her inner life, and thoughts, and feelings? What chance have you, you awkward, shy gawk, of pushing yourself forward, and making the most of such small chances as offer themselves? And do you suppose that the prize will remain unwon for ever, or for long? Wake up from your trance of folly, young dreamer that you are.

But no—he argues again. Love

needs no rules of time and opportunity. Has not my poor mother often said that she fell in love at first sight with my father, and that they were engaged to be married before they had known each other a week? And is it true that we are even now common acquaintances? Does she greet other men as she greets me? And then, as a vision came up before the young man of a life to be spent in companionship with the woman he loved, with no need to long and look for scanty interviews, a constant presence of her beauty, those eyes always looking into his, his awe at speaking to her exchanged for perfect trust, to learn the secret of her noble mind, to have the sympathy of her noble heart to urge him onwards in his aims for a high career—as the young man, pacing to and fro along the gravel path in front of his little dwelling, conjured up this picture of a heaven on earth, his step under the excitement became so loud as to arouse his brother subaltern from sleep.

"I say, old fellow," said Spragge, rising on his elbow in bed and looking at his chum through the open door, "you ain't paid for doing watchman, you know. You might let a fellow go to sleep, I think. We've got a parade at gunfire."

Thus rebuked, Yorke retired to his own room, but only to toss about on his bed, recalling time after time the record of each word Miss Cunningham had spoken to him, and picturing incoherent visions for the future, till summoned to rise again by the sound of the morning gun.

The next opportunity for meeting the young lady happened a day or two afterwards, on the occasion of the brigadier's half-yearly inspection of the Hussars. Alas! it was only an opportunity from which nothing came. Riding to the parade-ground

on the morning in question, Yorke was in time to see the regiment drawn up in line awaiting the brigadier's arrival, himself one of the first spectators on the ground. But the inspection was half over before, straining his eyes across the plain in the direction of the city, he was at last rewarded for his patience. This time only two persons could be seen cantering towards the scene, who as they came nearer were made out to be Miss Cunningham and Colonel Falkland. They did not, however, join the other spectators in attendance on the brigadier, but pulled up their horses at some distance off, whence they stood watching the manœuvres of the regiment. Yorke sat irresolute for some time, watching the pair—the colonel's upright figure on his powerful horse, the graceful outline of the young lady as her body swayed with every movement of her high-bred Arab, which, excited by the clatter of the dragoons, was pawing the ground and tossing its little head; and, as the two figures stood out in clear relief against the plain, he could not help thinking what a fitting protector the soldier-like colonel made to his gentle godchild. At last he made bold to join them, a bold movement indeed, involving his complete separation from the group of spectators, and committing himself alone to the naked plain, crossing the gap too at a foot-pace, for to ride faster would have attracted attention. But just as he was approaching the lady and her companion, whose heads were turned the other way, they set off in a gallop after the regiment, now executing a rapid change of front. Yorke's first impulse was to follow in pursuit, but he was restrained by a sense of the absurd figure he would cut, in full uniform, mounted on a diminutive pony, and by a doubt whether the pony could go

fast enough to overtake them, and of the undignified appearance he would present, if he did come up with them, looked down upon especially by Colonel Falkland from the height of his big horse. Thus thinking, the youngster pulled up, and wanting self-possession to enable him to rejoin the other lookers-on, remained by himself on the plain, fancying that everybody was noticing his discomfiture. In reality everybody was watching the Hussars moving rapidly to and fro (for Colonel Tartar always went the pace, and was carrying out to the full his subaltern's promise that the inspection would be something of a kind to amuse the ladies); and so Yorke's little expedition passed unobserved.

The inspection over, and the regiment being formed up in three sides of a square, the brigadier addressed some valedictory remarks to it which Colonel Tartar received on the point of his sword, and then rode slowly off the ground. The spectators now began to disperse, making their way across the plain in the direction of their respective lines, and Yorke was just about to ride up to Miss Cunningham, when Colonel Tartar, making over his regiment to Major Winge, cantered up to them. Yorke again pulled up, watching the party as they moved slowly away in the direction of the Residency, the little colonel with his legs stuck out, leaning over towards Miss Cunningham on his left, gesticulating with the right hand as if explaining the movements of the day. Yorke felt that his pony would ill compare with the other's high-caste Arab, as it stepped proudly along, excited by the exercise, and tossing its head as if enjoying the rattle of its caparisons. And yet, thought the youngster, bitterly, I am as good as he, for all that he is a colonel of hussars, and I am only a subaltern of native infantry, and I would prove

it if I only had a chance. Still, what chance shall I have against him if he enters the lists? She says she thinks there is no profession like the army; what more natural than that she should be dazzled with his medals, and his colonelcy, and his money? He is a dapper little fellow too, it must be confessed, and knows how to sit a horse. He is evidently going on to the Residency to breakfast, the lucky beggar. But no; Colonel Tartar, after accompanying the other two for a few hundred yards, turned back, and they set off at speed, for the sun was now getting hot; whereupon Yorke turned too and cantered home. But his faithful pony was now an object of contempt, and that very morning he took advantage of the arrival of an itinerant horse-merchant to purchase a more dignified mount. A high-caste Arab would alone have satisfied his aspirations, but as this meant running hopelessly into debt, he was fain to be content with a well-looking animal with strong legs and uncertain pedigree, although having some other good points, for which the dealer took the pony in exchange and a promissory-note for a sum which would make a formidable inroad on the young man's slender income; but he was just now in a reckless mood. "Poor little Jerry," said he, as he took the saddle off the pony named after his chum, "it seems a shame to turn you adrift after you have done your work, doesn't it? You ain't much to look at, but you know how to go, and you have taught me to ride at any rate. Many is the battle we have had to see who should be master—haven't we, you little beggar?" So saying, he gave the pony a farewell pat—to which the honest beast responded by putting back his ears as if preparatory to a bite or a kick, whichever

might come readiest—and saddling his new purchase rode it home.

The next day or two were passed mainly in looking after the new purchase, trying its paces, getting it shod properly, and teaching it to jump over a hurdle rigged up in the compound; proceedings in which Yorke's chum took as much interest as himself—for the arrival of a new horse is a great event in the household of a native infantry subaltern; and the two young men might be seen for the greater part of the day before the shed in a corner of their compound which did duty for a stable, superintending the grooming operations. Spragge might have grown jealous on comparing the good-looking grey with the insignificant occupant of the next stall that owned him as master, but that jealousy did not enter into Jerry's composition. "English blood there, and Arab too, I'll bet anything," said the young critic for the hundredth time, surveying the new purchase with admiration; "by Jove! I only wish I was out of debt, I'd buy a horse too. I say, old fellow, you must give me a mount on him sometimes."

The new horse being somewhat raw to the bit, and scarcely in form for appearance on the Mall, Yorke took him for exercise at first to a piece of ragged ground in rear of the cantonments, which being in the vicinity of the station slaughter-houses, offered perfect seclusion, while a number of small ravines running down to the river offered a variety of broken ground well adapted for breaking in a young horse.

Just as he was returning from this region one evening about dusk, Yorke heard the footsteps of a horse coming up behind, and Falkland cantering past on his Irish mare, on perceiving him pulled up alongside.

The colonel explained that he had been for a ride across country; he did not get enough exercise at the Residency, he said, with merely a morning canter. "But what brings you to these unsavoury parts," he asked, "while all the gay world of Mustaphabad are listening to the band?"

Yorke replied that he was breaking in a new horse, and teaching him to jump ditches.

"A new purchase?" said the colonel, eyeing the horse, "and a very nice-looking one too—country bred, I presume, but with some good blood in him evidently. So you are teaching him to jump? and a very proper thing too. Do you think he could manage this?" And so saying, the colonel turned to one side, and pressing his mare, put her at a small ravine. It was no great thing for the big mare, but a respectable jump for the little country-bred, which, however, Yorke, following the lead, sent across in good style.

"Very well done," said the colonel; "you have a good nag there, and know how to ride him. You ought to enter for the coming steeplechase."

Yorke thought he was joking; the idea of a country-bred running in a race of any sort, was like entering a hack for a flat race in England.

The colonel said he was quite in earnest. It was not a matter of speed or blood. "It is astonishing how few horses in this country can jump; want of practice, I suppose. If any horse succeeds in getting round the course, the chances are it will win, and your horse has some good blood in him, and some capital points for a fencer; but here we are in cantonments. Good evening. I must push on, or I shall be late for dinner;" and the colonel rode off.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next day, while Yorke and his chum were at breakfast, the tramp of a horse's feet was heard on the gravel outside, and looking out the young men descried before the door a horseman of the Nawab's very irregular cavalry, a body which under treaty engagements furnished orderlies for duty at the Residency. The rider had evidently come from thence, for he produced a small note from the folds of his waistcloth, which he delivered to the servant who was sitting in the veranda.

"A ticket for soup, by all that's powerful!" cried Spragge. "Well, I thought it was about time for the commissioner to do the civil. Two distinguished officers like us are not to be treated with neglect even by a bloated civilian. It's directed to you, Arty," he continued, throwing the note across the table, "and from the lovely creature herself. You'd better keep it next your heart, only open it first, my boy, and let's know what's up. Say, oh, say!"

Had Spragge been more observant he would have noticed the blush and confusion of his companion. It was the first letter he had ever received from Miss Cunningham; the first time, indeed, that he had ever seen her handwriting.

He disguised his emotion, however, and rebuked his companion. "I wish you would have a little sense for once in your life, Spragge," he said pettishly, calling that young officer by his surname, "and keep your foolish jokes for fit subjects."

"Oh! that's the line is it?" replied the imperturbable Jerry; "some things are not to be talked about, or else we cut up rough, do we? with our Spragges and our Yorkes? We shall be having coffee

and pistols next, I suppose? All right, old fellow; you've only got to give me the office, you know, and I'm mum. Still you haven't told us yet what the letter is about; come, out with it! ticket for soup? or a hop?"

Yorke replied that it was an invitation to dinner for the next day but one.

"And me left out," cried Jerry; "well, that is a shame, considering we both called on the same day. You have been making play since to any extent, of course; still there's a want of consideration about the thing; if we had both been asked on the same night, we might have taken Nubbee Buksh's buggy between us."

"Consideration!" said Yorke, loftily. "As if Miss Cunningham would be likely to think about such details as the small economics of a subaltern's *ménage*."

"*Ménage*, eh? small economics, eh? We are coming at strong, and no mistake. What's the last book we got this out of? This comes of our Shakespeares and our Homers. Beg pardon, old fellow," he added, apologetically, seeing that Yorke was looking angrily towards him; "but don't you think you'd better answer the note, and not keep the sowar waiting? I'll take myself off and have a pipe in the stable, and then perhaps when I come back Richard will be himself again."

How the young man, left alone, discovered that there was no paper or ink in the bungalow fit to write his reply upon, and sent down to the Europe shop for a packet of the best creamlaid, and a bottle of fresh ink, the orderly waiting the while, dismounted, holding his horse under the shade of a tree; how, when the paper and ink arrived, he spoilt half-a-dozen sheets before his answer

was ready, in doubt whether to say "My dear Miss Cunningham," or only "Dear Miss Cunningham,"—need not be told; nor that he did as a fact deposit the note about his person, taking it out a dozen times in the day to read the contents. Yet they were not of much import, for the note merely ran thus:—

"DEAR MR. YORKE,—Will you give us the pleasure of your company to dinner on Thursday at half-past seven?—Believe me, yours very truly,
OLIVIA CUNNINGHAM."

Needs not be said that Yorke engaged Nubbee Buksh's buggy for the Thursday evening, nor that, although until now he had never thought much about dress, he made as elaborate a toilet for the occasion as the conditions of undress uniform permitted; but not the less did he feel shy and nervous as he entered the large drawing-room at the Residency, although his heart bounded within him at the cordial greeting of the hostess, as she advanced from the group of guests to meet him, and held out her hand with a smile and look of pleasure which sent the young fellow into raptures. There were only twelve persons in all, including the brigadier and Mrs. Polwheedle, and the dinner was served at a round table, permitting of general conversation, and to Yorke a full view of Miss Cunningham in a perfectly enchanting demi-toilet. Certainly, he thought, it is even more becoming than the ball-dress, or the more costly apparel worn at his Excellency's party. It is the same picture, of course, that sets off any framing—the lovely face, the graceful figure, and the noble folds of rich brown hair.

The conversation turned to the subject then occupying all the dinner-tables in India, the miscon-

duct of a guard of sepoy at Barrackpore.

"For my part," said Mrs. Polwheedle, "I think the whole regiment ought to have been hanged, the rascally fellows! to stand by and see their officer wounded in that way. Disbanding was too good for them."

"But the whole regiment didn't see the thing done," observed the commissioner.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," she replied; "they were all sepoy together, and sepoy always stick by each other, with their nonsense about caste, and their not doing this or doing that. I have no patience with them."

"My dear," said the brigadier, who sat opposite, in a voice of mild reproach, "you forget that your husband is a sepoy officer."

"No, I don't," replied the lady; "but I wasn't always the wife of a native infantry officer, you know; and I have my feelings on this point. Besides, I don't consider that you belong to the native army now that you are a brigadier; you command Europeans and natives too, so you ought to be impartial."

"For my part," observed Major Winge of the Hussars, who was one of the company, "I should like to see every black regiment cut down to half its present strength, and a dozen more British regiments sent out."

"Native infantry regiments, I suppose you mean?" interposed Colonel Falkland.

"Oh, of course," replied the other, "they *are* dark; same thing, you know."

"The same thing, perhaps, but not the same name; we will keep to the official designation, with your permission, if the thing is to be discussed at all."

"By all means, if you like," returned the major; "no offence was meant."

"You did not mean to be offensive, of course," said the colonel.

And so the conversation dropped, or rather a turn was given to it by the commissioner, who asked Major Winge across the table if his regiment had many horses entered for the coming races.

While it was going on, Yorke felt his face flush at the implied insult to his branch of the service. A feeling of bashfulness, however, kept him silent at first, and then just as he was about at last to burst out, Colonel Falkland had stepped in to the rescue.

That the offensive attack should have been properly put down was satisfactory, but there now succeeded to the indignation a feeling of shame that Miss Cunningham should have been witness of the scene. What must she think of military men, if they were ready to deal in such braggart ways across a dinner-table, till even Falkland, a man who seemed placed above such things by standing and natural dignity, was drawn into the squabble? It was all that horrid Mrs. Polwheedle's doing, and it was just the same on the day of his first call. How could this gentle and refined creature tolerate her society? Even if the commissioner was too good-natured to take care of his daughter in that respect, surely her godfather might interpose to shield her from such vulgarising contact.

The person referred to, who sat next to him, seemed to be reading his thoughts, for he interrupted the current of them by remarking in an undertone: "I am afraid our hostess will think some of us have been taking our wine before dinner instead of at the proper time. It is a sad world this," he added with a smile; "shut one's self out as we may from all that is disagreeable, still the unpleasant will obtrude itself sometimes. The worst of it is

that I am afraid the gentleman opposite had only too much truth on his side."

"Do you really think, sir," asked the youngster, eagerly, "that the native army is not to be trusted?"

"I think that it might be reduced with great advantage, and the proportion of European troops brought up again to what it was when I first entered the service."

"Then do you really think that there is any mischief brewing in the native army?"

"It is a mercenary army," replied the colonel, "and it is an army which has nothing to do at present, two conditions which don't go well together. Of course you may keep mercenary troops in order by discipline; but we have merely the semblance of discipline left now. It would not need a very violent shake, I fear, to bring the military fabric to pieces, or at any rate to put it grievously out of joint."

"But surely there is nothing to show that things are worse now than they have been for the last fifty years? There have been repeated instances of misconduct before, but the army has outlived them. And, in the present instance, it seems to have been effectually put down. Why should things be worse now than at any time before?"

"Of course there is a great deal to be said on the optimist side. The men have all their pensions to look to, and then it is not likely that the Hindoos and Mahomedans would ever pull together, if either party were to fall out with their masters. And I suppose luck will befriend us in the future as it has in the past. Still a little tighter discipline and a few more European troops would not be bad precautions. But of course," said the colonel, turning towards him with a smile, "I don't want these doubts to go any further. We must put a good

face on matters, whatever we may think about them."

"But surely," said Yorke, "holding these views, it would be proper for you at least to urge them on the Government."

"Who? I? Oh no; that would be of no use. The headquarter people would pooh-pooh the advice of an alarmist civilian, as they would call me, and would say that they have as good opportunities for judging of these matters as he has, which is quite true, though whether they make use of them is another matter."

After dinner, as soon as the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Miss Cunningham asked Captain Sparrow, who was of the party, to sing—which, after a little pressing, he consented to do, the lady accompanying him. Captain Sparrow had a tenor voice, which might have been pronounced sweet in quality, only that there was very little of it to judge by, and sang airs from the Italian Opera of the more sentimental kind, delivered with a sort of caricature of stage manner, the retardations extra slow, the pathos extra pathetic. As he sang, with one hand resting on the piano and the other on his hip—his hair parted in the middle, a loosely-tied black ribbon under his turned-down collar, his eyes cast down, and face expressing all the pathos which could not find utterance through the voice, while the fair accompanist placidly followed all the changes of time in the performance—Yorke felt as by instinct that although she was perfectly grave and polite, and there was no trace of irony in her thanks to the singer when the performance was concluded, any remaining fear of rivalry in that quarter might now safely be dismissed.

"And now, Miss Cunningham, won't you sing something yourself," said the captain, "especially after I

have set you so good an example? I am sure you will be in good voice to-night. There is something in the air conducive to song. I felt it myself."

Just then Yorke came up, and Sparrow moved off, to receive the thanks of the rest of the company.

"Are you fond of music, Mr. Yorke?" asked the lady.

"I should like above everything to hear you sing," replied the young fellow.

"How can you tell you will not be disappointed when you hear me?" she said, with a laugh and slight blush, as she stooped to turn over the loose pieces of music on the stand.

"No, no," rejoined the young man with ardour; "there is no doubt about it. Heaven gave you a sweet voice, and it gave you"—every other charm, he was going to add; but checking himself, continued, "besides, you must know that your fame has preceded you."

Miss Cunningham said nothing in reply, but looking downwards seated herself at the instrument and began to sing. Nor had rumour exaggerated her powers. She sang with the taste and finish given by Italian teaching, while her voice was like her speaking voice, low and rich, and expressing a sort of unconscious pathos, as if asking what romantic fate awaited its possessor in the future.

She sang two songs, the young lover standing by entranced, turning over the pages; one Italian, full of repressed passion—one German, kindling subtle, undefinable emotions. Then at his request she sang a third time; after which some of the guests who had meanwhile been scattered about the room came up to express their thanks. But presently the two were left alone again, for the room was a very large one, and the young lady still sitting on the music-stool turned round.

"Do you really think," said she, "that the sepoys are not to be trusted? Perhaps I ought not to ask such a question from you; but your men, now, they look such simple honest fellows, and papa seems to have the most perfect confidence in them."

"I would answer for them with my life," replied the young man, earnestly.

"I like to hear you speak like that," said the young lady, with animation; "there is something to my mind quite revolting in discussing the character and loyalty of our soldiers in this way, whether their faces are light or dark."

As she looked up at him with a gleam of admiration in her dark eyes, the young man felt ready to throw himself at her feet in a transport of love. For him to worship her was only natural; but that she should regard him as worthy of respect seemed altogether beyond his deserts, so infinitely above himself did she always seem to be. Something of this may have appeared in his look of devotion, for she blushed slightly, and turned away her head, and then changing the conversation said, "When is the inspection of your regiment to take place?"

"On Saturday—shall you come to see it?" And the young man hung on her answer as if his very life depended on it.

"I will come, if I possibly can. Papa has not been very well lately, and is often disinclined to ride of a morning; but if Colonel Falkland is still with us, I am sure he will escort me."

"Is Colonel Falkland going away?"

"His month's leave comes to an end to-morrow; but he hopes to get it extended. I don't quite understand the arrangement; it appears there are various contingen-

cies involved, but he expects to hear how the matter is settled early in the morning."

Presently she added, "Colonel Falkland says you ought to be in the cavalry—the irregular cavalry I think he called it—because you are such a good rider."

"Colonel Falkland's praise of any one is valuable, but he seems always to speak kindly of everybody."

"Ah, then I see you have found out his generous nature, and think as highly of him as every one seems to do. I am so glad of that," said Miss Cunningham, warmly.

"Think highly of him? why, he is one of the finest fellows in the army. I always knew he was extremely popular, too, and now I have met him I can understand why he is. What a pity it is that he should be thrown away in civil employ, instead of being at the head of the army, or something of the sort!"

And the two cast their looks in the direction of the person spoken of, a middle-aged, not particularly handsome, and not well-dressed man, standing in another part of the room.

Then she asked him if he was going to take a part in the coming races; and he replied that he was going to enter a young horse he had just bought, for the steeplechase. Had he still possessed only his old pony Jerry, he would in his present state of infatuation have committed himself to entering that useful animal.

Miss Cunningham asked whether steeplechase-riding was not a very dangerous thing; and Yorke laughingly replied that there was not much danger to be met with in the army nowadays, either in that or any other way; the only danger he ran was of making himself ridiculous by being nowhere in the race.

Here the conversation was interrupted; and, save at parting, when he held her slender hand for a mo-

ment in his, Yorke had no opportunity of again speaking to the young lady. But as he drove himself home in the still clear night, he rehearsed the scene of the evening over and over again, dwelling on each gracious look, each radiant smile, calling up each changing expression of the sweet face—now gracious, now arch—anon, when in repose, as he thought, pensive. Surely he could not be wrong in thinking both that she understood his devotion, and was not unprepared to reward it. To no one else, he felt sure, did she appear so tender and gracious. Even to her father she seemed hardly more so. To other persons, as he could not help persuading himself, her bearing, if gentle, was somewhat reserved and distant. Only to himself and Falkland was there shown this confidential manner; but then Falkland was an old friend, and her godfather—old enough indeed to be her father. Nevertheless, uneasy doubts crossed the young man's mind, especially when he reached

home, and surveying by the dim light of a single candle the poverty of his little bungalow, contrasted it with the splendour of the Residency and the well-lit-up *salon*, in the vastness of which a dozen guests seemed almost lost, till his heart sank within him. How could he dare to hope to bring that splendid creature to such a lowly roof? Still less possible did it seem to raise himself from his present humble grade to a level with her condition and her father's just expectations. And what if, after all, she were really in ignorance of his feelings, and he merely another Malvolio fancying his countess was in love with him, as much deceived and every whit as foolish? Thus, alternate hopes and fears coursing each other through his mind, the young man paced restlessly the gravel walk before his bungalow—his usual nightly occupation now—but taking care not to wake his chum, till, tired out in mind and body, he sought his room and found at last the sound sleep of youth and health.

CHAPTER IX.

Two days afterwards took place the inspection of the 76th. In the monotony of an Indian cantonment, even the inspection of a native infantry regiment creates a certain amount of excitement; and before sunrise a small group of equestrians were assembled on the parade to witness the spectacle. The regiment itself had been under arms before daylight, and the officers fell in soon afterwards, while Major Dumble—who, with a card of the manœuvres in his hand which had been prepared for him by the adjutant, was going through them in his head for the last time—sat his old trooper with a look of anxious desperation as the fatal moment approached. For now

the brigadier might be seen riding at a foot-pace on his grey cob towards the line, attended by his brigademajor and the assistant quartermaster-general, also by Colonel Tartar, who had joined him on his way past the Hussar parade. The brigadier and his staff were in blue coat and cocked-hats, all the other military lookers-on in full uniform except Colonel Tarter, who being a colonel of Hussars might be considered to be above rule, and indeed sat his Arab pony with an air of easy superiority, as if quite aware of the amount of condescension involved in his coming at all. The ceremony is now about to begin, and Yorke's heart leaps up at seeing

the well-known objects advancing rapidly out of the plain from the direction of the Residency, as he had seen them come on former occasions, soon to be made out clearly as Colonel Falkland and Miss Cunningham, who canter up and join the group of visitors just as the brigadier arrives in front of the line. Yorke has just time to notice with a pang of jealousy that Colonel Tartar is turning aside to join the new-comers, when the regiment is called to attention, and as the brigadier advances towards it, a general salute is ordered; after which Major Dumble, by dint of kicking his horse and shaking its rein, persuades it to advance a few paces, and hands the brigadier a "present state" of the regiment. The latter passes over the want of style in the major's approach, riding not being laid down in the infantry regulations or a strong point personally, but reserves himself for criticism on the handling of the battalion, an art in which he deems himself to be an authority. And truly the battalion looks a goodly one to handle, over nine hundred and fifty bayonets mustering on the parade, carried by stalwart sepoy, well set up. And now begins the serious business of the morning. The salute delivered, the regiment breaking into open column of companies marches past in slow and quick time, a feat which, having been practised every morning for the previous six weeks, is performed fairly in automatic fashion, without giving Major Dumble an opportunity for interposing a mistake. "Do believe we shall pull the major through," whispers Poynter the adjutant to Brevet-major Passey, the senior captain, who was the other mounted officer. The "march past" over, the regiment is again formed into line and put through the time-honoured manual

and platoon exercises by Major Passey, a feat to which he and the regiment are quite equal, Major Dumble the while glancing nervously at his card, and recalling for the last time the adjutant's lessons on the coming movements. The first operation, a change of front, went all right; there was little for the commanding officer to do, and the leaders of companies knew their work and made no mistake. And the second movement promised well also. It was an advance by column of double companies from the centre; and Major Dumble, as he surveyed from the rear the companies stepping off and wheeling at due intervals with precision, felt his courage reviving, and began to hope that he should really pull through the inspection. But, alas! at this moment, just as the formation was completed, the brigadier called out to him in what was meant for a reassuring tone—"Very good indeed, Major Dumble—very good indeed; now suppose you form square. Don't you hear, sir?" he repeated in a louder voice—"form square."

Now a square was duly entered in the card of manœuvres, but then it was to come off later in the day, and when the regiment was halted in line. For such a change in the programme the major was altogether unprepared, and gazed in dumb anguish at the brigadier, and when the latter in still louder tones repeated his command, adding "Why don't you halt the leading division, sir?" the unhappy major mistaking the word "leading" for "rear," called out in desperation, "Rear division, halt! right about face!"

The companies in question obeyed the order. The rest of the column continued marching on.

The major saw that he had made a blunder, but there was still time to retrieve it, although no time for re-

flection. Obeying the impulse of despair he gave the word to the centre companies to wheel inwards, and again the order was obeyed, the leading companies still pursuing their fatal march onwards; and although the adjutant at last took upon himself to stop them, the mischief was done. They had by this time advanced a long distance to the front. The centre companies had been brought to a halt by coming up against each other, and now stood face to face, the rear division meantime gazing backward into space, from which position our subaltern could witness the merriment of the spectators. The formation of the regiment in fact now resembled the capital letter I, but with the head and tail separated by a long interval from the body. Never had the Mustaphabad parade-ground witnessed such a spectacle.

Although not without a fellow-feeling for the service from which he had risen, this was yet a proud moment for Brigadier Polwheedle. The inspection of the Hussars or the Horse Artillery was a thing to be done gently, and even deferentially, the brigadier indeed never feeling quite sure on such occasions that Colonel Tartar was not laughing at him the while, and executing manœuvres for his edification not laid down in the Queen's regulations; but here he was master of the position, and felt every inch a brigadier. "Take your regiment home, sir," he called out in a loud voice to the miserable Dumble—"that is, if you know how to—and let me see it again as soon as it is fit to be inspected;" and so saying, turned the grey cob round and rode majestically home.

Whether Major Dumble would have been equal to the feat of taking the regiment home was never proved, for the extrication of it from its melancholy position was

effected by the adjutant, the unhappy commandant sitting silent on his horse while the latter gave the needful orders. The operation completed, Major Passey, making the slightest possible salute with his sword to his commanding officer, said, "Shall I march the regiment back to the lines, major?"

"Please do, Passey," replied poor Dumble, meekly; and so saying rode back alone to his own bungalow, whence he did not emerge for the rest of the day.

"Hang it," said Spragge, to a brother sub, after the regiment was broken off, as they mounted their ponies to ride home, "we must buy old Dumble out, sharp. I can't stand being made a fool of in this way. How much do you think the old boy would take to go at once? I'm game to borrow my share; I'm so deep in the banks already that a trifle more won't make much difference."

"No good trying, my dear fellow," replied the other; "the poor old major is in the banks himself: he can't retire with a wife and family at home to provide for. No, no; we have got him fast for another six years at least, till he get the line step, and perhaps even longer."

"A jolly look-out for us," rejoined Spragge; "well, I must positively take to passing in the language and getting a staff appointment. I'm blessed if I can stand this any longer. I wish I were a dab at languages and things like Yorke; but I'll set to work at the black classics this very day." And Jerry kept his word so far as to spend the whole of that morning spelling out the first chapter of the Baital Pachisi, with the help of the regimental mounshee, but unfortunately his resolution did not carry him beyond the first day.

Major Dumble's fiasco was naturally the subject of conversation in

more circles than one that morning. "Serves him right for an old stupid," said Mrs. Polwheedle to Captain Buxey, whose buggy was drawn up next to that lady's carriage. "I told the brigadier the first day Dumble came to the station that I was sure he wasn't any good. The Government ought to get rid of such fellows. If he were in a Queen's regiment now, he'd have to go on half-pay; and serve him right, wouldn't it, colonel?" added the lady in a louder voice to Colonel Tartar, who was riding slowly past.

"Serve who right, Mrs. Polwheedle?" replied the colonel, stopping his horse, but without coming nearer to the carriage.

"Why, Major Dumble, to be sure. I was just saying to Captain Buxey that such *exposés* would never be allowed in the Queen's service, would they?"

"A little hard, though, on the regiment and the officers, isn't it?" said Tartar, drily; "but beauty sometimes goes with a hard heart."

"Flatterer!" replied the lady, with a complacent smile on her comely face.

"There's such a thing as a service feeling, too," observed Captain Buxey after the colonel had passed on. "I don't like to see Company's officers made fools of in public."

"Oh, as to that," said Mrs. Polwheedle, "I don't regard Polwheedle in the same light as a regular Company's officer, now that he commands a station with troops of all kinds; besides, you know, I was brought up to think of the Queen's regulations before everything. In

Captain Jones's regiment we used never to call on the ladies of Company's officers. Quite a society in ourselves we were. Of course as a brigadier's lady I show no preferences, but still I have my feelings."

As for Yorke, his first impulse was to hasten to the Residency to learn at least the worst, and with a faint hope at the bottom of his heart that Miss Cunningham might have some consolation to offer. A call there was due after the dinner-party, and it had been a struggle for the young man to put it off for so long. Accordingly Nubbee Buksh's buggy and horse were again put into requisition, and soon after breakfast he drove over to the Residency, full of a deep yearning, as he controlled the erratic movements of that wayward animal, to give some utterance to the feelings that oppressed him. Did she know of his passionate love for her, then surely any impulse to laugh at him or the regiment would be changed to a feeling of sympathy.

Alas! on driving under the great portico he was met by the announcement that the "door was shut," the Indian version of the more euphemistic "not at home;" and there was nothing left to Yorke but to return to cantonments, downcast and disappointed. Life seemed for the time an utter blank. There was no excuse left for paying another visit, and little chance of meeting the lady anywhere else. There only remained now the steeplechase. In that, at least, he might hope to wipe out the ridicule thrown on the regiment and himself.

CHAPTER X.

The coming steeplechase was a novelty imported for the first time into the Mustaphabad annual race-

meeting. That favourite station being situate in a sandy plain which extended in perfect flatness

for many days' journey in every direction, covered at one season of the year with luxuriant corn in fields quite unenclosed, and separated by marks distinguishable only by the villagers, and for the rest a sandy desert dotted with villages and thinly sprinkled with acacia-trees—a country of this sort was not favourable for the development of hunting, and had witnessed hitherto no more lively sport than coursing. The race had been got up indeed mainly at the instance of a couple of sporting subalterns in another native infantry regiment, joint proprietors of an aged Australian mare, known to be sure at her fences if her legs would only hold out; and it was to come off as the final event of the second day's meeting, Colonel Tartar having offered a cup for the winner in addition to the stakes.

The entries were comparatively numerous, considering that not many horses at the station had ever had the opportunity of being put at a jump, and that a rumour that Colonel Falkland meant to run his Irish mare had kept out several intending competitors, as nothing would have had a chance against her. And when the entries were closed, at the race-ordinary held at the subscription-rooms the evening before the meeting, no less than six entries were declared for this particular event. Lunge, the riding-master of the Hussars, had entered an old Cape horse reputed to have been good with the Meerut fox-hounds; Stride, of the Horse Artillery, a stud-bred horse, his second charger; Chupkin, of the Irregulars, a country-bred mare, usually ridden by his wife—if Mrs. Chupkin would ride it herself, said the knowing ones, she would be sure to win—a feather-weight, and with nerve for anything; young Scurry, the moneyed man of the Hussars, a newly-

purchased chestnut Arab, the handsomest charger in the regiment, but a trifle impetuous; the confederates, Messrs. Egan and M'Intyre of the 80th N.I., the Australian mare above referred to, which had arrived mysteriously at the station a few days before; the list being closed by our friend's horse.

Yorke had never been present at a race-ordinary before, his experience having been confined hitherto to what are known as single-corps stations, garrisoned by one regiment of native infantry, where race-meetings were unknown; and he felt a little nervous as he entered the barnlike assembly rooms where the meeting was held, with fifty rupees in his pocket for the entrance-stakes. His announcement evidently took the company by surprise; for although the hurdles in his compound told a tale to his neighbours, his recent purchase had not attracted much attention, and the fact of his ownership of a horse of any sort was not generally known. "It's not a tattoo race, young man," observed M'Intyre, who was standing by the little table at which Westropp of the Irregulars, the honorary secretary, was recording the entries; "ain't you making a mistake?"

"There's nothing against tats in the rules," said Westropp, before Yorke had time to speak; "you may enter a donkey if you like, M'Intyre;" whereat the laugh was turned against M'Intyre, and Yorke felt grateful to Westropp for coming to his help before a suitable repartee had occurred to himself.

The entries concluded, the company sat down to dinner, after which they proceeded to the lotteries, the serious business of the evening. Several other officers now dropped in, among them Colonel Tartar, with whose dignity it was hardly com-

patible to partake of a race-ordinary, but who patronised the races in an affable way, as became a man with a reputation in the shires and noted light-weight rider in his younger days, and indeed was not above employing the evening in making a little book. "How do, Yorke?" said the little colonel, with a friendly nod; "so you have got something in for my cup. I suppose that's the little horse Falkland was speaking about—a tidy jumper, he tells me; well, I wish you all luck, but I am afraid I shan't be able to back you this time."

Proceedings were interrupted at first by an objection lodged against the confederates' horse, it being a condition that all horses entered for the cup should be *bond fide* the property of officers at the station; while the known impecunious state of the partners, whose domestic embarrassments in connection with the local shopkeepers constituted the principal business at the monthly sittings of the Cantonment Small Cause Court, rendered it matter of question how they should have come by such a property. The production of their entrance-money in hard cash had indeed occasioned some little surprise; but the objection was disposed of on Egan's producing a letter from the late owner accepting the joint promissory-note

of himself and M'Intyre at six months' date, for a sum, the amount of which was concealed from the referee by a dirty thumb placed over the figures, whereon the company proceeded to make out the lotteries. The drawing of these, with the interpolated betting, occupied a considerable time, Egan and M'Intyre both going into the work like millionaires; while it was observable that, notwithstanding the doubt previously thrown upon their credit, no one declined to bet with these gentlemen, even Colonel Tartar booking more than one transaction of the kind. The steeplechase lottery came last. It was the only one to which Yorke subscribed, and as there were fifty lots and only six horses, it was not surprising that he drew a blank. In the auction which followed the drawing, Scurry's horse was clearly declared the favourite, being bought in by the owner for thirty gold mohurs, while Lunge's fetched only fifteen; the confederates' mare was purchased by her owners for ten, and Yorke's horse by Colonel Tartar for five. "Can't do much harm by losing twenty chicks," observed the colonel, in Anglo-Indian *argot*, as the lot was knocked down to him; "and after all, there is a good deal of uncertainty about steeple-chasing."

CHAPTER XI.

Next morning was the first of the race-meeting, and Yorke, who had never seen any races in India, or indeed anywhere else, would fain have been present, but duty forbade. Devotion must have a final canter, and moreover Spragge had discovered hard by a neighbouring village a wall almost a facsimile of that put up on the course, stiffer if anything, but with a good take

off. "The very thing to practise the little horse at; he'll do everything else all right enough, the game little beggar! but there is no saying how he might behave if he came across a new kind of jump for the first time. Nothing like practice." And accordingly, while all the rest of the station were driving down to the race-course, which was at the extreme end of the station,

on the flank of the Native Cavalry parade, Yorke and Spragge (for the good-natured fellow had given up the races to accompany his friend) cantered across the plain in the other direction in quest of the exemplar which the latter had discovered, a rare form of enclosure in those parts. In truth, in the early morning, with no hounds to follow, or excitement of any sort, it looked a formidable thing to face. Yorke, however, did not stop to think, but cantered straight at it; and the little horse, feeling the rider's purpose in his firm hand and steady grip, swerved not to right or left, but cleared the wall without touching.

"Bravo!" called out Jerry to his friend on the other side; "four feet six, if it's an inch, and looks five, and that one on the course is barely as much. Well done, again!" he cried, as Yorke, cantering back, took the wall a second time. "What a good-plucked little horse it is, to be sure, and he not fourteen three! If the pace does not get forced too much, but he has time to take his fences quietly, I don't believe there's one of them can come near him. Now then, Arty, pop him over just once more and back again, so that he may know what a mud wall is like when he sees it, and then that will be enough for the old boy." Which feat accomplished, and the grey having had his gallop in a circuit over the neighbouring fields of young corn, while Spragge looked on approvingly, the two young officers returned slowly home. "Oh, by Jove!" said Spragge, "I wish I weighed a stone less than you, Arty, then you'd have to let me fide instead of you; but these long legs of mine will never be of any use for racing," he continued, looking down ruefully at the members referred to, which indeed the di-

minutive pony he bestrode barely kept from touching the ground.

Yorke had the satisfaction of hearing casually at mess that evening that the commissioner and his daughter were not at the morning's races, but were expected to be present the next day.

At last came the eventful morning, with a sky cloudless as usual at that season of the year, and a pleasant fresh air, although it was the middle of February, so that overcoats and shawls came not amiss at first to the occupants of the grand stand. A few of the spectators were on horseback, being thus able to see the start for the short races, and by cutting across to come in at the finish; but the majority took up their places in the grand stand, sheltered by the roof and by a clump of trees on one side from the rays of the rising sun. That spacious edifice, which could accommodate a hundred persons with ease, yet was pretty full on this occasion, was raised on pillars a few feet above the ground, with space underneath for the scales and for the servants engaged in making tea for the ladies. A small space on the left enclosed by hurdles was reserved as a paddock for the stewards and jockeys and for the saddling. Besides the greater part of the gentry, a considerable number of the European soldiers at the station were present, the men on foot, the sergeants on troopers; there was also a sprinkling of sepoys in their white mufti, and some two or three hundred of the lower orders from the bazaar, camp-followers for the most part, attracted for the nonce by the news that the sahibs were going to have a new kind of race—all grave and stolid, and for the most part silent; but it is not easy to be jovial at six in the morning. Yorke, his riding-dress concealed by a long

overcoat belonging to his chum, rode down on the pony of the latter, who himself trudged on foot, the horse "Devotion," led by the native groom, following, his tail cut square, his mane plaited, and covered by a regular suit of clothing on which a job-tailor had been at work for the past week seated on the floor of their veranda, the stuff having been bought from a local pedlar—the horse altogether, as Mr. Spragge observed, "looking a regular bang-up racer, and as good as he looks."

Yorke, leaving the groom to lead the horse up and down among the trees in the rear (Jerry rushing out every minute from the front to see that the operation was properly conducted), takes up his place at first in the enclosure, and leaning over the hurdle, looks up sideways at the front row of spectators in the stand. They are chiefly ladies, the gentlemen for the most part standing on the seats behind; but the one face he is in search of is not there, and he thinks with a sinking heart that the object for which he has made this venture has eluded him, when the sound of carriage-wheels is heard at the back of the stand, and Yorke sees from his vantage-ground the heads of the commissioner's mounted orderlies. The view is otherwise interrupted by people and pillars intervening, but presently there is a slight stir among the occupants of the stand, and room is made for Miss Cunningham, who takes her place in the front row beside Mrs. Polwheedle; and while greetings are exchanged with the other ladies, Yorke thinks how the latter seem to sink into utter insignificance beside this peerless creature. He notes, too, that while the appearance of the other ladies is generally suggestive of hurried rising, and further attention to the hair and per-

son on their return home, Miss Cunningham's toilet, though perfectly simple, seems as complete and finished in its way as it might be if she were dressed for Ascot. And see, her pretty little hat, it is trimmed with blue, and there is a blue ribbon round her slender neck. Can this be mere coincidence? But while he stands wondering how his colours can have become known, the young lady looking down, recognises and greets him with a gracious bow and smile, in which the young man thinks he can read sympathy and encouragement—encouragement for the impending event and also for the future. He feels his colour come and go, and his heart beats high as he lifts his hat and bows in reply, feeling, too, that the eyes of all the ladies in the front row are on him, and his first impulse is to make his way to the stand and express his gratitude; but how to push his way through its occupants to the front row? and how find fitting words before so many people? Abandoning this idea, therefore, as soon as conceived, he retires to the back of the enclosure to have a final look at the grey before the saddling time comes.

"There's young Yorke of the native infantry," observed Mrs. Polwheedle, as she noticed Miss Cunningham's bow; "he's got a horse in for the steeplechase, of all people. I shouldn't have thought he was one of the sort for that kind of thing; but these subs are a harum-scarum lot."

"Colonel Falkland says that Mr. Yorke is a very good rider, and I am sure there is nothing harum-scarum about him," replied the young lady.

"Oh no, that's just it; young Yorke always looks as if he couldn't say bo to a goose; and that's what surprised me so, his going in for this steeplechase."

"If he fails in that accomplishment it is not for want of opportunity——" Then the young lady stopped; for as Mrs. Polwheedle's voice was not of the lowest, she became conscious of acting as Yorke's champion before all the occupants of the stand.

The sport provided on this morning was unusually good, there being as many as four events on the card, besides the steeplechase, which was

last on the list, and by general consent the most interesting of all; for besides the exciting nature of the contest in itself, it possessed the additional attraction of there being no less than six entries, whereas for no other race had there been more than three competitors.

The particulars of the competition may be best described by copying the following extract from the card of the day :—

"No. 5. The Grand Mustaphabad Steeplechase. A cup value Rs. 500, presented by Colonel Tartar,—— Hussars, with a sweepstakes of Rs. 50, half forfeit. Open to all horses *bond fide* the property of residents of Mustaphabad. Catch-weights. New Steeplechase-Course, about two miles and a half.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. Mr. Lunge's, — Hussars, | B. Cape H. Veteran, | Mr. Gowett. |
| 2. Mr. Scurry's, — Hussars, | Ch. A. H. Roostum, | Owner. |
| 3. Mr. Chupkin's, 19th Irreg. Cav., | Br. C. B. Mare Laura, | Owner. |
| 4. Mr. Stride's, H.A., | B. S. B. H. Sentry, | Owner. |
| 5. The Confederates' | Br. Austr. Mare, Maid Marian, | Mr. Egan. |
| 6. Mr. Yorke's, 76th N.I., | G. C. B. H. Devotion, | Owner." |

Mr. Gowett was the light weight of the Hussars, and had already won two flat races at the meeting with horses belonging to officers of the regiment. Egan, also, in whose selection of the Indian army for his profession Newmarket and the home ring had sustained an irreparable loss, had carried off more than one event for a sporting indigoplanter, who it was rumoured paid him a handsome commission thereon, and now appeared for the first time on the mysterious mare entered as Maid Marian, a ragged hipped animal of undeniable blood and power, but with bent knees, and back sinews concealed from view by elastic stockings. Maid Marian, who seemed to walk lame, took her preliminary canter in very stiff fashion, suggestive of age and hard work, but went over the first fence in very business-like style. Mr. Egan himself, a slight, sallow little fellow, with smooth face and a small scrubby moustache, who always made appearances a secondary consideration to business, was attired

in a brown garment resembling a decayed stable-jacket, with serviceable brown cords and ancient top-boots, but looked, as to style of riding, every inch a jockey. "It's legs and arms that do the business," he observed to Mr. Sniffers of his regiment, when that gentleman had attempted to banter him on his personal appearance; "not what's outside of 'em. I'll tell you what, Sniff, I'll give you two stone over a mile for anything you like to name, and you shall wear silk tights and pumps, if you like."—an offer which his brother officer declined to close with. All the rest were got up in regular racing trim, except Chupkin, who had a wife to dress as well as himself, and therefore with virtuous self-denial rode in his regimental jack-boots. Mr. Scurry was especially splendid in scarlet with a white cap, and polished tops just arrived from England. Yorke's colours were blue. The young man, in view of a certain promissory-note rapidly maturing, had prudently refrained from investing in a new saddle for the occasion,

but had supplied himself with new girths, stirrup-leathers, and bridle, all strong and serviceable.

Mr. Scurry's Roostum, as has been mentioned, was a hot favourite at the race-ordinary two days before; but the circumstance that this sporting young gentleman had lost both the races ridden by him on two different horses on the first day, compared with the obvious skill and address displayed by Messrs. Gowett and Egan, had depreciated Roostum in public estimation, and Veteran, a winner of the previous day, was now first favourite, with Maid Marian in close attendance; for although nothing was known about the antecedents of the latter animal, it was generally understood that Mr. Egan and his confederate knew what they were about. Nevertheless, when Mr. Scurry rode Roostum out of the paddock, the beauty of the horse and its unusual size for an Arab, contrasted with the gummy appearance of the mare and Mr. Lunge's ancient charger, led to a reaction of feeling, more especially as Roostum, although very fresh and impetuous, and almost unseating his rider in his efforts to get his head loose, nevertheless cleared the first fence in his preliminary canter like a deer; and before it returned to the starting-post the chestnut Arab was almost restored to its position in public estimation. The ladies, at any rate, were entirely in favour of the pretty creature with the smart jockey, as it bounded along with the springy action peculiar to Arabs, tossing its shapely neck, and ready to jump out of its skin.

The steeplechase-course extended beyond the circumference of the ordinary race-course, which it left at the quarter-mile post out and rejoined again at the distance-post, the run in being parallel to and inside the flat course, so that the fences could be set up beforehand

without interfering with the previous flat races, while the same winning-post served for both. Thus the flat-course intervened between the stand and the straight part of the steeplechase-course; but as the former was only wide enough for about half-a-dozen horses to run abreast, the spectators would have as close a view of the scene as could be desired. The direction of the running was from right to left, or in the opposite order to the movement of the hands of a clock, and there were altogether nine jumps; first, a couple of hedges, which were in fact hurdles covered with bushes; then the mud wall, with a little grip on the further side from which the material to build it had been taken; then another hedge; then a hedge with a small ditch on either side; then a ditch with a bank beyond; then two more hedges or hurdles; lastly, the water-jump, the only really stiff thing in the course—a low bank topped with a hedge, and a wet and broad ditch beyond. This was about fifty yards short of the grand stand and winning-post, so that the horse first over would probably win. The ditch was in fact only a shallow trench about eighteen inches deep, but which might have been eighteen feet from the look of the thing, although to retain it even at that depth in the sandy soil involved a constant supply of water, and the station water-carts were at work up to the last moment before the race. The course, sparsely covered with grass, was perfectly level throughout, and the fences standing up naked on the plain seemed calculated to invite the horses on the outside to swerve to the right or left.

And now the six horses having taken their preliminary canter, including the conventional leap over the first fence and back again, have come back to the starting-post op-

posite the stand, with their backs to the wet ditch; and all except Roostum being perfectly steady, the start is soon effected, and away they go at the signal, a little cloud of dust rising from their hoofs. Chestnut horses, and especially chestnut Arabs, are proverbially impetuous, and the noble Roostum was no exception to the rule. He was hard to hold when going alone; but the clatter of five other horses galloping alongside is altogether too much, and in a few seconds he breaks away at full speed, nose high in air, his rider lying back in the saddle and in vain trying to hold him in. This attitude is not favourable for steeplechasing; Roostum crashes through the first fence without attempting to rise to it, tearing a gap about thirty feet wide, through which the others follow at a more leisurely pace, and he gets through the second in the same way; but this mode of dealing with the wall is not equally successful. Charging that in the same blind way, the gallant chestnut rolls over heavily on the other side, shooting his rider still further forward. Fortunately the race committee, with considerate forethought, had ploughed up the light soil beyond the wall, so that Mr. Scurry sustains no serious injury, although unable to proceed with the race; and he has left the others so much behind that they have time to avoid riding over him as they clear the wall, which they all do except Sentry, whose rider taking the outside, goes so temptingly close to the end of the obstacle that the horse swerving evades it altogether, and Mr. Stride, after two or three ineffectual efforts to make him face it again, is forced to give up.

The competitors are now reduced to four. Veteran takes up the running, and although not going the pace with which Scurry led off, Mr. Gowett is evidently trying to cut

the others down. Next comes Chupkin on Laura, which had blundered at the wall, although getting over safely; next our friend Yorke; Egan bringing up the rear some way behind. So far Yorke feels that he has got along well; the pace is faster than he expected, but the little grey took the wall beautifully. The next fence, another covered hurdle, is a mere joke for all the horses. The double ditch and hedge is more formidable, but again they all get over. Next comes the ditch and bank, and Mr. Gowett pulling up Veteran to an easy canter, the old horse jumps cleverly on to the bank and down the other side. Chupkin, who goes at it full gallop, is less fortunate; his horse blunders at the top and falls: again the friendly plough averts further disaster.

Yorke cannot afford to pull up for the ditch and bank, lest Gowett should be left with too long a lead, so drives the grey at it, who clears the jump in his stride, thereby gaining considerably on Veteran. The mare also gets over all right, and the three are then left in the race. There now remain only two hedges and the water-jump; but the old horse still leads by some lengths, and Yorke knows that as far as galloping goes his own has no chance against it. Egan also seems to have played a waiting game too long; he has been creeping up latterly, but is still some distance behind; there is only a quarter of a mile left, and if Veteran gets over his jumps he must win. But here fortune comes to the rescue; the last hedge had been put up just at the point where the steeplechase-course joined the other, and Veteran, which had been running in a flat race the day before, suddenly swerves, and despite all Mr. Gowett's efforts, turns into the flat-race course, and gallops past the stand on the wrong side of the rails.

Yorke is now left in front with only one competitor against him, and for the first time there rises up within him the distinct hope of victory. But the old mare is drawing close; her stiffness is wearing off as she warms up with work; Yorke must keep ahead as far as the water-jump if he is to win. So feeling he presses his horse on.

Now it is not galloping but really racing pace, and, novice though he is at the work, he feels that his horse is not going well within himself; his stride has lost its spring, there is no longer any pull on the reins. He failed to clear the last hedge properly, but brushed through the top, and every yard since he has been going worse. The little horse is done. Now the last and biggest jump of all is close in front, and Yorke would fain have taken a pull on his horse and brought him up to it quietly. But there is no time to do this; glancing round he sees Egan riding coolly a bare two lengths behind. There is nothing for it but to cram on, and spurring Devotion, he drives him as hard as he can at the obstacle. The game little horse rises at it, clears the fence, but fails to clear the ditch, and coming down with his fore-feet against the further side, rolls over heavily, discharging his rider beyond, where he lies stunned and motionless, while the mare, coming over safely a second afterwards, canters in a winner.

There was a rush of spectators to the scene of the accident, but almost before they could reach him Yorke had recovered his senses, though puzzled at first to know why he should be looking up at the sky with the fence behind him. He had in fact alighted on his head, turning a somersault as well as his horse. Spragge and Colonel Falkland were kneeling over him, and others ready to help, including all the medical officers on the

ground; but in a minute or two he was able to stand up, and very soon, refreshed by the brandy-and-water of a thoughtful contributor, to walk toward the stand, while the sympathetic Spragge, as soon as he saw his friend recovered, turned his attention to Devotion, which had picked itself up and was standing quietly by, recovering its breath. "Little nag's all right too, I do believe," said Jerry, patting the horse affectionately, and loosening the saddle-girths; "it was a cropper too, and no mistake: there's a good bit of hair wanting from the off knee, though," he added, rubbing the part affected tenderly, "but it ain't deep; daresay we shall be able to get on your skin again, old man;" and so saying, led the gallant grey back to the saddling enclosure.

"Your horse only wanted a little more blood to make a finish of it," said Colonel Falkland, in his pleasant low voice as he led Yorke back leaning on his arm; "the course was just half a mile too long for you; but at any rate you are the first man who ever rode a Cabulee in a steeplechase, so you have done something to be proud of."

"Here is a lady who wants to see you," said the commissioner, meeting them, "to make sure you are really not hurt," and led him to the back of the stand, where stood Miss Cunningham at the top of the steps, waiting to meet him, pale and anxious.

As he advanced she ran down to meet him, holding out her hand, and led him up the stairs. At the top was a sort of landing-place with two or three chairs. The young lady, still holding his hand, almost pushed him into one.

"But I assure you I am quite able to stand," said Yorke, looking up with a smile at the anxious face above his; "I really feel ashamed to be sitting like this while you are standing."

"Oh, but please do," said the young lady, earnestly, "to oblige me, at any rate;" and her voice, always rich and tremulous, reflected now the emotion she felt, and thrilled through the young man's heart. "Papa," she continued, "we must drive Mr. Yorke home—won't you call the carriage?"

"No, no; keep your seat," said the commissioner to Yorke, descending the steps, and stopping him as he rose to execute the order; "I'll bring up the carriage in a moment; you stay here and let my daughter take care of you."

Take care of him! As the young man sat in his chair, looking up at the beautiful face before him, he felt as if the fracture of every bone in his body would have been a cheap price to give for so much happiness. Another moment and he thought he must have fallen at her feet to express in some form the outpouring of his heart, but at that instant Mrs. Polwheeldle and some other ladies emerged from the back of the stand.

"Oh, here is our gallant rider, safe and sound!" she exclaimed. "Colonel Tartar says you rode really very well, so you ought to feel proud; but upon my word you gave us ladies a regular fright. I declare I thought I should have fainted. You might have heard me scream right across the course. Really you young men ought to be more careful and not ride in this harum-scarum way."

"Here is the carriage, Olivia," called out the commissioner from the bottom of the steps; and almost before he knew how it happened, Yorke found himself driving away by the side of Mr. Cunningham, with his daughter, who insisted on taking the back seat, sitting opposite him.

"Knew the old girl would do the trick, if she didn't founder in the middle of the race," observed

M'Intyre to Egan, as the two were engaged in bandaging Maid Marian's legs under a tree behind the stand.

"It's about the last job she's good for though, I expect," replied Egan, who now, his work accomplished, was refreshing himself with a No. 1. cheroot. "I felt uncommon nervous at starting, for she was as lame as a tree, but she got all right when she warmed up."

"I was in a funk too, I can tell you," replied the other, "when I saw Yorke going so well at the finish. It would have been uncommon awkward if he hadn't come to grief."

"Awkward! bless you, I could have passed him at any time; it was Gowett who had the race if the old horse hadn't bolted. I didn't think he could have gone such a bat. But Yorke would have done well if he had had something better under him. I didn't think he could ride like that; I always thought him a muff."

"There, old lady," continued Mr. Egan, the bandaging completed, apostrophising the winner, "now you'll do for the present. It don't much matter, though, if you have to be shot to-morrow; you have done our job for us this time at any rate." And, indeed, each of these gentlemen had won what is called a hatful on the transactions of the meeting—enough to enable them to take up all their promissory-notes, and to keep them clear of the Court of Requests for some time to come. Nor was the result wonderful when the rumour now floating about the course was confirmed, due to the observation of a chance visitor from Bengal who happened to be present, that Maid Marian was no other than the celebrated Miranda, changed only by time and in name, winner of everything she had run for at Calcutta and Sonepore about eight years before, and which, after retiring from the turf, and thence

running a downward career of hunter and hack, culminating in the inglorious office of drawing the deputy-collector of Hajeepore daily to and from cutchery in his buggy, and the deputy-collector's family for their evening airing in a palanquin carriage, had emerged from her

retirement to earn one more victory—an event brought about by the circumstance of Mr. McIntyre having chanced to pay a visit to his uncle, the judge of Hajeepore, during the previous cold season, and discovering there the old animal's retreat.

CHAPTER XII.

Yorke felt as if in a trance as he drove away from the race-course, sitting opposite to Miss Cunningham in the carriage he had been accustomed to view reverentially from a distance as if the chariot of a goddess; and when the young lady, declaring that he would catch cold in his thin silk jacket, insisted on wrapping her spare shawl over his shoulders, even the presence of the commissioner and the mounted orderlies behind could hardly restrain him from seizing one of the slender hands which performed the office and carrying it to his lips. Withal he could not help feeling a sense of the incongruity of his position. Had he broken a couple of legs there might have been some excuse; but when, in fact, there was nothing the matter with him, was he not an impostor to allow himself to be petted in this way? Still it was inexpressibly delightful.

It seemed as if hardly a few seconds had passed when the swift-trotting horses turned off the road, through the hole in the mud wall which did duty for a gateway, and were pulled up before the veranda of Yorke's bungalow. Must then this vision of paradise end so quickly? Then a sudden fit of boldness seized the young man. It was getting late, and they had still a long way to go; would not Mr. and Miss Cunningham stop and breakfast? The commissioner said something

about having to be early in court, and that Colonel Falkland, who was to ride back, would be waiting breakfast for them. Well, then, pleaded Yorke, they must at least have a cup of tea before going on; and he made his request so earnestly, standing at the steps of the carriage, jockey-cap in hand, Miss Cunningham's shawl still over his shoulders, while she looked at her father as if seconding the request, that the good-natured commissioner agreed to stop for a few minutes, and the little party entered the bungalow.

A qualm of doubt shot across Yorke's mind as to the state in which the bungalow might be, and lest the table-attendant might appear clothed in the dirty calico drawers and skull-cap which formed his ordinary costume while preparing breakfast for the establishment; but that worthy having espied the carriage and outriders from the little shed on the borders of the garden which did duty for kitchen, donned his tunic, waist-belt, and turban of white with a quick appreciation of the position, and came running up to make his salaam; fortunately, too, the joint valet of the establishment had already dusted and arranged the sitting-room. It was a simple apartment enough, and might have been taken for the type of many similar ones to be found scattered over India. A room about twenty feet

square, with whitewashed walls, and a whitewashed ceiling - cloth concealing the thatched roof, entered from the little veranda by a door in the middle of one side. This veranda, supported on wooden posts, was equipped with a pair of cane-backed lolling-chairs with projections for resting the legs upon. A door on the opposite side opened into a similar veranda, where three earthen jars suspended one above the other in a bamboo frame did duty as a water-filter; sundry empty boxes of beer and soda-water were piled against the wall; while a bull-terrier, the property of Mr. Spragge, was nursing in a basket a family of puppies. A talking mina in a cage, and a rat-trap, completed the adornments of this veranda. In the centre of the sitting-room was a camp-table, whereon was set out the breakfast-equipage on a passably white cloth. In one corner stood Spragge's writing-table, also susceptible of being folded up and carried on a camel, and therefore not furnished with drawers; failing which, Mr. Spragge's correspondence and business papers were distributed on the top, for the most part muster-rolls, company returns, and tradesmen's bills, mixed up with a loose cheroot or two and some discarded quill-pen stumps. Another camp-table sacred to Yorke's affairs presented a more orderly arrangement. For ornament the walls were decorated with a couple of boar-spears placed crosswise, a couple of fowling-pieces with cleaning rods and appurtenances, and a modest assortment of hunting-whips and walking-canes. There were also a couple of coloured engravings, each representing a female figure with low dress held on by no particular fastening, and kept up in apparent defiance of the laws of gravity, spotless bare feet, and simpering face, entitled respectively Spring and Summer: works of art

purchased by Mr. Spragge at an auction, and accepted by him as representing the most refined type of female beauty, but now somewhat spotted and discoloured by the damp of successive rainy seasons. There was also the punkah, which had remained hanging during the cold season, and now drooped more at one end than the other by reason of partial decay of the suspending ropes. A hanging book-shelf completed the inventory. The open doors right and left, communicating with the owners' respective bedrooms, showed that the rest of the bungalow was furnished in the same simple fashion. Each room contained a camp-bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, the top of which garnished with spurs did duty for a dressing-table, and a couple of bullock trunks, with a row of boots and shoes arrayed against the wall. Add an absence of curtains, save some of rushes before the glass doors to keep out the flies and sparrows, and a bright Indian sun reflected within, and the abode, if unadorned and simple, was light and cheerful.

"You see here another phase of Indian life," said Yorke, while the order for tea—given not without a qualm lest the establishment should prove unable to produce a third teacup—was in course of execution; "all is not splendour and luxury, you see."

"A soldier's habits ought to be simple," said Miss Cunningham, looking round the room; "and in these days of luxury and self-indulgence, don't you think it is simplicity which is to be admired rather than furniture and knick-knacks?" And as she asked the question with her earnest voice, Yorke felt that henceforth the life of a faqueer should be his highest ideal. "But I see you have the best of furniture," she continued, pointing with her parasol to the little book-

case; and then going nearer to it, added, "all for use too—Napier, Jomini, Cæsar, Arrian, Homer (I am glad you find a little room for poets among all these learned people), 'Military Surveying,' 'Mathematics for Practical Men.' Ah! if some one would only write a book of mathematics for unpractical women! Colonel Falkland said you were very studious; but it must be hard to read all these dry books in this climate. Already I feel it almost impossible sometimes to do anything useful, and they say this heat is nothing to what is coming by-and-by."

"These books belong most of them to Captain Braddon of my regiment. He was on the staff for many years, you know, and has a regular library. If the days are hot sometimes they are long enough for anything. The real difficulty ought to be, not reading books, but procuring them; but the best of us are sadly idle fellows, I am afraid."

"And here is the Blue-book, too, on the Crimean war," observed the commissioner, taking it up, and immediately becoming absorbed in its contents.

Then Yorke had the young lady to himself for a few sweet minutes, while he showed her Spragge's puppies and the talking mina, till the tea was brought, and the party sat down to partake of it, Yorke bringing a third chair from his bedroom, and still in his jockey dress, which he would fain have changed, for the wearing of it seemed to invite continued attention to his feats and his fall, but that he recollected that the bedroom door could not be got to close; moreover, he grudged the time, and indeed the moments flew away only too quickly—for, the tea consumed, the commissioner was

urgent to be going, Miss Cunningham too pleading as an excuse for hurrying away that Colonel Falkland would be waiting breakfast; and it seemed hardly five minutes before they were again in their carriage. And then he held Miss Cunningham's hand for a moment in his own, while she, looking into his face with her dark eyes, for the last time expressed in earnest tones her hope that he would not suffer from the effects of his accident; and then the carriage with the two orderlies behind was soon whirled away out of sight, leaving the young man standing on the steps of the veranda, his regret at their departure more than counterbalanced for the moment by the elation which their visit had caused. What if this visit should be the forerunner of happiness to come? Miss Cunningham sitting under his roof, and without the commissioner, and sharing not only his tea, but everything else. How pointedly she had declared for simplicity! Well, his future house should be better than this, and yet be still simple and modest in comparison with what she was accustomed to.

Yorke's rise in public estimation in consequence of his performances was sufficiently indicated by his receiving in the forenoon an invitation to dine with Colonel Tartar the following evening at the Hussar mess, where he sat next his host, with Major Winge on the other side, Gowett and Scurry, who were loud enough elsewhere, talking in subdued tones at the end of the table; and afterwards took a hand at sixpenny whist with the colonel, the doctor of the regiment, and the major; for Colonel Tartar, although not averse to an occasional bet in public, discouraged high play in his own mess-room.

IN A STUDIO.—CONVERSATION NO. II.

Belton. I HAVE been thinking of our conversation the other day * about pictures and statues, and the enormous prices they brought in ancient days, and I have come to the conclusion that I ought to imitate them in their generosity. So I have come over here to offer you two millions of sesterces for that work you are engaged upon. Now I have said this, I feel as if a burden were lifted from my mind. I hope you do not think the price too small.

Mallett. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your offer; but I no longer sell my works. Having amassed a fortune of three billiards (I suppose that is the next sum above millions), it suffices for my small wants; and I now give my works away, and I mean to present this to you, if you will accept it.

Belton. I am delighted to accept it—and I shall put it in charge of my valet Charles, making him responsible for it with his life. That is the sure way, I think. I desire to do the right thing in the old way—"Stare super antiquas vias."

Mallett. Your offer reminds me of a story my father used to tell of an incident that happened to him in his early practice of the law. An eccentric old gentleman of his acquaintance called upon him one day, and asked him to draw up a will for him. "Certainly," said my father; "explain to me how you wish to dispose of your property, and I will make a note of your wishes, and put them into regular form." So the old gentleman began: "I wish to give a hundred thousand dollars to my old friend Alexander Tomkins. Poor man, he is not very well off

in worldly fortune; but he is an excellent person, and I think this sum would make him comfortable for life. Please note that down. Then another hundred thousand to Mrs. Elizabeth Jones. I was in love with her once, but she married Jones, and Jones has left her poor. Then there is young Maulstick. He is showing a good deal of talent—but he is suffering from the *res angusta domi*—married a poor, pretty girl—the old story. Put him down at 50,000. And put down 50,000 to the hospital of decayed gentlewomen. It is an excellent institution." My father paused, and looking up, said: "I am delighted to see by these dispositions of your property that you are so rich. I had no idea that you possessed such a fortune." "Fortune?" said the old gentleman; "God bless you, I have no fortune! I am a poor man." "Poor?" said my father; "why, you have already disposed to strangers of 300,000, and as I suppose you mean to leave your family at least an equal amount, I should scarcely call you a poor man." "Bless your soul," said the old gentleman, "my whole worldly possessions would not amount to one-tenth of the sums I have named, but I put them down in my will to show what I would do if I had such a fortune. I wish to show my goodwill to all those friends."

Belton. That is precisely my case. Excellent old man! I wish I had known him. Do you know it reminds me of the will of one of the great men of America, who died not many years ago. He had, as he said, lived like a gentleman all his life—meaning, of course, that he had

* See Number for April.

spent all he could get and considerably more, and was head over ears in debt; but, like this old gentleman of whom you spoke, he made a will disposing of large sums just as if he had them, and leaving his real estate, which was mortgaged to the full value, to his heirs, remarking coolly that "means would be found to carry his intentions into effect."

Mallett. Ay, I remember the fact very well, and I remember also that means were found, and that a large sum was raised by public subscription to pay off his debts and carry his intentions into effect. I wonder if the public would do that for us?

Belton. Immediately after his death a statue was proposed to be erected to him, and in view of the debts he owed, Outis suggested that it should be cast in brass from the *aere alieno* he left.

Mallett. Bravo! And I believe it was the same person who remarked on hearing that this same great personage had paid the debt of nature, "Thank God! It is the only debt I ever knew him pay."

Belton. Do you know that all these figures and sums and prices in yesterday's talk got so into my head that they pirouetted through it all night long in a mad tangled way, and when I got up this morning, I felt as if I too was a millionaire. "Anchè Io son pittore!" I cried; and added, "e millionario."

Mallett. I hope I did not bore you, but the fact is I "lispd in numbers, for the numbers came."

Belton. On the whole, on serious reflection, I begin to think you invented it all. "I am not good at these numbers," as Hamlet says, and I half suspect you were amusing yourself at my expense. I don't think I quite understand millions; but when it comes to millions, I lose my mind. That is, I suppose, one reason why French

sums in the large distress me. Simply to call their public debt *x*, representing the unknown quantity, is to me quite as definite as to call it so many milliards.

Mallett. It is an absurd currency. You might as well talk of large sums in centimes as in francs. The denominator is too low for anything but small sums, and, in fact, is too low to reckon even common fortunes, much less any large transaction of banking or commerce.

Belton. Ah! but it sounds so big. It does not seem much to have 10,000 pounds sterling. That is too easily grasped, too definite; but 250,000 francs begins to sound like something, and 25,000,000 of centimes makes one rich at once. The French like to talk big, and so it suits them.

Mallett. Their currency would be good if the names alone were changed, leaving the coins as they are. Instead of talking of centimes and francs, if they would say sous and écus, their money would be simpler and more fitted to the prices and expenses of to-day. The currency is just as decimal with the sous and the five-franc piece as with the centime and the franc, and by making the gold napoleon 25 fr. they would equalise it with the pound sterling of England and the half eagle of America. The present decimal in France is not only a sham in itself—for the centime is almost an unused coin—but you always have three figures instead of two in reckoning small sums, 3 fr. 25 to add to 4 fr. 45 instead of 65 sous to add to 49. So that with these small sums one is always obliged to make the addition on paper, and to pay in sous what is charged in centimes.

Belton. For heaven's sake let us talk no more about money! It gives me a feeling of oppression and indigestion.

Mallett. Agreed, with all my heart.

Belton. It is this cursed greed of money, "*auri sacra fames*," that corrupts art and makes it a business—a commercial operation—or at least degrades it to a trade. Unless a man love and practise art for its own sake, and from pure love of it, he will never make a great artist. Art is a jealous mistress: she will have an undivided affection and devotion, or she will hide her face and refuse her favours. But with art now it is as it is with matrimony; as marriages are made for money and not for love—the great question being not of affection but of interest—so art is embraced as a profession, or practised at least for what it brings in money.

Mallett. Yes, the moment art becomes a business it is degraded. It should be worshipped as a divinity, pursued purely from love, followed from enthusiasm, wooed with one's whole heart, desired as an end, not as a means. It is as impossible to worship art and mammon together as God and mammon. It demands all one's soul, and heart, and intellect—ay, and even that is too little. To gain entrance to the ideal regions to which it ever points one must surrender one's self wholly to its guidance and inspiration, strain all one's faculties, give all one's life. The best that we can give is but little, but the rewards are great. Following art in such spirit it refines and idealises the world about us, lifts us into regions of delight above the low bases of material existence, and gives to the common daily facts of life a new interest and a transfigured beauty. To the artist everything is picture, and poetry, and colour, and feeling. To the farmer it is so much corn and potatoes, and so many pounds in pocket. Each reaps his own harvest. Nature gives us what we seek, and reflects

back to us what we are. Everything depends on the spirit with which we approach it; we can only find what we bring; the key to all secrets we must carry in ourselves.

Belton. You remind me of an incident which happened to a friend of mine, a charming companion and a true poet. He was returning home one magnificent moonlight night in early summer along a country road, his spirit filled with the mysterious charm and beauty of the scene, and his vague thoughts wandering in an ideal haze of half-dreaming, when he heard the rattle of a cart slowly creaking along the road. Looking up he recognised the butcher of the village, and as he passed he greeted him with, "Good evening, B."—adding, out of the fulness of his heart—"what an exquisite night!" "Yes," was the butcher's answer; "fine night for slaughter." That was his notion of all the beauty that surrounded him. He was dreaming of fat bullocks and the business of his trade. The world to him was a slaughter-house.

Mallett. Precisely. Never to him did "jocund day stand tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops," nor did the moonlight sleep on any bank. That needed Shakespeare.

Belton. Oh, but Shakespeare knew him too, and all his class, for he knew everybody. The moonlight awoke a scarcely higher sense of beauty in Bottom, or in Bardolph, Gadshill, Poina, and Peto. It was to the latter a fine night to take purses. The gravedigger in Hamlet had no feeling of his business—"he sang at grave-digging," and knocked about the mazard of Yorick recklessly with his spade. And Mr. Justice Shallow mixed up his score of ewes at Stamford fair with his casual regret over old Double's death. Shakespeare well knew that every "nature is

subdued to what it works in, like a dyer's hand."

Mallett. "Certain, 'tis certain; as very sure, very sure: death, the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?"

Belton. "Truly, cousin, I was not there."

Mallett. "Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?"

Belton. "Dead, sir."

Mallett. "Jesu! Jesu! dead!—he drew a good bow!—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot. John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?"

Belton. "Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds?"

Mallett. "And is old Double dead?"

Belton. Can anything be more masterly than that!—more absolutely true to nature?

Mallett. Nothing. But Shallow is equally admirable throughout. Nothing can be more wonderful in colour and drawing than his portrait. There is not a touch that is not like life. I should like to quote every word of his, if I had time—or better, to sit in his arbour, and eat a last year's pippin of his own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth.

Belton. Barren, barren, barren—beggars all, Sir John.

Mallett. What a wonderful man Shakespeare was!—and what an artist! All things turned to poetry in his mind—the commonest as well as the rarest. Nature seemed to deny him nothing. Speaking in an artistic sense, I know not which

most to wonder at, his colossal power of passion—as in Lear and Othello—his immense humour, as in Falstaff and Bottom—or his finesse and felicity of touch in characters of mere nonsense and triviality—such as Slender. All his fools are different and individual, and so are his cowards. Compare for an instant Parolles and Falstaff—both cowards—but how utterly unlike! Again, see the superstitious cowardice of Macbeth. How entirely new a note is here struck! Sometimes it is only a single phrase with which he gives you a character. He draws him with a line. Starveling the tailor only speaks twice, and not twenty words; but there he is, as real as if he had talked an hour. So is Francis, with his "Anon, anon, sir!" and so are Feeble, and Bullcalf, and Davy. There is not much of Davy, but how perfectly drawn he is in those few strokes! Nor are the two Carriers in the inn-yard at Rochester a whit less vigorous and vivid. His little persons are wonderful, and in his great characters he rises to a height of power and passion which has never been approached. The greater the occasion the greater the power. And with what art is it all done! Think of the scene between Othello and Iago, when that consummate villain first fans in him the flames of jealousy. What nature, what truth, what art! You see the little flickering flame growing and growing till it bursts forth at last into a fierce conflagration of wild ungovernable rage. Would any one but him ever have dared to put into Othello's mouth such words as "Not a jot—not a jot," that cover such a depth of emotion—or make Lear say, "I prithee undo this button"?

Belton. You call him an artist, and you praise him for his art. Is it not strange that *that* was the very quality in which he apparently

thought he was deficient, and which his contemporaries denied him? They praised him for his natural spirit and vivacity—for his untrained genius, and for his sweetness and gentleness; but in his art they held him to be inferior to Ben Jonson. Even Milton unworthily speaks of him as "Nature's darling child, who warbles forth his wood-notes wild."

Mallett. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that his contemporaries did not set a high value on his dramatic works. Ben Jonson's verses prefixed to the folio of 1623, are noble verses, and worthy their great theme. Yet undoubtedly he was too near his age then to have his greatness fitly gauged. One must have distance to estimate the comparative height of mountains. It is only when you are far away that you see the lofty peaks towering far above the smaller ones which looked when near them almost of the same height, or perhaps even higher.

Belton. No doubt. And to his contemporaries, the learned Ben seemed a greater artist than Shakespeare, with his small Latin and less Greek. Ben had less facility in their estimation—fewer natural gifts—but better intellectual training, and more art. His characters were more academic; his plays more by rule and plumb; his diction more artificial.

Mallett. But he did not fill the house as Shakespeare did, which plainly shows the popularity he had with the public. They better liked his humour than Ben's humours, and his passion than Ben's stateliness, and "that's the humour of it," as Pistol says.

Belton. But even as a dramatist Shakespeare seems to have thought himself in the second rank. He was utterly without vanity, and almost, it would seem, without am-

bition. I suppose he wrote his plays with such ease, his whole soul and heart being on fire with them, so to speak, that he counted them as little. No doubt he did pride himself on his poems, his "sugared sonnets," for he took great pains with them, and looked over them, and saw that they were correctly printed, and perhaps supposed he should be known to posterity, if known at all, chiefly by them; while it is certain that he took no care of his plays, or at least never collected them, and not only never printed them himself, but allowed them to be surreptitiously printed, and with every sort of blunder and incorrectness. Had he estimated them very highly, it seems impossible that, after his retirement to Stratford-on-Avon, he should not have done so. But we have his own evidence as to what he thought of his works in one of his sonnets, in which he says—

"When in disgrace with fortune and
men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my boot-
less cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my
fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in
hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends
possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's
scope,
With what I most enjoy contented
least," &c.

Think of it—"desiring this man's art and that man's scope," he whose art and scope were so wonderful. Well, whose art was it that he desired? Plainly Ben Jonson's, who arrogated the particular quality to himself of artist, and considered himself in this respect superior to all other writers of his time, and whose language in regard to Shakespeare shows that, much as he admired his natural genius, he thought he did little justice to it,

through his carelessness in writing. So, as persistent and swelling men are often taken by their contemporaries at their own estimation, Shakespeare as well as all the public accepted Ben Jonson as the head man of his day in dramatic literature.

Mallett. It seems astonishing to us. For after all, Ben Jonson does not in our estimation stand even next to Shakespeare. His humours seem strained, his stateliness is somewhat pedantic, and his comedy rather cut and dried.

Belton. But listen to Shakespeare again, and hear his regrets about himself:—

"Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap
what is most dear."

And again in the succeeding sonnet:—

"O for my sake do you with fortune
chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful
deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public man-
ners breed.
Thence comes it that my name receives a
brand,
And almost thence my nature is sub-
dued
To what it works in, like the dyer's
hand."

And still further:—

"Your love and pity doth the impression
fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my
brow;
For what care I who calls me well or
ill?"

Mallett. There is no doubt from his sonnets that he sometimes took sad views of life and of himself, but he did not, I fancy, long continue in that state. I have no doubt, too, that he estimated very highly the art of Ben Jonson and his cumbrous learning, and it would

seem that in some measure at least he was influenced by him to use broken lines in his later blank verse to a very large extent. But the person who most influenced him in style as well as in method was a much greater man than Ben Jonson, and, in my opinion, the greatest of all the old dramatists after Shakespeare himself, and that was Christopher Marlowe. I found my judgment, indeed, not so much on what he accomplished, as for the immense promise it contained; but what he accomplished was most remarkable. It was he who gave the grand rhythmic flow to English blank verse and built the mighty line before Shakespeare. For mere versification there is almost nothing of that period that can be placed beside some passages—as for instance the opening scene in his "Jew of Malta." The play offends good taste and is full of horrors. The Jew is the old Jew of the day, exaggerated and somewhat grotesque even in his crimes; but there is a great poet at work in it all. Shakespeare, I doubt not, knew every word by heart; and in the opening scene of the "Merchant of Venice" one can feel that the sound of its verse was in the ear of Shakespeare constantly. But what a stride he made beyond it in the conduct and character of the play! Nothing shows Shakespeare's superiority of genius to all his contemporaries and predecessors than the use he made of materials already existing. Still, he owed a great deal to Marlowe, at least in the form of his versification, as well as in the method of his historical plays. Take, for instance, the opening passages of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," and compare it with the writing of any other dramatist, and you will find it quite different in style from anything that preceded it; but in its versification there is a strong resem-

blance to that of the "Merchant of Venice." Thus, Marlowe in the "Jew of Malta" says—

"This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And, as their wealth increaseth, so enclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
Ha! to the east? yes. See how stand the vanes—
East and by south: why, then, I hope my ships
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks;
Mine argosies from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy-shore,
To Malta, through the Mediterranean Sea."

I cannot but think that Salarino, in the first scene of the "Merchant of Venice," remembered these "argosies laden with spice and silks," when he spoke of Antonio's "argosies with portly sail," and thought of "dangerous rocks"—

"Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
'Twould scatter all the spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with the silks," &c.

So too, compare these two passages. Barabas, Marlowe's Jew, says:—

"Thus trolls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enriched:
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,
And herein was old Abraham's happiness:
What more may heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps?"

"Shylock.—This was a way to thrive,
and he was blest,
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant.—This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But awayed and fashioned by the hand of heaven."

Or take these—

"Barabas.—Well, then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, my all that I enjoyed,
And, having all, you can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life;
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope.
Governor.—Content thee, Barabas, thou hast naught but right."

And then hear

"Shylock.—Nay, take my life and all,
pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Portia.—Art thou contented, Jew?
what dost thou say?"

Again, Barabas says:—

"I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any bare-foot friar;
Hoping to see them slain upon a stall,
Or else be gathered for in our synagogue,
That, when the offering-basin comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into it."

Shylock says—

"Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.*
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine. . . .
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,

* "For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,"
says Marlowe.

With bated breath and whispering
 humbleness
 Say this—Fair sir, you spit on me on
 Wednesday last;
 You spurned me such a day, another
 time
 You called me dog?"

Is it not plain that Shakespeare, in writing this, had Marlowe's play in his ear and mind? You have, beside the general resemblance of rhythm, such corresponding phrases as "duck as low," and "shall I bend low," "heave up my shoulders," "with a silent shrug," "they called me dog," "you called me dog;" and the spitting as an indication of scorn: as for the rhythm, one passage reads after the other with scarce a break of movement. Or compare, again, "his daughter and his ducats" of Shylock, with "oh girl, oh gold," of Barabas. But take another passage of a later date from Marlowe's "Edward II.," and a grand passage too, worthy of Shakespeare. Edward says—

"The griefs of private men are soon
 allayed,
 But not of kings. The forest deer being
 struck
 Runs to a herb that closes up the wounds.
 But when the imperial lion's flesh is
 gored,
 He rends and tears it with his wrathful
 paw:
 And highly scorning that the lowly
 earth
 Should drink his blood, mounts upward
 to the air.
 And so it fares with me, whose daunt-
 less mind
 The ambitious Mortimer would seek to
 curb."

Compare in "Henry VI." (act v. sc. 6)—

"What, will the aspiring blood of Lan-
 caster
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would
 have mounted."

Or from "Richard II." (act v. sc. 1)—

"The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else,
 with rage."

Or again, in Richard's death—

"Exton, thy fierce hand
 Hath with the king's blood stained the
 king's own land.
 Mount, mount, my soul. Thy seat is up
 on high
 While my gross flesh sinks downward
 here to die."

Or again, compare the rhythm of such passages as these, and I think you must feel how strongly influenced in his versification Shakespeare was by Marlowe. In "Faust" Helen appears, and he says—

"Was this the face that launched a
 thousand ships,
 And fired the topmost towers of Ilium?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with
 a kiss.
 Oh! thou art fairer than the evening
 air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
 Brighter thou art than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to hapless Semele."

Romeo says—

"Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou
 art
 As glorious to the night, being o'er my
 head,
 As is the winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air."

Are they not apparently out of the same mint? Or again, compare Marlowe's Edward with Shakespeare's Romeo in these two passages:—

"Romeo.—Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed
 steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' lodging. Such a wag-
 goner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately."

"Edward.—Gallop apace, bright Phœbus,
 through the sky
 And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
 Between you both shorten the time, I
 pray,
 That I may see that most desired day."

But to leave this question, which might be illustrated very much farther until it got to be a bore, have you read Marlowe's translation of Lucan?

Belton. Yes, and it is wonderful. Lucan in his hands becomes a poet such as he never was in his native tongue. Take, for instance, this extraordinary passage—

"Strange sights appeared—the angry threatening gods
Filled both the earth and seas with prodigies.
Great store of strange and unknown things were seen
Wandering about the north, and ridges of fire
Fly in the air, and dreadful braided stars,
And comets that presage the fall of kingdoms.
The flattering sky glittered in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blazed in heaven
Now spearlike long, now like a spreading torch.
Lightning in silence stole forth without clouds.

The earth went off her hinges; and the Alps
Shook the old snow from off their trembling caps."

Mallett. That certainly is very fine. Still, in my opinion, the greatest of his plays is his last, the "Edward II.," which Shakespeare to a certain extent imitated in his "Richard II." The last scene of the death of the king in Berkeley Castle is masterly—at once simple, powerful, natural, and passionate—and loses nothing in comparison with the death of Richard. It led the way to those great historical plays of Shakespeare, and placed dramatic history on a new and higher plane than it ever before had occupied. Have you a copy of Marlowe here? If you have, pray let me read you this scene, if you are not already tired.

Belton. Yes, here is a copy; and pray read me that scene.

Mallett. Lightborn is sent to murder Edward, while Matrevis and Gurney await outside.

"*Lightborn.*—Foh! here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

Edward.—Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Light.—To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw.—Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light.—To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm. The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery. And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears

To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edw.—Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light.—Oh villains!

Edw.—And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood

This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king—

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance, My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,

And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.

Oh would my blood dropped out from every vein

As doth this water from my tattered robes!

Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus, When for her sake I ran at tilt in France, And there unhorsed the Duke of Clarence.

Light.—Oh, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.

Lie on this bed and rest thyself awhile.

Edw.—These looks of thine can harbour nought but death!

I see my tragedy written on thy brows. Yet stay awhile—forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light.—What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw.—What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light.—These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw.—Forgive my thought for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left; receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh! if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!

Know that I am a king: oh! at that name

I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown? Gone; gone,—and I remain.

Light.—You're over-watched, my lord; lie down and rest.

Edw.—But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;

But not these ten days have these eyelids closed.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Opon again. Oh! wherefore sit'st thou here?

Light.—If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.

Edw.—No! no! for if thou mean'st to murder me,

Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

Light.—He sleeps.

Edw.—Oh, let me not die yet. Oh stay awhile.

Light.—How now, my lord?

Edw.—Something still buzzeth in my ears,

And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake.

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light.—To rid thee of thy life. Matrevis, come.

Edw.—I am too weak and feeble to resist.

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul."

probably before any play of Shakespeare—unless, perhaps, his very earliest—we may realise what we have lost by his early death. After all, the promise of Marlowe was as great as that of Shakespeare. And had Shakespeare died at the same age, there would have been little difference between them. But Marlowe was only just gathering together his powers, and learning to guide them steadily to great ends, when death overtook him, and in so ignominious a manner as to make our grief for his loss still greater. Nothing in all his life became him so little as his leaving it, if tradition be true.

Belton. He was, if I recollect right, killed in a drunken tavern brawl, when he was only twenty-eight years old. And all the great works that he might have written were lost to us for ever. Suppose we had lost Shakespeare at this age?

Mallett. I cannot suppose it. There is no other life we could not better blot out in all English history. Other losses might have been repaired, but his never. He holds together all our literature. Our language is embedded in his works; we speak Shakespeare, even when we know it not.

Belton. You remind me of a story I heard the other day of an English swell, whose education, whatever it might have been in Greek and Latin (as much perhaps as Shakespeare's, according to Ben Jonson's sneer), was not liberally endowed with English literature. Some of his friends persuaded him to go and hear Hamlet, which was then playing in London. On his return he was asked how he liked it, and he said, "Very nice, very nice, but awfully full of quotations."

Mallett. Faith! I don't wonder he thought so. It was a very honest criticism. But think what a hold

Belton. Certainly that is a very powerful scene.

Mallett. When one thinks that that was written before Marlowe was twenty-eight years of age, and

Shakespeare has upon all our life and language, when such a story is possible even in jest. I sometimes wonder if a play of Shakespeare should now be discovered quite equal to his best, and published anonymously, what effect it would produce. Do you think that the critics would accept it?

Belton. Who can say? Of course they would find it full of defects, and wanting utterly in originality; but they might pat it on the head, and patronise it.

Mallett. In my native town some years ago there was a man poorly educated, and utterly ignorant of Shakespeare. Don't smile. There are a great many quite as ignorant of his works, who talk a great deal about him, and use his name constantly. But this man was not familiar even with his name, or at all events did not know that he was not still living.

Belton. Well, so he is.

Mallett. True, but not in that sense. Well, it happened that at the time of which I speak Dickens was publishing his novels in parts; and an edition of Shakespeare's plays also was coming out in numbers, and my friend (every man is my friend who likes Shakespeare) took in both, thinking them contemporaneous writers. One day he went to the publishers, and in rather an excited tone said, "When is the next number of Shakespeare coming out?" "Not for a fortnight," was the answer. "Well," he replied, "I wish you'd be in a hurry about it—I'm tired of waiting. You see you've left me in a most interesting *part* in the middle of 'Othello'; and I want to know how the whole thing ends. So hurry up the thing as fast as you can."

Belton. An honest admirer—a thousand times more honest than many a one who praises with his

lips. This was a real interest. I wish I could read "Othello" for the first time.

Mallett. Oh no, you don't. That would be too great a loss.

Belton. True: I take it back. I never said so.

Mallett. It provokes me to be told, as I am constantly told, that the Germans appreciate Shakespeare more than the English, and that they have taught us of late truly to estimate him. I am sick of hearing of Schlegel and Goethe and the rest, and what they say. We might just as well tell the Italians that we English understand Dante better than they do. Some of the German criticism on Shakespeare is as bad as Voltaire's. Dr. Roderick Benedict, himself a dramatist, has perhaps even surpassed him. He thinks that none of Shakespeare's creations are equal to many by the German play-writers, as for instance to Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," or Schiller's "Karl Moor," "Wallenstein," and "Philip II." But the very best of their criticism is not worth much. Even Goethe's 'Analysis of Hamlet,' much as it has been praised, seems very poor to me—not to be mentioned for insight and sympathetic sense with, for instance, Lamb, Coleridge, or Hazlitt. The single phrase of Hazlitt—"We are all of us Hamlet," is worth all that Goethe and Schlegel ever wrote. Not that I count for much the English criticism on Shakespeare, which is very traditional for the most part, and greatly overshadowed by stage influences. For instance, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are one thing in Shakespeare, and quite another thing in the public mind, where they take the form and shape of Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles. But the Germans have the vice of anatomising Shakespeare, and laying him out into parts and pieces, and admiring the worst as much as

the best. They find admirable reasons to show that the notoriously ungenuine parts of his plays are as admirable as the others. When they once go in to praise, they praise everything. They select "Cymbeline" for public performance at his anniversary, as one of his great plays, and admire it throughout, the interpolated passages as much as the genuine ones.

Nothing can be more absurd in many respects than Bürger's translation of "Macbeth." Poet though he was, he seems to have lost all sense of poetry or reason in this translation, in which, in fact, he so ludicrously travesties the original, that one cannot but smile at the absurdities he introduces. The fact is that Bürger, who was a very vain man, thought himself far superior to Shakespeare, and kindly assisted him, and eked out his shortcomings. Think of this opening in Macbeth:—

"Soldier. Hold! not in such a hurry good sir.

Guard. Now, then?

Sold. I prithee, what is it you will tell the king?

Guard. That the battle is won.

Sold. But I have been lying.

Guard. Lying rascal! Then thou art indeed with thy wounds a desperate joker."

This is a literal translation of one of Bürger's improvements to Shakespeare.

Belton. You must be joking.

Mallett. Neither I nor Bürger. This was his notion of Shakespeare. Schlegel was far better than this; but Schlegel was not original in his views, and took nearly all his notions from Coleridge; and as for Tieck, he was ready to think anything was by Shakespeare—even "Fair Em" and the "Tyrant" of Massinger; and he also thought Shakespeare wrote Greene's "Friar Bacon," and the "Prince of Wakefield," and "Locrine," and "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," and many others. In fact,

take the German criticism on Shakespeare for all in all, it seems to me to be very commonplace. It is vehement and indiscriminate in its praise as in its blame, without any true critical sense.

Belton. It is the same in their criticism of art. Look, for instance, at Goethe's critique on the Laocoon.

Mallett. You mean Lessing's?

Belton. No, I mean Goethe's—Lessing's is quite another affair. He has written a most elaborate criticism on this group, in which he finds everything perfect, everything done in the highest spirit, with the clearest intelligence and insight, and with a perfection of execution as great as the conception is wonderful. The ancient Greeks are the greatest sculptors, and this is the greatest of their works, and without a single defect. In fact it is a cut-and-dried panegyric, by a man who had no knowledge of his subject, who was determined to find that whatever is, is right, and whose enthusiasm is all literary and second-hand. We are told to admire, with upraised hands, the defects, as much as the merits. It was a subtle and exquisite thought to make the serpent, while he crushed the group with his folds, also bite the most sensitive part of the father, and so make him shrink away; and it is no matter at all that the serpent who crushes does not bite. It was an admirable conception to make the sons two little fully-developed men, one-third the size of their father, instead of children. The restored parts are admirable also, and there is here a good deal of feeble philosophising and artistic metaphysics to round the whole.

Belton. You are very hard on Goethe.

Mallett. I know I am. I suppose I feel as the ancient Athenian did about Aristides: I cannot bear to hear him called the artist, any more

than he to hear the great statesman called the Just. Artist! Despite his large talent and his many accomplishments, he is utterly without that innate enthusiasm, that fiery impulse, that self-surrender to passion for his work that alone can make an artist in the true sense of the word. He was essentially cold of nature, and his work is generally cold. He prepared himself elaborately for all his writings, arranged his materials with patience, and having got them all ready, sat down with deliberation to put them together, and work them into shape in the most mechanical way. He laid up his observations as one makes a *hortus siccus*, and put them into his work like so many fragments of mosaic. He could not give way to his enthusiasm, but insisted on governing it. He never was possessed, rapt, lifted out of himself, carried away by his theme. He drove his Pegasus in good German harness; Pegasus never ran or flew away with him. I put aside his 'Faust,' which is far his greatest work. This he wrote in his youth, when he could not suppress his genius, which got the better of him, and in this one sees him at his highest. But this was before he was an artist in his sense, and while the enthusiasm of youth was in him, and would have its sway. Nearly all the rest of his life he was engaged at intervals on the second part of 'Faust,' piecing it out mechanically, and endeavouring to give some real shape to mere *disjecta membra*, which he never could put together into any definite completeness. The result of all his art was to huddle together an unintelligible mass of myth and history, without beginning, middle, or end. When his genius carried him away he was great, and the first part of 'Faust' has scenes of great power both of conception and execution.

Mallett. Ah, well, I breathe again.

After all, it is something to have written one great work.

Belton. It is, but it is the story of Marguerite which alone interests us. Faust is a colourless walking gentleman, without character or individuality, and there is no real "motif," to use Goethe's word, for Marguerite's conduct.

Mallett. Pray leave Goethe alone—we shall never agree about him. I have heard you before on this subject, and I say with Galileo, "E pure si muove." I know "Wilhelm Meister" bores you, and the "Electric Affinities" is, according to you, a mechanical mosaic; but I don't agree with you.

Belton. Yes, if Goethe talked no better than the characters of those two novels, I am not sorry I never knew him. I am tired to death of gardens, and the way they should be laid out, and I do not admire his theatrical discussions; and his characters, except when they are reminiscences of particular persons, are to me thoroughly mechanical.

Mallett. Let us get back to Shakespeare, where we can agree.

Belton. Shakespeare's plays grow. All others, more or less, are constructed, built up mechanically part by part; while Shakespeare's grow and develop, one joint out of another, one branch and twig out of another—naturally, freely, unexpectedly—as a tree grows. This is true not only of the characters but of the conduct of each play, and especially of the later ones. Take Othello, for instance, and see how his character develops with circumstances; how the restrained passion of his nature, which gives at first only a genial glow to his bearing, finally bursts forth into an overpowering fury, breaks down all the safeguards of his judgment, destroys his dignity, and ruins his reason. Goethe's plays, on the contrary, are mechanically laid out like a garden-

plot, and all his pretty flowers, exotic or natural, are planted in them artificially. They do not grow there by their own sweet will, do not flower out of the theme, but are grafted on it. They do not make themselves, but are made by him. Two and two always make four, but in life they sometimes make five. There's a daring truth of unexpectedness in Shakespeare, as there is in nature. His characters do not say what you expect, but what their nature prompts. A tree has its law, but it also has its whim and caprice, and one limb and branch is not balanced against another geometrically, as it is in Goethe's plays. In all the devionsness of outline in nature, there is at once the characteristic and the capricious. In Goethe's "*Tasso*," for instance, you can forecast everything that each character will say and think, but you cannot do this with Hamlet and Othello and Lear.

Mallett. The world is against you in your estimate of Goethe, and I am against you. But don't let us discuss him any farther. You will not convince me. Let us talk about something we agree upon. As to what you say of the German critics of Shakespeare, of course there is one side of him to us as wonderful as any, which they never can feel—I mean his language and his rhythm. No translation can give this, however well it may be done. There is a light, and life, and colour in the words of our great poet that most of all is his, which makes them magical. To translate Shakespeare is as impossible as to copy Titian—ay, much more so; the outline, the story, the bones, remain, but the soul is gone—the essence, the ethereal light, the perfume, is vanished. Try in any of his great passages to replace a forgotten word, and you can never improve it. Nothing will fit it but the very

word he used. If, then, we ourselves cannot translate or alter his language without loss, how is it possible that the whole should be transferred into another language, with different idioms, and still preserve its quality? Take for instance this—

"Nay, rather shall this hand
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,¹
Making the deep one red"—

and translate it if you can. "*Multitudinous seas*"—what an expression! You feel the wide weltering waste of confused and tumbling waves around you in that single word. What beauty and wealth of colour too in *incarnadine*, a word capable of dyeing an ocean! and then, after these grand polysyllables, how terse and stern comes in the solid Saxon, as if a vast cloud had condensed into great heavy drops—the deep one red! Turn it into German if you can. Hitch together three or four monosyllables, and pretend they are one word, and see if they will give you the effect of that one great Latinish *multitudinous*. Try much-folding, or many-folding, or manifold ("*viel-fältig*" or "*mannig-fältig*"), which are the nearest approximations in German to the sense and sound. Do they satisfy you? Or instead of *incarnadine*, take that poetic and noble German correlative "*fleischfarben*," to flesh-colour; or substitute the German phrase, for it is not a word, "*purpur roth färben*;" or say in English, *empurple* or *make purple*. It will not do—we cannot translate it even into English, much less into German.

Belton. How is it translated into German?

Mallett. I don't remember, and I don't care. I know only that it cannot be translated. All this magnificent diction is lost, and what is to make up for it? You get the sense, you say. The translation is literal. What is sense in

poetry divorced from the form? The form is the essence. You pass the airy nothing through an alembic, and you get a *caput mortuum*. All the tone and perfume is gone. The dead words remain, but the music is fled. A translation is a traduction. It is not so much like the original thing as the reverse of a tapestry with all its threads and confused shapes and colours is like the soft picture on its face. And, with all this loss, to tell me that the Germans best understand Shakespeare, and that we must go to them to be taught, is utter nonsense. I agree that they have honestly studied him and striven to appreciate him, and for this they have my heartiest recognition. But it is idle to think that they can teach us what Shakespeare is.

Belton. Translation is a very difficult art, and to translate a poet requires a poet. But this is not sufficient. The very selection of words often makes the utmost difference in the colour, spirit, and fragrance of a poem. Goethe is the greatest poet of Germany, and a master in style, as you say; yet see how he translates the "Cinque Maggio" of Manzoni. For instance, you remember this magnificent passage in the original—

"Ahi quante volte al tacito
Morrì d'un giorno inerte
Chinati i rai fulminci
Le braccia al sen conserte
Stette—e do' di che furono
L'assalse il sovvenir.

Ei ripensò u mobil
Tende—e i percossi valli
E il lampo de' manipoli
E l'onda dei cavalli
E il concitato impero
E il celere obbidir."

Now see what becomes of this last verse in the German by even so skilful a hand as Goethe's:—

"Da schaut er die beweglichen
Zeltendurch schwimmelte Thäler
Das Wetterleuchten der Waffen zu Fuss
Die Wälle reitender Männer

Die aufgeregteste Herrschaft
Und das allerschnellste Gehorchen."

Can anything be flatter than this? Think—

"Lampo dei manipoli
E l'onda dei cavalli,"

becoming—

"The weather-lighting of the arms on foot,

The waves of riding men."

Mallett. Oh, that is hardly fair. *Wetter-leuchten* is lightning—not weather-shining.

Belton. Ah, there it is. *Wetter* means simply weather, and *leuchten* simply shining, and you put them both together for lightning. With such a word the lightning would certainly take its own time. *Blitz*, at all events, is sharp and quick—but *wetter-leuchten*! All I mean to say is, that the use of such a phrase shows a want of poetic sensibility to diction. And then again, riding men for cavalry—and arms on foot for infantry—can anything be clumsier?

Mallett. Certainly, after the vivid abruptness of the Italian, this passage does drag shamblingly along in German; but can you do it any better in English?

Belton. Better, but certainly not well—

"The lightning of the maniples,
The surging of the horses;"

or perhaps better, though not so verbally literal—The lightning of the squadrons.

Mallett. But if there be such loss in a translation from Manzoni by Goethe, what must be the loss which Shakespeare would suffer by an inferior hand?

Belton. Ay, and there is that other essential element which still remains, and cannot be transported into another language—the rhythm. Nothing in Shakespeare is more wonderful than his rhythmic power. It is as various as the subject he touches. It has no trick that

can be caught. The passion of the moment sways the expression to its own. It is infinite in its variety. In his Art language is fluid, and flows easily into every mould. All other poets can be imitated, but he is inimitable.

Mallett. We always speak of Shakespeare as if he had never changed and developed in his style and modes of conception. But he had as various manners as the great painters, and his early plays are quite different from his later ones, which are larger and broader in style, and with a freer and grander method. He began with poems and sonnets, which he wrought out with great care, and it was a long time before he discarded these measures utterly. In all his early plays you have rhymed couplets and quatrains with comparatively little cadence other than that appropriate to poems. Line follows line with equal balance, and many passages in themselves are little poems. For instance, take the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—

"Thus have I shunned the fire for fear
of burning,
And drenched me in the sea where I am
drowned;
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my
love.
And with the vantage of my own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the
sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away."

Here you have a series of modulated lines, with the endings all balanced—with little variety of *cæsura*, and at last breaking into rhyme. All is in the sonnet rhythm as Shakespeare had been accustomed to use it. Or take another passage:—

"Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out
another,

So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien or Valentinus' praise,
Her sure perfection or my late trans-
gression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She's fair—and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love—for now my love is
thawed,
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it
was."

Here in like manner we have the sonnet. I am not now speaking of anything but the rhythmical forms, remember.

So in "Love's Labour Lost," the same sonnet-strain of rhythm is visible throughout. Blank verse constantly breaks into rhyme, and actual sonnets are interspersed, as if Shakespeare could not forego this form of verse. In these early plays another characteristic feature of the sonnets constantly appears, and this is the reduplication and repetition of the same words and the same sound, as well as a great love of alliteration, both initial and on the final syllable. Thus, for instance, where Biron says—

"Why, all delights are vain; and that
most vain
Which with pain purchased doth inherit
pain,
As painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth, while truth
the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his
look,
Light seeking light doth light of light
beguile."

And so on. Compare this with one of his sonnets and you will see the same peculiarity. Thus in this beautiful sonnet:—

"Let me not to the marriage of true
minds
Admit impediment. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove."

Or—

"Take all my loves, my love; yea, take
them all,

What hast thou then more than thou
had'st afore?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true
love call,
All mine was thine afore thou hadst this
more."

The same manner still clings to him in "Romeo and Juliet," though it in parts begins to assume a new form, and you remember enough to feel this without my boring you with quotations. Please, however, recall and compare these two passages:—

"Oh! she doth teach the torches to burn
bright:
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of
night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear—
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too
dear."

And this from the sonnets:—

"Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly
night,
Makes black night hideous and her old
face new."

This is his first style, or manner. Gradually he broke free from this—gave freer rein to his verse, and entirely changed its modulation. Line does not follow line, and there are far fewer balanced verses—in fact, almost none. The lines are broken, and run over their boundaries. The caesuras are varied, and the sentences stop midway of the line. Thus—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and
the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of
heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright
gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bins."

Here you have his second manner. The first six lines are completely broken, and we hear a new movement, freer, larger, and more dramatic; while the latter three lines still retain a little of the older character, not yet quite discarded, but coming in after the others like a strain of sweetness. I have cited expressly this passage, because it shows the process of transformation in his style. Few passages in the whole play are so broken as the first six, and these indicate the style he is assuming. For the most part in this play, though the rhythm is much varied, there is nothing like abruptness; all, on the contrary, is peculiarly flowing and harmonious, though differing in character from the earlier plays. Here constantly we feel the rhythmic influence of Marlowe. It is really difficult to fix the mind on the form and construction of the verse, the poetry so carries one away. Listen—

"Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies, with portly
sail,
Like signors, or rich burghers of the
flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curvey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them on their woven
wings."

And again—

"Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous
rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's
side,
Would scatter all her spices on the
stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have
the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the
thought
That such a thing, bechanced, would
make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad—to think upon his merchandise."

This, then, is his second manner. But when we come to his last manner, all is changed. In "Lear," in "Antony and Cleopatra," in "The Tempest," there is no longer balance of lines and of phrases, recurrent movements of rhythm, or flowing verses. On the contrary, the lines are for the most part broken; the cadences are independent of lines; the cæsuras are varied; melody has given way to harmony; sweetness and smoothness have been rejected for abruptness and strength; a new dramatic purpose is here felt, and a more powerful dramatic diction and form. Sometimes the phrases are short and abrupt; sometimes they rise like great waves overflowing their shored margins, and sweeping resistlessly on to the close. We have no longer the early polished, and, so to speak, self-conscious versification. Take, for instance, this from "Antony and Cleopatra:"—

"Noblest of men—woot't die?
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which, in thy absence, is
No better than a sty? Oh, sec, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—my lord!
Oh, withered is the garland of the war,—
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon."

Think how different this is in rhythm from—

"But soft: what light from yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she."

And this is not his very earliest manner; but what a difference! Or take a passage from "Lear:"—

"Howl, howl, howl, howl—oh, you are men of stones.
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault would crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives.
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass.
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then, she lives."

Or—

"Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Four score and upwards—not an hour more or less.
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

Or let us take "The Tempest."
Look at the construction of such passages as these:—

"Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration—worth
What's dearest in the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I liked several women—never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you—oh you,
So perfect, so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

Or this speech of Prospero—

"I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault,
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar; graves, at my command
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth,
By my so potent art."

And again, in the same speech, a beautiful growing rhythm, and exquisitely fitted to the thought and image expressed—

“The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness; so their rising
senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that
mantle
Their clearer reason.”

Belton. One seems to feel the morning gradually growing over the world in this serene rhythm. What a contrast to the passage immediately preceding! Go on, and cite me something else, in proof of your assertion. Give me something from “Othello.”

Mallett. When one begins to repeat passages from Shakespeare, there is no end to it. But here is one that seems to me for rhythm perfect. I never tire of saying it over. It strengthens and fills my whole sense with its harmony; it is so grand, so massive, so intense, that it lifts one up and bears him on as a mighty wave. Listen, and feel every word of it, not only for its meaning, but for its sound and rhythm. See how fine is the very first break:—

“Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent
pace,
Shall ne’er look back, ne’er ebb to humble
love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.”

Belton. What a magnificent passage! The passage seems suddenly to be swept over into a whirlpool on that last sudden reverse of the rhythm—“Swallow [them up.]” Mark, too, the wonderful perfection of the epithets, the strong alliteration, not only of letters, but of sounds; the Propontic and the Hellespont; the assonance of “feels” and

“keeps,” “capable and wide revenge;” the very words seem to gape over the abyss that swallows them up.

Mallett. Ah! I knew you would feel that. Listen to one more, and I am done. It is in “Measure for Measure.” I do not believe the English language, or any language, could do more than is done in this passage. It is where Isabella is persuading Claudio to die:—

“Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about
The pendent world; or to be worse than
worst
Of those that lawless and incertain
thoughts
Imagine howling!—’tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly
life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.”

Belton. What variety of pause and flow! Here is no measured mechanical trick of versification, but a grand and mighty movement of harmony. “To reside in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice” gives one a chill to the marrow of one’s bones—the ice-blocks hustle and mass against each other in the verse. Again, what loose libration and whirl in that wonderful rhythmic-form of “Blown with restless violence round about the pendent world”! Here is no counting of feet on one’s fingers. Then, too, observe how the *cæsura* is varied. Yes, it is a wonderful passage.

Mallett. One could go on for ever, but we should better stop. After this, I doubt whether we could find anything better. Suppose you translate it into German, and see what you can retain. I am quite sure no

one could translate it without terrible loss.

Belton. Shakespeare is the most impersonal of all writers. He never obtrudes himself; nay, he almost never allows you to catch a glimpse of him. His characters all stand for themselves, and speak and think for themselves. He has no favourites. To him it was all one whether it was Bottom or Othello, Beatrice or Lady Macbeth, Pistol or Lear. He draws them with the certainty of life and nature, and he leaves them without the least shadow of commendation or condemnation. There they are. There is no touch of sympathy for Othello, or of reprobation for Iago. We do not hear the trick of his voice or gesture, nor catch him peeping through the wires. He is as perfectly impersonal as a mirror held up to nature.

"He nor commends nor grieves,
Pleads for itself the fact,
As unrelenting nature leaves
Her every act."

Yet here and there one seems to catch a personality, and this last citation brings one to my mind. There is always a certain insistence in the delight of mere living, and a certain horror of death, which seems to me to show that to him life was a great joy, and death to his active nature had a peculiar repulsion. One sees this constantly in Hamlet, which is, perhaps, the least impersonal of all the characters he ever drew, and represents a mood which comes to all imaginative natures at a certain period of life, and through which he was passing when he wrote this play. The sphinx riddle of humanity, and of life and death, was then troubling his reason and his consciousness, and so weighing upon him that it gives a colour to all the meditations of Hamlet that is doubtless completely true to Hamlet dramatically, but that has a certain somewhat beyond the

dramatical truth and of a personal character. I cannot exactly explain why this is, but I cannot help feeling it. The famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," for instance, has the accent of Shakespeare in it—a certain overplus of weight coming from his own feeling. There is nothing like this in "Lear," in "Othello," in "Macbeth," or, in fact, in any of the other plays.

Mallett. Yes, I quite understand what you mean, and I agree to it. The key of all the character of Hamlet is self-introversion, and interior questioning and metaphysical hesitation. Hamlet is not, as is usually supposed, wanting in decision of character, or incapable, as Goethe seems to think, of action. In all matters which do not involve metaphysical and philosophic reasoning, on which he cannot make up his mind, he is prompt and decisive of action. He does not hesitate an instant in all his course with regard to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; but on the contrary promptly executes plans. Once he is sure of his grounds—once his course is clear—he hesitates no longer. And this distinction Shakespeare, as I read him, meant plainly to show. Hamlet's scruples, and questions, and hesitations, are all in respect to questions which are doubtful, and in regard to which he cannot persuade himself. As soon as the question is clearly settled, he acts not only with decision, but even with violence. In the case of the king, there are many reasons which make him doubt and pause in his revenge. First and foremost, the question whether he is not wrong in his suspicions of guilt; second, consideration for his mother; third, natural scruples of conscience, and an unwillingness to kill his uncle—his father's brother, his mother's husband—unless he sees it to be his plain duty. With Polonius he has no such drawbacks

—he kills him at once; and when clearly assured of the king's guilt, he is instant at last with his vengeance. He is a scholar and a thinker, but he is also a soldier.

Belton. Goethe's critique of Hamlet; in 'Wilhelm Meister,' seems to me boring and mechanical. He sets to work in the true German fashion to investigate all incidental traces of his character, all previous events of his life, and wishes really to go back to his boyhood, even to his infancy. He lays his character all out as on the squares of a chess-board, and then seeks to play it, as by a series of deliberate moves. He seems to be endeavouring to reduce everything to a sort of mechanical exactness. He says that Shakespeare's characters "act as if they were watches whose dial-plates and cases were of crystal, which pointed out according to their use the course of the hours and minutes, while at the same time you can discern the combinations of wheels and springs that turn them."

Mallett. What an unfortunate illustration! Can there be anything more unlike Shakespeare than this?

Belton. Well, to go on. He says the key of Hamlet's whole procedure is to be found in the words,

"The time is out of joint—oh, cursed
spite,
That I was ever born to set it right,"—

and then proceeds to argue that Shakespeare meant "to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it, and in this view that the whole play is composed. There is," he says, "an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom—the roots expand—the jar is shivered—a lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve that forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot

bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him," &c. Now all this seems a very inadequate and partial account of Hamlet. It makes of him a weak-minded youth who had a definite and undoubted duty to do, and wanted energy of mind and purpose to do it. But is this an account of Hamlet? Was he an oak-tree planted in a jar—a poor, weak, nerveless nature sinking under a burden too strong to bear? No! no! no! and a thousand times no!

And then, think of the neat pretty little plot which Goethe would substitute for that of Shakespeare. He proposes to cut out entirely the disturbances in Norway, the war with young Fortinbras, and young Fortinbras himself and the embassy to his uncle; and Horatio's return to Wittenberg; and Laertes' journey to France; and Hamlet's journey to England, and his capture and the death of the two courtiers,—all of which, he says, are fit for expanding and lengthening a novel, but here injure exceedingly the unity of the piece, and are only "weak and slender threads that run through the play." Having disposed of these, he substitutes a cut-and-dried plot of his own, gets rid of Wittenberg and the university, which he says is "a sorry piece of business," and makes Horatio into the great personage, and the future king, and in fact treats the whole play after the reckless and prosaic method of one of the old playwrights of the last century.

But to go back to what I was saying, death, and the removal from this active, joyous, pulsing life, seems always to have had a peculiar repulsion to Shakespeare. Everywhere you seem to feel this, more or less sensibly. Remember that wonderful description of Car-

dinal Beaufort's death, of Gloster's corpse, the death of King John—the very passage from "Measure for Measure" which you just cited—the scenes in "Macbeth," and the soliloquies of Hamlet.

Mallett. Nothing certainly could more powerfully exhibit this feeling than the pleading of Claudio; and I confess your reasoning makes an impression on me.

Belton. It is the common belief that the poetical faculty declines with age. But this was not so with Shakespeare. His last works are his greatest—greatest not only in art, but in pathos, in power, and in passion. "Othello" and "Lear" were among his latest plays, and they are certainly among his greatest. "Romeo and Juliet" beside them, charming and impassioned as it is, is comparatively feeble. He finally achieved with a touch what he previously elaborated. The death of Cordelia has a tenderness, simplicity, and pathos beyond anything to be found in his early plays; and for power and passion, Lear, in the storm, is unequalled. As for "Othello," the passion sweeps through the latter scenes like a simoom. It is the terrible fury of the east—overwhelming everything before it, like the sand-blast of the desert. Shakespeare's powers were at his highest when he died.

Mallett. There is the same difference between human beings as between plants. Some come to their complete growth and fruit early, and afterwards develop no more. Some grow steadily and slowly, like the oak, and never cease to grow. But great natures do not die out early. Youth brings its blossoms, and mature manhood ripens them to fruit. In them, enthusiasm does not fade with the passage of years, while art increases. Their powers enlarge;

they gain more command over them, and the product of their genius is richer and larger. Old Chaucer was in spirit a youth when he died; and he did not write his 'Canterbury Tales' till he was sixty years old, if I recollect right.

Belton. How delightful they are! how full of morning freshness, and natural charm, and sweet irony! His descriptions of nature are enchanting, his pathos exquisite. What tender touches of sentiment! what trenchant portraiture! Every person in that happy Pilgrimage is a living character, touched with a spirit and slyness and individuality that are amazing. There are passages in him which are like nature itself. He never grew old, but ripened with every day, like a sound fresh apple, into the late autumn of his life.

Mallett. He was, as old Deacon B. used to say, when he recommended his apples, a "good keeping fruit." 'Taint too sweet, and it aint too sour. It's a good eating apple, and a good keeping apple. 'Taint like some of them fruits that's early ripe and early rotten. It'll stand you by the whole winter, and be just as good next spring as it is now."

Belton. Well, I'm getting on to the autumn myself, and I find Chaucer keeps uncommonly well—a good deal better than Byron. He was one of the bitter sweets—a sort of medlar.

Mallett. Yes; what we used to call a frozen thaw, that had a ripe sweet sort of rottenness; and we used to pluck them from the stunted trees in autumn, when we were boys; and jolly days they were too. And the frozen thaws then tasted delicious. But they didn't keep; and I don't think I should like them now.

Belton. One's tastes change. I

can remember when nothing seemed so magnificent as Byron, and when Goldsmith was flat to my taste as stale beer; and I used to laugh when my father quoted him, and advised me to read his 'Traveller' and his 'Deserted Village.' I tried them, I remember, several times, but I gave it up—then. Now I can relish his natural and happy touches.

Mallett. No; he is not a boy's poet. But in his way he is delightful. His plane is low, but he never attempts flights beyond his powers, and does not swell into bombast and exaggeration.

Belton. Well, that is at least something, in these days of artificiality and pretension.

Mallett. Don't begin to abuse to-day. It's a poor thing, perhaps, as Audrey says, but our own, and it is useless to kick against it. But to revert to what we were saying. Poetry is undoubtedly early developed in the true poet; and many of the most beautiful poems we possess were written when the authors were young. But it does not follow that the poetic faculty becomes dimmed by age. On the contrary, some of the greatest poems that exist were written at least in the ripeness of manhood, and some even in comparatively old age. And of the great names there are few, if any, who lost their early power, and wrote worse as life advanced. There is Chaucer, whom we have already mentioned, who began at 60 his 'Canterbury Tales.' Milton's 'Paradise Lost' was written when he was nearly 60, and 'Samson Agonistes' some four or five years later. Dante's great Vision was the product of his maturity, and throws all his early efforts into shade. Spenser's 'Faery Queen' was his last work; and he was engaged on it when he died at 46. Homer

was an old man when he wrote the 'Iliad.' The greatest of Shakespeare's plays were his last. Sophocles was nearly 90 when he was summoned before the Phratores, on the charge that his powers of intellect had decayed, and his answer was to read the 'Œdipus at Colonus,' which he had just composed. Euripides, at 73, wrote his 'Orestes.' Æschylus was 53 when he gained the prize at Athens for his great trilogy of the 'Oresteia.' The last work of Virgil was his 'Æneid,' which he did not begin till he was, at least, 43 years of age. Simonides, the great lyric poet, in his 80th year gained the crown of victory over all competitors with his 'Dithyrambic Chorus,' which was the 56th prize he had carried off. The famous lyric poet, Stesichorus, wrote without failing powers till he was 80; and so did Pindar till past that age. These are great constellations in the sky that time has not obscured. Each steadily brightened as he went on his course. Their imaginative powers, so far from failing as age crept upon them, grew fuller and stronger, and their later works surpassed their earlier ones. With such examples one cannot admit that age chills the current of poetic flow.

Belton. But let us come down to later times. In Italy, for instance, we have Petrarca, who died at 70, and whose life was given to literature and poetry, even to its very last moment, and who was found sitting in his library and leaning over an open book as if he were reading, but, in reality, dead. Nor did his poetic powers fail with age; and among his best poems is the very last canzone, to the 'Bella Vergine.' So, too, there is Metastasio, who lived and wrote until he was 84; and Goldoni, who died at 87, and wrote after he had passed his fourscore

years some of his happiest plays; and Bojardo, whose 'Orlando Innamorato' was written when he was past 50; and Boccaccio fresh as ever when he died at 62. To take a leap to our own times, we have Wordsworth, whose best poems were written in the full plenitude of his manhood. He was from 46 to 50 when he wrote his "Laodamia," "White Doe of Rylstone," "Ode to Lycoris and Dion." Still later was his famous "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality;" and he lived to 80, with unfailing poetic power. Heine, too, old and bedridden, wrote some of his most pathetic as well as amusing poems. Molière, too, wrote his most famous plays at the end of his life, when he was between 45 and 50.

Mallett. Let me also add Goethe to the list—though, perhaps, you won't agree. All his great plays were written when he was well on in life; and it is, after all, a grand spectacle to see him, down to the day of his death, at 83, labouring on with an almost youthful zeal, and with an unabated devotion to literature.

Belton. True, it is. Do not think I do not admire him, despite his shortcomings. He was a great literary worker, and a grand figure in his century. He gave his whole life with a noble steadiness to his work, not dawdling over it, nor toying with it at casual hours, but labouring with a sincerity and honesty of purpose which demands our admiration; "*ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast*"—to use his own words—he worked to the end.

Mallett. Let us sing once more the virtues of old age. Cicero did not make as much of his subject as he might in his treatise 'De Senectute.' I have been lately reading it over again, and it somewhat disappointed me, though there are noble and

stately passages, such as only can be written in Latin. But setting aside himself, his list of grand old men is a noble and inspiring one.

Belton. Pray let me hear it, if you can remember it. It is so very long since I read the 'De Senectute' that I have quite forgotten all the particulars, and only remember the general drift, and here and there a passage.

Mallett. I only meant that the instances he mentions of certain noble old men delighted me. He speaks of Quintus Fabius Maximus, for example—the famous "Fabius qui cunctando restituit rem"—as a most delightful man in his old age, possessed of an iron memory in which the "battles, fortunes, sieges, he had passed" (and he uses almost exactly these words), were deeply engraved, but which was enriched with a thorough knowledge of history and literature, as well as of the law, of augury, so that in the peace of his old age his conversation was as charming as it was instructive. And he says that for a life that has been spent in tranquillity, purity, and refinement, there is reserved a gentle and undisturbed old age, such as we have heard that of Plato to have been, who died while composing; such as was that of Isocrates, who wrote his Panathenaicum in his ninety-fourth year, and he lived five years after; or that of his master, Gorgias of Leontium, the celebrated sophist and rhetorician, who lived to 107 years of age, and never discontinued his studies and occupations, and who, when he was asked why he was content to live so long, answered, "I have no charge to bring against old age." And then afterwards he enumerates among the band of grand old men the names of Sophocles, Homer, Hesiod, Stesichorus, Pythagoras, Solon, Democritus, Plato, Xenocrates, Cyrus the

elder, Zeno, Cleanthes, and Diogenes the stoic, Licinius Crassus, and Cethegus, called by Ennius the marrow of conversation, all deepening in their learning and sweetening in their natures as they grow old, and never ceasing the rigorous prosecution of their studies as long as breath remained, but still enjoying life, and enriching the world by their knowledge and experience. It is Marcus Cato, then eighty-four years old, into whose mouth Cicero put these praises of age; and to this list he adds M. Valerius Corvus, who lived to 100 years, full of honours, and the end of whose life was more fortunate than even his middle age, for it was attended with more consideration and less labour; and also L. Cæcilius Metellus, of whom it was inscribed on his tomb, "Very many nations agree that he was the foremost man of his nation." These are the names, or at least the chief of the names, he mentions.

Belton. It is a grand list, and I doubt if we could make as noble a one of the youths of celebrity. But I must add one or two of later times, out of the painters and sculptors. Titian, whose pencil only dropped from his hand when he was stricken by the plague at nearly 100 years of age. Michael Angelo, whose fervid brain carried him on with ever fresh creative power and imaginative capacity to ninety. Leonardo da Vinci, master of all arts and sciences, the fullest and ablest man in all directions that perhaps ever lived, and who died at his easel, with undiminished faculties, at seventy-five. Tintoretto, whose unwearied pencil worked until he was eighty-two. Palma Giovine, who lived and exercised his art until he was eighty-four. Perugino, whose skill had not fallen at seventy-eight. Rubens, who was as irrepressible as ever at

seventy. Teniers, who elaborated his groups and interiors till he was eighty-four; and Claude, whose pictures were still as charming as ever when he died at eighty-two. And I will add one more, and that is Mantegna, who laboured at his easel till he was seventy-five. I consider that a good list of youths.

Mallett. It is, and it might be greatly enlarged, but "it will do," as Mercutio has it. I shall, however, take the liberty of adding one more out of our own day and country: Josiah Quincy, the veteran statesman, who died a few years since at the age of ninety-five. A grand, heroic character of the ancient type, whose courage was as great as his patriotism was pure; who kept the enthusiasm of his youth, and his faith in the future, to the last; who was no sad praiser of the past, no "laudator temporis acti me puero," but who breathed encouragement to all with his words, and animated youth by his counsel, and never despaired when clouds gathered around the State.

Belton. I knew him well, and all you say of him is just; his uncorrupted and incorruptible principles, his true honesty, his large and liberal sentiments, and his fresh-heartedness, made him dear and honoured by all men. I would we had many such in the councils of the nation.

Mallett. A serene old age like that has a special charm—when the agitations and passions of youth are past, and worldly ambitions have ceased to urge us on to new strifes, it must be pleasant to look down, as it were, from the eminence of age upon the battle on the field below, and to cast one's eye peacefully over the long retrospect of the past when life has been noble in itself, and unstained. It should be so. Such an old age should be "serene

and bright, and lovely as a Lapland night."

Belton. Doubtless there are such, and let us hope they are not rare. But it is unpleasant to think, after all one's activity, that one at last may be laid on the shelf a useless encumbrance, or worse.

Mallett. There is no thought more terrible than that of surviving one's self — of expiring "a driveller and a show," as Johnson says of Swift; of being a horror to one's friends — of falling into one's dotage, as Marlborough did after all his splendid achievements.

Belton. Fearful! Let us pray that such a fate may never overtake us. Nor is it quite agreeable to be put out to pasture like an old hunter or war-horse, and to have all the desire to join the battle or the hunt when the trumpet sounds, and yet to be unable.

Mallett. It is worse to grow old after a life of vice and sensuality, and to feel the evil impulses still remaining when we can no longer get any pleasure from them, or when the power to gratify them is gone. Coleridge, if I rightly recollect, says something like this in his "Friend." I am not sure that I quote him correctly, but it runs, as well as I remember—"This is the penalty that habitual vice exacts of the offender, that its impulses wax as its motives wane."

Belton. Very true; and no one knew it better than Coleridge himself. His vice of opium-eating tormented him constantly, and drove him to most ignominious subterfuges and expedients to procure it surreptitiously; and the temptations were irresistible, overcoming all his resolutions. It is a sad spectacle to see a noble mind, so full of inspiration and genius, so winged with poesy, prostrated and grovelling before a vice like this—

a vice which he hated, but could not abandon.

Mallett. Habits are not only a second nature, as the trite saying is, but they are the trodden path of desires, worn into the nature itself, or developed by circumstances. We should be very careful to set our aspirations high, and to start our desires on a pure path, or we shall surely rue it at last. Finally they will become our masters, leading us to pleasant pastures, or driving us into marshes of disgust and despond. Drinking runs into mania at last, and money-making is nearly as bad—it becomes a greed that vitiates all one's better tastes, absorbs one's faculties, irritates, excites, and ruins the nerves, and becomes a necessity like dram-drinking.

Belton. Bravo!—what a sermon! Oh, what a preacher was in Mallett lost!

Mallett. You may laugh; but it is true. Everything nowadays is sacrificed to this greed. Love and home and peaceful delights all seem tame after the Bourse; and an old money-maker is pretty sure to be restless and unhappy, no matter what he has made.

Belton. Please allow some exceptions.

Mallett. As many as you like; I only insist upon the rule. We are all creatures of habit; and for me art and literature are as necessary as air. But I am glad to say that they have led me into pleasant pastures and among running streams of delight.

Belton. You remember Wordsworth's lines?—

"Ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers,
and desert
The student's bower for gold."

Mallett. Ay; and the others too, which are but too true—

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
 Little we see in nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away—a sordid boon."

And we shall reap the reward of it—in our age, at least, if not in our youth. Literature and art are a never-dying source of delight. "*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*"

Belton. Go on.

Mallett. I should like to repeat the whole oration if I could. I suppose *Hortensius* could have repeated all after hearing it once, and *Macaulay*, I doubt not, would have done the same, but I have but a sieve of a memory that lets everything through. It is a noble defence of letters; and I am glad even that one passage remains in my memory, though I wish the whole of it did.

Belton. It would be a charming power to be able to carry one's library in one's mind! I envy men with large memories. Still, nothing is utterly lost; and I comfort myself with thinking that even what has flowed away has at least lent its colour to my thoughts, and deepened the channel through which it passed. I hope so, at least. That is the kind of riches I envy. What one is within, and what one has educated himself to do, and think, and feel, *that* is truly his, and no one can take it from him. Nor can he himself lose it, or wilfully throw it away. But wealth and goods are not ours. They do not really belong to us, but may be added or taken away, and leave us what we were. They may be squandered, or stolen, or lost. But one's mind and one's

memory cannot be pilfered, like a chest of coin. What we possess in our mind is ours for ever till the mind itself decays.

Mallett. When old B.— whose hand was as tight as his morals were loose, and whose life had been devoted almost exclusively to money-getting—died at a ripe old age, somebody asked *Outis* what he had left. "Everything," said *Outis*; "he has taken nothing with him."

Belton. Precisely; nothing is truly ours which we must leave behind.

Mallett. The struggle of the world, the decreased value of money, the crowding of professions and trades at the present day, the strenuous competition for place and wealth, create specialities; and few men now are completely developed; they are rather hands, feet, head, than whole men: a general culture is rare, while a special faculty is trained to the utmost; all the professions and trades are divided and subdivided, and each man has to perfect himself in his department. There is thus a great particular gain to set off against a general loss. In art this is seen almost as much as in law. For it seems to me that culture and a large education are almost necessary to create a great artist. In the ancient days, as well as at the period of the Renaissance, the great artists were accomplished in various branches of art, and did not confine themselves to one. *Phidias*, for example, was a painter, an engraver, a worker in embossed figures, a sculptor in brass, gold, and ivory, and a musician, if not an architect. The architects of the Parthenon, *Ictinus* and *Callicrates*, were also sculptors of note; and indeed most of the artists of those times worked in various branches of art. *Leonardo da Vinci* was as eminent an engineer as he was a painter.

He was also an architect, sculptor, and musician, and besides being an author and an inventor in mechanics, he was well versed in various branches of science. Michael Angelo was a poet, sculptor, painter, and architect, and it is difficult to say in which of the last three he was greatest. Giotto was also accomplished in all these arts. Verrocchio was as excellent a sculptor as painter. Benvenuto Cellini was a soldier, a goldsmith, a sculptor, a poet, and an accomplished musician. Salvator Rosa was a painter, a poet, and a musician, and his poetry is certainly, at the least, quite as good as his pictures; while what we have of his music is of a large and admirable character. Orcagna was painter, sculptor, and architect. Ghiberti, who made the famous doors of the Florentine Baptistery, of which Michael Angelo said, with generous exaggeration, they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise, was also an architect. But, not to extend the list, in a word, nearly all the artists of any note at this period not only practised several arts, but distinguished themselves in each; and for myself I cannot but think that the knowledge of all made them stronger in each. They threw into everything they did the full weight of all they knew and were. The breadth of their culture gave refinement and strength to their work.

Belton. But how could they find time to accomplish themselves in so many arts, if one art requires a lifetime, as you say it does?

Mallett. There is time enough to do many things, if the person is seriously concentrated in his work, and does not squander his mind and his time by half-work. Nothing is so bad as that. There are many persons who think they are working, when in truth they are only

dawdling over their work, with half attention. There is time enough thrown away every day to enable any one of earnest mind to do more than many a man does with his whole day. All depends upon love of the work on which one is engaged, and in concentration of one's faculties. It is, in my opinion, better to be utterly idle, and lie fallow to influences, than to muddle away hours in half-work. Besides, change of labour is rest, and to an active mind more rest than laziness. I have always found in music a more complete refreshment of my mind, after a hard day's work in my studio, than even sleep could give. The faculties, and powers, and interests, are thrown in a different direction, and while one series works the other reposes. After an entire change of occupation one returns with fresh zest and vigour to the work he has left; whereas, if the thoughts are constantly treading the same path, they soon, as it were, wear a rut in the mind, out of which they cannot extricate themselves, and this begets in the end mannerism and self-repetition. Still more, the various arts are but different exercises of correlative powers. They each in turn refresh and enlarge the imaginative and motive powers, and extend their sphere. Each, as it were, is echoed and reflected into the other. The harmonies of colour, and forms, and tones, and words, are closely related to each other, and but different expressions of merely the same thing. A sculptor's work will be cold if he is not sensitive to colour and music; and a painter's work will be loose and vague unless his mind has been trained to the absoluteness of form and outline: neither can compose well his lines and forms unless he possess that innate sense of balance, and harmonious arrangement, and

modulation which is developed by music.

Belton. I daresay this is all true. A fully developed man, trained in every part of his body, will strike a harder blow than one who has only trained his arms—however strong they may be in themselves—for the simple reason, that he can throw his whole strength and weight into it. In themselves, a blacksmith's arms ought to be stronger than those of an athlete, but his blow will not be so powerful; and I suppose it is the same with the mind as with the body. The fully-developed mind will strike the hardest blows. But come; you have worked enough. Lay down your tools and let us have a walk on the Pincio. I have spoilt more than an hour for you—and now let us go.

Mallett. Agreed. I have worked enough. I begin now not to see what I am doing, and I want a breath of fresh air; or will you sit down and play me something on the piano-forte? That would refresh me even more. Play me Schumann's little piece on the happy labourer return-

ing to his home after his day's work. That would be appropriate. And it is a bright, gay bit, full of freshness and soundness of feeling.

Belton. No; I will do no such thing. This is merely a device of yours to stay longer in your studio. That would not satisfy you alone, and would lead to who knows what else, and our walk would be lost. Come away. Don't say "in a few minutes," as you always do. Your few minutes are the longest I am acquainted with.

Mallett. Yes, I know; but I hate to leave my studio so long as there is a gleam of light—when the shadows begin to steal in and mass the parts, and the details disappear. I often find my whole day's work has been useless—that I have been seduced by the details, which seemed charming in themselves, into a sacrifice of the great masses, to which they should be subordinated. But when the twilight comes, it is a ruthless critic, worse than the strongest sunshine.

Belton. Well, don't look again. And now come away!

BITS AND BEARING-REINS.

Forty years have passed since Sir Francis Head drew attention to what he termed the "barbarous error" of bearing up the head of the draught-horse. His remarks applied principally to posters and coach-horses. The whole system of "The Road" was then at its height. Besides the mails, the Tantivy, the Hironnelle, the Defiance, the Bruce, and hundreds of other fast coaches, did their ten miles an hour, including stoppages, and a pair of posters whirled a light carriage along at even a faster pace. At that time the use of the bearing-rein was almost universal, and the amount of suffering inflicted upon the horses so employed was fearful. Sir Francis Head says very justly, that by means of the bearing-rein the balance of the horse's body is absolutely turned *against*, instead of leaning in favour of, his draught; and he is thus "cruelly deprived of the mechanical advantage of weight, which everywhere else in the universe is duly appreciated. The noble spirit of our high-fed horses induces them to strain and drag the carriage forward by their muscles, and if the reader will pass his hand down the back sinews of one of our stage-coach or post-chaise horses, he will soon feel (though not so keenly as they do) what is the fatal consequence."*

Railroads have superseded "The Road." The fast coach and the posting-house, where horses stood ready harnessed to answer the call of "first pair out!" are things of the past, and only remain as pleasant visions in the memory of sexa-

genarians. The coach-horse and the poster have disappeared; but a host of cab and omnibus horses have been called into existence, which may be looked upon as their legitimate successors, and the teachings of Sir Francis Head, and the lessons of experience, have happily relieved them from the bearing-rein. Amongst the thousands of omnibus and cab horses employed in the metropolis, we believe it would be impossible to find a single instance of the use of a bearing-rein.

But the evil has sprung up again in an aggravated form amongst a very different class of horses; whilst their humbler brethren have been emancipated from the thralldom of the old bearing-rein, the lordly animals who draw coroneted carriages along Piccadilly and stand in long lines in St. James's Street and Pall Mall, on the occasion of a drawing-room or a levee, have been subjected almost universally to the infliction of torture by means of an instrument, the conception of which never entered into the mind of Sir Francis Head.

We firmly believe that the pain which is thus inflicted upon their horses, proceeds almost exclusively from a want of knowledge on the part of the owners, and not from any disregard of the suffering of the animal. Many of the splendid equipages which we see belong to ladies who would sit up night after night to nurse a favourite dog, but who unfortunately trust the management of the noble animals to whom they owe so much of their enjoyment to an ignorant or perhaps

Bits and Bearing-Reins. By Edward Fordham Flower. Ridgway, Piccadilly.

* Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau, p. 52. In the review in the Quarterly of January 1834, there are several admirable passages which are unfortunately omitted in the published edition.

brutal coachman, who thinks that the bearing-rein relieves his arms from some weight, or fancies that it makes his horses look grander and more showy; others are the property of that numerous class who simply ape what they think is the fashion. Amongst the remainder, we find some who reject bearing-reins altogether; and we believe that many more would do so if they were to give a little consideration to the subject.

We heartily rejoice, therefore, that a voice has at last been raised on behalf (to coin a word) of suffering *horsehoo*d.

Mr. Flower, the title of whose pamphlet we have placed at the head of this paper, is a man well entitled to speak on the subject. His life, of which he gives a short and interesting sketch, has been passed amongst horses. Few men have been better known for the last twenty-five years in the Warwickshire Hunt, where, notwithstanding his weight, not less than seventeen stone in the saddle, he was always in place, and was noted for his fine hands and good temper, qualities which those who are acquainted with the horses he was in the habit of riding know were often called into play. He says—

"I have for many seasons been well known in various hunting-fields in the midland counties, but in consequence of a severe illness I have lately been obliged to give up hunting; and last year I came to live in London, thinking that the Row and the Park would in future be field enough for me: and so it would, and a very enjoyable one, were it not disfigured and disgraced by the barbarous and senseless use of spurs, whips, curbs, gag-bits, and bearing-reins. Fashion is strong—stronger,

I fear, than humanity—but still I have hopes. Fashion no longer orders horses to be cropped, docked, and nicked; therefore these new forms of distortion and cruelty may give way.

"If a few leaders of fashion would join with men and women of common-sense and lovers of humanity, we should soon wipe out this blot upon our civilisation."

After describing the ordinary old-fashioned bearing-rein, Mr. Flower proceeds:—

"Latterly a far more complicated and powerful instrument has come into fashion.*

"This is the Bedouin, or Gag bearing-rein (Pl. 3), which is attached to the top of the bridle (at E). It is then passed through a swivel attached to the separate bearing-rein bit, which has nothing to do with the driving. Thence it passes through the drop ring (C), and is attached to the pad and crupper as in the former case.

"The effect of this is to double the power by which it can be tightened; for by mechanics we learn that 1 lb. applied to A is equivalent to 2 lb. at B, a fact which every one can prove for himself.

"Thus it is evident what force is brought to bear on the horse's mouth, a sufficiently sensitive organ, even when unencumbered by another heavy bit, with cruel cutting power.

"Severe as is the simple bearing-rein explained in Pl. 2, its evil is doubled by the gag system, for its elevating power is, as we have shown, doubled; nor can the coachman relax this terrible and dangerous gag-bit, for, separate as it is from the driving apparatus, it would fall out of the horse's mouth, and to put it in again would take time and persuasion, or rather force.

"The pain thus occasioned to the horse is intense. The action of every muscle is impeded. If a false step is taken, recovery is rendered difficult. Discomfort makes the poor animal restless. The impatient movements occasioned by his distress are not unfrequently visited by a cut from the

* The pamphlet contains three illustrations, designated respectively "Comfort," "Discomfort," and "Torture." These are accompanied by diagrams showing the mechanical effect of the different kinds of bearing-rein, to which the letters and figures in the text refer.

whip of an ignorant coachman ; the horse is called unruly and ill-tempered when he is only miserable. Some new instrument of torture is forced into his mouth in the shape of a bit, devised for the very purpose of inflicting pain ; until, with temper and mouth both ruined, he passes into the hands of a bus-driver or cabman, when his bearing-rein is cast aside, and for the first time he is treated with common-sense and humanity.

"It is a severe penance to any man who loves a horse to walk along the fashionable streets or the Park, and to witness the sufferings of horses from this absurd and cruel practice.

"Little does the benevolent dowager who sits absorbed in the pages of the last tract of the 'Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,' know of the sufferings of the two noble animals by whom she is leisurely drawn along the 'Lady's mile.'

"She probably fancies that the high prancing step, and the toss of the head which scatters flakes of foam at every step are expressions of pride and satisfaction at their task, when in fact they are occasioned by pain, and a vain attempt to obtain a momentary relief from their suffering."

We have frequently heard it said, "Oh, it's very well to drive without bearing-reins in the country, but in town you must have them." We would ask any one who entertains this opinion, to drive through the city during business hours, or along Piccadilly at the height of the season, and to observe the Hansom cabs. The driver never uses a bearing-rein, and very rarely any bit but the common ring-snaffle ; and, be it remembered, if his horse is the good-looking animal that one always selects, he is pretty certain to have found his way into a cab from some defect of temper or other fault which makes him unpleasant to drive ; yet he threads his way with perfect safety, and at a rapid pace, through the crowd of opposing vehicles. ; And why ? Simply because he has the free use of his intellect and his limbs. The first is not dis-

tracted by pain and terror, and the latter are not crippled by his head being tied tight to his tail.

It must not be supposed that the mischief inflicted by the use of the bearing-rein is transient, or can be removed at once by taking off the rein. We have the testimony of veterinary surgeons, that in some cases it is the cause of "roaring." Of this (happily not so confirmed case as to be beyond cure) Mr. Flower gives the following instance from his own experience :—

"A few years ago, I bought a fine horse with a bad character ; he was a roarer, a jibber, a bolter, and the late coachman told me I should never be able to drive him ; but I liked his looks, and the result confirmed my good opinion. The roaring soon ceased after the tight gag bearing-rein was taken away ; an easy bit was put in his mouth instead of the severe one, which had caused him to be restive through sheer pain ; he became perfectly tractable, and I have driven him for years both in double and single harness with great comfort and safety."

The effect of the constant pressure of the bearing-rein is to deaden the sensibility of the mouth, and the horse no longer obeys the touch of the driver's hand, but is guided either by his head being hauled by main force to one side, or a horrible instrument is forced into his mouth to produce artificially, and at the cost of intense suffering, that sensitiveness which has been ignorantly and wantonly destroyed. The amount of infernal ingenuity which has been employed in devising bits that shall inflict pain is almost incredible, and we must refer the reader to the illustrations and diagrams accompanying Mr. Flower's pamphlet, which remind one vividly of the diabolical contrivances preserved in the Torture Chambers of Nuremberg.

If the Society for the Prevention

of Cruelty to Animals would turn their attention to matters immediately under their own eyes, they would do more good and prevent far more animal suffering than by sending officers to drag a miserable costermonger before a magistrate when perhaps the question has been whether his children should starve or his donkey be overworked.

"In England," says an American paper, "the greatest cruelty to horses comes from the use of the bearing-rein, which is used for pomposity. The horses, with heads stuck in the air, and mouths fretted and foaming, look so much more dashing and spirited! The other day, while the Congress concerning cruelty was in session, there was a long line of coaches in front of the building, and in many horses were suffering most intensely, while the wealthy owners were weeping over the woes of the animals of the poor."

In the year 1868, at a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the late Earl of Romney introduced the subject of bearing-reins in a speech so just, forcible, and condensed, that we reprint it word for word from the report contained in the appendix to Mr. Flower's pamphlet. It is, we confess, a matter of surprise to us that it has never come under our notice before, for we should have supposed that the society to which it was addressed would have exerted themselves to give the utmost publicity to so powerful an appeal proceeding from so high an authority.

Lord Romney said:—

"I will now speak of the upper classes. I regret to say that a practice is now being revived which was in vogue some thirty or forty years ago, but had been discontinued, and that is, putting bearing-reins upon horses. I have no doubt that half the persons who adopt this practice are quite un-

conscious of the cruelty of it. I well recollect that when Sir Francis Head came over from North America, he drew attention to the extreme folly, without going further than that, when you want an animal to work, of putting something upon him which tends to restrain him from doing that work. For some time the foolish fashion went out, but I regret to say that it seems now to be reviving. It must be a source of grief to see the number of animals in carriages to which this bearing-rein is applied. The first thing is, whatever may be the form of the neck of the horse, to bring him so to speak into the same line, and the bearing-rein is introduced in order to bring his head into the required position. He is then attached to a carriage, and what is the next step? Perhaps the carriage is ordered to the door a couple of hours before it suits the convenience of the riders to enter it, and they let the horse stand there exposed to the heat of the sun and the biting of the flies; and there is the wretched animal with his head stuck up in the air unable to drive away a fly; and among those persons who allow that, let me earnestly ask, are there any ladies or gentlemen who come here and satisfy their conscience by subscribing a guinea a year, to this Society, in order that some wretched costermonger, who has to maintain himself and family by working a donkey, may be brought before a magistrate, committed and punished, because his animal has got a sore? Those persons, by their want of sympathy, teach the custom until it comes down to, and is adopted by, the costermonger. If I had the power, I should like to put these people out in the sun half undressed and let the flies bite them, because they would very soon be able to understand what torture they were inflicting upon those poor unfortunate animals; for while the wealthy classes can have no excuse for their cruelty, often the poor costermonger pleads poverty and the wants of his family as an excuse. The question is, can anything be done by this Society to obviate the evils to which I have referred? Is there any mode which can be suggested to these persons in order to show the mischief which they are doing? I was talking to a job-master and veterinary surgeon this morning upon the subject, and he assured me that much mischief was

done, and that the effect of the bearing-rein upon the construction of some portion of the throat of the horse was to make them roasters, so that we are not only foolish to use such an appliance, but we are wicked as well. The Secretary informs me that there is a book written upon the subject. I think it would be worth while if we were to send it to persons of influence, in order that they may have the subject brought to their notice."

We should like to know whether any, and if any, what steps were taken by the Society in consequence of Lord Romney's suggestion.

Lord Romney was followed by Mr. Flower, who added:—

"I fully bear out what has been said before me, as I feel so strongly on the subject, having known great injury to arise to horses who have been so treated. Speaking to a dealer some years ago upon the subject, I asked him how it was he was gradually tightening up horses' heads from day to day before he sold them. He said that many people would not buy them unless he did so—that London people always wanted their horses to carry their heads high and to step high; and he said, 'another thing is, it soon wears them out, and they come for another pair of horses.'"

Lord Portsmouth, writing to Mr. Flower, says: "I never allow a bearing-rein to be used in my establishment, nor did my father before me; I am sure they are both useless and cruel."

The Baroness Burdett Coutts—whose title to respect and gratitude arises in no slight degree from the

kindly and active interest which she takes in the welfare and happiness of all God's creatures, and who speaks with an hereditary claim to authority on everything that relates to a horse, as the daughter of one of the finest horsemen that ever rode across Leicestershire—said last year at Torquay, "The use of the bearing-rein shows a want of information and knowledge of the horse, and a great lack of knowing what are the capabilities of the animal."

More than fifty years ago, the late Sir Charles Bell, the celebrated physiologist, was driving a pair of horses on a frosty morning down the incline on the Surrey side of the old Westminster Bridge. The road was slippery, and the horses got into trouble. An old groom who was passing by said, "Let me loose your bearing-rein, sir!" He did so; and the horses having then the free use of their limbs immediately recovered themselves. Sir Charles Bell never after permitted a bearing-rein to be put on any one of his horses.

With so powerful an array of testimony from such various sources, we cannot but entertain the hope that the use of the bearing-rein will ere long be consigned to the things of the past, along with the equally barbarous but not more cruel fashions of docking and cropping. Mr. Flower has our hearty good wishes for his success in the task he has so humanely and energetically undertaken.

ART IN MAY.

THERE are a great many admirable reasons, we don't doubt, why not only art, but a great many other things less ethereal, should have their special bloom and outcome in May: The folly of choosing summer for the fashionable season in town, instead of spending it amid the green delights of the fresh and blossomed country, is as old a subject of railing and animadversion as is the custom which makes it so; but, like a great many other things which are logically indefensible, a great deal is to be said in favour of it. In short, in such an overgrown metropolis as ours, and with this climate of ours, which is not so much worse than other climates as everybody calls it, one is at a loss to fancy when the gay world could disport itself becomingly if not in the early summer. When May and June are what May and June ought to be, they give us even in England as near an approach to that sensation of mere delight in living, which the young enjoy by right of nature, and the inhabitants of more genial countries have (now and then) by right of climate, as it is possible for a careworn and over-civilised race to know. Winter, the theorist holds, is a more fit season for the streets, more suitable for those masques and music which beguile the lingering eve—the natural time for social gatherings, when human creatures, like cattle, crowd together to keep the frost out, and communicate from each to each a little genial glow. All this is very true; but what magician, what power of fashion or any weightier spell, could create such a spectacle as that of Rotten Row in November? The thing is impossible upon the face of it; that exhibition of

fresh life, wealth, beauty, and the subdued splendour which consists with modern habits, could not be without trees to shade and sun to shine, without outdoor warmth, and the sense of resurrection which is in every blooming spring. The effect of Rotten Row upon the outside beholders who have no part in the spectacle is perhaps not of a highly moral or improving character. We doubt whether it would be at all wholesome for any budding revolutionary. To see all those beautiful useless creatures—men and women and horses—enjoying themselves in such delightful ease and felicity, while we toil, dusty and worn, afoot, awakes a thought, a question, even in the soberest bosom. *Va pour les dames!* nature demands a certain amount of ornament, and the times will be bad indeed when even the worst of revolutionaries will refuse to young women their natural right to blossom like the flowers, for beauty, whether for use or not. But the sight of so much wealth, so many delights, such exemption (apparent at least) from the burden and heat of the common day, and perfection of mere existence, can never be without its danger to the nameless surrounding masses, with scarce time enough to snatch that passing glance, who surge round like a sea, and never in all their toiling lives can hope to come within a thousand miles of that which the others enjoy so lightly. Notwithstanding this, England would be so much the poorer without Rotten Row. The men, and the women, and the horses, though representing (we suppose) so much capital thrown away, enrich the country as Benvenuto Cellini enriched a bit of

gold. They are as embroidery upon the sober garment, which, without that embroidery, would clothe its wearer as comfortably perhaps, but not so becomingly. And all this fair display, this brightness, this ornament, this wealthy glitter and pleasant show, would be impossible except in the corresponding brightness of the early summer. Many, too, of the other pleasant sights which Fashion supplies us with, depend equally upon the permission of the skies. Fashion herself, though she makes a brave stand at all seasons, fantastic, yet in her way useful and even beneficent sprite, is chiefly in her glory when the air is sweet and soft enough to permit some approach to a life out of doors; and it ought to be something in her favour that she is not afraid of the daylight, but, on the contrary, reserves her most dazzling effects, her most charming combinations, those *toilettes fraîches* which are the wonder of beholders in their costly simplicity, for the correspondingly dazzling and simple effects of a summer morning. For this the moralist even might sometimes forgive her for the pranks she plays o' nights.

We are afraid that the general character of the Art which blooms out like Hyde Park and the West End streets in May is not of a very much higher description as an ornament and blossom of national life than Rotten Row. Perhaps it is inevitable to an annual exhibition that this should be so; for the higher efforts of the imagination will not always consent to be ready against a certain day, or to submit to all the caprices of a Hanging Committee. In the best times of art, is it not on record that painters have flung off indignant from the fixed time and exacted labours of the princeliest of patrons?—witness such a pair as Michael Angelo and Pope Julius. The patient

class who toil modestly within those limits are not always, or perhaps often—more's the pity—of the highest order of genius. Often they are by far the most deserving men, and their work may represent infinitely higher moral qualities than that which inspiration produces when it is in the mood; but periodical exhibitions and private patronage no doubt are mightily instrumental in the formation of a large school of respectable workmen in art—men who, perhaps, began with a spark of divine light, but who have been soon obliged to replace that fantastic flame by the steady glimmer of a solid manufactured candle, warranted to burn so many hours and to give so much light. It would be unkind to instance—though so very easy to do it—a dozen names of artists who, twenty years ago, were young men of the greatest promise, each having produced a picture, or more than one picture, of real freshness, or beauty, or meaning, who have all jogged along since that day reproducing their original work with variations, partly, no doubt, because it was easiest, and the fount of inspiration had dried up; but partly, also, because the moment the laurel is won, every exhibition and every collection must have an example of the new painter, “a fine specimen of the master,” to make that collection complete. And what is the artist more than other men, that he should scorn this fashion which provides him with a safe yearly income upon which to bring up his family, and sacrifice all his interests to a fancied “progress,” which will make it a lottery year by year whether his pictures sell at all? Is he to be the one man in the world, or in his generation, to set himself upon his fantastic pinnacle of superiority? He does not go to this length of self-abnegation; but he is conscientious, as

every good workman ought to be. He searches all our English coast for a new creek or bay to put that boat in and the fisher-boys we know so well (and have a sneaking kindness for their honest brown faces, if the truth were told); or, if his line is historical, he will read all manner of histories for a new incident, and visit all kinds of historical places, and study costumes till his authority is absolute on that point, all with the most honest desire to give the public "honest work." The same thing happened, to a certain degree, even in the highest days of art. Those magical sweet skies of Francia's behind the Virgin's lovely-serious head, cannot we recognise them half a room off? and those angels who must have been younger brothers of Angelico's, and the fair beings half country lad, half heavenly spirit, who stand out against the undulating Umbrian landscape of Perugino? These are the masters of the celestial art; but every great collection holds acres of canvas with smaller names to them, in which the painters, of ancient date enough, repeat and re-repeat themselves with less conscientiousness than our contemporaries, who give us always, at least, as we have said, a new piece of salt-water—oh, so carefully copied!—a new costume, exact and clean as if it had been sent home yesterday from the mantua-maker. Let us grant, then, without further grumble, that this level of "honest work" is the highest to which we can hope to reach in a yearly exhibition. It represents a great deal that is pleasant and pleasing to the public—it represents a very flourishing profession, by which a great many good men make comfortable incomes, scarcely even with that drawback of precariousness which is the danger of all such earnings; and it gives to what we may call the mer-

cantile collector of pictures—a new being, created by the new character of the age—a sure and excellent investment; for so long as English art is prized, must not every collection of the English school contain a picture by Smith and one by Brown?

But these conditions, it is unnecessary to say, are far from conducive to the elevation of art simply as art. All priesthoods taken from the point of view of their mission are better to be celibate and separate from the world, whatever the difficulties may be on the other or human side of the question. A money-making craft with great prizes to win, with comfort and riches and social elevation at its command, is always sure of finding skilful craftsmen, who will take the pains to satisfy the requirements of its paymasters and strive to please them; and there is a ludicrous as well as a tragical side to such stories as that of poor Haydon, who struggled all his unfortunate life after high art, and ruined himself by the obstinate strain, without ever approaching his object, or producing anything by all his frantic exertions which posterity would care to preserve. Such a man, no doubt, would have been infinitely happier, and would have discharged all his duties better, had he made himself comfortable on the ordinary level, and painted neat little historical pictures, or *genre* pictures, such as the British millionaire could appreciate. Alas! the gigantic figures that used to frown down upon the puzzled spectator across the toys and trifles of a London bazaar were lovely or desirable to no one; and the poor painter gave his life and his peace for nothing, having only a heroic intention in him without the means of carrying it out. His contemporaries who took the beaten path, and produced the wares demanded in

the market, have not only the complacent superiority of success over such a man, but a real superiority, the solid satisfactoriness of honest mediocrity, trying nothing which it cannot perform, over tragical incompetency and failure; just as the actor who plays Launcelot Gobbo well is a better actor than he who breaks down in Othello. Even such a melancholy example as poor Haydon, however, was "something in the dearth of fame." He was a protestation, in his hot, shrill, theatrical way, against commonplace and the laws of the picture-market. His passionate failure is a little break in the flat story of modern art, showing how, even to a poor man and a not great artist, money-making and a comfortable way of living is not always everything. It is, however, much, very much to the most of us—

"These moving things ca'd wife and weans
Would move the very heart of stanes."

We must do our best for our families, set them out well in the world, give them all the advantages that richer people give. And which is best? to do our duty to them, by doing easily just what we can in art, to the entire satisfaction of the picture-dealer, and delight of our sublime patrons, the wealthy British investors in pictures; or to keep ourselves always on the strain of a laborious effort, trying perhaps to do more than we can, to reach higher fields of art, with which the picture-dealer has no sympathy whatever, and at which the private patron scoffs? The question is not so easy as some people think. After all, few rational persons after, let us say, five-and-twenty, think much of fame; and to do one's best for one's own is a more evident and clearly recognised duty than to risk all one's profits in uncomfortable devotion to High Art—devotion which, alas! for all we know, may end

in nothing greater than poor Haydon's "Raising of Lazarus;" therefore may it not be that historical costume pictures and little commonplace domesticities (which undoubtedly please the public) represent the higher duty after all?

And sometimes, heaven knows! they do; sometimes they represent a sublimer sentiment than ever could be put on canvas or paper—the soaring of a human spirit over itself, its dearest personal hopes and wishes, and what it knows to be its highest capabilities, for the sake of those it loves better than itself; but which is the foolish little picture, or the hasty book in which, with shame and pain and bitter remorsefulness, this self-abnegation is expressed, only God knows, and not the public, which is all unconscious and careless, or us critics—fools in our pretended knowledge—who probably choose just that bit of work to gibe at and point our moral by.

Such conditions of art, however, come sadly in the way of that development of imagination on which Mr. Disraeli—much more warmly endowed with that gift than most of his entertainers of the Royal Academy—lately, in the lightness of his heart, complimented our painters. The innocent country reader, who, trusting to so great an authority, goes wandering through the bright rooms of Burlington House, looking for those visions of beauty which charmed the Premier, will, we fear, be tempted to think that Mr. Disraeli, who loves sometimes to laugh softly under their own unconscious eyes at the notabilities around, has been making fun of him. Whatever may be the growth of imagination in the abstract, there is, we fear, but little of it visible upon these walls. There are a few exceptions, of course; but the general mass of pictures exhibited show

the most moderate amount of this poetic faculty. But yet there are a great many charming pictures on the walls of the Academy's galleries; and fewer than usual of those very bad ones which made the spectator doubtful whether he ought to weep or to laugh at the woeful degradation of some venerable name. There are, we think, this year none of those sad exhibitions of failing eye and hand which sometimes grieve us — pictures which, we feel, ought to be respectfully veiled with crape from the mockery of the young, who never saw, perhaps, what in his mature age the failing veteran could do. It seems to us, also, that only a limited number of Academicians figure upon their own walls this year. Those who exhibit, exhibit largely; but among the older members of the Academy there are many absentees. And if there is not so much imagination as we might have hoped, there is a great deal of "honest work"—good specimens of the master, pretty "Smiths" and pleasing "Browns," which will be an ornament to any collection, and which probably will bring the collector very good interest for his money if he sends them to Christie's fifteen or twenty years hence, when Brown and Smith paint no more. For ourselves, we do not like to part with so much as an old print that has met our eyes for years, much less a picture; but that, it is evident, is not the sentiment of the time; so that, on the whole, it is well that the pictures of the time are not, as a general rule, calculated to take a very strong hold upon the minds of those who live with them. Few of the productions of this year will haunt or charm the memory with any enduring spell. There are but rare examples of the class of pictures which, all silently, we hang up upon the dim walls of our spiritual gallery, beside here and there a

Raphael and an Angelico, and which flash out upon us now and then all of a sudden, touched by some unthought-of gleam of recollection through all the following years,—few, very few of these; and yet a great many that are very pleasant to look at in a bright afternoon, with all the rest of the world, coming in from the blossomed lilacs and greenness of the parks, in this, at length, genial and friendly if not poetic May.

Now, let us note more particularly what there is to be seen. There is a great deal of Mr. Millais, for whom, twenty years ago, we were wont to look eagerly as the poet, the glorious young revolutionary, the rebellious yet beloved hope and favourite, of the Academy. What has come to the daring and splendid youth which once took us by storm, all prejudices and articles of faith notwithstanding? Mr. Millais has resigned himself to mammon, or what is the same thing in his case, to portrait-painting; yes, to portrait-painting, notwithstanding the fact that the first picture bearing his name which meets our eye is a so-called landscape. Just as he painted a little girl without shoes, and a little girl with them, in another room—and a young lady with a hat over her eyes, and a young lady without any hat at all, in a third—so he has painted the portrait of a bit of undulating hillside, "somewhere in the neighbourhood of Dunkeld" say the newspapers. We have not the slightest doubt that it is very like, and that the summer day blazed just so over the rising ground, and upon the clumps of heather and red trunks of the fir-trees. It is like the scene, just as "Mary," [daughter of J. Jones, Esq.,] and "Jane, daughter of W. Robinson, Esq.," are like—features and frocks, and little fat legs—we mean shadows and lights,

and the grey dyke running across the slope, and the broken hedge. The name of this is not Mary Jones, but the "Fringe of the Moor." How much more is there in the name than the picture—The fringe of the moor! looking away, no doubt, over that long broken undulating surface, all purple with heather, or green before the coming of the heather, or blurred and pathetic with the bloom going off, and the climax over; with mysterious hollows in it, and faint watery gleams, and tufted knolls, rough with whins and blaeberreries, and here and there a stunted fir strayed and belated out of its way, or forlorn young birch waving her silvery branches, with languishing lamentations over her own solitude. And then the mysterious sweet skies above, dark with presage of storm, or heavy with sweeping of rain like human eyes worn out—or bursting forth into a pathos of delicious brightness, as who should say which of us can tell whether this sweet sun may ever come again? Such are the moors we know, not dull things inanimate and expressionless, but alive in every line, full of thought and sentiment and mystery. How the sun glows upon them when he comes, and a hum of universal life breaks forth, soft, all-pervading, multitudinous! how the great ling-bushes glow, and the daintier bell-heather waves its round tufts of bloom, and the green gale breathes sweetness under the wayfarer's feet! We have seen pictures out of which the very fragrance of the gale and the hum of the insects came breathing, making canvas into poetry. But Mr. Millais perhaps never trusted the damp footing where the bog-myrtle grows; anyhow, his "Fringe" has as little to do with the moor as if it had been the prosperous smooth slope of an English hill. It is the portrait of a well-to-do landscape, where no doubt cows would find good

grazing, comfortable, breathing of warmth and profit; which, to be sure, are fine solid things compared to such foolishness as the mysterious atmosphere over the moor, or the sweetness of the gale.

And just of the same class are the pretty little Marys and Janes aforesaid. We verily believe that a far-sighted woman could tell within a few pence how much a yard was given for the pretty muslin-work of which these little garments are made—and the little pink shoes and open worked socks would be the adoration of a nursery-maid; but what manner of child it is which is enshrined in all that redness and whiteness, who could guess? Does any one remember nowadays that saucy sweet little Lady Geraldine? somebody who is walking out of the sky with her little petticoats held up, and dainty rosettes upon her shoes, in Sir Joshua's delicious picture? or the absorbed angelical gravity of that other child in the national gallery whose portrait is called the Age of Innocence? A century ago, that was what art could make out of a child's portrait. To-day, is this all that art can make of it? Surely Mr. Millais is strangely unworthy of himself when he forces us to ask such a question. If he will paint portraits, it is a worthy and a noble art, and one in which Englishmen have been splendidly successful; but in the name of all that is worthy, why should he paint these sweet little specimens of humanity as if they were their own dolls? Even at three or four there is a something in a pair of living eyes, liquid with dews of childhood, that tells more than this—an open secret which he who looks for it may divine and disclose, a delicious betrayal which is no treason.

Neither could it have been on the wonderful production, entitled romantically the "Crown of Love," that

Mr. Disraeli looked when (with the smile concealed beneath the lines of his impenetrable countenance) he spoke of the power of the imagination as exhibited in the pictures of 1875. Here a slim but well-formed youth is visible, carrying a robust young woman, who, throwing her arms out, is evidently trying her best to overbalance him. It is intended to represent that story of Charlemagne's secretary or page, who, having been found out to be privately the lover of Charlemagne's daughter, was given the chance of winning her by carrying her to the top of the nearest hill. No wonder he died when he got there, poor young fellow, if she was like this large and stalwart maiden. We wonder if Mr. Millais remembers a picture which made a great noise twenty years ago, and was called the "Huguenots"? It is to be found in reflection all over the country nowadays, in poor little prints and blurred photographs. When a boy at school has got beyond the game-keeper stage, it is the first indication of improving taste, and shows what a leap his mind has taken, when he hangs up this picture over his mantelshelf, dethroning Landseer in its favour; and it is the first illustration of her walls which the girl thinks of when she becomes the proud possessor of a maidenly bower of her very own. And how fine it was! the tender wistful woman, all her soul in her anxious eyes, making her forlorn attempt to cheat him into safety—the man not beautiful, almost ugly in his worn and untrimmed strength, with the shadow of a tragedy upon him, tenderly undecieving her with sad fond smile at the impossible. That was imagination if you please; a whole dim chapter of history—a chapter dim with blood, and treachery, and horror, so revolting in its heat of massacre, that we shudder

and pass by, almost missing the heroism for hatred of the crime—grew suddenly visible on the noble side, comprehensible in its anguish, and heroic truth and duty; which was a worthy deed for a painter to do if he had never done another. Here are two again, the man and the woman—only the back of him, which is perhaps as well, for the veiled sinews and their strain are always something; but the face of her—in which the expression is little but a weak *abandon* of fondness, incapable of comprehending the tragical dangers in the way.

But why should we rail? The "Crown of Love" is about the same size as the "Huguenots." It is as genuine a "Millais" as its predecessor, and will probably suit in the picture-market as an investment of capital just as well. What does Mammon care for imagination; he who even in heaven thought more of the golden floor than of anything more lovely? And why, indeed, should the artist give himself the labour and strain of producing the "Huguenots," when a "Crown of Love" brings in as much money, and fills up its place quite as well? Is it for the satisfaction of a set of peevish critics that he is to give himself all this trouble? and, who knows, the critics, presumably disappointed painters who have never themselves been able to succeed in anything, might not be contented all the same.

Mr. Leighton was the next (we think) *débutant* in art, after Mr. Millais, who leapt into fame at a stroke; and fortunately he has not departed from his traditions as Mr. Millais has done. We cannot but record a certain objection to his recent choice of subject. Though Greece, mother of all the arts, invented painting as well as sculpture, yet it is with sculpture we specially associate her, and her poetry and

her history. The warmth and glow of painting does not seem somehow in keeping with that still perfection which has become characteristic of the great beginner and initiatrix of all beautiful works. Probably this is no more than a prejudice; but it is sanctioned by even the painter himself, who treats his pictures of such subjects more as if they were studies from sculpture than from life. It is true that Mr. Leighton's present picture is not Greek but oriental; but the treatment is sculptural in the highest degree. The "Slinger" in this exhibition is a very fine study, full of power; but it suggests to us a kind of praise which is real condemnation. It is the figure of a young man, almost nude, seen in relief against the magical twilight sky in which the moon has just risen. He is standing on a wooden platform raised among the ripening reddening corn, and has just discharged a stone from his sling against the marauding birds from whom he is set to protect the field. The brown, vigorous figure, in all the heat of action, stands out grandly amid the other pictures around—about as strangely out of keeping with most of them as the Eastern slinger himself would be in an English harvest-field. But, noble as is the form and vigorous the execution, we cannot but feel that it is more like a picture of a very fine and lifelike statue than of actual life itself. The immortal quoit-player of the Capitol who has outlived his very race and all its glories, might make just such a picture did the painter choose to place him in an appropriate scene, and give to his magnificent frame so much of the colour of life as is necessary to a figure showing dark against a sky full of the tender luminous shining of the evening. This statuesque impression is in-

creased by the comparative unimportance of the face, which, besides, is dim against the light, and quite secondary in power of expression of the form, every line and curve to which aids the meaning. But though this incongruity with itself, as borrowing the characteristics of a sister art, is a decided disadvantage to the picture as a picture, it is still full of grace, and power, and imaginative truth. Whether the small figure of the second slinger seen in the distance, and reduced upon its platform to the dimensions of a toy figure upon a stand, like those which we buy from Swiss carvers for our children, is of benefit to the picture, we are disposed to doubt. It breaks the unity of the central idea without enriching it.

This is Mr. Leighton's chief contribution to this year's show, and it is one of the most noticeable pictures in the exhibition. He has, besides, two very beautiful portraits, in striking contrast to those we have discussed above—one called "A Venetian Girl," and the other a "Portrait of Mrs. H. E. Gordon." He has been fortunate in both cases in his sitters; but the vigorous solid painting, in which there is no daubing or smearing, but an admirable rendering of firm, round, beautiful flesh, is a pleasure to behold. The fair yet dark Venetian is not Titianesque. We are rather glad to miss the masses of glowing hair and voluptuous fulness with which the name is associated. But Mr. Leighton's Venetian girl, if less beautiful, has more meaning and spirit and character than more than one Bella di Tiziano of our acquaintance; while the sweet thoughtful face of his English model has a world of gracious expression in it. Odd to say, that though there is a good deal of gown, this portrait so fulfils what seems to us one of the first conditions of art, that

we could not tell, for our lives, what was the colour or fashion of the garment! This, we know, is clean against the last canons of the pictorial code, which give all the importance in the world to costume. Could anybody forget the toilette of Mr. Millais's great portrait of last year (was it last year?), the texture, the stuff, the frills and furbelows, the jewels, and the hair-dressing? A poor human face, not a very large object at best, comes to nothing amid all these astonishing details; but we avow that it was the face only we thought of in Mr. Leighton's picture. Let him bear the blame.

Let us return to the Greek from which, somewhat dangerously, we think, a chosen school of our younger painters seek their inspiration. Mr. Poynter, from whom we have had nothing of great quality since that "Israel in Egypt" which startled us all a few years ago, has one picture now, which, being to some degree of the same character as Mr. Leighton's "Slinger," we prefer to it. It is called "The Golden Age," and represents two vigorous and partially nude male figures, one on a ladder raised against a pear-tree, the other kneeling below to receive the gathered fruit. The action is necessarily much less violent than that of the Slinger, but it is at the same time much more like actual life. Few things so fine, graceful, and animated as the figure on the ladder have been done for years. It is entirely free from exaggeration, modest in its subdued power, with that suggestion of force kept in perfect control, which is more telling than its most violent manifestation. The kneeling figure, daringly foreshortened, and slightly complicated with the shafts of the ladder, is fine too, though less remarkable, and the gleam of mirth in the upturned face gives reality to the scene, and breaks the archæo-

logical spell which generally chills the spectator from such a subject. The companion picture, the "Festival," which shows us two Greek girls putting up garlands for some holiday, is less to our taste, though also a fine picture in its way. The impossible convolutions of drapery, which somehow have a cumbersome and huddled up aspect in painting which they do not possess in sculpture, impair the simplicity of gesture intended. The eye is harassed by the innumerable folds. Nevertheless, the seated figure holding up the wreath, though there is a suggestion of almost yawning weariness, which does not seem intentional, in the uplifted arm, is beautiful.

Mr. Goodall's fine picture of "Rachel" carries us further off, yet is more familiar and near to us than anything Greek. While some of his contemporaries have fallen back into conventional work, this painter has developed into poetry in maturer age. Do we deceive ourselves, or was it not he who painted water-parties of Charles II., and other such historical costume subjects, in the days when we were young? If so, the East has communicated to him something of the vision and the mystery divine. "Behold, Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep," is the inscription of the picture; and softly before us over the sandy herbage cooled by evening comes the shepherd maiden with her flock behind her, simple, serious, and sweet as Rachel should be. (Was she so? One remembers things of her that do not come up to the ideal; but she who had that wonderful wooing and mourning, she by whose side Beatrice sat in heaven, how can any vulgar thought touch her?) No consciousness of being looked at is in the modest figure, charmingly pensive and abstract, though a little, perhaps just

a little—may we say it?—too square and solid. And the flock follow in that touching fashion which recalls one of the most sublime of images—"My sheep are mine, and they follow me because they know my voice." Rachel's sheep follow her, tired and trustful, the little lambs with their feeble legs and foolish innocent faces trotting by the side of their mothers. Far behind stretches an eastern landscape, still hot with the setting of the sun; but the foreground is cool and sweet in subdued serene tones. A sensation of rest comes to the spectator when, among so many garish scenes, he comes to this soft eastern even, and watches the little flock and unconscious girl-shepherd returning to their home and shelter. Was she going to meet Jacob's first gaze, that tender little maiden absorbed by her business, and tired by the long sunshiny day? She knows no more of it than the lamb by her side, but goes on, as confident of quiet and rest and sweet security as her flock are—a delightful, tranquil vision, which might hang on our walls for years without ever tempting us (as so many pictures do) to demand impatiently why she should always be just at that point and never reach home after all.

Mr. Poole is the only one of the older artists who remains to be considered. Since before Mr. Millais painted "*The Huguenots*," which is so unlike his present work, Mr. Poole was painting just such pictures as he paints now; he has not changed, nor gone back, nor come forward, all these years, but, always individual, always characteristic, remains the same. When the tide of imagination was at its lowest, one was always sure of some incursion into shadowy lands of fancy from this artist; sometimes they were successful, sometimes not very successful; but in both cases they were so far original as to be

out of the common world and its ways, with lights and shadows in them not real but visionary, and dream-people in accordance with the atmosphere. Mr. Poole's chief picture this year is one of more solemn meaning than he usually attempts; out of Boccaccio and Arcadia he has come to the stern Assyrian mountains, with a group of awestricken Hebrews on a rocky knoll, and the weird symbols of Ezekiel's vision shadowing out of the clouds above. It is perhaps the most purely imaginative work in the entire exhibition; and—we presume to call the most distinct attention to this fact—it has pleased the Hanging Committee to put this serious, heroic dream-picture between two bits of bright and staring conventionalality—one the "*Minuet*" of Mr. Val Prinsep (in itself a pretty and graceful picture), and the other a bit of clap-trap, such as the British public loves, by Mr. Marcus Stone, entitled "*Sain et Sauf*," and showing the return of a soldier to his young wife, &c. There is something ludicrous in the juxtaposition. Mr. Poole's picture is scarcely open to the literary (in distinction to professional art criticism) comment upon which we are at present venturing. The figures of Ezekiel and his companions are not important enough in comparison with the wild and grand scene to warrant examination, and the mysterious cloud-vision is too vague in its shadowing to tell the story clearly. What painter with actual pigments and canvas could do justice to that strange and terrible mystery? but Mr. Poole has at least produced a picture which appeals to higher feelings than those of common life, and unfolds to us a shadowy glimpse into those realms, intangible and unspeakable, which the low and the lofty alike look up to with reverence and awe. This sacred region is scarcely touched

upon by any other painter in the exhibition. Mr. G. J. Watts, indeed, has a large, and not very comprehensible picture of a colossal figure, seated in the skies, with a group of child-angels at his feet, which is more mysterious than lovely, and more pretentious than either. It is "Dedicated to all the Churches," but with what intention who can tell? The great figure, we presume, is intended for that of Christ, but even this seems doubtful. Mr. Watts is careless of his fame if he trusts it to such a production, and his portraits this year are not interesting, except, indeed, one of a little girl with a violin, which is very tender and sweet.

Quite a different style of art from that which our classic students affect, is what we may call the eighteenth century school—the Pamela, or Sir Charles Grandison period, of which Mr. Leslie is the chief performer. Nothing could well be prettier than his "School Revisited," in which a charming young woman, in the pretty but highly artificial costume of the time—from which we have adapted so much in female attire at least—appears, the object of wonder and admiration to the little girls who crowd round her, while an elder girl, almost the contemporary of the visitor, talks to her eagerly out of a window. The pretty, solid figures of the children, not yet trimmed into the graces of young ladyhood, set off the dainty grace of the visitor herself, who has made her outset in life, and whose eyes have already become a little frightened and wistful by means of the experiences she has sustained in the world. Two tiny things on the bench beside her examine her delicate hand with the rings on it; two more stand in front of her, gazing with shy attention and admiration, while the old comrade asks a hundred questions, with her fair head projected from the window. In its

way nothing could be prettier than this little picture. Its way, perhaps, is not an elevated way; the sentiment is quite superficial, the aim nothing beyond prettiness and pleasure to the eye; nothing could come out of it more than you can see at the first glance, were you to look at it a whole summer day; but it is a charming bit of decorative art, amusing, prepossessing, almost touching, in that suggestion of life half regretfully begun, which is its sole sentiment. The exhibition is full of merely pretty faces, simpering at us from acres of background in big portraits, or from smaller compositions with fanciful names; but there are very few so pretty, so refined and tender, as Mr. Leslie's little group, all fresh in the sunshine of a summer morning, genial with that soft warmth which brings the roses, but not hot enough for languor. Two pretty studies of Mr. G. H. Boughton, a name not very familiar to us, recur to our memory in the same *genre* as Mr. Leslie's charming picture, though more abstract and less animated. One of these, a tall, fair, half classic, half eighteenth century figure, such as a young lady of the present day would think extremely shapeless in her absence of waist, stands among the luxuriant blossoms, which makes the picture a "Path of Roses;" the other, evidently the companion and contrast, "Grey Days," is a sketch from humble life,—a weary but beautiful young woman, in grey cloak and homely gown, a wayfarer, somewhat forlorn and solitary, who looks at us out of a grey landscape, incipient lines of care in her face, and fatigue in her tired eyes, with a wistful appeal to our compassion. The same artist contributes a larger picture of much greater pretensions, in which the influence of Mr. Frederick Walker is very clearly discernible. It is called the "Bearers of the Burden," a somewhat enigmati-

cal title. The time is evening, the scene a bit of rough common, half encircled by a path, and shut in by a stretch of low hill, dark against the western sky, out of which the sunset is fading. The lamp would seem to have been lit in the distant cottage, though it is still daylight out here beyond the shadow of that hill. By the roadside sits a stonebreaker, a cheery soul enough, breaking his pebbles in a leisurely, meditative way; in the distance some men are still loading a cart with gravel, so that it cannot yet be very late. And along the foreground, over the muddy path, where pools are still standing of recent rains, a group of women are slowly making their way, preceded at a little distance by a strong fellow, trudging on in a dogged, half-defiant way, with a very tired, but equally dogged dog at his heels. The women have no defiance about them, but trudge along in patient fatigue, one carrying a baby, the other looking back to quicken the steps of a loitering child. Whether, however, they are tramps toiling along to the nearest resting-place, or country people going from their work, it would be difficult to say; or whether, as some people seem to fancy, the point of the picture lies in the bearing of the burdens by the women, while the man stalks careless in advance. This we doubt; for, at the worst, he could but be husband of one of them, and the baby is the mother's natural burden. Anyhow there is a house within sight, and rest is going to be had somehow, the very atmosphere, in its darkening subdued tones, conducing to it. The tired figures, weary, but taking their weariness as the common course of nature—the waning of the day, tired too, and outworn—the end of labour indicated by that weariness, and the suggestion of rest in the ruddy window of the cottage, make up a most poetical, harmonious picture, one of

those which may compete for a high place among the productions of this year.

Mr. Frederick Walker, though the originator of the style followed by Mr. Boughton, does not himself exhibit so important a work. His "Right of Way," which welcomes the spectator pleasantly into the first room, develops a delicate faculty of humour, unfamiliar in his former works. The way runs by a little stream (very metallic white surely in the higher lights, and solid in the shadows) crossing a rustic ridge in the shape of a plank. There has been rain and more is coming, for the somewhat muddy clouds are heavy with it. A rustic girl with a basket of eggs, accompanied by a very small child and a weak-limbed, staring puppy, is rushing along, in fear either of the rain or of being turned back, but has been stopped at the moment which the painter has chosen. The questioner who brings this group to a stand-still is no other than a sheep, followed by a weak-kneed inquisitive lamb, delightfully of kin to the puppy. The child, in terror, has turned to his protectress, who stands with the wind in her drapery, suddenly arrested in her rapid going, confronting the grave remonstrating sheep. The meadow is sweet with primroses (query, do they often grow like that far from tree-roots and woody shades, their actual habitations—on the flat level of the rich grass cropped by sheep?) and in the distance the red village roofs rise against the cloudy purple of sky. The alarm of the child standing up on tiptoe to the big sister who can protect him, the puzzled curiosity of the puppy not knowing what to make of it, are charmingly done, and nothing can be fresher or more dewy than the landscape. How glad the spectator is of its freshness and coolness when he turns from the Fringe of the Moor opposite

where Mr. Millais is enjoying himself!

After these idyllic rural scenes, we may pause to say a word of the various bits of misty moorland contributed by Mr. Peter Graham, who is not quite up to his own standard indeed, yet gives us a few glimpses of the heather and the cloudy vapours which so often close upon it, which are very welcome, though not of heroic force like the "Spate" which won him his spurs. One of these hangs, with that unconscious irony which so often marks the proceedings of the Hanging Committee, by the side of Mr. Millais. The rain is sweeping down upon the hills behind, but has not quite reached the little herd of rough, red, picturesque Highland cattle which are being driven over the moor. How the boggy ground glistens about their hoofs as they go heavily plashing over soaked moss and heather, where every hollow among the tufts is full of water! This, unfortunately, is much more like the natural fringe of the moor than that other wealthy hillside with its garish sunshine. There is not much variety, however, in Mr. Graham's performance, and there is plenty of variety upon the moors. The mists are sweeping down in all his pictures, and the road is always plashy and full of pools. Why? We trust he is not falling into a mere painter of mists and leaden mountains, and breaks of purple heather, as Mr. Hook has fallen into the sea-coast, and made a trade out of bays and headlands. It is a pity when any young artist allows himself to be drawn into this easy self-repetition. There is an end of him, and any hope of real progress and advancement, when he thus gives himself over to a specialty.

Historical pictures formally so called, are the horror and dismay of the critic. They ought to represent one of the highest classes of

the productions of art,—the very highest, perhaps, next to those sacred subjects which are more drearily unsuccessful still in most cases, if such a thing can be, than the historical. It seems hard to tell why it should be so, for the picturesque incidents of the past have not only the advantage of being generally known to, and recognisable by the spectator, but have a distinct importance as well as interest which ought to dignify and elevate the effort to represent them. The writing of history is always a great and fine undertaking, and if many men accomplish it dully, most historians are at least penetrated by the greatness of the task, and do their best to give more than a merely superficial record of the time they chronicle. Historical painting, however, is much more on the level of historical novel-writing than of genuine history, and finds its inspiration rather in those fountains from which Mr. G. P. R. James drew his never-failing supplies, than in any graver source; and its tricks, and follies, and platitudes very much resemble those of the kindred writer who, by dint of making his characters interlard their conversation with cries of "Gramercy," "Marry, my lord, that did I," and so forth, hopes he has hit exactly the characteristics of another age. The failure of this trick is conspicuously apparent in the sickening and disappointment with which every novel-reader turns from the book which calls itself historical. Apparently, it is difficult to tell why, this result has not yet been arrived at, so far as the painter is concerned, or the pictures of costume with which we are so painfully familiar would not continue to meet our eyes on all sides as they do. Alas! were not poor Mary of Scotland, and that unfortunate family of Bourbons whom the French Revolution plucked out of obscurity, sufficiently punished

for their ill-doings in their lifetime, that painters in all succeeding generations should have been permitted to maltreat them so cruelly? As for Mary Stuart, the puniest whipster that ever took brush in hand does his worst upon the hapless queen, and the wonder is that incidents continue to be found even in her full and tragical life to satisfy all comers. But with this protestation against the murderous affronts to which these victims (unoffending, at least, so far as modern painters are concerned) have been so long exposed, we will pass on and spare the reader so much as a reference to anything that concerns Bolton, the Castle of Fotheringay, or the Temple, or the Conciergerie. These are the stock-in-trade of various meritorious persons who, it is to be presumed, find sufficient interest still existing in Mary of Scotland and Marie Antoinette of France to justify them in this yearly expenditure of materials, but with whom we, who do not pretend to discuss professional excellence or those beauties of manipulation which have to do with the body, rather than the soul of a picture, have nothing to do. Yet it is hard to refrain from a passing wonder why this order of work should be so low in sentiment and devoid of actual life. That it is not necessarily so, we have but to remember Delaroche's grand Marie Antoinette, passing calm and still, a Queen of Sorrow, through the vile rabble of the Revolution; or that strange, thrilling, crowded picture in the Luxembourg (what is the name of it?) of the imprisoned crowd of aristocrats waiting the calling of their names for the guillotine with such wonderful variety of levity and anguish. Oddly enough, we cannot call to mind any English picture equally impressive. Perhaps the perverse individuality of our race makes everyday incidents, apart from the great tide of history and

personal character, more congenial to us than the larger historical events.

Mr. Marks, for example, has found a pleasant way of making use of antiquity without daring any encounter with real events or queens and potentates. His quaint "St. Francis preaching to the Birds" of several years ago, had about as little to do with St. Francis as with the last new cardinal; but the greatest devotee of the gentle Brother of Assisi could scarcely have refused to smile at the droll congregation. Neither had the charming little picture of last year, which he called "A Page of Rabelais," the slightest connection with the old French humourist; but the sober-suited figure walking gently along under the hedgerow, with a twinkle of fun in his eye over the book he was reading, gave a much more pleasant superficial notion of the humour of Rabelais than probably one reader in a hundred would gain from the book itself. The "Merrie Jest" of this year has no such interior suggestion; but it is similar in externals and full of humorous meaning. One burly worthy, in doublet and hose, bursting with a good joke, has met another at the foot of some rustic steps, and has caught him by the shoulder to disclose the fun, and relieve his soul. The teller of the jest faces us, his countenance full of expectation of the result to be produced upon the other, and even the dog sedately reposing himself, while his owner unburdens his mind of the good thing, is conscious of the fun, and awaits the laughter with complacent part-proprietorship. Perhaps it is in this kind of side scene, and independent reflection of old manners and customs, that any pictorial gift of a historical description can best unfold itself in the days when Art must be confined to cabinet pictures and private patronage;

for, after all, the picture you would care to hang in your drawing-room, or which has to preside over your daily dinners, requires to be of a different character from those which besit a great picture gallery or public hall.

Mr. Calderon has been in the habit of furnishing us with very pretty pictures of this description; incidents not painfully verified by date and scene, but which might have happened, and give a dramatic opportunity to a clever if not profound artist. He has, however, given up this class of subjects this year, perhaps wisely; for in no way is mannerism more likely to grow upon a painter. His picture of "Les Coquettes," at Arles, and the pretty cloister scene, in which two priests, young and old—capital studies both—are superintending the "Refurbishing" of crucifix and candlesticks, are very agreeable pictures; but were they worth the trouble of painting, we ask ourselves! Is there anything at all in the selection of a subject? and is that which would make a charming drawing for 'Punch' or an illustrated paper, worthy to be fixed in brilliant oils to last, perhaps, a century or two? The question, we think, is worth the consideration of young artists. A pretty illustration of superficial everyday life comes with charming effect in the 'Graphic,' but does it deserve to be placed on the walls of the Academy? We have expressly declared our incompetency to discuss manipulation, and the excellencies of body in which many pictures abound, which possess but little intellectual expression; but how about the pretty pictures which please us against our will, and which have no soul?

M. Alma Tadema seems now to have naturalised himself as an exhibitor in England, and his "Sculpture Gallery" of this year is a very good pendant to the "Picture Gal-

lery" of last, a subject finely and firmly painted, though, perhaps by the mere fact that it is the second, wanting something in the charm of the former picture. The group which surrounds the great vase, presumably just arrived, and undergoing its first inspection, are, it is said, a group of portraits, and we cannot sufficiently admire the self-abnegation of the lady who has permitted herself to be transmogrified by a *coiffure*, at which, even amid all the extravagances of fashion which we have witnessed, the spectator gazes with dismay. However superior to ourselves the classic races may have been in other respects, they certainly do not seem to have been more free than ourselves from the disfiguring freaks of fashion. Nothing can, however, be more admirable than the sense of cool warmth, if we may use such an expression, in the atmosphere—that delicious consciousness of refuge from a blazing world outside, and relief at once mental and bodily, not to say absolute pleasure, in the touch of the subdued, sunless, colourless air, the cool marble pavement, the cool breathing-room of the great lofty walls, which every traveller must have felt in the great Roman or Venetian galleries, and which is admirably given in this picture. The principal figure of the spectator group—the noble Roman (presumably) who is pointing out the beauties of the vase to his companions—the slave who shows it, and the smaller children who cluster round it, bear the travesty best; otherwise modern and northern faces agree doubtfully with the classic costume; and in this point M. Tadema has not been so happy as in his picture of last year. Another curious and somewhat fantastic study he has entitled "Water Pets." It is a very lengthy female figure, elaborately draped, lying at full length upon a mosaic pavement

feeding the goldfishes in a little pond set in the elaborate floor—a picture more quaint and mannered than attractive, but very distinctly a “Tadema” for the collector, and so not without its use.

Talking of portraits, however, we cannot refrain from lifting up our testimony against the greatest crime in this way which has been perpetrated upon an unoffending public for years. Many and great are the offences which we put up with, grumbling yet patient, from exhibition to exhibition; but there is enough in this to warrant a popular rising. The picture in the second room by Mr. Wells, marked 112 (we would not be so rude as to name any names), reaches the point at which portrait-painting ceases to be an offence and becomes a crime. Mr. Wells has done and can do very good work, and it is surely an act of very ill-intentioned favour to him which has induced the Hanging Committee to sanction such an exhibition. Two ladies more than life-size under the big portico of a house, about half-a-dozen men equally colossal on horseback, and attended by a world of dogs, fill up the whole side of the room, and look haughtily at the unfortunate spectators as if challenging their right to look. Heaven knows how little desire we have to look! The picture is simply insupportable; it had no right to be painted, and, being painted, it has no right to be exhibited. If artists and their sitters choose to display the vulgar absurdity of which they can be guilty, let them find a picture-gallery for themselves in which to exhibit their joint performance; but we protest against the sacrifice of any of our national walls for such a purpose. Has the Academy no shame for itself, no thought of what its neighbours will say, that wholesome dread which so often keeps us from folly? We have suffered long

from big portraits, but this is the climax of all. Is it because it is like the family piece of Dr. Primrose’s household, too big to be put anywhere else, that it has been foisted upon the Academy? Such an exhibition is nothing less than high treason against English Art.

And what shall we say of Mr. Frith and his leering, vulgar beauties? They, fortunately, are not portraits. The abandoned and shameless young person whom he calls by the innocent title of “Valentine’s Day,” imagining, we suppose, that this colossal impudence is a fit representation of the artless fun and pleasure of an English girl in that solely English ceremonial; or the “Belle Gabrielle,” whom he must have studied from some pink-and-white barmaid, are not more objectionable than the “Sophia Wester,” of whom he has given us two examples, and in which he might have been expected to claim a little guidance at least from the creator of her. We do not suppose there were very much higher qualities in those pictures of Mr. Frith’s, which had to be roped about and guarded from the press of the crowd, the Ramsgate Sands and Derby Days of former years; but they gave at least a lively, if vulgar, transcript of a phase of national life, and in this sense might be allowed to pass, to delight the crowd which always likes to see itself portrayed. But how can we wonder at a low standard of public taste, when a popular Academician can at his pleasure flood our yearly exhibitions with some seven or eight inane and meretricious studies, which would be really in their fit place upon glove-boxes, or as frontispieces to the “Mabel” or “Edith” valse, but which are utterly beneath any standard which Art can appeal to? This, too, is something like a crime. Mr. Frith, let us be thankful, is the only virulent offender

this year. Excepting his productions, there are no conspicuously bad pictures elected to the honour of the line, which is a certain consolation. Mr. Thorburn, indeed, finds, we suppose by right of habit, a place among the privileged; but poor Mr. Thorburn is only very weak; he is always gentle and modest in his conventional-sentimental pieces, and at least does not defy the spectator. We put up with his mild delusion, remembering how excellent he used to be in his own way. Would he could but return to it, and leave bigger Art alone!

However, we are passing by some pictures which deserve better treatment, and among them Mr. Long's "Babylonian Marriage Market," a most admirable and spirited composition. A row of girls sit in the foreground waiting their turn, not, it must be confessed, with the pathetic looks which ought conventionally to express their feelings: from the lovely Circassian, fanning herself, mirror in hand, in all the pride of conscious beauty, to the mulatto who is making a good joke of her own hopeless ugliness, there is every variety of prettiness and plainness, thus waiting their turn. Behind them, however, is the principal action of the picture. A graceful female figure with her back turned to the spectators stands on the platform above in the act of being sold. She is evidently the first and finest piece of goods in the collection, and the expression of the crowd of faces all fixed upon her is wonderfully fine and full of variety. The lips parted with that smile of mingled vanity and admiration with which men (out of marriage markets) so often regard the women exposed to their gaze, the gleam of the sensual eye, appear in most of the gazers; but some are pitiful and half tender, with a touch of compassion in them. And if the spectator gazes around him after he has

looked at the picture, he will see another picture scarcely less attractive in the curious glances of the living faces that crowd about. We should not wonder if the young women, flower of English youth, who gather round with a curiosity not unmixed with personal feelings, found something like a revelation in the picture. One sees them glance at each other with a half smile, half blush, sometimes with subdued awe or indignation. "Is that how they think of us, these men, though they dare not look it?" the girls ask themselves. The artist may congratulate himself that he has taught something to one or two, as well as gratified a great many, by his picture, which is without doubt one of the most remarkable of the year.

At the risk of being accused of that weakness of nationality which is believed to be so strong in the bosom of every Scotsman, we must note one bit of landscape and scene which comes in as the background of Sir Francis Grant's characteristic and spirited portrait of Mr. Whyte Melville.

"Are these the links o' Forth, she said.
Are these the crooks o' Dee?"

Is not that the burn, the bridge, the well-known sands and broad green turf where golfers congregate in the learned and picturesque metropolis of that game, our beloved St. Andrews? Golf has become so much acclimatised in the south, that many a gazer, quite free from all imputation of being "Fifeish" will recognise in the portrait of one of the most distinguished veteran amateurs of the game a kindred spirit. The painter has seized a critical moment in the round. The "cadie" has knelt down to "tee" the ball, and the player pauses before he gives that final stroke, with a half humorous yet wholly serious demand upon our sympa-

thies. The "stroke" is evidently an important one, and we hope he will succeed; but there may be some lurking terrible "hazard," some insidious "bunker," which will foil him. No happier pose or period could have been chosen, and the portrait is thoroughly characteristic and gracefully painted.

But here we must stop. We don't know if the reader is weary, but we are. In this sudden heat of May, which has flushed into July fervour all at once, without warning, and with so many pretty people and so many queer people about us in dusty crowds, the Academy exhibition is a fatiguing pleasure. One longs for the cool delight of M. Alma Tadema's Roman Gallery, which becomes cooler and cooler the more hot it grows outside. Burlington House, on the contrary, like all other northern places, gets hotter and hotter, so that we pay for our cold climate at both ends, as it were, suffering the summer heats more intensely than our southern neighbours, as well as the winter chills. But of all places in the world for seeing pretty people and for seeing queer people, commend us to the Royal Academy. How many charming young faces there are, bright with life and intelligence! and some of the very funniest specimens of humanity that ever French dramatist seized upon as models of *les Anglais*—in short, the only places in which we believe in a French dramatist's rendering of the race, are Burlington House and the National Gallery, whither flow in tides the quaint people who have retired upon their old fashions, and, rejecting change,

yet keep lively old eyes open, and minds intelligent and curious; and who travel, too, to see, not to be seen, and in Swiss valleys and by Italian lakes (where they are very good company), suffer themselves to be pounced upon by some *malin* author who sketches them on the spot.

Out of doors, if you did not know better, you would think that there was nothing thought of but Art in the London streets this blazing May. On one hand there are the common people, who frankly know nothing about Art, but enjoy, as they say, "what they like" in the way of pictures, streaming into M. Gustave Doré's exhibition of clever and huge transparencies, the grand historical and scriptural scene-painting, of which he is so great a professor; while, on the other hand, the superior people, who think they do know, betake themselves to Mr. Holman Hunt's enshrined picture, and wonder over the wonderful details of that curious mistake in Art; while it is all your coachman can do not to run over an unfortunate man-sandwich, placarded on either side with advertisements of picture-collections opened or about to open. You would think it was the only thing people had to do—if you did not know of the Row and the Park, and Moody and Sankey, and Salvini, not to speak of the affairs of the nation, and Prince Bismarck—before pronouncing whose name we pause, and have a moment of *recueillement*, and cross ourselves; for who knows!—if Maga did not treat that potentate with due respect, he might make it the subject of an Imperial "Note."

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

PARIS, May 20, 1875.

Six weeks ago in Paris, certain people began to approach each other uncomfortably, and to murmur that things were growing black across the Rhine; by the last days of April the idea had spread amongst the well-informed that a new German invasion was approaching; the higher society of Paris took up the notion that, for the hundredth time, it was "dancing on a volcano."

It might perhaps have been supposed that the habit of carousing on a crater had become so inveterate and so rooted amongst the inhabitants of the volcanic region whose culminating cone supports the Arch of Triumph, that no symptoms of proximate eruption could possibly disturb their joy. It might perhaps have been imagined that, from long custom of impending risk, the population of the Department of the Seine had grown into the condition of the peasants on the slopes of Etna, whose vines and lives depend upon the capricious sulkiness of a scowling mountain, but who trust the mountain to be polite enough to keep quiet. It might perhaps have been conceived that reiterated practice of strong excitements had likened the Parisians to the crew and passengers of the cotton-laden ship *Renown*, who voyaged some forty years ago from Australia to Buenos Ayres, before a strong west wind, with the cargo burning under them the whole way, but who by battening down the hatches and pouring water on the decks kept down the smouldering flames, and finally became so habituated to their danger that they ended by forgetting its existence, and laughed, played cards, and dined as if they were on shore.

All this seemed highly likely.

And yet, notwithstanding these well-grounded probabilities, it turned out strangely this time that a portion of the Paris people did not like their new emotion; the sudden rumbling which they heard growling in their bright blue air provoked unwonted nervousness amongst them; they grew indignant at the worry which they thought was coming on them.

And when we think about it coolly, we are forced to own that really it was not unnatural that they should be somewhat vexed. The circumstances were peculiarly irritating. The new opera-house had been open for not quite four months; the leaves on the Champs Elysées trees were in all the tenderness of young green; *Reine Indigo* had just appeared, and promised to replace the worn-out but much regretted "*Mère Angot*;" spring toilettes were bursting into effulgent brightness; white bonnets had just been reinvented; the weather was delicious; it was therefore altogether monstrous that, at such a moment, with everything so pleasant, dark clouds should presume to thrust themselves before the brilliant sunlight.

Every right-souled looker-on will recognise at once that it was most improper, and altogether contrary to good manners and good taste, that the delicate Parisians should be thus disturbed in the middle of their delights. All well-poised minds will own unhesitatingly, that those rough obnoxious people at Berlin, who have no idea what graceful joy is, had no kind of right to indulge in alarming threats, and thereby unhinge the peace of those who do understand enjoyment, and who practise it as an obligation to

the world at large as well as to themselves. Not one of us can anyhow admit that coarse Berliners have a right to trouble the glad waters of the Seine and to discompose polite society, or that, possessing no sweet voluptuousness of their own, they are entitled wantonly to perturb the accepted teachers of the art elsewhere. We cannot grant that, because they are in the position of that strong but unlucky animal in Doré's picture, of whom a young lady observed the other day in 'Punch' that "there was one poor tiger who hadn't got a Christian," they are, for that hungry reason, justified in preventing other people from eating pleasant Christians all day long. It was, palpably, quite indecent that such things should be even hinted at; so Paris very properly got angry.

Here, however, a special reservation must be made. It was but a singularly small part of Paris that got angry, for none but the two hundred very learned had any notion of the coming earthquake. Generally, when Paris loses its temper it puts up barricades, and shoots a few thousand citizens, and does damage to the fronts of buildings; but that is because the gentle well-behaved have, usually, no share in indicating local rage. Manifestations of that description have, thus far, been principally exhibited by "the discontented rabble." But on this present occasion, by a strange exception to the rule, the well-dressed, rich, and charming people were precisely those who grew resentful; the working mob were altogether ignorant of the expected storm; the streets were uninformed and calm; the whirlwind blew in satin drawing-rooms.

It is not exactly easy for us spectators to feel an undivided sympathy for the sufferers in all this;

the conduct of the upper class of Paris people since the war has not been lofty; they have acted on the principle that "oblivion is the remedy for injuries," and though Italian proverbs may encourage them to do so, it does not quite concord with British fancies that experience should teach no lessons, trial no gravity, failure no wisdom. A staggering blow which would have blinded and sickened, or, at all events, have sobered any other race, has been taken by them as if it were a mere healed up scratch; the indifference, the *insouciance*, which form such essential elements of their character, the disposition and the will to "profit by to-day," which are such constant springs of action with them, have carried them cheerily over their woes, and have left them, seemingly, with the one desire to forget if possible that there is such a thing as woe, and therefore to leave the practice of it to other people. Now we English do not like this,—we do not even understand it; our notion of the right behaviour under such conditions is of another kind; we are not therefore altogether fitted to act as impartial judges in a matter which lies so thoroughly outside our point of view and ways of action. And furthermore, however certain we may be that we are right to blame the frivolity of our neighbours, however solid be our conviction that it would be vastly better for them to take their defeat to heart and to become as grave and as respectable as we are, however numerous be the arguments at our disposal that it is dangerous and unworthy to laugh at pain, to scorn experience, and to live for joy, we still should find it somewhat difficult to prove our case to the satisfaction of the other side. The Parisians would probably inform us that, though they are very much obliged to us indeed for our

well-meant observations, though the views we indicate may suit us admirably, their own ideas of the objects of existence and of their duties towards mankind are different from ours, and that, apparently, the world at large finds those ideas attractive, inasmuch as it goes abundantly to Paris for the very purpose of sharing the existence against which we protest. There is so much force in this reply, that perhaps we had better not carry the discussion further, for fear that, right as we may suppose we are in theory, we should entirely fail, in practice, to convince anybody outside England that calm seriousness under trouble is a universal duty. We might be told—which would be wounding to our patriotic prejudices—that seriousness is no more a constant good than suet-dumplings are desirable food. Besides, our accusation of frivolity would not apply to France at large,—it would be limited to Paris; for everywhere outside the capital the French are at work as incessantly and almost as gloomily as we are; everywhere else they are labouring for money, and are putting hard work before enjoyment, interest before idleness, profit before pleasure—just like ourselves.

The Parisians form the only section of the nation which claims diversion as a right, no matter what may have occurred the day or year before: with such a principle of existence, it was really natural that they should be excessively disgusted at the prospect of a new invasion,—that they should have cried out rather loudly when they heard that it was coming. And, however strong be our impression that the Parisians are not especially deserving of our pity, it is probable that nearly all of us will agree in thinking, all the same, that they had good reason to object to another march of the Prussians down the

Champs Elysées, and that France, as a whole, had still better grounds for disapproving a fresh occupation of its soil.

The terror grew, but it remained hidden; there was no general uneasiness in the air. But at last, the gentlemen and ladies, who had had it all to themselves so far, began to consider that it was altogether useless to keep their unpleasant secret, and that it might even save them from destruction if they were to take Europe into counsel. So, with the latter object, they discussed their danger more vigorously than ever in the presence of the correspondent of the 'Times.'

Whatever may have been their eloquence and their ardour, it is legitimate to imagine that the correspondent did not decide to startle Europe on the simple unassisted testimony of a few nervous ladies and excitable gentlemen. It may, without improbability, be inferred that he possessed other sources of information on the subject than those which after-dinner gossip opened to him. It may, not unreasonably, be supposed that he felt the responsibility of the power which he wields, and that he did not use it carelessly or without long consideration. It has indeed been said, by those who ought to know, that the communications which were offered to him in society were not those on which he acted, that he knew all about the matter weeks before, and that his knowledge of the nature of the project entertained at Berlin was derived from informants foreign to France, whose experience of the facts was indisputable and thorough.

Be that as it may, he wrote a skilful letter; he told an awkward story with moderation; but he roused an emotion which must have fully satisfied the owners of the frightened *salons*. The "scare" was considerable in England; it was

vastly greater on the Continent; and, "scare" or fact, it was considered nearly everywhere that it was better to have "the murder out." In France alone the publication of the letter provoked rage; the great majority of the French newspapers attacked it with furious abuse, asserted that every word of it was false, and that the real object of its author, and of the 'Times,' was to drive down prices at the Bourse! This doubtless meant, in other words, that the owners of those papers were at the moment "bulls," and that they were wildly jealous because, as usually happens now, the 'Times' had given important news from Paris before they had even heard of the existence of that news. Still it is excessively amusing to us English people to see the 'Times,' accused of printing lies in order to speculate advantageously in Rentes! We do not utilise that sort of journalism ourselves, but we are forced to suppose that it is considerably employed in France, for we can explain by no other cause than habit the simultaneous putting forward of the same charge in so many papers.

For this reason, and also because of their intemperance and ignorance, we will leave the French newspapers outside the question. The press of other countries supplies us with a more reliable estimate of opinion. Within two days it was generally admitted, throughout the Continent and England, that the story rested on some reality; that all of it was not "scare." People recognised, with small difficulty, that an anti-French party does exist in Prussia, and that a new invasion would be particularly agreeable to that party. It was generally owned that, so far at all events, the letter told the truth. Everybody grew convinced that certain influential Prussians are of

the opinion that France is not half crushed enough, and that the sooner the rest of the demolishing is done the better will it be for German interests. To that extent the public believed the story which was sent from Paris to the 'Times;' but both newspapers and readers hesitated to go further, and to admit that the desires of those "influential Prussians" could possibly be carried into execution, or even that any serious attempt had been really made to persuade the Emperor William to act upon them.

This latter doubt was natural; but, unfortunately, it was unfounded. The most serious and resolute attempts *had* been made since the commencement of this year to induce the German sovereign to recommence the war. We state this with certainty. It was known, however, that the Emperor resisted; but it was remembered that previous resistances of his had been successfully overcome, and that with all his obstinacy he has several times been led to do precisely what he had declared he never would do. So people, when they showed each other their letters from Berlin, computed, with much sorrow, that the struggle of the Emperor to be honest, and to respect the signature he had given, might end, this time again, in his defeat, and that, instead of the race for the Grand Prix, Long-champs might see, in June, a repetition of the review of German soldiers which took place there on the 1st of March 1871.

The story of the 'Times' was not, however, limited to a description of the wishes of the military party at Berlin, and of the hesitations of the Emperor William; it went further, and announced that the advocates of war were looking confidently to the approaching visit of the Czar to enable them, by securing his neutrality, to vanquish the repugnance

of their own sovereign. This statement was so grave that newspapers devoted their special attention to it: they asserted that neither of the two Emperors would consent to play the abominable part assigned to him; and maintained, especially, that Prince Bismark would not destroy his character before history by sanctioning an act of piracy.

On the last point the Parisians had obtained no sort of reliable intelligence. Nobody could give them an idea of the views which the German Chancellor entertained upon the subject. This gap in their information was so large that it diminished the value of what they did know, for it introduced a special element of uncertainty into the position. The will of the Chancellor was as important in the matter as that of his Imperial master; and until it was made clear that he was working with the war party, all the efforts of the latter might be regarded as practically fruitless. But the Parisians saw the case so gloomily that even this great chance of safety scarcely cheered them. They argued to each other that the mighty Chancellor has not set the Prussians of our generation an example of hesitation about motives or of vacillation about means; that he seeks success and nothing else; and that the very remarkable success he has attained has been procured by the successive utilisation of many varieties of means, not all of which can be described as strictly virtuous and pure. So, as, this time, success would be not only easy but absolutely certain—as no fight and no defence are possible in France—it seemed to the gentlemen and ladies in the drawing-rooms that, not impossibly, finding the “means” provided to his hand, the Chancellor would not be difficult about the “motives.” The gentlemen and ladies mournfully reminded each

other of the fable of the wolf and the lamb, and felt themselves eaten up beforehand.

This sort of calculating was disagreeable, but it was supported by certain facts which rendered it not quite unreasonable. The Berlin Staff-office knows exactly, to a man, a bridle, and a gun, what troops and stores the French possess from month to month. Never was a Government informed of the doings of its neighbours as the Prussian Cabinet is at present; every modification which occurs in French regiments and arsenals is instantly communicated to Berlin; the two military attachés to the German Embassy in Paris report daily every trifling movement which occurs. The result is that, at this moment, Marshal von Moltke is well aware that, without calling up one battalion or one squadron of reserves, he can bring into the field to-morrow just twice as many horses, guns, and men as France can count on. He knows, as well as General de Cissey himself, that the reserves of the French native army are only organised in theory—that they do not, in reality, include 100,000 men; and that the territorial army, which was voted by the Chamber two years ago, has no existence of any kind whatever, even on paper. We do not pretend to be exact to 20,000 men on either side, but, subject to that margin, we may declare, without risking any possible contradiction, that at this moment Germany has 400,000 soldiers on active duty, and that there are not 200,000 in all France (excluding Algeria, where there may be 40,000 more). The Prussian Staff has counted every one of them; it has got, in tabulated statements, the precise employment of every five-franc piece that France has spent upon its army since 1870; it knows, as certainly as the French Minister of War

does, that the total of the soldiers in the French regiments has been kept down steadily since the peace to about two-thirds of the regulation footing, and that the money economised in pay and rations has been employed in casting cannon and refurnishing empty magazines. This has never been publicly avowed as yet, for fear of wounding the vanity of the French people by letting them know how utterly helpless they are; but nobody at all acquainted with the facts will venture to deny it. The French regiments are little more than skeletons; reserves are not constituted; the new Reffye cannons have only just been cast; the whole energy of France has been concentrated for the last three years on the reconstitution of her war *matériel* to the neglect of her soldiers themselves. The result, at this moment, is that the actual force of France—the practically disposable effective force—is barely that of a second-rate power. Italy has as many men under arms. To argue, therefore, as the German papers have been doing, that France contemplates immediate aggression, would be ridiculous if it were not odious: but the argument is in itself a symptom; it shows the secret wish; it indicates that certain Germans are endeavouring to once more rouse their country against France; it supplies a further reason for the “scare.”

The knowledge of the weakness of the French army may possibly be tempting Prussia to profit by so admirable an opportunity, and therein, perhaps, lies the secret of the whole matter. Nations are invariably less moral than individuals; and it is asking a good deal from us to expect us to suppose that honesty will always remain stronger than interest, and that statesmen, whose avowed policy is based on

“blood and iron,” will stand back delicately, of their own accord, out of France’s road, until she is quite ready for them some ten or twenty years hence. That they would prefer to swamp her now is certain, for they know that they can do it without trouble if they like. But whether they will really do it is another matter, inasmuch as, since the 6th of May, they have had opportunities of observing that Europe might, not impossibly, object to the proceeding. Kicking an opponent when he is down is, according to our ideas, a dirty act; jumping on him when he is prostrate and panting is cruelty: but the longing to do both incontestably exists in Prussia; and the realisation of the longing appears still to depend on the indecision of a mystic sovereign, and on the calculations of the most unhesitating minister that the world has known since Richelieu.

The people in the Paris drawing-rooms saw this in April; both men and women used the arguments which are indicated here; they weighed the chances; and they resulted in the strong conviction that, with all the precedents they have to guide them, it would be utterly folly to count on generosity at Berlin. They fancied that, as France is helpless, the one chance left for her was to try to bring the “scare” to light before the meeting of the two Emperors took place.

That meeting was effected on the 10th of May; and on the very next day Mr. Bourke informed the House of Commons, in answer to a question from Sir Charles Dilke, that “we are of opinion that there is no *further* cause for apprehension as to the maintenance of European peace.” We put the word “further” in italics, because, if it means anything at all, it implies, apparently, that

there previously *had been* cause for apprehension. On the same day, in Paris, people heard that Prince Orloff, the Russian ambassador there, had informed M. Thiers that the Czar's influence was and would be used to preserve peace. Putting these two statements together, and adding to them other information, we arrive at the conclusion, not only that war had really been impending, but also, which is almost more interesting still, especially as regards the statements of the 'Times,' that the Emperor of Russia did, immediately on reaching Berlin, make efforts to reassure public opinion, by announcing that the Prussian war party would get no help from him. This is so probable, that we may, without imprudence, accept it as true; we may, indeed, indulge the reasonable hope that it will remain true, and that all projects of an unprovoked attack on France will continue to be discouraged by the Russian monarch. But beyond that point of consolation it would be unwise to trust ourselves, for the Prussian elements of the danger remain identically as they were before the 10th of May; there does not seem to be any reason for supposing that they will disappear, or even become weaker.

This leads us to the whole question of the relations between France and Germany, of which, after all, the recent "scare" was nothing but a phase.

Since 1870, the total of the budgets of the various states which compose the German empire has risen from about £42,000,000 to about £54,000,000. The increase of £12,000,000 is absorbed, almost exclusively, by new military expenses. In other words, the German nations have now to bear, as an immediate and direct consequence of their victory over France,

an augmentation of taxation of about 28 per cent over and above what they previously had to pay. This is the effect of the tremendous triumph of four years ago on the pockets of those who won it. Its influence on their persons has been still more disagreeable, for not one of them can now call his body his own; the limit of age for military service has been suppressed; henceforth, to his dying day, each German is the property of Emperor and Fatherland. Various other unpleasant consequences have simultaneously ensued; but it is unnecessary to enumerate them: these two suffice to indicate the price, in cash and liberty, which the conquerors are now paying for their glory.

We can imagine, without difficulty, that this position must be worrying; we may add, indeed, that it has the additional disadvantage of being ridiculous. What can be more unsatisfactory and more absurd than such an outcome from such a cause? Proportionably to the wealth of the two countries the war is positively costing more to Germany than to France; for, assuredly, the Germans are less able to pay their extra twelve millions than the French are to pay their extra twenty-six millions. The inner situation of Germany is indeed in contradiction with the outer splendour which surrounds it; the case supplies a new and remarkable example of the truth of the maxim that all is not gold that glitters; and now that the first flush of victory has worn out, it may be certainly presumed that the German people would prefer less glitter and more gold, less lustre and more freedom, less outlay and more thrift.

But whatever be the bitterness which their actual condition provokes amongst them, that condition seems likely to become permanent.

If Germany had but one single enemy to deal with, the complete ruin of that enemy, once for all, might relieve her of the burden which she is now carrying, and might enable her to reduce both her taxes and her troops. But the position of the German empire towards Europe has more than one side to it; it presents more than one chance of risk. Its eventual dangers are not limited to those which may arise in France; other perils are quite possible; other hazards must be kept in view. The German Government has not managed to make friends; it confesses that no one likes it; it avows that it is "the best distrusted Government in Europe;" it knows that it has other possible foes than France, that Austria and Denmark have awkward memories towards it, that Italy is no faithful friend to it, that the present goodwill of Russia is a consequence of the personal sentiments of the reigning Czar, and may cease with his life; it cannot say with certainty that its combat with the Papacy will lead to no material complications. All these are reasons, even if no France existed, for keeping up a ready army.

And in addition to the motives which result from these contingencies of external trouble, there is in Prussia an interior influence of enormous power which would resist reductions of the present imperial army or its budget. The military party is predominant in Prussia, not only in consequence of the services it has rendered, but because militarism has become the all-pervading active principle of the land; it represents not only the power of the State, but the prejudices of society; it incarnates the national sentiment of pride, and there is not the slightest sign of any coming diminution of its action.

It is consequently likely that—even if it were possible to show that the German empire has no enemies and no difficulties to fear—much opposition would be made in Prussia to any change in the main elements of its martial organisation.

Putting all these reasons together, it may presumably be inferred that, oppressive and exhausting as the actual system is, incongruous and contradictory as it seems that brilliant victory should so heavily handicap the conqueror, the actual system will have to be endured indefinitely. It is, however, fair to call attention to the fact, that this uncomfortable state is not attributable to any special pride, or obstinacy, or ambition of the Germans of this generation: pride, obstinacy, and ambition were possessed in far larger quantities by Charles XII., by Louis XIV., and by Napoleon, and yet those rulers never thought of converting every single man of their subjects into a soldier for his whole life. That novelty is a consequence of railways. Entire nations can now be used as soldiers, because their food, their ammunition, and themselves can be carried anywhere in a day by train. The present German army is begot by steam.

And yet, true as all this may be, the necessity of defending Alsace and Lorraine is, after all, the great immediate cause of all the load which weighs on Germany; the rest is but contingent. The Frenchman is the urgent foe; other nations are, as yet, mere speculative enemies; and, immensely strong as is the passion for soldiering at Berlin, it cannot reasonably be supposed that, if France were crushed, the whole German population would be kept in uniform from simple preference for spiked helmets at a head-dress. The parade-step is not a comfortable way of walking, and

it can scarcely be pretended seriously, even by enthusiasts, that it is indispensable to the progress of a nation that all its children should be taught to march like geese. The love of drilling as a fine art, however fierce it may be, can scarcely be admitted as a sufficient ground for taking every man away from his occupations in order to teach it to him. That reason may have weight in German barracks; but to us outsiders it seems insufficient to explain the universal service law. We cannot help attributing that strong measure to the conviction of the Reichsrath, that when the day comes for another fight with France, the help of every German arm will be imperiously needed in order to insure success.

If that fight could anyhow be made impossible, it might then be urged that, as the other motives we have indicated are either eventual or voluntary, there would no longer be any sufficient ground for keeping the whole race armed. But as that fight is certain—so far at least as anything which seems inevitable can be called certain—it follows necessarily that Germany must keep ready for it, at any cost meanwhile. As she sees this even more clearly than we do, she wants to smash France at once, in order to relieve herself from the irksome and costly obligation of standing stiffly at attention until it pleases her enemy to begin once more.

But Europe has just given her to understand that, whether she likes it or not, she must be good enough to be patient, and that it is not competent to a strong nation to make war upon a weak one simply because it is excessively expensive and fatiguing to be strong. It will be found hereafter, when the exact details of the story are made known by one of those diplomatic indiscre-

tions which have taught the world so many curious facts of late years, that Governments have been speaking strongly on this point at Berlin—so strongly, indeed, as to justify a certain minister in observing a few days ago, that “pour la première fois depuis 1866 le Prince de Bismark a trouvé une Europe devant lui.” The German Cabinet has been reminded that morality stands above convenience, and that, however practically advantageous it might be to Germany to profit by the present helpless state of France to extort more territory and more milliards from her, and so reduce her to complete exhaustion, such action would be simply infamous. She has been informed that she must wait, and here presents itself another feature of the case.

Throughout the wide discussion which occurred about the “scare,” no newspaper attempted to allege that France is wrong in slowly making preparations for a new struggle. It seems to be admitted everywhere that her right to try again is indisputable and absolute, and that the duty of Europe in the matter is not at all to oblige her to keep quiet, but solely to take care that she gets fair play. This fact is certainly worth remarking, for there is a freshness and a pugnacity about it which remind one of old school-times, when we patted the little ones on the back and said to them, “you’ll thrash the other fellow yet.” And it is not in England only that this peculiarly British view is found; we notice it in almost equal force in Austria, in Italy, in northern and in southern lands. Reason may, perhaps, incline the world to side with Germany; but sympathy, to all appearance, leans towards France. This condition of opinion is not easy to explain with certainty; but the likeliest

interpretation of it would seem to be that, however much the logic of the situation may be on the side of Germany, it is generally considered, round her, that she is growing into a danger for her neighbours, and that they all, without exception, would gain by her being taken down a little. It may be surmised, furthermore, that the majority of people have more personal liking for the French than for the Germans, and that therein, also, lies the origin of part of the seeming preference for France.

In manifesting these feelings in a rather widespread form, in taking it for granted that a new campaign is a mere question of time and opportunity, the press has certainly not given much encouragement to Germany to behave quietly. Her Government is sensitive to disagreeable articles; it resents them angrily; it complains of them with undignified peevishness; but, thus far, such articles have not influenced her policy. That policy, tremendous as its action has been in Europe, affects to be essentially local in its objects, and professes, consequently, to lie somewhat outside the reach of foreign opinion. So long as nobody interferes with the interests and rights of an irresistible and united Germany under the management of Prussia, Prince Bismark is good enough to allow the press of other countries to write pretty nearly what it likes; but the rights and interests of Germany are growing so large, so numerous, and so undetermined, that it would be rash to hope that editors will always avoid offending the Reichskanzler. In this present case, for instance, it is fancied that his annoyance has been extreme to find that the newspapers of the world, almost without exception, have adopted the cause of France, and have insisted on her title to re-

main unattacked. It is pretended that he is much offended at the unanimity with which public opinion took France under its protection the other day; and that though he is in no way determined to press on war, he considers that Europe has evinced a predilection for France which will serve as a dangerous encouragement for the latter, and which may some day, if it lasts, produce an exasperating effect in Germany.

It must be owned, that if Prince Bismark does think this, he has some reason for it, and that the cause of peace is not likely to be really served, on either side, by a too distinct manifestation of European sympathy for France. And yet, when the "scare" broke out three weeks ago, it was impossible to do otherwise than defend her against the abominable outrage with which she was threatened; nobody could stand by cold-bloodedly, and see her overrun for the material benefit of Germany. The position was very difficult, and is likely to become still more so; for France will not be long in rightly measuring what has happened, and may, not improbably, begin to fancy, notwithstanding her recent rage, that she is a ward in Chancery, with Europe for her guardian, and that she is to be protected from all approach until she is of age. If such a notion should get into her head, the sooner it is dispelled the better. Opinion has just been very generous to her; but it would be impossible to render her a worse service than to let her think that she will always find the same opinion at her disposal. She found it this time because she deserved it; not directly, but indirectly; not from any merit of her own, but from the fault of the other side. So long as the conditions remain unchanged, she can go on counting on it; but it

will certainly be withdrawn from her if she changes those conditions.

It might be useful if this were said distinctly; useful, not only in the effect of such a declaration on the excitable temperament of the French, but also—and even more perhaps—in the evidence it would supply to Berlin that, in protesting against an unprovoked renewal of the war, the European public in no way meant to support or encourage France. It is only by extreme impartiality, and by restraining both sides, that Cabinets and newspapers can hope to keep such enemies apart, and to delay the day when they will, at last, spring at each other. Combinations of events might possibly be conceived which would render further fighting useless; but it would be idle dreaming to speculate on wild improbabilities, and to imagine that, in the long-run, another war may be eluded. We can only look at things as they are, and, as they are, the press is right to regard another war as unavoidable.

But the French are preparing for it with such slowness that, unless Prussia becomes unrestrainable, many years must pass before we see the challenge sent. It seems almost nonsense to say that, with the largest military budget in Europe, France cannot pay for soldiers; and yet the statement is strictly true. The late war left her without a cannon, a horse, a musket, or a uniform. She came out of it stripped to the skin. Yet, in her nakedness, she began at once to talk of vengeance; and, in the hope of satisfying that uncomfortable passion, devised a scheme by which, in various degrees and forms, about two millions of Frenchmen were to become soldiers. It took two years to get this scheme converted into law; but, finally, the principle of obligatory service was voted by the

Chamber, and then France pictured to herself that she had a greater force than even Germany could provide. The public did not, however, calculate that, before it was practicable to undertake the drilling, dressing, feeding, paying, horsing, and lodging of a huge army, that army must be armed. Until arms and stores, in sufficient quantity, were provided, it was premature to call up the men. In consequence, as was observed just now, the men have been left at home; only just enough of them have been enrolled to keep up an appearance of regimental life; and all the money that was left unabsorbed by this illusory display of strength, has been spent in reconstituting the stock of weapons, stores, and clothing. So things have gone on for three years. It was a very wise arrangement; and when the artillery is reconstituted, when the magazines are full, when the armories are stocked, when the horses have been bought, then the annual levy can be brought round the colours, then the reserves can be gradually organised, and, last of all, the territorial army (of which even the officers are not appointed yet) can be worked slowly into shape. Until all this is done, France cannot think of fighting.

How long will it take?

The question is not, however, quite so simple as it appears in this form. It is possible that, even if France possessed her theoretical two millions of armed men, she still would hesitate a little before she threw down the glove. She knows, by sad experience, that "it is not good to be alone." In times of battle it is unpleasant to be a solitary old maid; relatives and friends are particularly useful then—the more of them the better; and it may be that, in her new and costly wisdom, she may persist in holding

back until she has found connections who will stand by her in a fight. To discuss this eventuality now would be vain; it belongs to the future, not to the present; the circumstances which could produce it have not yet occurred. France is still alone in the wide world, and it is perhaps to be desired, in the interests of all Europe, that she may remain so for a century.

But will Germany imitate her patience? With France, forbearance is a material necessity; with Germany, it is only a moral obligation. The difference is vast between the two positions; it is the difference between impossibility and possibility, between slavery and liberty, between fatalism and free-will. France cannot; Germany can. France has not to trouble herself about duty, but simply to prepare force; Germany has force all ready, but is obliged to hold it muzzled, because it is her duty not to use it. This being so, some members of the Prussian staff find duty disagree-

able; they chafe against it; they long to throw off its bonds, and, as La Rochefoucauld expresses it, to employ their force in "supporting the sufferings of other people" instead of their own.

That they would have carried through their plan this very summer, if circumstances had not stopped them, seems more than likely. The evidence of their intention is clear to all who are not blinded by strong prejudice; the success of the attempt was not improbable; but the sudden publication of their project in the 'Times' raised such an outcry, that they have been compelled to postpone all thought of it for the moment. Another service has thus been rendered by the press to the cause of right and public honesty; and, whatever be the issue of the matter in the future, the general opinion of the Continent is that the writer of the letter which produced the "scare" may fairly claim to have largely aided to preserve the peace of Europe in 1875.

POLAR EXPLORATION.

THE object of the expedition which has just left us is, if possible, to reach the North Pole. But what is the Pole? A point without magnitude, one extremity of the axis on which the terrestrial sphere revolves, without length, breadth, or thickness. The interest which attaches to it is not so much geographical as scientific. A portion of the earth's surface, exceptionally situated, will, if the expedition should be successful, for the first time in the history of mankind be viewed under certain extreme and very singular aspects. The phenomena which will be there observed must be of an altogether special character, and may possess an important relation not only to the present condition but to the past history of our planet. Whether the area around the North Pole consists of an open sea, as some have plausibly conjectured, or of "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," no one can, on any certain data, venture to affirm. One thing only is indisputable. The sun, in its apparent course through the heavens, will be seen to revolve with a uniform altitude above the horizon from the day on which it comes north of the equator until it returns:—

"Still round and round his spiral course
he winds,
And, as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again and reascends the sky."

The sun at the Poles illumines a day of six months' duration, to be succeeded by an equal period of total darkness—

"When, for relentless months continual
night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry
reign."

The problem to be solved, or at least attempted, possesses rare fas-

cination for more than one class of minds. The great continents of the world, Europe, Asia, and America, which differ in so many respects, have each their northern boundary at about the 70th degree of latitude, penetrating the Arctic circle and there stopping, where the struggle for life becomes too severe. But man, as history informs us, loves to trespass upon forbidden ground. That great circle which has the North Pole for its centre, and 1200 miles of more or less icy sea for its radius, has for nearly three centuries attracted the enterprising spirits of surrounding nations. Commerce and adventure have led their respective followers into its ice-bound interior from every portion of the circumference. The whale-fishery originated in the discoveries of Barentz and Hudson, and familiarised the minds of sailors with the nature of the Arctic dangers and the means of overcoming them. Holland, England, Norway, Russia, the United States, and more recently Austria, have played their respective parts in the invasion of the unknown region. The islands of Greenland, Iceland, Spitzbergen, and New Siberia, have been visited and mapped by the efforts of several nations. England, in the search for a north-west passage, has explored and surveyed the great Arctic archipelago which lies to the northward of North America, extends for 1000 miles from east to west, and reaches nearly half-way to the northern Pole. It has been established by numerous experiments that the 80th degree of north latitude may be reached in a few weeks, in various directions, almost any year; and several explorers, English and

American, have managed, on sledges or afloat, to get still nearer the Pole by 100 or 200 miles. British enterprise longs to traverse the intermediate space; and, after ten years of hesitation, the attempt is about to be made. As a matter of fact, no exploring expedition, in the strict sense of the term, has been despatched from England for 30 years; nor has any serious attempt been made to reach the Pole, with the exception of Parry's from Spitzbergen. His previous series of brilliant voyages, and that of Franklin in 1845, were merely revivals of the old *furor* for accomplishing the North-West Passage. Had Franklin returned moderately successful, his expedition would certainly have been followed by one in the direction of the Pole; but the unfortunate results of his voyage discouraged the nation, and, as far as this country is concerned, the spirit of Arctic enterprise became dormant; but, roused by the keen discussion of the subject in other countries, and excited by several bold attempts to solve the problem independently of her, England again takes her natural place in the van of discovery, and has fitted out an expedition with a completeness and an efficiency such as have never before characterised any of her previous undertakings.

The attempts hitherto made to reach the North Pole have been chiefly from the great northern sea between Greenland and Nova Zembla; and the audacity of the earlier enterprises, considering the inadequate means adopted for their success, may well excite astonishment, and almost provoke a smile. We find Hudson dropping down from Greenwich to Gravesend, in a vessel not larger than one of our modern collier brigs, bound for the North Pole; Sir Henry Willoughby embarking from Ratcliffe in 1553,

for the same destination, in a craft of 120 tons, accompanied by two others of about the same capacity, and provisioned only for eighteen months; Sir Martin Frobisher commissioned to search for a north-west passage to the Indies in the Gabriel and Michael, of 20 and 25 tons, with a joint crew of 35 men; Captain John Davis leaving the Thames in the sloops Sunshine and Moonshine, with a united crew of 45 men—attaining, nevertheless, the verge of the Arctic circle, and discovering the Straits which now bear his name; and Hudson, again in 1608, fitting out the Searchthrift, with a crew of 14 hands, with a view of attempting the passage between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. To such vessels the portals of the unknown regions were of course firmly closed; and the attempt to force them could only be made with any hope of success by ships of a very different calibre.

The earlier voyages in the direction of the Pole had, however, one important result. They led to an examination of the edge of the great ice-pack extending from the east coast of Greenland to Nova Zembla; and later expeditions have made no substantial additions to our knowledge of the polar seas north of Spitzbergen. The intrepid navigators of the sixteenth century ascertained the fact that the ocean between Spitzbergen and the North Pole is absolutely impenetrable to sailing vessels at every period of the year. Our great navigator Captain Cook, at the urgent entreaties of the scientific world, was induced to attack the problem in another direction. He left his honourable retirement in Greenwich Hospital in 1776 to undertake the third and last of his voyages, for the purpose of exploring the seas to the northward of Behring's Straits, and of ascertaining whether a passage

existed between the Northern Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. The expedition, after an absence of four years, returned to England, but without its distinguished and lamented commander, and having been unable to get beyond Icy Cape, where it was stopped by impenetrable ice.

From the time of Cook's futile voyage until 1817, public enterprise in the direction of the Arctic regions altogether ceased; but the captain of a whaling-ship attained, in 1806, the highest latitude ever before reached in the Spitzbergen seas. Scoresby, whose name is honourably distinguished in the long list of private adventures, entered the ice at about the Spitzbergen meridian, in latitude 76° , at the end of April, and found it of extraordinary thickness. Channels were, however, cut with ice-saws, and the ship was towed through them by the crew, until an open sea was reached in latitude 80° . He sailed across this sea as far as $81^{\circ} 12' 42''$, when he came upon the northern pack, which effectually arrested his further progress. Scoresby having published a highly interesting narrative of his voyage, the attention of England was again drawn to the possibility of reaching far higher latitudes than had been attained by this energetic explorer, if the ships employed were properly strengthened, and provided with the means not only of effectually resisting the pressure of the ice, but for penetrating its mass; and Sir John Barrow, the Secretary to the Admiralty, by his writings and personal influence, carried popular opinion with him, and successfully impressed his views upon the Government. The result was, that two ships, the *Dorothea* and *Trent*, were fitted upon new principles, and were commissioned to proceed northwards by way of Spitzbergen, and to endeavour to cross the Polar Sea. They reached the latitude of

80° , between Spitzbergen and Greenland, where they were forced by a heavy storm to the dangerous expedient of "taking the ice"—in other words, of thrusting the ships into some opening in one of the many moving masses, and thus at least avoiding the danger of being crushed between them. They were thus secured against one danger, but they were imprisoned. Desperate exertions were made to cut through the ice and to proceed on their course. By unremitting labour in warping and dragging, they attained the latitude of $80^{\circ} 34'$, but the whole body of ice was found to be drifting south, and in spite of every effort to advance, they found that 12 miles of northing was lost every day. One of the ships received so much injury that she was in danger of sinking, and with difficulty made her passage home. The ice at the latitude reached was found to be 15 feet thick, and was often piled up by lateral pressure above the bulwarks.

Captain Parry's famous expedition in 1827, and his endeavours to reach the North Pole in two flat-bottomed boats, so constructed that they could be used as sledges and drawn on the ice, must be regarded as the most adventurous ever recorded in the annals of Arctic exploration; and it possesses a special interest at the present time, inasmuch as the plan which he adopted is in many respects the same as that which is proposed in the case of the present expedition. Parry's proposal to attempt to reach the Pole by travelling with sledge-boats over the ice was as novel as it was bold. He attained, by sailing alone, the very high latitude of $81^{\circ} 5'$; and then commenced that remarkable attempt to carry out his plans in the only way which he considered practicable. On a fine afternoon early

in July he started from his ship, safely moored in Hecla Cove, on the north coast of Spitzbergen, in two boats, each manned by ten blue-jackets and two marines, with provisions for seventy-one days. The thermometer stood at 36° , and in two days he reached the close pack; the boats were hauled upon a floe, and the party entered upon the most laborious and disheartening journey probably ever undertaken by man. The season was of an exceptional character. The floes were of small extent, and intersected with ridges of ice, while frequent pools of water necessitated the constant launching and hauling up of the boats. The snow was soft and deep; and there were occasionally large patches of what the men called needle-ice, composed of sharp-pointed crystals, which made progress almost impossible. These hummocks, from 30 to 40 feet high, caused great delay in searching for a practicable passage. On the 22d of July, Parry came to floes 3 miles square and 15 or 20 feet thick, indicating the proximity of the fixed Polar pack, upon which, if he could have gained a footing, he might have prosecuted his journey, and possibly have attained its object. But the southerly drift had increased to such a degree that the party lost almost as much as they gained by many hours of laborious and exhausting work. It was useless to continue such fruitless exertions. Parry therefore determined to retrace his steps, having reached the latitude of $82^{\circ} 45'$ on the 23d of July. He saw no signs of land from his most northern point, but there was a strong yellow "ice-blink" in the northern horizon denoting the presence of field-ice, and the probability that the pack extended to the Pole.

Before turning back, the party had travelled 292 miles; but their greatest distance from the ship was only

172 miles, so much had the set drifted them to the south. Notwithstanding all the obstacles encountered, and the enormous weight which each man had to drag, the latitude attained by Parry on this occasion has never before or since been reached by known man. The experience gained by this enterprise is valuable, and has doubtless been utilised in the present expedition. It proved that the allowance of provisions for the amount of work required and for the hardships endured was insufficient; that the sledges were too cumbersome and heavy; that the season was too far advanced, the ice having become so rotten by reason of the mild temperature that the greater part of the journey was performed by walking through water and sludge.

This remarkable exploit of Parry raises an important question bearing upon the plan of the present expedition. Is it probable that any portion of the area between Spitzbergen and the Pole consists of a permanently open sea? There are several facts bearing upon this question which certainly deserve consideration. The current which is said to set through Behring's Strait from the Pacific Ocean must bear with it some of the warm water of that sea, and must necessarily have a certain effect in raising the temperature of the Polar basin. Commander Maguire, in the *Plover*, while making his way eastward from Behring's Strait to Point Barrow in search of a passage, found his progress greatly assisted by a strong current which in calms carried his ship past grounded ice at the rate of two miles an hour. On the other hand, it must be admitted as an unquestionable fact that Behring's Strait is singularly shallow, and almost always choked with ice borne into it by tides or currents from the north; and that the sea northward is

utterly impassable except along the shores of America and Asia, in a lane of water caused by the melting of the ice of the rivers and heat of the land.

The uninterrupted radiation from the sun during the six Polar summer months, which must in a considerable degree compensate for the obliquity of its rays, is an element to be considered in any attempt to estimate the character of the Polar climate. That the reflection of the sun's rays from a snowy surface in a clear atmosphere has a most powerful effect on the thermometer has been experimentally shown by the late Professor James Forbes; and Mr. W. Meech, in a remarkable paper* on the intensity of the light and heat of the sun at different latitudes, states that while the intensity or thermal effect, at any one instant of time, decreases from the equator to the Poles, and is proportioned to the cosine of the latitude, *the cumulative intensity during 24 hours of Polar day at the summer solstice is one-fourth greater than on the equator.* Scoresby states that, at the top of a mountain 3000 feet high in the north of Spitzbergen, the rays of the midnight sun caused copious streams of water to issue from the snow; and Captain Beechy found, in some sheltered situations in Spitzbergen, the radiation from the sun very powerful during the two hours on either side of noon, and often observed the thermometer, when placed upon ice, rise to 58, 62, 69, and even 73 degrees.

In addition to these thermal effects produced by the sun's radiation, the possible effect of the Gulf Stream in raising the temperature of the Polar Sea is to be taken into consideration. In Captain Maury's chart that stream is shown as deflected eastward from the great bank

of Newfoundland, and continuing its course thence to the north-east between Iceland and the northern extremity of Europe, with counter-currents of less breadth as setting south-west down the coasts of Norway and Greenland. The data for ascertaining the northern limits of the Gulf Stream are imperfect. The same eminent hydrographer, in his work on the Physical Geography of the Sea, states, as the most probable cause of the flow of warm water to the Pole, its greater saltness as coming from the region of the trade-winds, and the inferior saltness of the northern seas, the lighter waters of which are displaced by the more saline and heavier southern flood. The existence of a current setting north from Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen is, however, unquestionable, to whatever cause it may be attributed.

The surface current of Baffin's Bay and Davis' Straits, on the contrary, is alleged to be from the north, and is said to be proved by the annual movement of the ice-pack southward. Bæer and Maury, while admitting this, argue that there must be a counter-current setting into the Polar basin to establish an equilibrium, and that the warmer and saltier water from the Atlantic, constituting such under-current, probably rises to the surface in a more northerly latitude, and there produces an open sea of greater or less extent. The existence of a surface current to the south is, however, doubted; and Sir Leopold M'Clintock affirms, that during the long and remarkable drift of his ship, the Fox, for a period of eight months, from latitude $75\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ down to the parallel 65° , he was unable to detect either a surface or an under current; and he attributed the motion of the ice southward solely to the influ-

ence of the prevailing winds; and Parry states that he calculated the drift of his boats in latitude 82° at 13 miles a-day *when the wind blew from the north*, thus intimating his opinion of the cause of the movement and direction of the ice over which he was fruitlessly travelling. Dr. Kane, dwelling upon the fact that the Gulf Stream can be traced far beyond Nova Zembla, asks why it may not be deflected into regions further north, and what reason can be assigned for limiting its influence to any specific latitude, more especially as Parry found the sea increase enormously in depth the further north he got. The steady drift of pack-ice to the south in the seas to the north of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, under the influence of the prevailing winds, seems clearly to indicate the presence of an open sea beyond; for if the ice-floes had, as seems inevitable, been broken off from the land or from permanently grounded ice, they must, as they floated off, have left a space of open water behind them.

Whatever may be the probability of the existence of an iceless Polar sea about the meridian of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla, in which so many theorists have believed, the Admiralty and its scientific advisers have, we think, decided wisely, considering the previous failures, in resolving that an effort should be made to reach the Pole in another direction. That direction is by Davis' Straits and Baffin's Bay. This is a route new to British exploring expeditions. Those which had for their object the discovery of a North-West Passage, passed up the Straits only as far as Lancaster Sound, whence they proceeded westward to explore that intricate North American archipelago in which the long-sought-for passage was ultimately found.

Baffin, in his voyage of 1616, sail-

ed up Davis' Straits as far as latitude 74° , where he was temporarily stopped by a barrier of ice; but continuing his northern course, he came in view of a great sound extending north from the 78th parallel. This great water he named Smith's Sound, after Sir Thomas Smith, then Governor of the East India Company. It was found to abound with whales; but its exploration was rendered impossible by a violent northerly gale, which drove his ship out of it, and compelled him to return.

Since the discovery of Smith's Sound by Baffin, no one had attempted to explore it, or land upon its shores, until 1853, when Dr. Kane, in a small brig fitted out by American enterprise, entered it with the intention of forcing his way, if possible, to the North Pole. Dr. Kane left the United States in his little brig the *Advance*, and after many escapes from shipwreck, moored it safely in Rensselaer Bay, latitude $70^{\circ} 38'$, from which it was destined never to emerge. According to Dr. Kane's survey, the coast of Greenland terminates at Cape Agassiz, in latitude $79^{\circ} 14'$. North of this, the coast-line is formed by the stupendous Humboldt glacier, which presents an unbroken precipitous wall of ice for nearly 60 geographical miles. North of Smith's Sound is Kennedy's Channel. Much grass was observed on the sloping shores of this water, which is described as thirty-five miles across at its broadest part, and open sea is said to have been visible from an elevated point in the northern horizon. After the lapse of two winters, Dr. Kane was obliged to abandon his vessel, being unable to extricate her from the ice.

The reason for deciding upon Smith's Sound as the starting-point for the present Polar expedition is the fact that the coast-line has been traced on either hand to $81^{\circ} 30'$

north, and observed here and there to a still higher latitude, perhaps as far as $82^{\circ} 30'$. Should the existence of this coast-line be confirmed, the progress of the present expedition will be greatly facilitated, as the sledges, by skirting its shores, will not only be able to place depots of provisions upon it for use in the following year, but will make more rapid and assured progress than they could if relying solely upon boat navigation in an open sea, supposing one to exist to the north of the land observed.

The remarkable expedition of Captain Hall in 1871 in the *Polaris*, a small gunboat placed at his service by the Government of the United States, in a great degree confirms the observations made by Dr. Kane and his party. Captain Hall attained the highest latitude ever reached by a ship—viz., $82^{\circ} 16'$. Here he was beset by ice, and his further progress arrested. It is an encouraging fact for the present expedition that the climate of Dr. Kane's winter quarters in Thank-God Bay, latitude $81^{\circ} 38' N.$, was found to be decidedly milder than it had proved to be considerably to the south. The land near the harbour was free from snow in June, a vivid herbage covered the ground, and herds of musk-oxen roamed over the hills.

The first obstruction which the expedition is likely to experience will be caused by the great ice-pack which annually forms in Baffin's Bay. This is known as the great central pack, and consists of ancient floe-ice, and of more recent ice varying from 6 to 8 feet in thickness. Much of this is broken up every year by the swell from the south, or dissolved by the warm current which sets into the bay; but the great middle pack, as it is termed, always presents a formidable barrier to the whaling fleets

which frequent Baffin's Bay—although they rarely fail in breaking through it sooner or later, according to the season and the strength and compactness of the ice, which extends from side to side of the bay for a distance of from 180 to 200 miles. To the north of this formidable obstruction is that open sea called the North Water, and which it is the object of the whalers to reach as early as possible; for there the whales of which they are in search abound, and the sooner they come upon their haunts the greater is their success. The ice of Baffin's Bay is not to be compared with that which forms in the seas north of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, where the edge of the pack has been found 24 feet thick, and sheets of from 30 to 40 feet thick are not uncommon.

Baffin's Bay has been the scene of frequent disasters to whalers. In 1830 occurred a very terrible catastrophe. A gale from the S.S.W. drove a whole fleet into Melville Bay, nipping the ships against the land-floe. As the gale increased, the floes overlapped each other, and bore down with accumulated force upon the devoted fleet, when a scene of indescribable horror ensued. In the space of a quarter of an hour many fine vessels were shattered to pieces—the ice tearing open their sides, many were squeezed flat, others literally turned inside out. The few which escaped did so only by cutting docks in the land-floe for their protection. The total loss to the owners was estimated at £142,000.

The scenery and perils of this region, in which the courage and prowess of Arctic voyagers are first put to the test in their northward course, are well described by Rear-Admiral Sherard Osborn, whose appointment as one of the members of the Arctic Committee was but a just recognition of his services,

special knowledge, and high scientific attainments. In his 'Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal,' describing the progress of the ships despatched for the discovery and rescue of Sir John Franklin and his crews, he says: "The squadron flying north in an open sea, over which bergs of every shape and size floated in wild magnificence. The excitement, as we dashed through, the storm in steering clear of them, was delightful from its novelty; and as we flew past some huge mass over which the green seas were fruitlessly trying to dash themselves, it was impossible not to call to mind the characteristic lines of Coleridge,—

"And now there came both mist and snow,

And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice, mast-high, came floating by
As green as emerald,
And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
No shapes of men nor beasts we ken,
And ice was all between.

With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who, pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ships drove past, loud roared the blast,
And NORTHWARD aye we fled.' "

— In breaking through the ice-floes of the middle pack of Baffin's Bay, the discovery-ships will be aided by an amount of steam-power far beyond what was ever applied to such a purpose. In the expedition of 1850 it was necessarily limited by the size of the vessels—merely steam tenders to larger sailing ships; but the little steamers nevertheless did their work well.

"They seemed," writes Admiral Osborn, "to feel and know their work, and exceeded even our sanguine expectations, and each was allowed to carry out a system of ice-breaking which will doubtless, in future Arctic voyages, be carried out with great success. For instance, a piece of a floe two or three

hundred yards broad, and three feet thick, prevented our progress. The weakest and narrowest part being ascertained, the ships were secured as fast as possible, without obstructing the steam-vessels. The Pioneer and Intrepid (tenders) then by turns rushed at the floe, breaking their way through it, until the impetus gained in the open water was lost by the resistance of the ice, and the screw went astern, carrying with her tons of ice by means of numerous lines which the blue-jackets, who attended on the fore-castle, and others on broken pieces of the floe, held on by. As the one vessel went astern, the other flew ahead to her work. The operation was, moreover, aided by the explosions of powder, and altogether the scene was highly interesting and instructive. The gallant Intrepid gave a *coup de grace* to the mass, and we were next morning in the true lead, and all our troubles in Melville Bay were at an end."

Having successfully passed the great middle pack of Baffin's Bay, which the discovery-ships, being very strongly constructed, and specially adapted and strengthened for charging the ice, will doubtless get through without any considerable delay, the North Water will be entered, and the navigation will for a considerable distance be free from obstruction. Smith's Sound, of which one of the conspicuous landmarks is Cape Alexander, in latitude $78^{\circ} 10'$, is skirted by precipices of from 800 to 1400 feet in height, and the scenery assumes a character of great sublimity from the glacier formations. These glaciers, of which the higher portions are generally concave, are covered with perpetual snow; but in summer their sides are converted by the sun into translucent ice. They are traversed by vast fissures; and their ends, which often protrude into the sea like headlands, are constantly being detached, and become icebergs of various and often vast magnitude. A very slight concussion of the air is often sufficient to separate one

of these masses from the cliffs, when they float off to sea, and, becoming tinged with prismatic hues, they resemble huge fragments of opal, sapphire, or emerald.

Kennedy's Channel is the northern continuation of Smith's Sound. In its southern portion Dr. Kane was beset for two years with his ill-adapted bark in a *cul-de-sac* formed by an elbow in the Sound. From this point the real exploratory work of the expedition will commence. How far it may be possible or prudent to push the Alert up Kennedy's Channel will, of course, depend upon the state in which it is found, whether ice-bound or wholly or partially open. If the former, blasting the ice with gun-powder or gun-cotton will be freely resorted to; for the success of the sledge-journey in the direction of the Pole will greatly depend upon the latitude which the advanced ship is able to attain.

On the existence or absence of continuous land to the north of Smith's Sound, or of an archipelago, must depend the operations of the advanced ship. If navigable water, or partially navigable water, is found high up Kennedy's Channel, short work may be made in reaching the Pole; if continuous land, or nearly continuous land, is found, along the shores of which sledges can travel, a very high latitude, and probably the Pole, may be reached in that manner; but if continuous, or nearly continuous, land is not met with, all Arctic travellers know that the distance to be accomplished by sledges and boats combined is very limited indeed.

It has been assumed by some, we think, on very insufficient data, that Kennedy's Channel has no communication with a Polar sea, that it is merely a *cul-de-sac*, the tide rushing up and increasing as it advances, thus accounting for the

fact that the rise of the tide at Melville Bay is only 5 or 6 feet, while in Kennedy's Channel it is 18 feet. According to Captain Hall, however, the tides in Kennedy's Channel come from the north, and not from Baffin's Bay, in which case there is no difficulty in believing Kennedy's Channel to be a mere continuation of Smith's Sound, the tidal wave of the Atlantic causing the flood and ebb at its entrance, and that from the Polar basin producing similar effects further north. This view derives support from the continuous flow of ice which is said to take place both in winter and summer through the strait in a southerly direction, and by the wonderful escape of one-half of the crew of the *Polaris* on field-ice, which carried them by its drift for 1500 miles down to the coast of Labrador.

It is generally supposed that the success of the expedition will depend mainly on sledging; but the success of sledge-travelling depends upon the distance which the advanced ship can be navigated. If Captain Hall succeeded in forcing his little craft, inadequately provided as she was with appliances for battling with ice, up to the latitude of $82^{\circ} 16'$ N., surely Captain Nares will be able to put his powerful screw-steamer, supposing his course is not arrested by land, into a winter harbour in a much higher latitude before the grand experiment of sledging in the direction of the Pole is attempted. But, again, it must be borne in mind that it is not smooth ice that may have to be traversed. In that portion of the Polar basin north of Behring's Strait the surface of the ice has been found to be a mass of hillocks from 40 to 100 feet high; and that encountered by Parry to the north of Spitzbergen was of a most trying character, requiring

immense exertions in alternately drawing up and launching the boats as ice or water predominated; and Lieutenant Payer, in the recent Austrian Polar expedition, when attempting to make progress in boats, found the sea so encumbered with ice, that they had, he says, to be hauled up many hundred times and dragged over it.

The distance from the furthest land seen by Captain Hall to the Pole would be only 484 miles, and a sledge-party, led by Sir Leopold M'Clintock, accomplished 1210 miles in 105 days, or nearly 12 miles a-day. At that rate of sledge-travelling it is assumed that the Pole might be reached in 40 days; but it is in the highest degree improbable that it would be possible to travel in sledges in a straight line. It is more likely that a glacier-encumbered coast would have to be traversed, with all its irregularities of outline, by which the distance to the Pole might be practically doubled.

As the success of the expedition will depend upon the prosecution of a sledge-journey, it may be interesting to know the kind of vehicles which have been specially constructed for the purpose. They are made of American elm, and the runners are shod with steel. Each sledge will contain eight men, and will carry seven week's provisions. With an eight-man sledge detached for an extended journey of seven weeks, the total weight of the laden sledge will be 1646 lb. The plan of travelling will be the same that was adopted on former occasions. One sledge is to be advanced 25 days' distance from the ship, and depots of provisions placed on the line for the return journey. This is to be effected in the following manner. Supposing a party of six sledges to start together, after travelling in

company for a week, No. 6 will proceed to the full amount of 50 days' provisions and return, the remaining five proceeding on their way. When six more days have elapsed, No. 5 sledge will return to the ship, having filled up to what they originally started with, and so on until No. 1 sledge is left to proceed by itself. In the meantime the sledges that have returned will immediately reprovision, and lay out depots for the use of the returning sledges, and be prepared to render them any assistance they may require.

The daily allowance of provisions for those engaged in sledge-travelling is as follows: For each man 1 lb. of pemmican, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of boiled pork, 14 oz. of biscuit, 2 oz. of preserved potatoes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of prepared chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of tea and sugar, 1 oz. of concentrated rum—4 oz. of cooking fuel, being used daily for each individual; also a weekly allowance per man of $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of pepper, 1 oz. of curry or onion powder, and 3 oz. of tobacco,—making a weekly allowance per man of 19 lb. 3 oz., certainly a very liberal one even for a journey within the Arctic circle, where the appetite must be unusually keen. In fact, at first starting the men have not in former expeditions been able to consume their full rations, although on a much more restricted scale,—a little difficulty which, if found to exist, will, after a few days of hard work and exposure, doubtless be easily overcome.

In addition to the sledges drawn by the men, the expedition will be furnished with five or six sledges to be drawn by dogs, of which sixty are to be taken on board the ships at the Danish settlement of Uppernavik, on the coast of Greenland, to be used when sledging operations commence. Sir Leopold M'Clintock states, as the

result of his experience, that two dogs can drag as much as one man. Several tons of the choicest dog-biscuits have been provided for their use, although some doubts are entertained whether they will be duly appreciated, experience having proved that the Greenland dogs prefer devouring each other to any food which can be offered them.

"Nothing," says Admiral Osborn, "can be more exhilarating than dog-sledging in the Arctic regions on a fine day. The rattling pace of the dogs; their intelligence in choosing the road through the broken ice; the strict obedience paid by the team to one powerful dog whom they elect as leader; the arbitrary exercise of authority by the master-dog; the constant use of the whip, and the running conversation kept up by the driver with the different dogs, who well know their names, afford constant enjoyment."

However useful they may be, these Arctic dogs seem to be deficient in that affectionate disposition which endears their species so much to man. Captain Vesey Hamilton stated, at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, that he believed the Esquimaux dogs to be the most ungrateful creatures in creation. He had travelled for several hundred miles by sledge; and for six weeks it was his duty regularly to feed the dogs; but after only a week's absence, on the conclusion of the journey they would not recognise him in the slightest degree. Sir Leopold McClintock, who may be said to have originated this mode of Arctic travelling, states that it would be a mistake to attempt to house the dogs, as they can live near the ships during a whole winter, and if treated differently would sicken and die.

The highest latitude which has been reached within the Antarctic

circle is only $78^{\circ} 11'$, which was attained by Sir James Ross on his southern exploring expedition between 1839 and 1843, and which falls short, by more than four degrees, of that which was attained by Captain Hall in the *Polaris*, within the Arctic circle, in 1872. In all probability the southern Pole will for ever be inaccessible by the utmost efforts of man. Sir James Ross was stopped by an apparently boundless field of ice, the thickness of which he estimated, by soundings taken at its edge, to be upwards of a thousand feet, and the surface presented the appearance of a vast plain of frosted silver. The severer climate of the southern hemisphere must be attributed to the small amount of its land compared with the northern continent, which extends beyond the Arctic circle. In the opinion of Humboldt, the northern hemisphere may be regarded as the great terraqueous steam-engine, and the southern hemisphere as its water reservoir. The quantity of rain which falls in the northern is considerably greater than that which falls in the southern hemisphere; and the higher temperature existing in the north polar region may be attributed to the fact that a large portion of heat which becomes latent in the southern hemisphere in the formation of aqueous vapour, is set free in the northern hemisphere during great falls of rain and snow.

A doubt which has been expressed whether any considerable extent of land exists in the north polar area derives confirmation from the paucity of icebergs met with in high latitudes as compared with those found in the Antarctic regions. On every side of the southern Pole, on every meridian of the great South Sea, ships fall in with icebergs, whereas they are only

found within the northern Arctic circle in or about Baffin's Bay—a fact which points strongly to the probability that no extensive land exists at or near our northern Pole—a supposition borne out by the fact that the vast ice-fields off Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla show no traces of ever having been in contact with gravel or land.

There can be no doubt that the expedition which has been prepared with so much care, and on which so much cost has been lavished, is one of great uncertainty, hazard, and difficulty. And what, it may be asked, shall we learn or gain from it? Shall we find, according to Esquimaux tradition, an island in an iceless sea, where musk-oxen roam, and some secluded family of the human race leads an isolated life under conditions of which mankind in its advanced state is unable to form even a conception? Will the elements be found in a state of repose or in tumultuous agitation? Will the ocean, if there be one, be found

"Still as the seas ere winds were taught
to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow"?

Or will land and water be commingled and consolidated in sublime confusion—

"Where undissolving, from the first of
time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the
sky,
And icy mountains high on mountains
plied"?

Shall we find a solution of the mystery of the ocean currents; where the Gulf Stream spends its final force, and whence the Arctic stream first starts on its course down the coast of Greenland? Shall we learn why Arctic ice differs in its characteristics, being in some places of enormous thickness,

and in others perilous to travel over? To such questions the answers cannot be foretold; but it may be confidently asserted that the scientific results of reaching the North Pole cannot fail to be of the highest interest, and will throw light upon some of the most perplexing of physical problems. The icy pole, for example, or the pole of greatest cold, has yet to be determined; and there is considerable reason to doubt whether it corresponds with the terrestrial pole; for we know that the thermal equator does not correspond with the geographical equator, nor the magnetic pole with the geographical pole. The lowest temperature, so far as is known by actual observation on the earth, is that reached by Neveroff, at Jakutak in Siberia, in latitude $62^{\circ} 2'$, on the 21st of January 1838, when the quicksilver marked 76° below the zero of Fahrenheit. The determination, by the swinging of the pendulum, of the intensity and direction of the force of gravity at the Pole, is necessary in order to form a strictly reliable theory of the figure and physical constitution of the earth; and the North Pole is upwards of 600 miles from the nearest point at which the pendulum was last swung by Sir Edward Sabine. The state of the atmosphere, and its pressure at a portion of the earth's surface where there is no rotation, will be of high scientific interest. Magnetism and electricity may be expected to manifest new and striking effects. An analysis of the aurora borealis, of which the intensity of the light is so great in high latitudes that its coruscations have been observed even in bright sunshine, may throw a flood of light upon the causes of that wonderful phenomenon. Solar physics will also benefit by the opportunity afforded of continuously observing the sun at low altitudes above the horizon; and other meteo-

rological phenomena (such as have never before been seen by mortal eye may possibly present themselves to the gallant explorers who, to their immortal renown, shall first place themselves on the northern axis of our globe. Captain Nares is well

known as one of the most accomplished and scientific officers of his profession; whatever man can dare he will dare; and no effort of skill or courage will be wanting to bring the expedition which he commands to a successful termination.

SHERARD OSBORN.

WE should consider our present Number incomplete did it not, however briefly, record our deep sense of the loss which the Navy, and the country in general, has sustained by the death of Admiral Sherard Osborn at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. That sad event will indeed be universally deplored, not merely by the profession to which he was so conspicuous an ornament, but by all his countrymen able to appreciate the excellences of a character singularly English in its masculine and energetic qualities. As for ourselves, personally, our regret upon public grounds is naturally intensified by those warmer feelings which long and intimate association with such a man almost inevitably evokes. In his death we mourn the loss no less of a dear friend than of a much-valued contributor; for our acquaintance with Sherard Osborn began some twenty years ago—and all who knew that pleasant, hearty fellow, will remember how rapidly with him acquaintance ripened into friendship. From 1858 to 1867, he was a very frequent contributor to our pages; and many of our readers will only require to be reminded of the titles of some of his articles, to identify him as a writer to whom they have been indebted for much that was interesting and instructive in the highest degree. The vivid descriptions contained in his earliest contribution—the “Cruise in Japanese Waters,”—which appeared, month after month, in this Magazine in 1858–59, will be especially remembered; but of more importance in their results were those papers which, in 1860, '61, and '67, he contributed upon iron-clad ships of war, upon the general state of our defences, and upon turret-ships. America is, as a matter of fact, indebted to the suggestions contained in the earliest of these articles for the first Monitor her navy possessed; and in others of them, Captain Cowper Cole's system enjoyed the advantages of an advocacy based upon thorough professional conviction, and at the same time quickened by a certain ardour of friendship characteristic of the man, and which lent an especial virtue to his advocacy. It would perhaps, therefore, be difficult to overrate the indirect effects of the articles in question upon the progress of naval armaments both in the Old World and the New. Sherard Osborn's career was one of almost continuous activity pursued under very varying conditions, and this Magazine was fortunate enough to be one of the principal vehicles by which he conveyed to the public the impressions and deductions which sprang from these diverse experiences. His long sojourn in the Arctic regions when employed with the Franklin Search Expedition; his experiences of naval warfare during the Eastern campaign and in the Chinese wars; his intimate connection with the opening of the trade between China and Japan; his practical views as a railway administrator acquired

in India; and his projects and exertions in relation to the establishment of the Transatlantic Telegraph: on all these topics, so various as they are, did he address the public through our columns, and in a manner which showed that his practical sagacity was quite equal to his singular energy and versatility.

We recall his connection with this Magazine with a feeling of gratification that is only tempered by the reflection that we shall never again see his hand in these pages. The very last incident in our long relations with the lamented Admiral, is connected with the paper in our present Number on "Arctic Exploration." With the consent of the writer of this paper, we submitted the proof to Sherard Osborn, and he, with his usual prompt kindness, carefully revised and corrected it; and thus the close of our long connection was marked by an act of cordial friendship which we shall always remember with pleasure. Our readers will, we feel sure, sympathise with our feelings, when, a few days after receiving what proved our last note from him, we were startled by the sad news of his sudden death.

Any one who thinks with the vigour which distinguished our lamented friend, and who is, at the same time, as he was, a man of action, is often apt to be combative, aggressive, opinionated, and therefore unpopular; and combative he undoubtedly was: but the sailor-like frankness and largeness of the man disarmed all rancorous antagonism; and, indeed, the generosity and warmth of his friendship for the many who had the happiness to be his friends were quite in accordance with the character which we should be inclined to award him, amid all the variations of his versatile temperament, and that is—the character of an *ideal* British sailor.

In whatever seas he sailed, and whatever was the work in hand, the popularity of Sherard Osborn with his brother officers was unbounded, and they often marvelled to see the indefatigable sailor equally indefatigable with his pen. One of these messmates, a distinguished officer, writes to us of Osborn, "Few men did so much permanently useful work;" and he adds, "I have placed the copy of his works you sent me in the ward-room of H.M.S. Alert, the Arctic ship in the fitting out of which he took so deep an interest."

BANKING AND MR. GOSCHEN'S BILL.

OF theories on currency and banking there is no end, and every session sees some of them aired. The House of Commons has generally acted on the principle of giving the theorist "rope"—Government has stood by passively—and the subject has been gently shelved. In Scotland we have periodical mutterings of discontent with what the Chambers of Commerce call the "monopoly" of our banks, but they are only heard when the Bank of England rate of discount goes up to seven or eight per cent. Borrowers in Scotland must pay for the use of money like their neighbours in England; and as depositors, who are much more numerous than borrowers, participate in the advantage of high rates of interest, those spasmodic cries for legislative interference have not met with popular sympathy. What, then, has brought banking and currency to the front so prominently as to fill the House on a Wednesday sitting—to induce the ex-Premier to emerge from the shades of Hawarden—and to draw from Mr. Lowe the smartest speech of the session? Even the 'Times,' which rarely touches Scotch matters—thinking possibly, not without reason, that Scotland can take care of herself—gave to the world on two successive days elaborate leaders in support of a Scotch cause. The issues raised by this unexpected discussion are important, and merit consideration.

Banking in Scotland may be said to have commenced with the establishment of the Bank of Scotland in 1695. It was created into a public bank by an Act of the Scottish Parliament twelve years before the union with England. A Scotchman had founded the Bank of England a year before; but we

are indebted for the project of our oldest bank to an Englishman. Unlike the Bank of England, it purchased no privileges by loans to the State, and was expressly prohibited from "lending any money to his Majesty" under the severe penalty of "triple the value of the money so lent;" but by its Act of incorporation it secured a monopoly of banking for a period of twenty-one years, which expired in 1716. In 1727 the Royal Bank of Scotland obtained its charter from the Crown. It grew out of a corporation established under the powers of an Act passed in 1718 for the administration of what was called the equivalent money payable to Scotland for the equalisation of the taxation of the two countries after the Union. The Royal Bank owed its establishment mainly to the English holders of stock in the Equivalent Company, who were anxious to share in the tempting profits earned by the older institution in those halcyon days of banking. The two banks, after a little jealousy and warfare, settled down to their work; and during the first half of the eighteenth century it is not too much to say that they very greatly contributed to the material prosperity of Scotland.

Both were for a long time banks of circulation, and little else; for it was not till a much later date that they became banks of deposit in the modern sense of holding deposits at interest. The conception of a bank in the beginning of the eighteenth century was, that it should act as the custodian of the money of its customers; but that its proper and chief function was to provide paper currency, from which its profit was mainly derived.

By means of their circulation, the earlier Scotch banks were chief instruments in promoting the trade, such as it then was, and the agriculture, of the country. With their aid our countrymen reclaimed our wild moors, made our roads and canals, erected our factories, explored our mineral resources, made the shallow Clyde an important river, constructed the quays of Glasgow, and Leith, and Dundee, and established our mercantile credit with foreign countries. This went on for upwards of a century, when, but for the circulation of our banks, Scotland would have starved. Industry she had; energy—nerved by want—she also had; but capital she had not, and capital the banks supplied.

It is a mistake to suppose, as is often done, that the right of issuing promissory-notes was a *privilege* conferred upon the Scotch banks by the State, or that the right was limited to banks. The issue of promises to pay, whether on demand or at a given date, was the right of any and every individual or corporation, and the credit of the issuer formed the only limit to their circulation. The best illustration of this freedom of issue is afforded by the history of the third of the chartered banks. The British Linen Company was incorporated in 1746, "to carry on the linen manufactory in all its branches." The story of its growth into a bank is thus told in a subsequent charter dated in 1806:—

"In the first years after the institution of the Company they found it necessary, in making their payments for linen, to issue promissory-notes, payable on demand; and they soon found that they would be of more utility, and better promote the object of their institution, by enlarging the issue of their notes to traders and manufacturers, than by being traders or manufacturers themselves; and that they had issued their notes in this way for nearly sixty years."

Numerous banks were established throughout Scotland during the latter half of last, and the earlier decades of the present century. There were a few private bankers; but generally they were joint-stock companies, and nearly all of them exercised the right of issue. The circulation of the older banks became national, that of the provincial companies being of a more local character. In this way the issue of notes came in the Scottish mind to be regarded as an inherent and essential part of the business of banking. Under this system of perfect freedom Scotland grew and prospered, trade flourished, and her commercial relations expanded. Her banking system remained unshaken when all around was convulsed by war and disaster; and her paper currency remained convertible and suffered no depreciation. A few banking failures occurred; but these were so insignificant that the confidence of the people in the stability of their banks was never in the slightest degree abated.

Passing now to the sister country, the Bank of England—to which the United Kingdom owes much—was established in 1694. It also was a bank of circulation, dependent on that source mainly, if not for a time exclusively, for its profits. From the outset it was the handmaiden of the State; and, unlike the Scotch banks, its existence has depended upon the goodwill of successive Governments, to whose pecuniary necessities it has in past times been tempted to minister by receiving from time to time prolongations of "exclusive privileges." Those privileges were originally secured by prohibiting the establishment in England of any banking company with more than six partners. The result, after the lapse of a century and a half, was a system which we prefer to describe in the words of an English statesman.

Lord Liverpool, then First Lord of the Treasury, addressing the House of Lords, on 17th February 1826, said—

“The present system is one of the fullest liberty as to what is rotten and bad, but of the most complete restriction as to all that is good. By it a cobbler or a cheesemonger, without any proof of his ability to meet them, may issue his notes unrestricted by any check whatever; while, on the other hand, more than six persons, however respectable, are not permitted to become partners in a bank, with whose notes the whole business of the country might be transacted. Altogether the system is so absurd, both in theory and practice, that it would not appear to deserve the slightest support, if it was attentively considered, even for a single moment.”

This is strong language; but it was not spoken on the spur of the moment. A month before, Lord Liverpool and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in an official communication to the governors of the Bank of England, reviewed at length the banking system of England. They set aside the argument that the numerous bank failures of 1825 were attributable solely, or even mainly, to the circulation of £1 notes, remarking—

“We have a further proof of the truth of what has been advanced in the experience of Scotland, which has escaped all the convulsions which have occurred in the money market of England for the last thirty-five years. . . . The failures which have occurred in England, unaccompanied as they have been by the same occurrences in Scotland, tend to prove that there must have been an *unwieldy and delusive* system of banking in one part of Great Britain, and a *solid and substantial* one in the other.”*

Proceeding to discuss the remedies for this unfortunate state of matters, the Government arrived at the conclusion that the right course

was for the Bank of England to surrender its exclusive privileges, so far as to consent to the establishment of banks beyond a certain distance from the metropolis, without reference to the number of partners. They anticipated that the effect of such a measure would be the gradual establishment of “extensive and respectable banks in different parts of the country,” and they proceeded—

“Here we have again the advantage of the experience of Scotland. In England there are said to be between eight and nine hundred country banks, and it is no exaggeration to suppose that a great proportion of them have not been conducted with a due attention to those precautions which are necessary for the safety of all banking establishments, even where their property is most ample. When such banks stop, their creditors may ultimately be paid the whole of their demands; but the delay and shock to credit may in the meantime involve them in the same difficulty, and is always attended with the greatest injury and suffering in the districts where such stoppages occur. If this be the case, where the solidity of the bank is unquestionable, what must it be when (as too often happens) they rest on no solid foundation? In Scotland there are not more than thirty banks, and those banks have stood firm amidst all the convulsions in the money market in England, and amidst all the distresses to which the manufacturing and agricultural districts in Scotland, as well as in England, have occasionally been subject. Banks of this description must necessarily be conducted upon the generally understood and approved principles of banking.”

Further on, the letter from which we have been quoting bore that—
“The effect of the law at present is to permit every description of banking *except* that which is *solid and secure*.”*

Can this condemnation be deemed surprising, having regard to the

* The italics are not ours.

disastrous failures of 1814-1816—when no fewer than 240 country banks gave way,—and of 1825, when the credit of the country banking system of England was shaken to its centre? The cry was raised that these disasters were produced by the £1-note circulation; and its abolition in England having been resolved on, it was urged that the same measure must be meted out to Scotland. Malachi Malagrowther came to the rescue, and the Scotch small-note issues emerged triumphantly from the ordeal of Parliamentary inquiry. Commended, as we have seen, by the Government, the Scotch banking system was held up as the model for imitation in England; and the Bank of England having consented reluctantly, the Government proposed to Parliament, and carried in 1826, an Act authorising “any bodies politic or corporate, erected for the purposes of banking, or any number of persons united in covenants of partnership, to carry on the trade or business of bankers in England,” and to issue notes at any place 65 miles distant from London, under certain restrictions. In 1833 another Act was passed, opening London to all banks, provided those who came within the charmed circle did not issue any notes *in England*. Under these Acts any bank, home or foreign, issuing or non-issuing, might carry on the business of banking in any part of England, if it did not issue notes in that part of the kingdom. No Scotch bank exercised this right till long afterwards, simply because the circumstances drawing them south, to be afterwards adverted to, had not yet arisen.

Thus stood the law in 1844, perfect freedom of banking and issue being the rule in Scotland; while in England a policy of freedom had asserted itself and made certain way against the exclusive privileges of the Bank of England. But in the

meantime a new theory of currency had been promulgated in England, the fundamental principle of which was that it was the prerogative of the State to issue paper representatives of money, just as it was its right to coin metallic money. This theory found favour with statesmen. It was utterly unknown to the common law of any part of the United Kingdom. The right to issue notes payable to bearer on demand was free to every person in Scotland, as we have seen. So it was to every person in England, and to any number of partnerships, provided no more than six persons were associated; the object of the restriction being to prevent such copartnerships becoming formidable competitors in issue with the State-protected Bank of England. For that purpose, and to that extent, the freedom of the public was curtailed; but the principle of freedom remained that of the common law of both countries. We are not at present considering whether it was wise or unwise to maintain this freedom, or whether the new theory was or was not sound. We are only anxious to show that it was *new*.

Sir Robert Peel adopted the theory; but in proceeding to apply it he acted with statesmanlike caution. He did not assert the *right* of the State to issue paper money. He put it thus: “Some have contended, and *I am not prepared to deny, that if we had a new state of society to deal with, the wisest plan would be to CLAIM for the State the exclusive privilege of the issue of promissory-notes*, as we have claimed for it the exclusive privilege of coinage.” He was of opinion “that reason, evidence, and experience combine to demonstrate the impolicy and danger of unlimited competition in the issue of paper.” He asked the House to consider

"how far the consideration due to existing interests, to special circumstances, to the usages and habits of the community, demands caution and limitation in the immediate application of these principles;" and he came to the conclusion that "the true policy in this country is to work, so far as it is possible, with the instruments you have ready to your hand."

Proceeding on these lines, Parliament by the Act of 1844 prohibited the formation of new banks of issue in any part of the United Kingdom, and restricted the issues of the existing English country bankers to their then average amounts. In the following year the issues of the Scotch and Irish banks were regulated on the same principle; but with this important difference in practice, that they were left at liberty to issue notes in excess of their authorised averages, provided they held coin to the extent of the *monthly average* of such excess.

The right then claimed by Parliament, it will be observed, was not to issue promissory-notes by the State to the exclusion of those in the exercise of rights allowed by law, but to regulate the issuers of such notes. We freely admit the right—nay, we advocate the duty—of control, and we think the time had arrived when it was for the interest of the country that this duty should be performed. It is not our purpose at present to inquire into the policy or the effects of the Act of 1844; but we may advert to two points as affecting and bearing on the history of the Scotch banking system. In the first place, the Bank Acts of 1844 and 1845 conferred no privileges on the Scotch banks. Their previous freedom, which they enjoyed by law, and not as matter of special privilege, was restricted; and the right of issue left to them was the remnant

of that freedom. One result of the restriction has been the gradual accumulation in Scotland of a store of coin now amounting to upwards of four millions, being more than ten times the amount held in 1844; and we cannot doubt that this is fortunate, looking at the great increase which has taken place during the last thirty years in our banking liabilities. In the second place, it is certain that but for the passing of the Act of 1844, the numerous Exchange companies established within the next two or three years, avowedly for the promotion of railway speculation, would all have issued notes, and become identified in the public mind with the Scottish banking system; and in their speedy downfall—for none of them stood for more than two or three years—they would have cast no inconsiderable amount of discredit on that system, to which they were in no way akin. The truth is, that 1844 marked a turning-point in the commercial and monetary history of Scotland. We then entered into the speculative mania of the time, and have done so on several occasions since. Our trade and commerce have progressed since 1844 with giant strides. We have seen one great banking catastrophe, brought about by the misapplication of capital to propping up rotten mercantile concerns, by an institution which from its infancy refused to be guided by the sound principles on which banking in Scotland has been conducted, and the observance of which has secured to the existing banks the high position and repute they now enjoy. But for the Act of 1844, this instance might not have been a solitary one; and for this immunity from loss and discredit we are grateful to Sir Robert Peel.

The Acts of 1844 and 1845 having passed, the Scotch banks

went on "the even tenor of their way;" but they have by no means stood still. Thirty years have wrought a marvellous change in the trade and commerce of Scotland. Her population and wealth, her industries and her commercial relations, have enormously expanded. The banking resources of the country have correspondingly increased. The deposits of the Scotch banks were estimated at twenty millions in 1826, when the banks were the sole depositaries of the savings of the country. In 1844 the amount was supposed to have increased to thirty millions. Now the amount is ascertained to be nearly eighty millions; while, in the meantime, innumerable channels for the investment of surplus capital have been formed, all unknown in 1844. Indian and foreign banks without number compete successfully in Scotland for deposits, which they employ abroad on terms enabling them to lower rates of interest which cannot be earned at home. The Government have entered the field through the Post-Office Savings Banks. Building and investment societies, railway and other companies, are all formidable competitors with the banks for the surplus capital of the country. The increase of the deposits of the Scotch banks from thirty to eighty millions in the last thirty years, therefore, by no means marks the progress or savings of the country; but taken in connection with the other outlets just noticed, it proves how greatly our business has extended. In 1844 there were twenty banks, with 376 branch offices. Now, the banks have been reduced to eleven by amalgamation, the smaller concerns being pressed out of existence under a system where the competition is so strong, and the rate of banking profit so small, as to make it possible only for banks with large re-

sources and of a national character to subsist. But notwithstanding this decrease in the parent establishments, the branch offices have increased to 873. At the same time our commerce has become more cosmopolitan. Thirty years ago few mercantile firms had an account with a London banker, and if they gave an acceptance payable in London it was a rare exception. Nowadays the exception is for a firm engaged largely in foreign trade to accept a bill payable in Scotland; their bills are as a rule domiciled in London. Their remittances from abroad are all in the shape of bills on London. Thus London has become the clearing-house of commercial as well as banking obligations. Moreover, London is the place where the reserves of Scotch banks are necessarily kept, and where their surplus funds can alone be invested. Their resources are now considerably in excess of the requirements of Scotland, and London is the proper, indeed the only, outlet for this excess. The investment and management of these reserves and surplus funds is obviously a very responsible part of the duty of a banker, on which depends the solidity and safety of his concern; and the advantage of performing it through a responsible representative in London is apparent. Equally important to the Scotch banker is the ability to offer to his Scotch customers the facilities in the conduct of their business which a bank account in London affords. Mercantile men are not slow to discover such advantages; and it was in self-defence, and for the conservation of their Scotch business, that some of the banks were driven to establish themselves in London. Urged on by the requirements of the commercial community, one of them went there ten years ago; another followed a

year or two later; and a third, which by its charter was restricted to Scotland, applied to, and obtained from, Parliament an extension of powers, enabling it to establish a branch in the metropolis. All this excited no hostility on the part of the English bankers; indeed the Act in favour of the Royal Bank was passed in 1873 without opposition, and with their express approval. The extent of the business of the Scotch banks requiring to be transacted in London, and the necessity of meeting the requirements of their customers, were recognised. London was wide enough to hold all, and nobody thought of raising the cry of protection in this age of free trade.

But last year one of our banks, with the energy of youth, resolved to establish certain branches in Cumberland. Two Scotch banks had previously entered the town of Berwick-on-Tweed; but this was allowed to be debateable territory. The invasion of Cumberland was looked upon as an act of aggression. It was at once and fiercely resented. The war-note was sounded from Carlisle to Penzance, and the country banking interests of England were in arms. Hence all the recent agitation.

Without expressing any opinion as to the expediency of this aggressive movement, let us pause to consider its bearings—first, as between the Scotch invader and the Cumberland banks; and second, in the interests of the public.

The Clydesdale Bank goes into Cumberland with its resources and credit to compete with the native banks. Some, if not all of them, are banks of issue. The Clydesdale Bank cannot issue a single note in England. It has been said its notes follow it though it does not issue them. But it cannot be forgotten that, like all the Scotch banks, its circulation is in excess of its author-

ised limit; and therefore, for every additional note it has in circulation it must hold gold; consequently, an increase of its circulation is a positive loss to it. Its interest, therefore, is to diminish, not to increase, its circulation. This being so, it necessarily competes with the Cumberland banks of issue on unequal terms; for while they have the advantages, such as they are, of their English issues (against which they are required to hold no coin), it must transact its business with coin or Bank of England notes. The balance of advantage, therefore, is all on the side of the native banks. But it is said that the resources of the Scotch bank are greater than those of the native banks with whom it enters into competition. Is there any grievance or unfairness in this? Can it be listened to, that a trader with a capital of £10,000 is not to enter into competition with one already established, whose capital is only £5000? What difference does it make to the Cumberland banks whether their competitor is the Clydesdale Bank with seven millions of deposits, or the National Provincial Bank of England, with upwards of twenty millions? They compete with both, having the advantage of certain rights of issue, which neither of their competitors possesses in England. If it be the case—as to which we are not certain, but for the purpose of disposing of the grievance we shall assume—that there are non-issuing banks in Cumberland, they must either have existed before 1844 without exercising the right of issue which they were by law entitled to, deeming it valueless, or they have been since established, knowing that they could acquire no such right. In either case they compete with the Clydesdale Bank on equal terms. Further, all the Cumberland banks may, if

they choose, establish themselves on the Scotch side of the Border. On the part of the public we bid them welcome. They will, in Dumfries, compete with the Scotch banks exactly on the same terms as the Clydesdale Bank competes with them in Carlisle. We are unable to see a grievance in this. And if our argument is sound, it disposes of the whole question between the Scotch and the English provincial banks, whether issuing or non-issuing.

Now, as regards the public interest, a single sentence is sufficient. If the Clydesdale Bank can afford facilities and advantages to the public which the Cumberland banks have not hitherto afforded, and enjoys equal credit with them, it will be supported, because the public will be gainers by supporting it. If it fails to secure confidence and support, it will speedily be beaten out of the field. The more competition there is in banking, as in any other trade, the better for the public.

Class interests in this country are strong, and the banking interest of England is very powerful. Counting on their parliamentary influence—even waving it in our face, and forgetful of our thistly motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*,"—disregarding the spirit of the age, which is all for freedom, and actuated by what we cannot doubt was very short-sighted policy,—the English country bankers have provoked a contest which has raised issues of a kind they little expected. In the first flush of their resentment they appealed to the Government; but the Government declined to interfere. They next consulted the lawyers, who told them they had no case. They then threw themselves into the arms of the National Provincial Bank of England, who, rankling under a grievance, led them on to the glori-

ous victory of a Select Committee, appointed with a special invitation from the leading men on both sides of the House, to consider how best to destroy all the issues of the United Kingdom, and to concentrate the issue of paper money in the State. Everybody gifted with any foresight saw that this was the necessary consequence of such an agitation, and it is exactly the result which the non-issuing bankers of England desired. Whether it accords with the views of their issuing brethren may be doubted.

This leads us to refer more particularly to the peculiar grievance of the National Provincial Bank of England, which was prominently noticed in the House of Commons in the recent debate. As we have seen, the Acts of 1826 and 1833 permitted any bank to carry on business in England, and many joint-stock banks were established there before 1844, some of them issuing bank-notes, and others without such issues. Among them was the National Provincial Bank. It gradually spread branches over England; and by 1844, its notes—for it was an issuing bank—were in circulation to the extent of nearly half a million. The Act secured it that circulation. Twenty years later, a London establishment became a necessity for this bank; but the law of 1833 said, you must choose between carrying on business in London and issuing notes: you can't do both. On a balance of these advantages the former was chosen, and the latter was renounced. This was, by no means unnaturally, very disagreeable; but so it must be. Again, we ask, was there any real grievance in this? But for the Act of 1833, no joint-stock bank could have been established in London at all. That Act imposed it as a condition of

the existence there of any joint-stock bank, that it should not issue notes *in England*. Banks of issue in any other part of the world were free in London, subject to precisely the same condition. All might bank there freely, but none exercising that freedom should compete in issue with the Bank of England. Whether this condition was or was not unreasonable or impolitic, its enforcement in the case of the National Provincial Bank, so long as the law remained unaltered, was obviously just and necessary as between it and all other joint-stock banks established under or enfranchised by the same law. Apart from this general consideration, moreover, it may be pointed out that the Act of 1844 allowed the Bank of England to compound with issuing banks in England by paying a composition of 1 per cent on the amount of Bank of England notes kept in circulation by them, as a consideration for their relinquishment of the privilege of issue.

On the Cumberland invasion the National Provincial Bank placed itself at the head of the protesting country bankers. The London bankers, hitherto quiescent, were induced to join in a deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to ask for what he felicitously called a notice to the Scotch bankers to quit. Failing in this, they succeeded in enlisting Mr. Goschen, one of the members for the City, as their champion. He threw down the gauntlet on the meeting of Parliament by asking leave to introduce a bill "to amend the Bankers' Acts." The pangs of birth were doubtless severe, for the bill did not see the light for several weeks after its first reading. When it did appear, it was found to be an unique specimen of the

draughtsman's art, and as it is very brief we reproduce it.

"Whereas certain banks, both in England and in Scotland, have special privileges of making and issuing bank-notes: And whereas some of the said banks are, during the continuance of such privileges, subject to restrictions as to the places at which the business of banking may be carried on by them: And whereas it is equitable and expedient that all banks having such special privileges as aforesaid shall be on an equal footing with respect to such restrictions; Be it enacted, &c. The power of any banker to make or issue bank-notes, whether in England or in Scotland, shall, after the *last day of December one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five*, be subject to the condition that such banker shall not, after the said day, have any house of business or establishment as a banker in the other of the said parts of great Britain."

Surely a very harmless little bill, embodying an equitable proposal for fair play between England and Scotland! How could such an innocent measure rouse Scotland to send to Downing Street within a week of its appearance a deputation, unexampled in weight and influence, —headed by the Duke of Buccleuch, and including many Scotch noblemen, and every Scotch member of Parliament then in London, without distinction of party,—indignantly to protest against Mr. Goschen's proposal?

"The leading argument" (we quote from a memorial of the Scotch banks laid before Government by the recent deputation) "in support of such a bill (then proposed to be applied to Ireland as well as to Scotland) was stated in a memorial presented to you by certain English banks in May last, and since published, in which it was represented to you (*first*), that by the Act of 1844 'English bankers were prohibited from opening establishments in London, or within sixty-five miles

of it, on pain of forfeiting all right of issues; and (*second*), that the Acts of 1845 contain no such prohibition, and *therefore* contravene the spirit and policy of the Act of 1844, by opening the door to the establishment in the metropolis, or the English provinces, of Scotch and Irish banks, denied to all English banks; and the Government were accordingly asked "by immediate legislation, to uphold in thorough integrity the spirit of the Bank Act of 1844."

This argument is thus dealt with by the Scotch bankers:—

"We think we dispose of these representations when we state,—

"*First*, That the Act of 1844 did not restrict the banking powers (distinguished from issue) of English banks in any respect whatever; but, on the contrary, these powers were enlarged by the only section (sect. 26) which relates to the business of banking.

"*Second*, That the Scotch Act of 1845 did not open the door to the establishment in England of branches of Scotch banks. The Act neither extended nor limited the banking powers of the Scotch banks, and had reference solely to their rights of issue.

"*Third*, That it was not the spirit or policy of the Act of 1844 to limit or restrain the power of banking. The title and preamble of the Act alike show that its object was to 'regulate the issue of bank-notes;' and the language of Sir Robert Peel, in introducing the measure, is conclusive as to its policy. He said: 'Our general rule is to draw a distinction between the privilege of issue and the conduct of the ordinary banking business. We think they stand on an entirely different footing. We think the privilege of issue is one which may be fairly and justly controlled by the State; and that the banking business, as distinguished from issue, is a matter in respect to which there cannot be too unlimited and unrestricted a competition. The principle of competition, though unsafe in our opinion when applied to issue, ought, we think, to

govern the business of banking.'—*Hansard*, 1844, iii. 743."

The line of argument thus effectually disposed of was discarded in the debate on the second reading of Mr. Goschen's bill. The case then presented was shortly this: Scotch banks have in Scotland rights of issue which are denied to many English banks altogether, and which are enjoyed by others in a much more restricted form. These rights are very valuable. By means of them the Scotch banks have covered Scotland with branches, draining the country of all its surplus money; and, armed with their large resources, they enter into competition with us in England, and are able to conduct business on more favourable terms for the public than English banks can do. Moreover, while Scotch banks may go to London, English banks of issue are excluded from their own metropolis.

The case, thus stated, looks at first blush fair and specious; but, when probed, it is found to be the old cry for protection from competition on the part of a class interest, and nothing more. First of all, be it observed, it is distinctly admitted that the grievance consists in the ability of the Scotch banks to conduct banking business in England on easier terms for the public than English banks can or will do. It is therefore clearly for the public interest that there should be a competition which has such a result. There is no doubt of the fact that the Scotch banks carry on their business on a smaller scale of profit than any other class of banks in the kingdom. Contrasting eleven London joint-stock banks with the eleven Scotch banks for the years 1873 and 1874, the results are:—

	Capital and reserves.	Return on paid-up capital.	Profit on cash deposits, deducting 4 per cent on capital and reserves.	Profit on total liabilities to the public.
London, 1873....	£12,120,000	£18 5 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	£1 6 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	£1 1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 1874....	12,500,000	16 5 0	1 1 2	0 18 8
Average,.....	£12,310,000	£17 5 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	£1 3 9	£0 19 11
Scotch, 1873....	£13,033,000	£13 15 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	£1 1 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	£0 18 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 1874....	13,713,000	13 19 6	1 1 11	0 18 11
Average,.....	£13,373,000	£13 17 3	£1 1 11	£0 18 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
* Difference in favour of London,		£3 7 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	£0 1 10	£0 1 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

The year 1874 was an exceptionally unfavourable one for the London banks, as they have all proclaimed at their recent half-yearly meetings; but the return to their shareholders, even then, was £2, 5s. 6d. per cent more than the earnings of the Scotch Banks. If we take 1873 as an average year, the shareholders of the London joint-stock banks got a return on their capital of £18, 5s. per cent, while their Scotch neighbours, whose competition they profess to dread so much, were content with £13, 15s. This shows conclusively that as between the banks of the two countries there is no ground for the complaint of unfair competition. What does the complaint really involve? Merely this, that the Scotch banks come into competition with great resources. Granted, for the sake of argument, that these resources result in a measure from rights of issue in Scotland, does it matter, *in competition in England*, how the resources of the competitor arise? Suppose the Bank of France to establish an office in London, which by the law of England it might do, would the argument be listened to that because it brings large banking powers derived from its circulation in France, the law must be changed at the instance of London banks so as to exclude the powerful competitor? Or, sup-

pose that one of the Scotch banks had no right of issue, but that its banking resources and power were equal to those of another issuing Scotch bank, and that both begin business in England,—in what respect would the former be less formidable or less objectionable to the English banker? or what advantage would the Scotch issuer have over the Scotch non-issuer in England?

Dealing with English banks under the two heads of issuing and non-issuing, it seems plain enough that, in competition with the former class, the Scotch bank crossing the Border and leaving its issue behind must be placed at a disadvantage. It is said, no doubt, that the privileges of the one are greater than the privileges of the other in their respective countries; but these privileges, great or small, are of no avail to the Scotch bank in England, while the privileges, whatever they are, of its English competitor are available. Besides, as very tersely put in the petition presented to the House of Commons by the Scotch banks, "No privileged person upon the allegation that others have privileges different in character or degree from his own, can justly insist upon equalisation of privileges; for upon the principle of equality all privilege should cease." If grievance there be, then

* See 'Economist' of March 13, 1875.

it can only be on the part of the non-issuing bankers. Of those there are several classes. There are, first, the private bankers—all of them, we think, established in business before 1844, and therefore all entitled by law to issue notes up till that year, but all voluntarily abstaining from the exercise of their right. They cannot complain of the exercise by others of a right which they deemed worthless. Then there are three classes of non-issuing joint-stock banks. The first, those established under the Act of 1826 in the provinces; the second, those established under the Act of 1833 in London; and the third, those established anywhere in England since 1844. With regard to the provincial banks formed between 1826 and 1844, they are in precisely the same position as the private bankers; they had the right to issue notes, but attached no value to it; and they have equally little ground of complaint. As respects the London banks formed before 1844, and all banks since established in any part of England, it is no grievance that others enjoy privileges of issue, for the existence of these was known when they chose to enter the field as competitors, and the law plainly said that they were not to acquire similar privileges.

It therefore comes to this, that the English bankers hate competition; and the Scotch banks are, at the point of Mr. Goschen's bayonet, required either to give up competition, or to surrender their issues. The demand is so ridiculous an attack upon Scotland, that even Mr. Gladstone was constrained to counsel his follower to widen the basis of his measure and give it some show of fairness by including Ireland in its scope. Irish members are a little more troublesome than those from Scotland, and no doubt Mr. Goschen's clients thought that by omitting Ireland (contrary to the original intention) they would be conciliated.

This was not to be, as Mr. Goschen has discovered.

The bill is shelved, to be heard of no more; but before leaving it we may quote, and commend to the consideration of the English public, the calm and weighty sentences in which the Scotch bankers summed up their memorial to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They say:—

"We object to the reciprocal freedom of banking which now exists being in any way restricted. That freedom is distinct from the right of issue; and if English bankers do not enjoy perfect freedom of banking, we shall certainly not oppose the relaxation of any restraint from which they suffer. If they are under restrictions in regard to their rights of issue in England, to which we are not subject as respects our rights of issue in Scotland, we have no desire that they should not enjoy the freedom which we possess; but we do most strongly protest against our freedom to carry on the business of banking in England, distinguished from issue (more especially in the metropolis of the nation, where all our operations centre, and are ultimately settled), being made to any extent dependent on the surrender of our rights of issue in Scotland.

"We claim for the Scotch banks that they have, to the great advantage of Scotland, maintained a paper currency, which is highly appreciated by the people of Scotland.

"We deprecate all attempts at legislation on a subject so important and so delicate as currency and banking, except, as heretofore, at the instance of the responsible Ministers of the Crown, and after due and deliberate inquiry; and especially do we object to a measure which is subversive of the principle of free competition in banking, and contrary to the policy avowed by the author of the Act of 1844.

"We complain of this measure as conceived in the interests only of a class, and not in the interest of the public; and as being palpably unjust in dealing differently, in circumstances precisely the same, with different portions of her Majesty's subjects. We assert that its preamble is incorrect and misleading; and where it states what is true misleads, in not stating the

whole truth. It states that certain banks, both in England and Scotland, have special privileges of making and issuing bank-notes; but it omits to state that certain banks in Ireland have precisely the same privileges. It in substance represents, as necessarily connected, two things which, under the Act of 1844, are essentially distinct—namely, the privilege of issue, and the conducting the general business of banking; and it states it to be equitable and expedient that the existing freedom of banking should be interfered with, whereas such interference would be unjust to all who, by such interference, would be debarred from prosecuting freely the business of banking, and more especially to those of them who have prosecuted it for years, openly and without question, and whose well-established and valuable businesses would be lost to them; and it would be highly inexpedient in the interest of the public, whom it would, in large measure, deprive of the advantages of competition in the business of banking.”

The debate on the second reading of Mr. Goschen's Bill ended in the appointment of a select committee to consider and report upon “the restrictions imposed and privileges conferred by law on bankers authorised to make and issue notes in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively.” The debate was remarkable for the perfect unanimity which prevailed among statesmen on both sides of the House in regard to the leading principle which should regulate the currency of the United Kingdom, and marks a decided advance, since the days of Peel, towards what we have already described as the new theory of currency. Mr. Cave and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the part of Government, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe on the part of the Opposition, and many members on both sides of the House, agreed that the issue of paper money is a prerogative of the State; and this led naturally to the assertion that banks of issue

usurp the privileges of the State, as Mr. Hubbard put it, and are subsidised by the State, according to Mr. Goschen and Mr. Gladstone. We have seen historically that the issues of the Scotch banks were not created under the authority of the State, but that they grew, as an essential part of our banking system, out of our common law freedom which the Legislature never interfered with till 1844. And we are content to allow the ‘Times’ to deal with the allegation of subsidy and usurpation. Commenting on the debate the ‘Times’ on 18th March wrote:—

“We may say at once that we adhere to the principle of Sir Robert Peel's legislation, that it is expedient that the issue of notes should be a function appropriated by the State, the profits of which should be realised by the State; but we must remark, that this conclusion is a balance of opposing considerations of expediency, and the attempt to elevate it into a sacred dogma betokens a misapprehension of the method and purpose of political reasoning. It is equally beside the mark to speak, as Mr. Hubbard did, of the issue of notes on credit as a usurpation of the prerogative of the Crown. Under a system of perfect liberty any person might issue a transferable note to another, just as any person might go into debt to another, of which, indeed, it is no more than an example; but we have found by experience that this liberty is liable to considerable abuse, and it is for the public benefit that it should be withheld. Sir Robert Peel could not, however, take it away from those who were systematically using it without compensating them for the loss, and he left them in possession of it, subject to provisos preventing its extension. Let us illustrate this. It is admitted that it is for the public benefit that the carriage of letters should be a State function; but supposing before this principle was acted upon separate agencies had been established for the carriage of letters between London and Bristol, London and York, &c. The

State would set up its universal system and compete with existing agencies along the established routes, but it would scarcely suppress these agencies without compensating them for the business of which they were deprived. If it was inconvenient to grant compensating allowances, and the rival agencies were allowed to exist, no one would think of calling the profits of the private lines 'subsidies' granted by the State. The private lines would be survivals of an old system that had been established like other trade agencies to meet public wants, and continued to maintain a competition with the State system, because the State system had not bought them out. The analogy thus suggested is perfect. Stuckey's bank at Bristol exists side by side with a branch of the Bank of England there; its notes circulate throughout Somerset as the notes of the Bank of England circulate; they circulated at first because it was convenient to the neighbourhood that they should circulate; and they circulate now because the State has not found it convenient to buy out the exercise of a function which has not died out before State competition. When Mr. Goschen talks of the profits of such a circulation as a 'subsidy' from the State to the partners in Stuckey's bank, he speaks as if the 'currency-principle' were a heaven-sent doctrine, intuitively established antecedently to the growth of society, and though Mr. Gladstone declared that nothing could be more strictly accurate or more felicitous than the term, we feel bound to submit that it is radically erroneous. This is not a mere quibble. Upon the view we take of the issue thus presented, our policy must depend. Like Mr. Goschen and Mr. Gladstone, we desire to see the power of putting notes in circulation everywhere reappropriated by the State, but if the exercise of this power is a gratuitous subsidy, it might be resumed in a moment; but if it is the survival of a right useful and lawful in its origin, and liable to be taken away, only because it is for the general advantage that it should be resumed, it cannot be taken away except after negotiation and bargain, upon such terms of compensation as fairly represent the value of the liberty expropriated. Mr. Goschen is vulnerable on all sides. He enters the field to maintain the privileges of London bankers against the intrusion of Scotch

rivals, and if his words mean anything he would be prepared to take away from the country banks their unimpeachable rights without a farthing of compensation."

It is to be regretted that such extreme views should have been expressed in Parliament. They have a disquieting and disturbing effect on the country. They raise wide issues, which will be discussed with much bitterness; and they suggest a course which, in 1844, Sir Robert Peel felt to be utterly impracticable, and which, as regards Scotland, is, we venture to say, even more impracticable in 1875. In Scotland several of the public bodies who, from time to time, during the last thirty years, have discussed our banking system, have expressed opinions hostile to Peel's Acts, and in favour of a return to the freedom of issue, which till 1844 prevailed. We do not agree with them. We are satisfied that retrogression is impossible; and were it possible we think it would be highly inexpedient. We go further, and think with Sir Robert Peel and the 'Times,' that if we were dealing with a new state of society it might be expedient to claim for the State the exclusive privilege of issuing notes; but we are not dealing with a new state of society. On the contrary, we are, as regards Scotland at least, dealing with a system having the prestige of age, and credit, and confidence, conformable to the usages of the people, and the abolition of which would shock their prejudices, and produce great popular discontent and irritation. This system is the "instrument ready to your hand," which Peel considered it in 1844, and which we think it still the true policy to work with, regulating the working of the instrument in the light of the requirements of the times. Should the time ever come

when the people of Scotland lose confidence in their paper currency, and when a statesman can, with public approval, describe the banking system as "rotten and bad," or even as "unsolid and insecure," by all means then interfere, and put an end to rights which can no longer be exercised for the public advantage; but that time has not yet come.

Sir John Lubbock is deservedly an authority on financial statistics, and he told the House of Commons that the rights of issue enjoyed by the Scotch banks were worth to them the use of nine millions of capital. Assuming for the sake of argument Sir John's calculation to be correct, let us think what would be the effect on the trading and agricultural interests of the country were these rights of issue abolished. We do not speak at present of the effect on the banks, for of course they would be compensated, although that process involves at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. an annual charge to the State of £315,000. Whatever may happen, the banks will no doubt take care of themselves. But the result to the public is a much more serious matter. At present the banks hold on deposit seventy-seven millions, representing the surplus savings of the community, drained into their coffers, it is truly said, by means of numerous branch banks spread all over the country. Decrease the number of branches, and a decrease in the amount of deposits is the inevitable consequence. This is the first effect of the abolition of issue,—the supplies are partially stopped; but even the diminished resources left cease to be available, for, as we are told, nine millions would be required to perform the function now discharged by our bank-notes. Suppose that three or four millions of deposits are lost through the withdrawal of bank facilities for keeping accounts in the remoter districts—and this is certainly a

very moderate estimate—and that the remaining seventy-three millions are reduced by Sir John Lubbock's estimated requirement to sixty-four, what happens? The loans on cash credits, the bills discounted, and generally the banking accommodation now afforded to the country, would be at once reduced to a corresponding extent—that is, the banking advances would be diminished to the extent of nearly one-fifth. Can our readers realise the effects on every industry dependent to any extent on borrowed capital of such a serious abstraction from the banking resources of the country? It would produce wide-spread confusion and disaster. We put the idea of suppression of our Scotch issues aside, therefore, as utterly impracticable. It is not a question between the State and the Scotch banks, to be settled by compensation; it is one between the Government and the Scotch people, whose frugality would lose valued facilities, and whose trade and industry would be utterly paralysed. How are they to be compensated?

If these would be the effects of any interference with the paper currency of Scotland, it is not easy, and it is perhaps unnecessary, to attempt to estimate the result of a general suppression of the issues of the three divisions of the United Kingdom. It is not too much to say that the utmost confusion must prevail everywhere. If banks are deprived by Parliament of rights long exercised, the ignorant will readily conclude that it is for good reason, and a general want of confidence, if not of positive distrust, would ensue, aggravated by forcing on the people an unknown currency which they dislike. A demand for and a hoarding of gold would probably follow, to the further detriment of trade and confusion of banking operations. The inexpediency of starting questions intimately affect-

ing so delicate a matter as banking and banking credit is signally illustrated while we write by the depreciation in the selling price of bank stocks, arising from the vague, undefined fear now oppressing the public mind of possible change in and interference with our banking system. There have been no losses, no commercial prostration, no diminished dividends, nothing to shake

public confidence, and yet the quotations on the Edinburgh Stock Exchange show that there has been a depreciation in the price of the stock of every one of the Edinburgh and Glasgow banks. Taking the highest and the lowest prices between 1st March and 6th May (when we write) and allowing for dividends paid in the interval, we find the results to be:—

	A fall per cent. of	Equal to a depreciation on capital of
Bank of Scotland,	4	£40,000
Royal,	2½	45,000
British Linen Company	13	130,000
Commercial,	11	110,000
National,	3	30,000
Union,	13½	135,000
Clydesdale,	15	150,000
City,	14½	142,500

Or a total depreciation of £782,500

It is scarcely conceivable, if the figures were not patent, that such a loss could have resulted from the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry, but to those who know how coy a mistress credit is, the result is not surprising. Doubtless there will be an early rebound,* by which speculators may gain, but in the mean time infinite mischief is done to and by timid holders of stocks, and no stronger or better evidence could be adduced of the evil consequences of any interference with our banking system, than the results which have already been produced by mere apprehension of the possibility of such interference. The stocks of the Scotch banks are national and favourite investments with all classes of the people. The partners of the eleven banks are no fewer than 13,951 in number, and when the holder of £100 stock finds that the mere introduction of Mr. Goschen's Bill takes nearly £12 out of his pocket, it is not difficult to

understand the resentment of this large class of our frugal countrymen.

It is said by some, and notably by Mr. Hubbard, that the rights of the State are usurped by banks of issue, and that the profits of a paper currency belong to the nation. What would be the profit to the State should it resolve to provide notes for Scotland, and all difficulties in the way of its assumption of the so-called right were removed? The circulation of Scotland is six millions, of which about four millions consist of one-pound notes. It may, we suppose, be assumed that the State would never issue the greatly detested small notes, and that their place would be filled by sovereigns. The paper currency required by the public would therefore be reduced to two millions, and another two millions would probably be necessary as till-money for use in the banks. At present the Scotch banks hold gold to the extent of about two-thirds of their circulation;

* We are glad to see, as we go to press, that our anticipation has been partially realised. The public have apparently got over the Goschen "scare."

but let us suppose that the new Government issue would be against gold and Government securities in equal proportions. The profit would then be the return from £2,000,000 of Government securities, equal at 3% to £60,000. The cost of the Bank of England circulation of say £25,000,000 was officially stated in 1861 * at £180,000 per annum; and at the same rate the cost of a Scotch circulation of four millions would be £28,800, leaving a profit of £31,200; but as the State at present derives in stamp duty and licenses from the Scotch banks upwards of £40,200, the revenue, would sustain an *absolute loss* of £9000 per annum. *And this without allowing a single farthing for compensation to the existing banks.* We rather think the Chancellors of the Exchequer will pause before attempting to increase the revenue from this source.

Since this article was in type, the Select Committee on Banks of Issue has begun its sittings, and several witnesses have been examined. In attempting to trace the course of legislation on the subject of banking, we were writing under the impression that there was no doubt as to the law. We know that some of the most eminent counsel at the English Bar (such as Sir John Rolt, Lord Westbury, and Lord Selborne) have advised that the legal right of Scotch, Irish, and Foreign Banks to carry on business in London was indisputable; many Banks issuing notes elsewhere have been in London for a long course of years without challenge; and the introduction of Mr. Goschen's Bill was, we thought, a plain admission, by implication, that what it forbade was lawful. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C., has, however, now appeared as the retained Counsel of the London Bankers, to instruct the Select Com-

mittee as to what the law is. We fear he pleads his case rather higher than his clients will thank him for. Hear his evidence. Asked by Mr. Mulholland—

"May I ask to have an explanation of the last reply which I got from you; which was, that under the Act of 1833 no Bank of Issue, even if it was a foreign or colonial bank, could establish a branch in London?—I answer your question thus: I do not think that the section to which you refer would empower them to do so; and I do think that other Acts, to which I have already referred, exclude them.

"Would it modify your opinion if you knew that there were a number of such banks in London now receiving deposits?—No, it would not modify my opinion."

And, questioned by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, his views are stated more fully thus:—

"You think that the position of the Scotch banks is illegal, not because they possess in Scotland any privilege from the Government of this country, but simply because they issue in some part of the world, and that Scotland may be considered for that purpose as a foreign country?—Yes.

"It is in your opinion the mere fact of their issuing which prevents them from being open to establish a bank here?—Yes; I think that the fact that they are banks of issue prevents them from opening branches in London.

"You consider that a company, however large, which issued notes in any part of the world, however remote, would by the very fact of so issuing notes be prevented from conducting banking business in England?—That is my view of the law."

Sir Henry Thring's opinion is, that no Scotch, Irish, or Foreign Bank, except the Royal Bank of Scotland, which has a special Act, may come within the 65-mile circle, but that all may carry on business in any part of England

* See correspondence between the Treasury and the Governors of the Bank of England.—*Parl. Paper*, 1861.

outside that circle. In order that our readers may see on what the legal controversy turns, we quote here the various Acts bearing upon it. By 8th and 9th Will. III., cap. 20 (1697), it was enacted—

“That during the continuance of the Corporation of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, no other *bank, or any other corporation, society, fellowship, company, or constitution, in the nature of a bank,* shall be erected or established, permitted, suffered, countenanced, or allowed by Act of Parliament within this kingdom.”

The 7th of Anne, cap. 7, sec. 61 (1708), enacted—

“That during the continuance of the said corporation of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, it shall not be lawful for any body politic or corporate whatsoever, erected or to be erected (other than the said Governor and Company of the Bank of England), or for any other persons whatsoever united or to be united in covenants or partnership, exceeding the number of six persons, in that part of Great Britain called England, *to borrow, owe, or take up any sum or sums of money on their bills or notes payable at demand, or at any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof.*”

From 1708 till 1826 it was understood and believed that no bank or copartnership with more than six partners could be formed in any part of England, and none was formed. In 1826, the Act of Geo. IV., cap. 46, was passed, which, after reciting that

“The Governor and Company of the Bank of England have consented to relinquish so much of their exclusive privilege as prohibits any body politic or corporate, or any number of persons exceeding six, in England, acting in copartnership, from borrowing, owing, or taking up any sum or sums of money on their bills or notes payable on demand, or at any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof; provided, that such body politic or corporate, or persons united in covenants

or partnerships, exceeding the number of six persons in each copartnership, shall have the whole of their banking establishments and carry on their business as bankers at any place or places in England exceeding the distance of 65 miles from London; and that all the individuals composing such corporations or copartnerships carrying on such business shall be liable to and responsible for the due payment of all bills and notes issued by such corporations or copartnerships respectively,” enacts;

(1.) “That from and after the passing of this Act it shall and may be lawful for any bodies politic or corporate erected for the purposes of banking, or for any number of persons united in covenants or copartnership, although such persons so united or carrying on business together shall consist of more than six in number, *to carry on the trade or business of bankers in England,* in like manner as copartnerships of bankers consisting of not more than six persons in number may lawfully do; and for such bodies politic or corporate, or such persons so united as aforesaid, to make and issue their bills or notes at any place, or places in England exceeding the distance of 65 miles from London, payable on demand, or otherwise at some place or places specified upon such bills or notes, exceeding the distance of 65 miles from London, and not elsewhere, and to borrow, owe, or take up any sum or sums of money on their bills or notes so made and issued at any such place or places as aforesaid: *provided always* that such corporations or persons carrying on such trade or business of bankers in copartnership shall not have any house of business or establishment as bankers in London, or at any place or places not exceeding the distance of 65 miles from London.”

About 1833 new light dawned on the country and the Government. It was discovered that the exclusive privileges of the Bank of England were restricted to the issue of bank-notes, and did not exclude banks of deposit. Such was the opinion of the law officers of the Crown; and to place the matter beyond all doubt, the Act of 1833

(3d and 4th Will. IV., cap. 98) was passed, which confirmed (sec. 2) the right conferred by the Act of 1826 to establish Joint-Stock Banks of Issue outside the 65-mile circle, and by sec. 3 opened London, as has been hitherto understood, to the whole world. The third section is in these terms :—

“ III. And whereas the intention of this Act is, that the Governor and Company of the Bank of England should, during the period stated in this Act (subject nevertheless to such redemption as is described in this Act), continue to hold and enjoy all the exclusive privileges of banking, given by the said recited Act of the thirty-ninth and fortieth years of the reign of his Majesty King George the Third aforesaid, as regulated by the said recited Act of the seventh year of His late Majesty King George the Fourth, or any prior or subsequent Act or Acts of Parliament, *but no other or further exclusive privilege of banking*: And whereas doubts have arisen as to the construction of the said Acts, and as to the extent of such exclusive privilege, and it is expedient that all such doubts should be removed: Be it therefore declared and enacted that *any body politic or corporate, or society, or company, or partnership, although consisting of more than six persons, may carry on the trade or business of banking in London, or within 65 miles thereof, provided that such body politic or corporate, or society, or company, or partnership, do not borrow, owe, or take up in England any sum or sums of money on their bills or notes payable on demand, or at any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof, during the continuance of the privileges granted by this Act to the said Governor and Company of the Bank of England.*”

We see no reason to change the opinion already expressed as to the legal right of all banks, if not forbidden by their own constitution, to carry on business as banks of

deposit in London, or in any part of the United Kingdom. But whatever opinion may be formed on the legal question, probably there will be but one view taken of the public interest; and if the law is in doubt, the sooner it is cleared up the better.

What do we then propose as the remedy for the evils complained of in the controversy which has arisen? We answer, in the first place, that apart from issue, there must in the public interest be the most perfect freedom of banking. No exclusive privileges of the Bank of England can be allowed to stand in the way, and the exclusion of the English bankers from London must come to an end. Then, in the second place, as regards issue, we must adhere to the principle and the policy of the Acts of 1844 and 1845, prohibiting the multiplication of issuers; but we see no expediency in prohibiting the amalgamation of issuing banks in England: on the contrary, the public interest points at the provincial issues of England being managed by large and important banks with adequate capital and high credit, rather than by hundreds of small private concerns of whose resources nothing is known. This would be a great step towards the realisation of that sounder and more solid system of banking in England which Lord Liverpool and Lord Althorp and Sir Robert Peel so strongly desiderated, and of which they held up the Scotch banks as the model. When it is established English bankers will cease to fear competition from any quarter. If the inquiry of the Select Committee should so end, one good result will have been attained. In any case, we shall have a Blue Book of some interest to all who take delight in the literature of currency.

INDEX TO VOL. CXVII.

- ABODE OF SNOW, THE : Hangrang, Spiti, and Tibetan polyandry, 69—Shigri and its glaciers—the Alps and Hirmálaya, 219—Zanaskar, 836—Kashmir, 508—scenes in Kashmir, 600.
 Achibal in Kashmir, 615.
 Acton, Lieutenant, at Inkerman, 478.
 Adams, General, at Inkerman, 470.
 Æschylus, the Cassandra of, 316.
 Agricultural Children's Act, the, 535.
 Agricultural tenancy, the Ministerial Bill regarding, 537.
 Akun mountains, the, 359.
 ALBERT, PRINCE, THE LIFE OF, reviewed, 114.
 ALICE LORRAINE : Part X., 44—Part XI., 238—Part XII., 362—Conclusion, 407.
 Alma-Tadema, M., paintings by, 761.
 Alps and Hirmálaya, comparison between the, 229.
 ANDROMACHE — THE DAUGHTERS OF PRIAM, 305.
 Andromache of Homer, the, 305 — of Euripides, 306.
 Andromaque of Racine, the, 306.
 Apelles, prices received for his paintings by, 495.
 Arnim trial, the disclosures on, 264, 273.
 ART IN MAY, 747.
 Art, works of, prices paid among the ancients for, 494 *et seq.*—spirit in which to be followed, 715—general character of, as shown in the Exhibition, 748.
 Attalus, King, prices paid for paintings by, 494, 497.
 Avalanches in the Hirmálaya, 336.
 Babch Pass, the, 219.
 Baffin, the Arctic expedition of, 782.
 Baltis, the, in the Hirmálaya, 357.
 BANKING AND MR. GOSCHEN'S BILL, 791.
 Barra Bhagal Pass, the, 337.
 Barra Lacha Pass, the, 223, 224.
 Bates, Captain, his 'Gazetteer of Kashmir,' 606.
 Beach, Sir H. M., his speech on Ireland, 533.
 Bearing-Reins, uselessness and cruelty of, 742 *et seq.*
 Bedouin bearing-rein, the, 743.
 Belgium, supposed designs of France on, 264.
 Benedix, his criticism of Shakespeare, 723.
 Bhúmjú, the caves of, 610.
 Bijbehara, town of, in Kashmir, 607.
 Bismarck, Prince, his struggle with the Church, 262—position of Germany under him, 264—on the secret origin of the war, 267.
 BITS AND BEARING-REINS, 742.
 Bosquet, General, at Inkerman, 464, 465, 473, 477.
 Boughton, Mr., paintings by, 757.
 Bright, Mr., his speech at Birmingham, 404.
 British Columbia, formation of colony of, 592.
 BRITISH WORKMEN, PAST AND PRESENT, THOUGHTS ABOUT, 675.
 Brown, Sir George, at Inkerman, 465.
 BUDGET AND THE NATIONAL DEBT, THE, 660.
 Buller, General, at Inkerman, 466, 467.
 Burdett Coutts, the Baroness, on Bearing-Reins, 746.
 Burnaby, Captain, at Inkerman, 472.
 Cæsar, prices paid for paintings by, 494.
 Calderon, Mr., painting by, 761.
 Canrobert, Marshal, at Inkerman, 461, 479.
 Capital and Labour, the Struggle between, 675 *et seq.*
 Casaubon, Isaac, review of his life, 616.
 Cassandra of Æschylus and Euripides, the, 316.
 Cathcart, Sir George, at Inkerman, 465, 472.
 Ceylon, polyandry in, 82, 83.
 Chan-chia-wan, battle of, 654.
 Chandra River, the, 225.
 Char, village of, in Zanaskar, 351.
 Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, 734.
 CHINA WAR OF 1860—SIR HOPE GRANT, 638.
 Christianity, the modern attacks on, 132.
 Church, the, the struggle with, in Germany, 262, 266.
 Cicero's De Senectute, 736.
 Clifford, Lieutenant, at Inkerman, 466.
 Codrington, General, at Inkerman, 460.
 Coercion Acts, the Irish, 532.
 Colonial Policy, Lord Lytton's views on, 591.

- Colossus, cost of the, 469.
 Conservatism, Lord Lytton's Essay on, 291.
 Cook, Captain, his Arctic expedition, 778.
 Crassus, wealth of, 506.
 Crimean war, Lord Lytton's speeches on the, 571 *et seq.*
 Cross, Mr., his Bill for Improvement of Workmen's Houses, 399.
 Dal-o City lake, its scenery, &c., 600.
 Danish war, Lord Lytton on the, 590.
 Dankar, the capital of Spiti, 81, 220.
 Dannenberg, General, at Inkerman, 469, 478, 479.
 Daubeney, Colonel, at Inkerman, 467.
 Davis, the Arctic expedition of, 778.
 De Lacy Evans, General, at the Lesser Inkerman, 457.
 Dickens, the effect of his writings on the working-classes, 677 *et seq.*
 Dickson, Colonel Collingwood, at Inkerman, 477.
 DILEMMA, THE: Part I., 541—Part II., 688.
 Disestablishment, the threatened movement in favour of, 270.
 Disraeli, Mr., on the Judicature Act, 529.
 DOG WITHOUT A TAIL, A, 321.
 Dogs of Tibet, the, 74, 76.
 Dras in the Himalaya, 512.
 Ecce Homo, remarks on, 133.
 Edinburgh, sanitary improvements in, 400.
 Education, Lord Lytton's views on, 286 *et seq.*—present mania for, 437—Ministerial policy regarding, 524.
 Egerton, Colonel, at Inkerman, 467.
 Elmstie, Dr., death of, in Kashmir, 519—his Kashmiri vocabulary, 605.
 England, present position of, 261, 268—art in, 492.
 Euripides, the Andromache of, 306 *et seq.*—the Hecuba of, 314.
 Europe, disturbed political state of, 261—increase in national debt of, 668.
 Farrar, Dr., his Life of Christ, 133.
 Fashion, changes of, 489 *et seq.*
 FASHIONS AND TRICKS OF SPEECH, 437.
 Female education, state and results, &c., of, 437.
 Fitzmayer, Colonel, at Inkerman, 461.
 FIVE MILLIARDS, THE PAYMENT OF THE, 172.
 FLOWER, E. F., BITS AND BEARING-REINS, BY, 742.
 Foreign Policy, Lord Lytton's views on, 591.
 Forster, Mr., his conduct as regards the leadership, 396, 397.
 FRANCE AND GERMANY, 765.
 France, the payment of the German Indemnity by, 172—present political state of, 261—meeting of the Assembly, 271—fashions in, 490, 491—architecture and sculpture in, 491—art in, 492.
 Franco-German war, statement of Bismarck, as to its origin, 267—Lord Lytton's speech on the, 589.
 French, the, at Inkerman, 473—their conduct during the war in China, 644.
 Friendly Societies, the Bill regarding, 404.
 Frith, Mr., his paintings in the Exhibition, 762.
 Froisher, the Arctic expedition of, 778.
 Gandia, avalanches at, 336.
 Gardiner, Colonel, a soldier of fortune in India, 602.
 German criticisms and translations of Shakespeare, the, 723—Indemnity, the payment of the, 172.
 Germany, present political state of, 261—the struggle with the Church, 262—the meeting of Parliament in, 264 *et seq.*—present position of, toward France, 765 *et seq.*
 GIANNETTO: Part I., 1—Part II., 145.
 Glaciers, the, of the Himalaya, 225.
 Gladstone, Mr., his present position, 268—his threatened retirement from public life, 274—his career, 276—his resignation of the leadership, 396—on the Judicature Act, 530—results of his Irish policy, 531.
 Gleig, G. R., the Great Problem by, 132.
 Goethe, his analysis of Hamlet, 723, 735—his critique on the Laocoon, 724—his Faust, &c., 725.
 Goldie, General, at Inkerman, 475.
 Goodall, Mr., "Rachel" by, 755.
 Gortchakoff, General, at Inkerman, 450, 460.
 GOSCHEN, MR., HIS BANKING BILL, 791.
 Grahame, Mr., paintings by, 759.
 Grant, Sir F., portrait of Mr. Whyte Melville by, 763.
 GRANT, SIR HOPE, his Journal of the China War of 1860, 639—his Journal of the Sepoy War, 639 *et seq.*
 Grant, Major Thornton, at Inkerman, 463.
 Granville, Lord, and the leadership, 697.
 GREAT PROBLEM, THE: CAN IT BE SOLVED? 132.
 Greece, fashion in, 489—prices paid for works of art in, 494 *et seq.*
 Guards, the, at Inkerman, 470.
 Guido, modern estimate of, 481.
 Gyumür, a village in the Himalaya, 71.
 Hall, Captain, Arctic Expedition of, 783.
 Hamley, Colonel, at Inkerman, 470.
 Hangrang, the province of, in the Himalaya, 75.
 Harcourt, Sir W., on the present aspect of politics, 270.
 Hartington, Lord, as leader of the Liberals, 396.
 Hayward, Mr., murder of, 519.
 Head, Sir F., on Bearing-Reins, 742.
 Hecuba of Euripides, the, 314.
 Helen of Homer, the, 305.
 Henry IV., patronage of Casaubon by, 620.
 Herbert, Colonel, at Inkerman, 461.
 Hermione of Euripides, the, 307.
 Heyde, Mr., a Moravian missionary in the Himalaya, 337.
 Historical Paintings, modern English, 759.
 Home Rulers, the, their position, &c., in Parliament, 526.
 Homer, the Helen and Andromache of, 305.

- Horses of Kashmir, the, 610—Bearing-Reins for, their cruelty, &c., 742 *et seq.*
Hudson, his Arctic Expeditions, 778.
IDAS ; or, Antichristus Britannicus, 32.
Ince, Dr., his Kashmir Handbook, 606.
India, former existence of polyandry in, 82.
INKERMAN, MR. KINGLAKE'S BATTLE OF, 451.
Iphigenia of Euripides, the, 319.
Ireland, Lord Russell on, 531—policy of the Ministry with regard to it, 532 *et seq.*
Islamabad, town of, in Kashmir, 609.
Italian question, Lord Lytton on the, 588.
James I., patronage of Casaubon by, 620.
Jehangir, the Mogul emperor, 601.
Jhelam, scenery of the, 606, 607.
Jhulas or rope-bridges in the Himálaya, 69.
Jonson, Ben, and Shakespeare, 717.
Judicature Act, the, its withdrawal, 529.
Kaelang, the Moravian mission at, 336.
Kane, Dr., his Arctic Explorations, 782.
Kanzam Pass, the, 223, 225.
KASHMIR, 508—the vale of, its scenery, &c., 517—character of the inhabitants, 520—the shawls and their manufacture, 524—scenes in, 600 *et seq.*—books relating to, 605.
Kencaly, Dr., the election of, 526—his reception in Parliament, 527.
Kharjak, village of, 348.
Kharjak Chu river, the, 351.
Ki, Lama monastery of, 221.
KINGLAKE, MR., HIS BATTLE OF INKERMAN, 451.
Labour and Capital, the struggle between, 675 *et seq.*
Lahaul in the Himálaya, 336.
Laocoon, Goethe's critique on the, 724.
Lama monastery, a, 71—nunneries, 85.
Lee river in the Himálaya, the, 221—its scenery, 222—its rise, 224.
Legislation, necessity of, against strikes, 685.
Leighton, Works of, in the present exhibition, 753.
Leopold, King, 118.
Leslie, Mr., "School Revisited" by, 757.
Liberals, the, their disorganised state, 275—the leadership of the, 396 *et seq.*
Liddon, Canon, his answer to Monsignore Capel, 269.
Liverpool, mortality in, 400.
Local taxation, views of Government regarding, 402.
Loisar, village of, in the Himálaya, 222.
London, unhealthy state of districts in, 400—Exhibition, the, 747 *et seq.*—Season, the, 747.
Long, Mr., "Babylonian Marriage-market," by, 763.
Lotus, the, as an article of diet in Kashmir, 601.
Lucan, Marlowe's translation of, 721.
LYTTON, LORD, THE SPEECHES OF, reviewed, 279—sketch of his political life, 282—on the Newspaper Stamp Duty, 287—Essay on Conservatism, 291—the Reform Bill of 1831, 294—that of 1858, 295—that of 1860, 297—and that of 1865, 300—conclusion, 570—speeches on the Crimean war, 571—on the national defences, 588—the Italian question, 589—the Franco-German war, 59—the Danish war, 590—his views on foreign policy, 591—and on colonial, 592.
Macdonald, George, 'Malcolm' by, 634.
M'Mahon, Marshal, his position and policy, 271 *et seq.*
'Macready's Reminiscences,' review of, 625.
'Malcolm,' review of, 634.
Manchester, mortality of, 400.
Manerung Pass, the, 219, 223.
Mani or stone tumuli in the Himálaya, 348.
Marks, Mr., paintings by, 760.
Marlowe, his influence on Shakespeare, 718—his "Jew of Malta," *ib. et seq.*—his translation of Lucan, 721—his "Edward II," *ib. et seq.*
Mártand, ruins of the temple of, in Kashmir, 619.
MARTIN, THEODORE, HIS LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT reviewed, 114.
Mauleverer, Colonel, at Inkerman, 468.
Mentschikoff, Prince, at Inkerman, 479.
'Merchant of Venice,' the, and Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," 718 *et seq.*
Merchant Shipping Acts, the Bill for amending, 404.
Michael Angelo, the price paid him for his works, 493.
Michel, General, during the war in China, 650.
Millais, 'the works of, in the exhibition, 751—his "Huguenots," 753.
Miracles, the objections to, 135.
Mitchel, Mr., his election for Tipperary, 526—his rejection by the House, 528.
Mnason, prices paid for paintings by, 494.
Montauban, General de, during the war in China, 646 *et seq. passim.*
Moravian mission at Kaelang, the, 336.
Nako, a village in the Himálaya, 72.
Napier, Sir Robert, during the war in China, 650.
Napoleon III., Lord Lytton's estimate of, 587.
National Assembly, meeting, &c., of, in France, 271.
NATIONAL DEBT, THE, AND THE BUDGET, 660.
National defences, Lord Lytton's speech on the, 588.
Nero, the Emperor, prices paid for works of art, &c., by, 503 *et seq.*
NEW BOOKS: Pattison's 'Life of Isaac Casaubon,' 616—'Macready's Reminiscences,' 625—Rose's 'Untroudden Spain,' 631—'Malcolm,' 634.
Newspaper Stamp Duty, Lord Lytton's speeches on, 287.
Niclas, prices paid him for his paintings, 494.
Nisbat Bagh, or Garden of Pleasure, in Kashmir, 601.
Northcote, Sir Stafford, his Bill regarding Loans for Public Works, 402—his Bud-

- get, and proposals regarding the National Debt, 661 *et seq.*
- Novels, modern, their general character, 633.
- Nunneries of Tibet, the, 85.
- Old Age, the praises, &c., of, 735.
- Old masters, the works of, and prices paid for them, 481.
- Omba Pass, the, 509.
- Opposition, divided state of the, 275.
- OSBORN, ADMIRAL SHERARD, 789—picture of Arctic scenery, &c., by, 783.
- Padam, the capital of Zanskar, 352.
- Page, Admiral, in China, 648.
- Pallas, wealth of, 506.
- Pándrathan, ruins at, 606.
- Panjtarne, valley of, in Kashmir, 514.
- Parangla Pass, the, 219.
- Paris, the recent "scare" in, 765 *et seq.*
- Parliament, the approaching session of, 260—opening of, 398—the proceedings in, regarding the Stoke and Tipperary elections, 527.
- Parry, Captain, his Arctic expedition, 779.
- Pattison's 'Isaac Casaubon,' review of, 616.
- Paul Veronese, prices paid him for his works, 493.
- Pauloff, General, at Inkerman, 459, 460, 463.
- PAYMENT OF THE FIVE MILLIARDS, THE, 172.
- Pennefather, General, at Inkerman, 460, 461, 465, 474.
- Pense-la Pass, passage of the, 358.
- POLAR EXPLORATION, 777.
- POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD, 260.
- POLITICS BEFORE EASTER, 526.
- Polyandry, the prevalence of, in Tibet, 82 *et seq.*
- Polyclettus, prices paid for statues by, 499.
- Polygnotus, the artist, 495.
- Polyxena of Euripides, the, 314.
- Poole, Mr., works of, in the Exhibition, 756.
- Poppæa, the mistress of Nero, 505.
- Portsmouth, Lord, on Bearing-Reins, 746.
- Poynter, Mr., the "Golden Age" by, 755.
- Prices, the effect of strikes on, 683.
- PRINCE CONSORT, THE LIFE OF THE, 114.
- Prince Imperial, the, his prospects in France, 273.
- Prinsep, Mr., "The Minuet" by, 756.
- PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION, THE, 396.
- Protopages, prices received for his paintings by, 495.
- Public Health Acts, the bill for consolidating, 401.
- Public Worship Regulations Bill, the, 269.
- Queen's Speech, the, topics noticed in, 398.
- Racine, the Andromaque of, 306—his *Orceste*, 311.
- Raglan, Lord, at Inkerman, 460, 461, 476.
- Ranbir Singh, Maharajah of Kashmir, 522.
- Raphael, prices paid him for his works, 493.
- Redslob, Mr., a Moravian missionary, 388.
- Reform Bill, the first, Lord Lytton on, 294—that of 1858, *ib. et seq.*—and that of 1860, 297—and of 1865, 299.
- Renan's 'Vie de Jésus,' 134.
- Resurrection, the evidence of the, 141.
- Ribbon Society in Ireland, measures of Government against it, 534.
- Ringdom Goupa monastery, the, 360.
- Ritualists, the charges of Monsignore Capel against the, 269.
- Romans, prices paid for paintings by the, 496.
- Romney, the Earl of, on Bearing-Reins, 745.
- Rose's 'Untrodden Spain,' review of, 631.
- Rotang Pass, the, 224.
- Rowlands, Captain, at Inkerman, 460.
- Russell, Lord, on Ireland and its recent history, 530 *et seq.*
- Russell, Sir Charles, at Inkerman, 472.
- Russia, efforts of, for preservation of peace, 770 *et seq.*
- Russians, the, their plans at the Battle of Inkerman, 459.
- Saffron, manufacture of, in Kashmir, 609.
- Scaurus, wealth of, 506.
- Schlegel, his criticism of Shakespeare, 734.
- Sclater-Booth, Mr., his Bill for consolidating the Public Health Acts, 401.
- Scoresby, the Arctic expedition of, 779.
- Seneca, the wealth of, 506.
- SESSION, THE PROSPECTS OF THE, 396.
- Shakespeare, his truth to nature, 715—how estimated in his own day, 717—influence of Marlowe on him, 718 *et seq.*—the German criticisms of him, 723—character of his plays as self-developing, 725—his earlier and later works, 728.
- Shalimar Bagh, or Garden of Delight, in Kashmir, 601.
- Shigri, the glaciers of, 225.
- Shinkal Pass, ascent of, in the Himalaya, 338, *et seq.*
- Sind Valley in Kashmir, the, 515.
- Slang, prevalence of, among girls, 438.
- Snowstorm in the Himalaya, 354.
- Soimonoff, General, at Inkerman, 460, 463.
- Sonamarg, village of, in Kashmir, 516.
- Sont-i-Kol canal, the, at Srinagar, 600.
- Spain, present political state of, 261.
- SPEECH, FASHIONS AND TRICKS OF, 437.
- Spiti, the Tibetan province of, 79—the province and valley of, 219—pony, a, 226.
- Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, 516—sketches of it, 524—excursions from, 600.
- Stanley, Captain, at Inkerman, 475.
- Stockmar, Baron, notices of, in connection with the Prince Consort, 116, 118 *et seq.*
- Stoke election, the, 526.
- Stone, Mr., "Sain et Sauz" by, 756.
- Strikes, true nature and aim of, 681 *et seq.*—their threatened results, 683 *et seq.*—their effect on the general community, 684.
- STUDIO, IN A: No. I., 481—Conversation No. II., 713.
- Summer palace, the capture of the, 654—burning of it, 656.

- Sutlej, the gorge of the, 70.
 Switzerland, the scenery of, compared with that of the Himalaya, 229.
 Taku Forts, the capture of the, in 1866, 651 *et seq.*
 Tashigang, a Lama monastery, 71.
 Taxes on Knowledge, Lord Lytton's speeches against, 287.
 Theaur, village of, in the Himalaya, 351.
 Thorpe, Lieutenant, death of, in Kashmir, 519.
 Tibet, polyandry in, 82.
 Tibetan house, a, 364,—prayer, a, 349.
 Tieck, his criticism of Shakespeare, 724.
 'Times' Correspondent, the letter of, as to the dangers of war, 767 *et seq. pass.*
 Tipperary election, the, 526.
 Towns, the mortality in the large, 400.
 Troades of Euripides, the, 306 *et seq.*
 Tsarap Lingti river, the, 351.
 Ultramontanists, the struggle with, in Germany, 262, 266.
 United States, result of the elections in the, 262.
 'Untrodden Spain,' review of, 631.
 VALENTINE, THE STORY OF; AND HIS BROTHER: Part XIII., 88 — Conclusion, 188.
 Walker, Colonel Beauchamp, at Inkerman, 471.
 Walker, Mr. F., "The Right of Way" by, 758.
 Watts, Mr., painting by, in the Exhibition, 757.
 Wells, Mr., portrait by, in the Exhibition, 762.
 Will-maker, an eccentric, 713.
 Willoughby, the Arctic expedition of, 778.
 Wolseley, Sir Garnet, during the war in China, 645.
 Women of Spiti, the, 219.
 Words, changes in the use of, 441 *et seq.*
 Working-classes, Dickens's pictures of, and their effects, 677 *et seq.*
 WORKMEN, BRITISH, PAST AND PRESENT, THOUGHTS ABOUT, 675.
 Workmen's houses, Bill for improvement of, 399.
 Wynne, Mr., Resident at Kashmir, 516, 602, 603—his death, 604.
 Zanskar, province of, 347, 352.
 Zenodorus, price paid for a statue by, 499.
 Zeuxis, price paid him for his works, 494.
 Zoji-La Pass, the, 514.

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